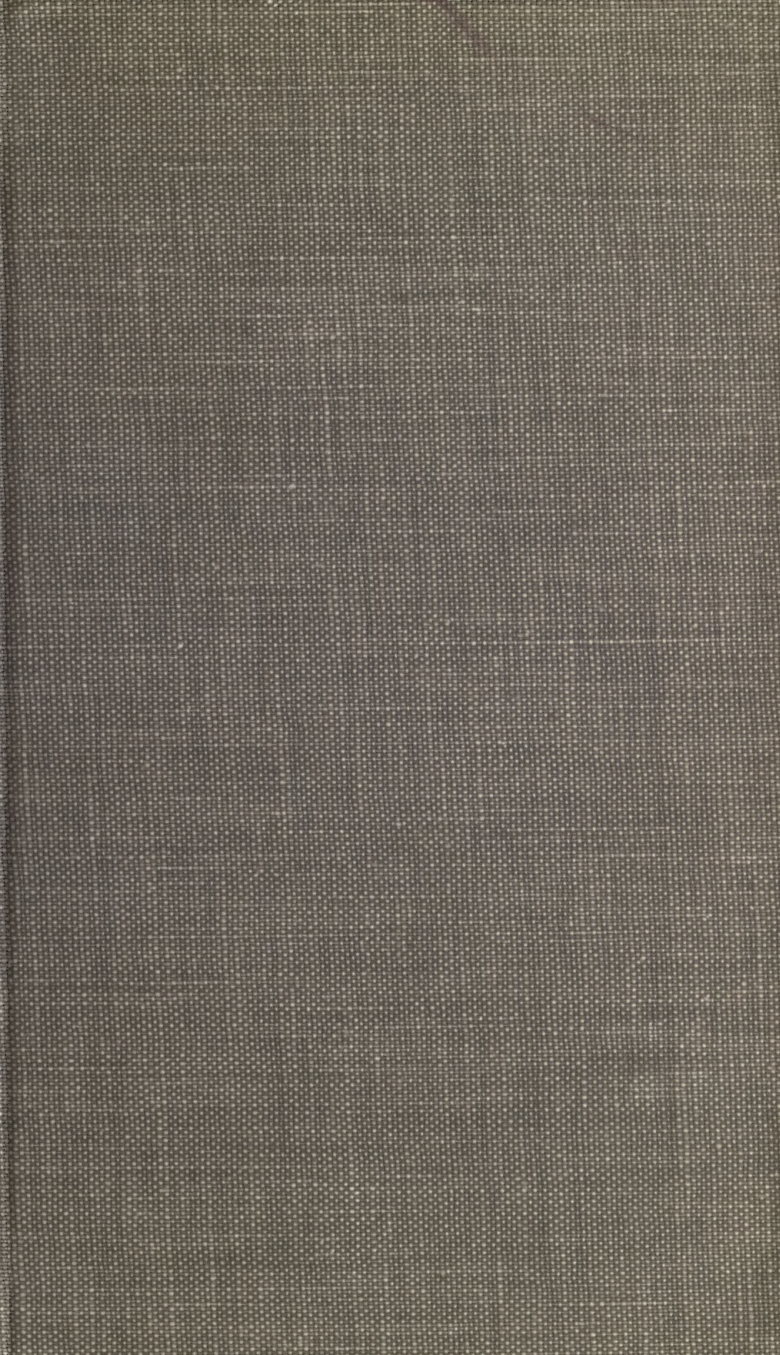






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LECTURES

ON

THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

BY THE LATE

THOMAS M'CRIE, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JOHN KNOX,"

&c. &c. &c.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
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THE HOUSEHOLD WRECK.

"*To be weak*," we need not the great archangel's voice to tell us, "*is to be miserable*." All weakness is suffering and humiliation, no matter for its mode or its subject. Beyond all other weakness, therefore, and by a sad prerogative, as more miserable than what is most miserable in all, that capital weakness of man which regards the *tenure* of his enjoyments and his power to protect, even for a moment, the crown of flowers—flowers, at the best, how frail and few!—which sometimes settles upon his haughty brow. There is no end, there never will be an end, of the lamentations which ascend from earth and the rebellious heart of her children, upon this huge opprobrium of human pride—the everlasting mutabilities of all which man can grasp by his power or by his aspirations, the fragility of all which he inherits, and the hollowness visible amid the very raptures of enjoyment to every eye which looks for a moment underneath the draperies of the shadowy *present*—the hollowness—the blank treachery of hollowness, upon which all the pomps and vanities of life ultimately repose. This trite but unwearying theme, this impassioned common-place of humanity, is the subject in every age of variation without end, from the Poet, the Rhetorician, the Fabulist, the Moralist, the Divine, and the Philosopher. All, amidst the sad vanity of their sighs and groans, labour to put on record and to establish this mono-

tonous complaint, which needs not other record or evidence than those very sighs and groans. What is life? Darkness and formless vacancy for a beginning, or something beyond all beginning—then next a dim lotos of human consciousness, finding itself afloat upon the bosom of waters without a shore—then a few sunny smiles and many tears—a little love and infinite strife—whisperings from paradise and fierce mockeries from the anarchy of chaos—dust and ashes—and once more darkness circling round, as if from the beginning, and in this way rounding or making an island of our fantastic existence,—*that* is human life; *that* the inevitable amount of man's laughter and his tears—of what he suffers and he does—of his motions this way and that way—to the right or to the left—backwards or forwards—of all his seeming realities and all his absolute negations—his shadowy pomps and his pompous shadows—of whatsoever he thinks, finds, makes or mars, creates or animates, loves, hates, or in dread hope anticipates;—so it is, so it has been, so it will be, for ever and ever.

Yet in the lowest deep there still yawns a lower deep; and in the vast halls of man's frailty there are separate and more gloomy chambers of a frailty more exquisite and consummate. We account it frailty that threescore years and ten make the upshot of man's pleasurable existence, and that, far before that time is reach-

ed, his beauty and his power have fallen among weeds and forgetfulness. But there is a frailty, by comparison with which this ordinary flux of the human race seems to have a vast duration. Cases there are, and those not rare, in which a single week—a day—an hour sweeps away all vestiges and landmarks of a memorable felicity; in which the ruin travels faster than the flying showers upon the mountain-side, faster “than a musician scatters sounds;” in which “it was” and “it is not” are words of the self-same tongue, in the self-same minute; in which the sun that at noon beheld all sound and prosperous, long before its setting hour looks out upon a total wreck, and sometimes upon the total abolition of any fugitive memorial that there ever had been a vessel to be wrecked, or a wreck to be obliterated.

These cases, though here spoken of rhetorically, are of daily occurrence; and, though they may seem few by comparison with the infinite millions of the species, they are many indeed, if they be reckoned absolutely for themselves; and throughout the limits of a whole nation, not a day passes over us but many families are robbed of their heads, or even swallowed up in ruin themselves, or their course turned out of the sunny beams into a dark wilderness. Shipwrecks and nightly conflagrations are sometimes, and especially among some nations, wholesale calamities; battles yet more so; earthquakes, the famine, the pestilence, though rarer, are visitations yet wider in their desolation. Sickness and commercial ill-luck, if narrower, are more frequent scourges. And most of all, or with most darkness in its train, comes the sickness of the brain—lunacy—which, visiting nearly one thousand in every million, must, in every populous nation, make many ruins in each particular day. “Babylon in ruins,” says a great author, “is not so sad a sight as a human soul overthrown by lunacy.” But there is a sadder even than *that*,—the sight of a family-ruin wrought by crime is even more appalling. Forgery, breaches of trust, embezzlement, of private or public funds—(a crime sadly on the increase since the example of Fauntleroy, and the suggestion of its great feasibility first made by him)—these enormities, followed too

often, and countersigned for their final result to the future happiness of families, by the appalling catastrophe of suicide, must naturally, in every wealthy nation, or wherever property and the modes of property are much developed, constitute the vast majority of all that come under the review of public justice. Any of these is sufficient to make shipwreck of all peace and comfort for a family; and often, indeed, it happens that the desolation is accomplished within the course of one revolving sun; often the whole dire catastrophe, together with its total consequences, is both accomplished and made known to those whom it chiefly concerns within one and the same hour. The mighty Juggernaut of social life, moving onwards with its everlasting thunders, pauses not for a moment to spare—to pity—to look aside, but rushes forward for ever, impassive as the marble in the quarry—caring not for whom it destroys, for the how many, or for the results, direct and indirect, whether many or few. The increasing grandeur and magnitude of the social system, the more it multiplies and extends its victims, the more it conceals them; and for the very same reason: just as in the Roman amphitheatres, when they grew to the magnitude of mighty cities (in some instances accommodating 400,000 spectators, in many a fifth part of that amount), births and deaths became ordinary events, which, in a small modern theatre, are rare and memorable; and exactly as these prodigious accidents multiplied, *pari passu*, they were disregarded and easily concealed: for curiosity was no longer excited; the sensation attached to them was little or none.

From these terrific tragedies, which, like monsoons or tornadoes, accomplish the work of years in an hour, not merely an impressive lesson is derived, sometimes, perhaps, a warning, but also (and this is of universal application) some consolation. Whatever may have been the misfortunes or the sorrows of a man's life, he is still privileged to regard himself and his friends as amongst the fortunate by comparison, in so far as he has escaped these wholesale storms, either as an actor in producing them, or a contributor to their violence—or even more innocently (though oftentimes

not less miserably)—as a participator in the instant ruin, or in the long arrears of suffering which they entail.

The following story falls within the class of hasty tragedies, and sudden desolations here described. The reader is assured that every incident is strictly true: nothing, in that respect, has been altered; nor, indeed, anywhere except in the conversations, of which, though the results and general outline are known, the separate details have necessarily been lost under the agitating circumstances which produced them. It has been judged right and delicate to conceal the name of the great city, and therefore of the nation in which these events occurred, chiefly out of consideration for the descendants of one person concerned in the narrative: otherwise, it might not have been requisite: for it is proper to mention, that every person directly a party to the case has been long laid in the grave: all of them, with one solitary exception, upwards of fifty years.

It was early spring in the year 17—; the day was the 6th of April; and the weather, which had been of a wintry fierceness for the preceding six or seven weeks—cold indeed beyond any thing known for many years, gloomy for ever, and broken by continual storms—was now by a Swedish transformation all at once bright—genial—heavenly. So sudden and so early a prelude of summer, it was generally feared, could not last. But that only made every body the more eager to lose no hour of an enjoyment that might prove so fleeting. It seemed as if the whole population of the place, a population among the most numerous in Christendom, had been composed of hibernating animals suddenly awakened by the balmy sunshine from their long winter's torpor. Through every hour of the golden morning the streets were resonant with female parties of young and old, the timid and the bold, nay even of the most delicate valetudinarians, now first tempted to lay aside their wintry clothing together with their fireside habits, whilst the whole rural environs of our vast city, the woodlands, and the interminable meadows began daily to re-echo the glad voices of the young and jovial awaking once again, like

the birds and the flowers, and universal nature, to the luxurious happiness of this most delightful season.

Happiness do I say? Yes, happiness; happiness to me above all others. For I also in those days was among the young and the gay; I was healthy; I was strong; I was prosperous in a worldly sense! I owed no man a shilling; feared no man's face; shunned no man's presence. I held a respectable station in society; I was myself, let me venture to say it, respected generally for my personal qualities, apart from any advantages I might draw from fortune or inheritance; I had reason to think myself popular amongst the very slender circle of my acquaintance; and finally, which perhaps was the crowning grace to all these elements of happiness, I suffered not from the presence of *ennui*; nor ever feared to suffer: for my temperament was constitutionally ardent; I had a powerful animal sensibility; and I knew the one great secret for maintaining its equipoise, viz. by powerful daily exercise; and thus I lived in the light and presence, or (if I should not be suspected of seeking rhetorical expressions, I would say)—in one eternal solstice, of unclouded hope.

These, you will say, were blessings; these were golden elements of felicity. They were so; and yet, with the single exception of my healthy frame and firm animal organization, I feel that I have mentioned hitherto nothing but what by comparison might be thought of a vulgar quality. All the other advantages that I have enumerated, had they been yet wanting, might have been acquired; had they been forfeited, might have been reconquered; had they been even irretrievably lost, might, by a philosophic effort, have been dispensed with; compensations might have been found for any of them, many equivalents, or if not, consolations at least, for their absence. But now it remains to speak of other blessings too mighty to be valued, not merely as transcending in rank and dignity all other constituents of happiness, but for a reason far sadder than that—because, once lost, they were incapable of restoration, and because not to be dispensed with; blessings in which “either we must live or have no life:” lights to the darkness of our paths and to the infirmity of our steps

—which, once extinguished, never more on this side the gates of Paradise can any man hope to see re-illuminated for himself. Amongst these I may mention an intellect, whether powerful or not in itself, at any rate most elaborately cultivated; and, to say the truth, I had little other business before me in this life than to pursue this lofty and delightful task. I may add, as a blessing, not in the same *positive* sense as that which I have just mentioned, because not of a nature to contribute so hourly to the employment of the thoughts, but yet in this sense equal, that the absence of either would have been an equal affliction,—namely, a conscience void of all offence. It was little indeed that I, drawn by no necessities of situation into temptations of that nature, had done no injury to any man. That was fortunate; but I could not much value myself upon what was so much an accident of my situation. Something, however, I might pretend to beyond this *negative* merit; for I had originally a benign nature; and, as I advanced in years and thoughtfulness, the gratitude which possessed me for my own exceeding happiness led me to do that by principle and system which I had already done upon blind impulse; and thus upon a double argument I was incapable of turning away from the prayer of the afflicted, whatever had been the sacrifice to myself. Hardly, perhaps, could it have been said in a sufficient sense at that time that I was a religious man: yet undoubtedly I had all the foundations within me upon which religion might hereafter have grown. My heart overflowed with thankfulness to Providence: I had a natural tone of unaffected piety; and thus far at least I might have been called a religious man, that in the simplicity of truth I could have exclaimed

“O, Abner, I fear God, and I fear none beside.”

But wherefore seek to delay ascending by a natural climax to that final consummation and perfect crown of my felicity—that almighty blessing which ratified their value to all the rest? Wherefore, oh! wherefore do I shrink in miserable weakness from — what? Is it from reviving, from calling up again into fierce and insufferable light the images and features of a long-buried happiness? That

would be a natural shrinking and a reasonable weakness. But how escape from reviving, whether I give it utterance or not, that which is for ever vividly before me? What need to call into artificial light that which, whether sleeping or waking—by night or by day—for eight-and-thirty years has seemed by its miserable splendour to scorch my brain? Wherefore shrink from giving language, simple vocal utterance, to that burden of anguish which by so long an endurance has lost no atom of its weight, nor can gain any most surely by the loudest publication? Need there can be none, after this, to say that the priceless blessing, which I have left to the final place in this ascending review, was the companion of my life—my darling and youthful wife. Oh! dovelike woman! fated in an hour the most defenceless to meet with the ravening vulture,—lamb fallen amongst wolves,—trembling—fluttering fawn, whose path was inevitably to be crossed by the bloody tiger;—angel, whose most innocent heart fitted thee for too early a flight from this impure planet; if indeed it were a necessity that thou shouldst find no rest for thy footing except amidst thy native heavens, if indeed to leave what was not worthy of thee were a destiny not to be evaded—a summons not to be put by,—yet why, why, again and again I demand—why was it also necessary that this thy departure, so full of wo to me, should also to thyself be heralded by the pangs of martyrdom? Sainted love, if, like the ancient children of the Hebrews, like Meshech and Abednego, thou wert called by divine command, whilst yet almost a child, to walk, and to walk alone, through the fiery furnace,—wherefore then couldst not thou, like that Meshech and that Abednego, walk unsingd by the dreadful torment, and come forth unharmed? Why, if the sacrifice were to be total, was it necessary to reach it by so dire a struggle? and if the cup, the bitter cup, of final separation from those that were the light of thy eyes and the pulse of thy heart might not be put aside,—yet wherefore was it that thou mightst not drink it up in the natural peace which belongs to a sinless heart?

But these are murmurings, you will say, rebellious murmurings against the proclamations of God. Not so; I

have long since submitted myself, resigned myself, nay even reconciled myself, perhaps, to the great wreck of my life, in so far as it was the will of God, and according to the weakness of my imperfect nature. "But my wrath still rises, like a towering flame, against all the earthly instruments of this ruin;—I am still at times as unresigned as ever to this tragedy, in so far as it was the work of human malice. Vengeance, as a mission for me, as a task for my hands in particular, is no longer possible; the thunderbolts of retribution have been long since launched by other hands; and yet still it happens that at times I do—I must—I shall perhaps to the hour of death, rise in maniac fury, and seek, in the very impotence of vindictive madness, groping as it were in blindness of heart, for that tiger from hell-gates that tore away my darling from my heart. Let me pause, and interrupt this painful strain, to say a word or two upon what she was—and how far worthy of a love more honourable to her (that was possible) and deeper (but that was not possible) than mine. When first I saw her, she—my Agnes—was merely a child, not much (if any thing) above sixteen. But, as in perfect womanhood she retained a most childlike expression of countenance, so even then in absolute childhood she put forward the blossoms and the dignity of a woman. Never yet did my eye light upon creature that was born of woman, nor could it enter my heart to conceive one, possessing a figure more matchless in its proportions, more statuesque, and more deliberately and advisedly to be characterised by no adequate word but the word *magnificent* (a word too often and lightly abused). In reality, speaking of women, I have seen many beautiful figures, but hardly one except Agnes that could without hyperbole be styled truly and memorably magnificent. Though in the first order of tall women, yet, being full in person, and with a symmetry that was absolutely faultless, she seemed to the random sight as little above the ordinary height. Possibly from the dignity of her person, assisted by the dignity of her movements, a stranger would have been disposed to call her at a distance a woman of *commanding* presence; but never after he had approached near enough to behold her

face. Every thought of artifice—of practised effect—or of haughty pretension, fled before the childlike innocence—the sweet feminine timidity—and the more than cherub loveliness of that countenance, which yet in its lineaments was noble, whilst its expression was purely gentle and confiding. A shade of pensiveness there was about her; but *that* was in her manners, scarcely ever in her features; and the exquisite fairness of her complexion, enriched by the very sweetest and most delicate bloom that ever I have beheld, should rather have allied it to a tone of cheerfulness. Looking at this noble creature, as I first looked at her, when yet upon the early threshold of womanhood—

"With household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty"—

you might have supposed her some Hebe or young Aurora of the dawn. When you saw only her superb figure, and its promise of womanly development, with the measured dignity of her step, you might for a moment have fancied her some imperial Medea of the Athenian stage—some Volumnia from Rome,

"Or ruling bandit's wife amidst the Grecian
isles."

But catch one glance from her angelic countenance—and then combining the face and the person, you would have dismissed all such fancies, and have pronounced her a Pandora or an Eve, expressly accomplished and held forth by nature as an exemplary model or ideal pattern for the future female sex:

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warm, to comfort, to command:
And yet a spirit too, and bright
With something of an angel light."

To this superb young woman, such as I have here sketched her, I surrendered my heart for ever, almost from my first opportunity of seeing her: for so natural and without disguise was her character, and so winning the simplicity of her manners, due in part to her own native dignity of mind, and in part to the deep solitude in which she had been reared, that little penetration was required to put me in possession of all her thoughts; and to win her love, not very much more than to let her see, as see she could not avoid, in connexion with that chivalrous homage which at any

rate was due to her sex and her sexual perfections, a love for herself on my part, which was in its nature as exalted a passion and as profoundly rooted as any merely human affection can ever yet have been.

On the seventeenth birthday of Agnes we were married. Oh! calendar of everlasting months—months that, like the mighty rivers, shall flow on for ever, immortal as thou, Nile, or Danube, Euphrates, or St Lawrence! and ye, summer and winter, day and night, wherefore do you bring round continually your signs, and seasons, and revolving hours, that still point and barb the anguish of local recollections, telling me of this and that celestial morning that never shall return, and of too blessed expectations, travelling like yourselves through a heavenly zodiac of changes, till at once and for ever they sank into the grave! Often do I think of seeking for some quiet cell either in the Tropics or in Arctic latitudes, where the changes of the year, and the external signs corresponding to them, express themselves by no features like those in which the same seasons are invested under our temperate climes: so that, if knowing, we cannot at least feel the identity of their revolutions. We were married, I have said, on the birthday—the seventeenth birthday—of Agnes; and pretty nearly on her eighteenth it was that she placed me at the summit of my happiness, whilst for herself she thus completed the circle of her relations to this life's duties, by presenting me with a son. Of this child, knowing how wearisome to strangers is the fond exultation of parents, I shall simply say, that he inherited his mother's beauty; the same touching loveliness and innocence of expression, the same chiselled nose—mouth—and chin, the same exquisite auburn hair. In many other features, not of person merely, but also of mind and manners, as they gradually began to open before me, this child deepened my love to him by recalling the image of his mother; and what other image was there that I so much wished to keep before me, whether waking or asleep? At the time to which I am now coming but too rapidly, this child, still our only one, and unusually premature, was within four months of completing his third year; consequently Agnes was at that time in her twenty-first year; and I may here

add, with respect to myself, that I was in my twenty-sixth.

But, before I come to that period of wo, let me say one word on the temper of mind which so fluent and serene a current of prosperity may be thought to have generated. Too common a course I know it is, when the stream of life flows with absolute tranquillity, and ruffled by no menace of a breeze—the azure overhead never dimmed by a passing cloud, that in such circumstances the blood stagnates: life, from excess and plethora of sweets, becomes insipid: the spirit of action droops: and it is oftentimes found at such seasons that slight annoyances and molestations, or even misfortunes in a lower key, are not wholly undesirable, as means of stimulating the lazy energies, and disturbing a slumber which is, or soon will be, morbid in its character. I have known myself cases not a few, where, by the very nicest gradations, and by steps too silent and insensible for daily notice, the utmost harmony and reciprocal love had shaded down into fretfulness and petulance, purely from too easy a life, and because all nobler agitations that might have ruffled the sensations occasionally, and all distresses even on the narrowest scale that might have reawakened the solitudes of love, by opening necessities for sympathy—for counsel—or for mutual aid, had been shut out by foresight too elaborate, or by prosperity too cloying. But all this, had it otherwise been possible with my particular mind, and at my early age, was utterly precluded by one remarkable peculiarity in my temper. Whether it were that I derived from nature some jealousy and suspicion of all happiness which seems too perfect and unalloyed—[a spirit of restless distrust which in ancient times often led men to throw valuable gems into the sea, in the hope of thus propitiating the dire deity of misfortune, by voluntarily breaking the fearful chain of prosperity, and led some of them to weep and groan when the gems thus sacrificed were afterwards brought back to their hands by simple fishermen, who had recovered them in the intestines of fishes—a portentous omen, which was interpreted into a sorrowful indication that the Deity thus answered the propitiatory appeal, and made solemn proclamation that he

had rejected it]—whether, I say, it were this spirit of jealousy awaked in me by too steady and too profound a felicity—or whether it were that great overthrows and calamities have some mysterious power to send forward a dim misgiving of their advancing footsteps, and really and indeed

“That in to-day already walks to-morrow;”—

or whether it were partly, as I have already put the case in my first supposition, a natural instinct of distrust, but irritated and enlivened by a particular shock of superstitious alarm; which, or whether any of these causes it were that kept me apprehensive, and on the watch for disastrous change, I will not here undertake to determine. Too certain it is that I was so. I never ridded myself of an over-mastering and brooding sense, shadowy and vague, a dim abiding feeling (that sometimes was and sometimes was not exalted into a conscious presentiment) of some great calamity travelling towards me; not perhaps immediately impending—perhaps even at a great distance; but already—dating from some secret hour—already in motion upon some remote line of approach. This feeling I could not assuage by sharing it with Agnes. No motive could be strong enough for persuading me to communicate so gloomy a thought with one who, considering her extreme healthiness, was but too remarkably prone to pensive, if not to sorrowful contemplations. And thus the obligation which I felt to silence and reserve, strengthened the morbid impression I had received; whilst the remarkable incident I have adverted to served powerfully to rivet the superstitious chain which was continually gathering round me. The incident was this—and before I repeat it, let me pledge my word of honour, that I report to you the bare facts of the case, without exaggeration, and in the simplicity of truth:—There was at that time resident in the great city which is the scene of my narrative a woman, from some part of Hungary, who pretended to the gift of looking into futurity. She had made herself known advantageously in several of the greatest cities of Europe under the designation of the Hungarian Prophetess; and very extraordinary instances were cited amongst the

highest circles of her success in the art which she professed. So ample were the pecuniary tributes which she levied upon the hopes and the fears, or the simple curiosity of the aristocracy, that she was thus able to display not unfrequently a disinterestedness and a generosity, which seemed native to her disposition, amongst the humbler classes of her applicants; for she rejected no addresses that were made to her, provided only they were not expressed in levity or scorn, but with sincerity, and in a spirit of confiding respect. It happened, on one occasion, when a nursery-servant of ours was waiting in her anteroom for the purpose of taking her turn in consulting the prophetess professionally, that she had witnessed a scene of consternation and unaffected maternal grief in this Hungarian lady upon the sudden seizure of her son, a child of four or five years old, by a spasmodic inflammation of the throat (since called croup), peculiar to children, and in those days not very well understood by medical men. The poor Hungarian, who had lived chiefly in warm, or at least not damp climates, and had never so much as heard of this complaint, was almost wild with alarm at the rapid increase of the symptoms which attend the paroxysms, and especially of that loud and distressing sound which marks the impeded respiration. Great, therefore, was her joy and gratitude on finding from our servant that she had herself been in attendance more than once upon cases of the same nature, but very much more violent,—and that, consequently, she was well qualified to suggest and to superintend all the measures of instant necessity, such as the hot-bath, the peculiar medicines, &c., which are almost sure of success when applied in an early stage. Staying to give her assistance until a considerable improvement had taken place in the child, our servant then hurried home to her mistress. Agnes, it may be imagined, despatched her back with such further and more precise directions as in a very short time availed to re-establish the child in convalescence. These practical services, and the messages of maternal sympathy repeatedly conveyed from Agnes, had completely won the heart of the grateful Hungarian, and she

announced her intention of calling with her little boy, to make her personal acknowledgments for the kindness which had been shown to her. She did so, and we were as much impressed by the sultana-like style of her Oriental beauty, as she, on her part, was touched and captivated by the youthful loveliness of my angelic wife. After sitting for above an hour, during which time she talked with a simplicity and good feeling that struck us as remarkable in a person professing an art usually connected with so much of conscious fraud, she rose to take her leave. I must mention that she had previously had our little boy sitting on her knee, and had at intervals thrown a hasty glance upon the palms of his hands. On parting, Agnes, with her usual frankness, held out her hand. The Hungarian took it with an air of sad solemnity, pressed it fervently, and said,—“Lady, it is my part in this life to look behind the curtain of fate; and oftentimes I see such sights in futurity—some near, some far off—as willingly I would *not* see. For you, young and charming lady, looking like that angel which you are, no destiny can be equal to your deserts. Yet sometimes, true it is, God sees not as man sees; and he ordains, after his unfathomable counsels, to the heavenly-minded a portion in heaven, and to the children whom he loves a rest and a haven not built with hands. Something that I have seen dimly warns me to look no farther. Yet, if you desire it, I will do my office, and I will read for you with truth the lines of fate as they are written upon your hands.” Agnes was a little startled, or even shocked, by this solemn address; but, in a minute or so, a mixed feeling—one half of which was curiosity, and the other half a light-hearted mockery of her own mysterious awe in the presence of what she had been taught to view as either fraud or insanity—prompted her playfully to insist upon the fullest application of the Hungarian’s art to her own case; nay, she would have the hands of our little Francis read and interpreted as well as her own, and she desired to hear the full professional judgment delivered without suppression or softening of its harshest awards. She laughed whilst she said all this; but she also trembled a little. The Hun-

garian first took the hand of our young child, and perused it with a long and steady scrutiny. She said nothing, but sighed heavily as she resigned it. She then took the hand of Agnes—looked bewildered and aghast—then gazed piteously from Agnes to her child—and at last, bursting into tears, began to move steadily out of the room. I followed her hastily, and remonstrated upon this conduct, by pointing her attention to the obvious truth—that these mysterious suppressions and insinuations, which left all shadowy and indistinct, were far more alarming than the most definite denunciations. Her answer yet rings in my ear:—“Why should I make myself odious to you and to your innocent wife? Messenger of evil I am, and have been to many; but evil I will not prophesy to her. Watch and pray! Much may be done by effectual prayer. Human means, fleshly arms, are vain. There is an enemy in the house of life” [here she quitted her palmistry for the language of astrology]; “there is a frightful danger at hand, both for your wife and your child. Already on that dark ocean, over which we are all sailing, I can see dimly the point at which the enemy’s course shall cross your wife’s. There is but little interval remaining—not many hours. All is finished; all is accomplished; and already he is almost up with the darlings of your heart. Be vigilant, be vigilant, and yet look not to yourself, but to heaven, for deliverance.”

This woman was not an impostor: she spoke and uttered her oracles under a wild sense of possession by some superior being, and of mystic compulsion to say what she would have willingly left unsaid; and never yet, before or since, have I seen the light of sadness settle with so solemn an expression into human eyes: as when she dropped my wife’s hand, and refused to deliver that burden of prophetic woe with which she believed herself to be inspired.

The prophetess departed; and what mood of mind did she leave behind her in Agnes and myself? Naturally there was a little drooping of spirits at first; the solemnity and the heart-felt sincerity of fear and grief which marked her demeanour, made it impossible, at the moment when we were just fresh from their natural influences, that we

should recoil into our ordinary spirits. But with the inevitable elasticity of youth and youthful gaiety we soon did so; we could not attempt to persuade ourselves that there had been any conscious fraud or any attempt at scenical effect in the Hungarian's conduct. She had no motive for deceiving us; she had refused all offerings of money, and her whole visit had evidently been made under an overflow of the most grateful feelings for the attentions shown to her child. We acquitted her, therefore, of sinister intentions; and with our feelings of jealousy, feelings in which we had been educated, towards every thing that tended to superstition, we soon agreed to think her some gentle maniac or sad enthusiast, suffering under some form of morbid melancholy. Forty-eight hours, with two nights' sleep, sufficed to restore the wonted equilibrium of our spirits; and that interval brought us onwards to the 6th of April—the day on which, as I have already said, my story properly commences.

On that day, on that lovely 6th of April, such as I have described it, that 6th of April, about nine o'clock in the morning, we were seated at breakfast near the open window—we, that is Agnes, myself, and little Francis; the freshness of morning spirits rested upon us; the golden light of the morning sun illuminated the room; incense was floating through the air from the gorgeous flowers within and without the house; there in youthful happiness we sat gathered together, a family of love, and there we never sat again. Never again were we three gathered together, nor ever shall be, so long as the sun and its golden light—the morning and the evening—the earth and its flowers endure.

Often have I occupied myself in recalling every circumstance the most trivial of this the final morning of what merits to be called my life. Eleven o'clock, I remember, was striking when Agnes came into my study, and said that she would go into the city (for we lived in a quite rural suburb), that she would execute some trifling commissions which she had received from a friend in the country, and would be at home again between one and two for a stroll which we had agreed to take in the neighbouring meadows. About twenty minutes after this she again came into my study dressed for

going abroad; for such was my admiration of her, that I had a fancy—fancy it must have been, and yet still I felt it to be real—that under every change she looked best; if she put on a shawl, then a shawl became the most feminine of ornaments; if she laid aside her shawl and her bonnet, then how nymph-like she seemed in her undisguised and unadorned beauty! Full-dress seemed for the time to be best, as bringing forward into relief the splendour of her person, and allowing the exposure of her arms; a simple morning-dress, again, seemed better still, as fitted to call out the childlike innocence of her face, by confining the attention to that. But all these are feelings of fond and blind affection, hanging with rapture over the object of something too like idolatry. God knows, if that be a sin, I was but too profound a sinner; yet sin it never was, sin it could not be, to adore a beauty such as thine, my Agnes. Neither was it her beauty by itself, and that only, which I sought at such times to admire; there was a peculiar sort of double relation in which she stood at moments of pleasurable expectation and excitement, since our little Francis had become of an age to join our party, which made some aspects of her character trebly interesting. She was a wife—and wife to one whom she looked up to as her superior in understanding and in knowledge of the world, whom, therefore, she leaned to for protection. On the other hand, she was also a mother. Whilst, therefore, to her child she supported the matronly part of guide, and the air of an experienced person; to me she wore, ingenuously and without disguise, the part of a child herself, with all the giddy hopes and unchastised imaginings of that buoyant age. This double character, one aspect of which looks towards her husband and one to her children, sits most gracefully upon many a young wife whose heart is pure and innocent; and the collision between the two separate parts imposed by duty on the one hand, by extreme youth on the other, the one telling her that she is a responsible head of a family and the depository of her husband's honour in its tenderest and most vital interests, the other telling her, through the liveliest language of animal sensibility, and through the very pulses of her blood, that she is herself

a child ; this collision gives an inexpressible charm to the whole demeanour of many a young married woman, making her other fascinations more touching to her husband, and deepening the admiration she excites ; and the more so, as it is a collision which cannot exist except among the very innocent. Years, at any rate, will irresistibly remove this peculiar charm, and gradually replace it by the graces of the matronly character. But in Agnes this change had not yet been effected, partly from nature, and partly from the extreme seclusion of her life. Hitherto she still retained the unaffected expression of her childlike nature ; and so lovely in my eyes was this perfect exhibition of natural feminine character, that she rarely or never went out alone upon any little errand to town which might require her to rely upon her own good sense and courage, that she did not previously come to exhibit herself before me. Partly this was desired by me in that lover-like feeling of admiration already explained, which leads one to court the sight of a beloved object under every change of dress, and under all effects of novelty. Partly it was the interest I took in that exhibition of sweet timidity, and almost childish apprehensiveness, half disguised or imperfectly acknowledged by herself, which (in the way I have just explained) so touchingly contrasted with (and for that very reason so touchingly drew forth) her matronly character. But I hear some objector say at this point, ought not this very timidity, founded (as in part at least it was) upon inexperience and conscious inability to face the dangers of the world, to have suggested reasons for not leaving her to her own protection ? And does it not argue on my part, an arrogant or too blind a confidence in the durability of my happiness, as though charmed against assaults, and liable to no shocks of sudden revolution ? I reply that, from the very constitution of society, and the tone of manners in the city which we inhabited, there seemed to be a moral impossibility that any dangers of consequence should meet her in the course of those brief absences from my protection, which only were possible ; that even to herself any dangers, of a nature to be anticipated under the known circumstances of the case, seemed almost

imaginary ; that even *she* acknowledged a propriety in being trained, by slight and brief separations from my guardianship, to face more boldly those cases of longer separation and of more absolute consignment to her own resources which circumstances might arise to create necessarily, and perhaps abruptly. And it is evident that, had she been the wife of any man engaged in the duties of a profession, she might have been summoned from the very first, and without the possibility of any such gradual training, to the necessity of relying almost singly upon her own courage and discretion. For the other question, whether I did not depend too blindly and presumptuously upon my good luck in not at least affording her my protection so long as nothing occurred to make it impossible ? I may reply most truly that all my feelings ran naturally in the very opposite channel. So far from confiding too much in my luck, in the present instance I was engaged in a task of writing upon some points of business which could not admit of further delay ; but now, and at all times, I had a secret aversion to seeing so gentle a creature thrown even for an hour upon her own resources, though in situations which scarcely seemed to admit of any occasion for taxing those resources ; and often I have felt anger towards myself for what appeared to be an irrational or effeminate timidity, and have struggled with my own mind upon occasions like the present, when I knew that I could not have acknowledged my tremors to a friend without something like shame, and a fear to excite his ridicule. No ; if in any thing I ran into excess, it was in this very point of anxiety as to all that regarded my wife's security. Her good sense, her prudence, her courage (for courage she had in the midst of her timidity), her dignity of manner, the more impressive from the childlike character of her countenance, all should have combined to reassure me, and yet they did not. I was still anxious for her safety to an irrational extent ; and to sum up the whole in a most weighty line of Shakspeare, I lived under the constant presence of a feeling which only that great observer of human nature (so far as I am aware) has ever noticed, viz., that merely the excess of my happiness made me jealous of its ability to last, and in that extent less

capable of enjoying it; that in fact the prelibation of my tears, as a homage to its fragility, was drawn forth by my very sense that my felicity was too exquisite; or, in the words of the great master—

“I wept to have” [absolutely, by anticipation, shed tears in possessing]
“what I so feared to lose.”

Thus end my explanations, and I now pursue my narrative: Agnes, as I have said, came into my room again before leaving the house—we conversed for five minutes—we parted—she went out—her last words being that she would return at half-past one o'clock; and not long after that time, if ever mimic bells—bells of rejoicing, or bells of mourning, are heard in desert spaces of the air, and (as some have said), in unreal worlds, that mock our own, and repeat, for ridicule, the vain and unprofitable motions of man, then too surely, about this hour, began to toll the funeral knell of my earthly happiness—its final hour had sounded.

One o'clock had arrived; fifteen minutes after, I strolled into the garden, and began to look over the little garden-gate in expectation of every moment desecrating Agnes in the distance. Half an hour passed, and for ten minutes more I was tolerably quiet. From this time till half-past two I became constantly more agitated—*agitated*, perhaps, is too strong a word—but I was restless and anxious beyond what I should have chosen to acknowledge. Still I kept arguing, What is half an hour?—what is an hour? A thousand things might have occurred to cause that delay, without needing to suppose any accident; or, if an accident, why not a very trifling one? She may have slightly hurt her foot—she may have slightly sprained her ankle. “Oh, doubtless,” I exclaimed to myself, “it will be a mere trifle, or perhaps nothing at all.” But I remember that, even whilst I was saying this, I took my hat and walked with nervous haste into the little quiet lane upon which our garden-gate opened. The lane led by a few turnings, and after a course of about 500 yards, into a broad high-road, which even at that day had begun to assume the character of a street, and allowed an unobstructed range of view in the direction of the city for at least a mile. Here I

stationed myself, for the air was so clear that I could distinguish dress and figure to a much greater distance than usual. Even on such a day, however, the remote distance was hazy and indistinct, and at any other season I should have been diverted with the various mistakes I made. From occasional combinations of colour, modified by light and shade, and of course powerfully assisted by the creative state of the eye under this nervous apprehensiveness, I continued to shape into images of Agnes forms without end, that upon nearer approach presented the most grotesque contrasts to her impressive appearance. But I had ceased even to comprehend the ludicrous; my agitation was now so overruling and engrossing that I lost even my intellectual sense of it; and now first I understood practically and feelingly the anguish of hope alternating with disappointment, as it may be supposed to act upon the poor shipwrecked seaman, alone and upon a desolate coast, straining his sight for ever to the fickle element which has betrayed him, but which only can deliver him, and with his eyes still tracing in the far distance

“Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds,”—

which a brief interval of suspense still for ever disperses into hollow pageants of air or vapour. One deception melted away only to be succeeded by another; still I fancied that at last to a certainty I could descry the tall figure of Agnes, her gipsy hat, and even the peculiar elegance of her walk. Often I went so far as to laugh at myself, and even to tax my recent fears with unmanliness and effeminacy, on recollecting the audible throbbings of my heart, and the nervous palpitations which had besieged me; but these symptoms, whether effeminate or not, began to come back tumultuously under the gloomy doubts that succeeded almost before I had uttered this self-reproach. Still I found myself mocked and deluded with false hopes; yet still I renewed my quick walk, and the intensity of my watch for that radiant form that was fated never more to be seen returning from the cruel city.

It was nearly half-past three, and therefore close upon two hours beyond the time fixed by Agnes for her return, when I became absolutely inca-

pable of supporting the further torture of suspense, and I suddenly took the resolution of returning home and concerting with my female servants some energetic measures, though *what* I could hardly say, on behalf of their mistress. On entering the garden-gate I met our little child Francis, who unconsciously inflicted a pang upon me which he neither could have meditated nor have understood. I passed him at his play, perhaps even unaware of his presence, but he recalled me to that perception by crying aloud that he had just seen his mamma.

"When—where?" I asked convulsively.

"Up stairs in her bedroom," was his instantaneous answer.

His manner was such as forbade me to suppose that he could be joking; and, as it was barely possible (though, for reasons well-known to me, in the highest degree improbable), that Agnes might have returned by a bypath, which, leading through a dangerous and disreputable suburb, would not have coincided at any one point with the public road where I had been keeping my station. I sprang forward into the house, up stairs, and in rapid succession into every room where it was likely that she might be found; but every where there was a dead silence, disturbed only by myself, for, in my growing confusion of thought, I believe that I rang the bell violently in every room I entered. No such summons, however, was needed, for the servants, two of whom at the least were most faithful creatures, and devotedly attached to their young mistress, stood ready of themselves to come and make enquiries of me as soon as they became aware of the alarming fact that I had returned without her.

Until this moment, though having some private reasons for surprise that she should have failed to come into the house for a minute or two at the hour prefixed, in order to make some promised domestic arrangements for the day, they had taken it for granted that she must have met with me at some distance from home—and that either the extreme beauty of the day had beguiled her of all petty household recollections, or (as a conjecture more in harmony with past experiences) that my impatience and solicitations had persuaded her to lay aside her own

plans for the moment at the risk of some little domestic inconvenience. Now, however, in a single instant vanished *every* mode of accounting for their mistress's absence; and the consternation of our looks communicated contagiously, by the most unerring of all languages, from each to the other what thoughts were uppermost in our panic-stricken hearts. If to any person it should seem that our alarm was disproportioned to the occasion, and not justified at least by any thing as yet made known to us, let that person consider the weight due to the two following facts—first, that from the recency of our settlement in this neighbourhood, and from the extreme seclusion of my wife's previous life at a vast distance from the metropolis, she had positively no friends on her list of visitors who resided in this great capital; secondly, and far above all beside, let him remember the awful denunciations, so unexpectedly tallying with this alarming and mysterious absence, of the Hungarian prophetess; these had been slighted—almost dismissed from our thoughts; but now in sudden reaction they came back upon us with a frightful power to lacerate and to sting—the shadowy outline of a spiritual agency, such as that which could at all predict the events, combining in one mysterious effect, with the shadowy outline of those very predictions. The power, that could have predicted, was as dim and as hard to grasp as was the precise nature of the evil that had been predicted.

An icy terror froze my blood at this moment when I looked at the significant glances, too easily understood by me, that were exchanged between the servants. My mouth had been for the last two hours growing more and more parched, so that at present, from mere want of moisture, I could not separate my lips to speak. One of the women saw the vain efforts I was making, and hastily brought me a glass of water. With the first recovery of speech, I asked them what little Francis had meant by saying that he had seen his mother in her bedroom. Their reply was—that they were as much at a loss to discover his meaning as I was; that he had made the same assertion to them, and with so much earnestness, that they had, all in succession, gone up stairs to look for her, and with the fullest expectation of finding her. This

was a mystery which remained such to the very last; there was no doubt whatsoever that the child believed himself to have seen his mother; that he could not have seen her in her human bodily presence, there is as little doubt as there is, alas! that in this world he never *did* see her again. The poor child constantly adhered to his story, and with a circumstantiality far beyond all power of invention that could be presumed in an artless infant. Every attempt at puzzling him or entangling him in contradictions by means of cross-examination was but labour thrown away; though, indeed, it is true enough that for those attempts, as will soon be seen, there was but a brief interval allowed.

Not dwelling upon this subject at present, I turned to Hannah—a woman who held the nominal office of cook in our little establishment, but whose real duties had been much more about her mistress's person—and with a searching look of appeal I asked her whether, in this moment of trial, when (as she might see) I was not so perfectly master of myself as perhaps always to depend upon seeing what was best to be done, she would consent to accompany me into the city, and take upon herself those obvious considerations of policy or prudence which might but too easily escape my mind, darkened, and likely to be darkened, as to its power of discernment by the hurricane of affliction now too probably at hand. She answered my appeal with the fervour I expected from what I had already known of her character. She was a woman of a strong, fiery, perhaps I might say of heroic mind, supported by a courage that was absolutely indomitable, and by a strength of bodily frame very unusual in a woman, and beyond the promise even of her person. She had suffered as deep a wrench in her own affections as a human being can suffer; she had lost her one sole child, a fair-haired boy of most striking beauty and interesting disposition, at the age of 17, and by the worst of all possible fates; he lived (as we did at that time) in a large commercial city overflowing with profligacy, and with temptations of every order; he had been led astray; culpable he had been, but by very much the least culpable of the set into which accident had thrown him, as regarded acts and probable intentions; and as

regarded palliations from childish years, from total inexperience, or any other alleviating circumstances that could be urged, having every thing to plead—and of all his accomplices the only one who had any thing to plead. Interest, however, he had little or none; and whilst some hoary villains of the party, who happened to be more powerfully befriended, were finally allowed to escape with a punishment little more than nominal, he and two others were selected as sacrifices to the offended laws. They suffered capitally. All three behaved well; but the poor boy in particular, with a courage, a resignation, and a meekness, so distinguished and beyond his years as to attract the admiration and the liveliest sympathy of the public universally. If strangers could feel in that way, if the mere hardened executioner could be melted at the final scene,—it may be judged to what a fierce and terrific height would ascend the affliction of a doating mother, constitutionally too fervid in her affections. I have heard an official person declare, that the spectacle of her desolation and frantic anguish was the most frightful thing he had ever witnessed, and so harrowing to the feelings, that all who could by their rank venture upon such an irregularity, absented themselves during the critical period from the office which corresponded with the government; for, as I have said, the affair took place in a large provincial city, at a great distance from the capital. All who knew this woman, or who were witnesses to the alteration which one fortnight had wrought in her person as well as her demeanour, fancied it impossible that she could continue to live; or that, if she did, it must be through the giving way of her reason. They proved, however, to be mistaken; or, at least, if (as some thought) her reason did suffer in some degree, this result showed itself in the inequality of her temper, in moody fits of abstraction, and the morbid energy of her manner at times under the absence of all adequate external excitement, rather than in any positive and apparent hallucinations of thought. The charm which had mainly carried off the instant danger to her faculties, was doubtless the intense sympathy which she met with. And in these offices of consolation my wife stood foremost. For, and that was fortunate,

she had found herself able, without violence to her own sincerest opinions in the case, to offer precisely that form of sympathy which was most soothing to the angry irritation of the poor mother; not only had she shown a *direct* interest in the boy, and not a mere interest of *reflection* from that which she took in the mother, and had expressed it by visits to his dungeon, and by every sort of attention to his comforts which his case called for, or the prison regulations allowed; not only had she wept with the distracted woman as if for a brother of her own; but, which went farther than all the rest in softening the mother's heart, she had loudly and indignantly proclaimed her belief in the boy's innocence, and in the same tone her sense of the crying injustice committed as to the selection of the victims, and the proportion of the punishment awarded. Others, in the language of a great poet,

"Had pitied *her* and not her grief;"

they had either not been able to see, or, from carelessness, had neglected to see, any peculiar wrong done to her in the matter which occasioned her grief,—but had simply felt compassion for her as for one summoned, in a regular course of providential and human dispensation, to face an affliction, heavy in itself, but not heavy from any special defect of equity. Consequently their very sympathy, being so much built upon the assumption that an only child had offended to the extent implied in his sentence, oftentimes clothed itself in expressions which she felt to be not consolations but insults, and, in fact, so many justifications of those whom it relieved her overcharged heart to regard as the very worst of enemies. Agnes, on the other hand, took the very same view of the case as herself; and, though otherwise the gentlest of all gentle creatures, yet here, from the generous fervour of her reverence for justice, and her abhorrence of oppression, she gave herself no trouble to moderate the energy of her language: nor did I, on my part, feeling that substantially she was in the right, think it of importance to dispute about the exact degrees of the wrong done or the indignation due to it. In this way it happened naturally enough that at one and the same time, though little contemplating either of

these results, Agnes had done a prodigious service to the poor desolate mother by breaking the force of her misery, as well as by arming the active agencies of indignation against the depressing ones of solitary grief, and for herself had won a most grateful and devoted friend, who would have gone through fire and water to serve her, and was thenceforwards most anxious for some opportunity to testify how deep had been her sense of the goodness shown to her by her benign young mistress, and how incapable of suffering abatement by time. It remains to add, which I have slightly noticed before, that this woman was of unusual personal strength: her bodily frame matched with her intellectual: and I notice this *now* with the more emphasis, because I am coming rapidly upon ground where it will be seen that this one qualification was of more summary importance to us—did us more "yeoman's service" at a crisis the most awful—than other qualities of greater name and pretension. *Hannah* was this woman's Christian name; and her name and her memory are to me amongst the most hallowed of my earthly recollections.

One of her two fellow-servants, known technically amongst us as the "parlour maid," was also, but not equally, attached to her mistress; and merely because her nature, less powerfully formed and endowed, did not allow her to entertain or to comprehend any service equally fervid of passion or of impassioned action. She, however, was good, affectionate, and worthy to be trusted. But a third there was, a nursery maid, and therefore more naturally and more immediately standing within the confidence of her mistress—her I could not trust: her I suspected. But of that hereafter. Mean-time, *Hannah*—she upon whom I leaned as upon a staff in all which respected her mistress, ran up stairs, after I had spoken and received her answer, in order hastily to dress and prepare herself for going out along with me to the city. I did not ask her to be quick in her movements: I knew there was no need: and, whilst she was absent, I took up, in one of my fretful movements of nervousness, a book which was lying upon a side table: the book fell open of itself at a particular page; and in that, perhaps, there was nothing extraordinary; for

it was a little portable edition of *Paradise Lost*; and the page was one which I must naturally have turned to many a time: for to Agnes I had read all the great masters of literature, especially those of modern times; so that few people knew the high classics more familiarly: and as to the passage in question, from its divine beauty I had read it aloud to her, perhaps, on fifty separate occasions. All this I mention to take away any appearance of a vulgar attempt to create omens; but still, in the very act of confessing the simple truth, and thus weakening the marvellous character of the anecdote, I must notice it as a strange instance of the "*Sortes Miltonianæ*"—that precisely at such a moment as this I should find thrown in my way, should feel tempted to take up, and should open, a volume containing such a passage as the following: and observe, moreover, that although the volume, *once being taken up*, would naturally open where it had been most frequently read, there were, however, many passages which had been read *as frequently*—or more so. The particular passage upon which I opened at this moment was that most beautiful one in which the fatal morning separation is described between Adam and his bride—that separation so pregnant with wo, which eventually proved the occasion of the mortal transgression—the last scene between our first parents at which both were innocent and both were happy—although the superior intellect already felt, and, in the slight altercation preceding this separation, had already expressed a dim misgiving of some coming change: these are the words, and in depth of pathos they have rarely been approached:—

"Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
To be returned by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.
Oh much deceived, much failing, hap-
less Eve!
Of thy presumed return, event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound re-
pose."

"*My Eve!*" I exclaimed, "partner in my paradise, where art thou? *Much failing* thou wilt not be found, nor *much deceived*; innocent in any case thou art; but, alas! too surely by this

time *hapless*; and the victim of some diabolic wickedness." Thus I murmured to myself; thus I ejaculated; thus I apostrophized my Agnes; then again came a stormier mood. I could not sit still; I could not stand in quiet; I threw the book from me with violence against the wall; I began to hurry backwards and forwards in a short uneasy walk, when suddenly a sound, a step; it was the sound of the garden-gate opening, followed by a hasty tread. Whose tread? Not for a moment could it be fancied the oread step which belonged to that daughter of the hills—my wife, my Agnes; no, it was the dull massy tread of a man: and immediately there came a loud blow upon the door, and in the next moment, the bell having been found, a furious peal of ringing. Oh coward heart! not for a lease of immortality could I have gone forwards myself. My breath failed me; an interval came in which respiration seemed to be stifled—the blood to halt in its current; and then and there I recognised in myself the force and living truth of that Scriptural description of a heart consciously beset by evil without escape: "*Susannah sighed.*" Yes, a long long sigh—a deep deep sigh—that is the natural language by which the overcharged heart utters forth the wo that else would break it. I sighed—oh how profoundly! But that did not give me power to move. Who will go to the door? I whispered audibly. Who is at the door? was the inaudible whisper of my heart. Then might be seen the characteristic differences of the three women. That one, whom I suspected, I heard raising an upper window to look out and reconnoitre. The affectionate Rachael, on the other hand, ran eagerly downstairs; but Hannah, half-dressed, even her bosom exposed, passed her like a storm; and before I heard any sound of opening a door, I saw from the spot where I stood the door already wide open, and a man in the costume of a policeman. All that he said I could not hear; but this I heard—that I was wanted at the police office, and had better come off without delay. He seemed then to get a glimpse of me, and to make an effort towards coming nearer; but I slunk away, and left to Hannah the task of drawing from him any circumstances which he might know. But apparently there was not much to tell, or rather,

said I, there is too much, the *much* absorbs the *many*; some one mighty evil transcends and quells all particulars. At length the door was closed, and the man was gone. Hannah crept slowly along the passage, and looked in hesitatingly. Her very movements and stealthy pace testified that she had heard nothing which, even by comparison, she could think good news. "Tell me not now, Hannah," I said; "wait till we are in the open air." She went up stairs again. How short seemed the time till she descended!—how I longed for further respite! "Hannah!" I said at length when we were fairly moving upon the road, "Hannah! I am too sure you have nothing good to tell. But now tell me the worst, and let that be in the fewest words possible."

"Sir," she said, "we had better wait until we reach the office; for really I could not understand the man. He says that my mistress is detained upon some charge; but *what*, I could not at all make out. He was a man that 'knew something of you, sir, I believe, and he wished to be civil; and kept saying, 'Oh! I dare say it will turn out nothing at all, many such charges are made idly and carelessly, and some maliciously.' 'But what charges?' I cried, and then he wanted to speak privately to you. But I told him that of all persons he must not speak to you, if he had any thing painful to tell; for that you were too much disturbed already, and had been for some hours, out of anxiety and terror about my mistress, to bear much more. So, when he heard that, he was less willing to speak freely than before. He might prove wrong, he said; he might give offence; things might turn out far otherwise than according to first appearances; for his part, he could not believe any thing amiss of so sweet a lady. And after all it would be better to wait till we reached the office."

Thus much then was clear—Agnes was under some accusation. This was already worse than the worst I had anticipated. "And then," said I, thinking aloud to Hannah, "one of two things is apparent to me; either the accusation is one of pure hellish malice, without a colour of probability or the shadow of a foundation, and that way, alas! I am driven in my fears by that Hungarian woman's prophecy;

or, which but for my desponding heart I should be more inclined to think, the charge has grown out of my poor wife's rustic ignorance as to the usages then recently established by law with regard to the kind of money that could be legally tendered. This, however, was a suggestion that did not tend to alleviate my anxiety; and my nervousness had mounted to a painful, almost to a disabling degree, by the time we reached the office. Already on our road thither some parties had passed us who were conversing with eagerness upon the case: so much we collected from the many and ardent expressions about "the lady's beauty," though the rest of such words as we could catch were ill calculated to relieve my suspense. This, then, at least, was certain—that my poor timid Agnes had already been exhibited before a tumultuous crowd; that her name and reputation had gone forth as a subject of discussion for the public; and that the domestic seclusion and privacy within which it was her matronly privilege to move had already undergone a rude violation.

The office, and all the purlieus of the office, were occupied by a dense crowd. That, perhaps, was always the case, more or less, at this time of day; but at present the crowd was manifestly possessed by a more than ordinary interest; and there was a unity in this possessing interest; all were talking on the same subject, the case in which Agnes had so recently appeared in some character or other; and by this time it became but too certain in the character of an accused person. Pity was the prevailing sentiment amongst the mob; but the opinions varied much as to the probable criminality of the prisoner. I made my way into the office. The presiding magistrates had all retired for the afternoon, and would not reassemble until eight o'clock in the evening. Some clerks only or officers of the court remained, who were too much harassed by applications for various forms and papers connected with the routine of public business, and by other official duties which required signatures or attestations, to find much leisure for answering individual questions. Some, however, listened with a marked air of attention to my earnest request for the circumstantial details of the case, but finally referred

me to a vast folio volume, in which were entered all the charges, of whatever nature, involving any serious tendency—in fact, all that exceeded a misdemeanour—in the regular chronological succession according to which they came before the magistrate. Here, in this vast calendar of guilt and misery, amidst the *aliases* or cant designations of ruffians—prostitutes—felons, stood the description, at full length, Christian and surnames all properly registered, of my Agnes—of her whose very name had always sounded to my ears like the very echo of mountain innocence, purity, and pastoral simplicity. Here in another column stood the name and residence of her accuser. I shall call him *Barratt*, for that was amongst his names, and a name by which he had at one period of his infamous life been known to the public, though not his principal name, or the one which he had thought fit to assume at this era. James Barratt, then, as I shall here call him, was a haberdasher—keeping a large and conspicuous shop in a very crowded and what was then considered a fashionable part of the city. The charge was plain and short. Did I live to read it? It accused Agnes M— of having on that morning secreted in her muff, and feloniously carried away, a valuable piece of Mechlin lace, the property of James Barratt. And the result of the first examination was thus communicated in a separate column, written in red ink—"Remanded to the second day after to-morrow for final examination." Every thing in this sin-polluted register was in manuscript; but at night the records of each day were regularly transferred to a printed journal, enlarged by comments and explanatory descriptions from some one of the clerks, whose province it was to furnish this intelligence to the public journals. On that same night, therefore, would go forth to the world such an account of the case, and such a description of my wife's person, as would inevitably summon to the next exhibition of her misery, as by special invitation and advertisement, the whole world of this vast metropolis—the idle, the curious, the brutal, the hardened amateur in spectacles of wo, and the benign philanthropist who frequents such scenes with the purpose of carrying alleviation to their afflictions. All alike,

whatever might be their motives or the spirit of their actions, would rush (as to some grand festival of curiosity and sentimental luxury) to this public martyrdom of my innocent wife.

Mean-time, what was the first thing to be done? Manifestly, to see Agnes: her account of the affair might suggest the steps to be taken. Prudence, therefore, at any rate, prescribed this course; and my heart would not have tolerated any other. I applied, therefore, at once, for information as to the proper mode of effecting this purpose without delay. What was my horror at learning that, by a recent regulation of all the police offices, under the direction of the public minister who presided over that department of the national administration, no person could be admitted to an interview with any accused party during the progress of the official examinations—or, in fact, until the final committal of the prisoner for trial. This rule was supposed to be attended by great public advantages, and had rarely been relaxed—never, indeed, without a special interposition of the police minister authorizing its suspension. But was the exclusion absolute and universal? Might not, at least, a female servant, simply as the bearer of such articles as were indispensable to female delicacy and comfort, have access to her mistress? No; the exclusion was total and unconditional. To argue the point was manifestly idle; the subordinate officers had no discretion in the matter; nor, in fact, had any other official person, whatever were his rank, except the supreme one; and to him I neither had any obvious means of introduction, nor (in case of obtaining such an introduction) any chance of success; for the spirit of the rule, I foresaw it would be answered, applied with especial force to cases like the present.

Mere human feelings of pity, sympathy with my too visible agitation, superadded to something of perhaps reverence for the blighting misery that was now opening its artillery upon me—for misery has a privilege, and every where is felt to be a holy thing—had combined to procure for me some attention and some indulgence hitherto. Answers had been given with precision, explanations made at length, and anxiety shown to satisfy my enquiries. But this

could not last; the inexorable necessities of public business coming back in a torrent upon the official people after this momentary interruption, forbade them to indulge any further consideration for an individual case, and I saw that I must not stay any longer. I was rapidly coming to be regarded as a hindrance to the movement of public affairs; and the recollection that I might again have occasion for some appeal to these men in their official characters, admonished me not to abuse my privilege of the moment. After returning thanks, therefore, for the disposition shown to oblige me, I retired.

Slowly did I and Hannah retrace our steps. Hannah sustained, in the tone of her spirits, by the extremity of her anger, a mood of feeling which I did not share. Indignation was to her in the stead of consolation and hope. I, for my part, could not seek even a momentary shelter from my tempestuous affliction in that temper of mind. The man who could accuse my Agnes, and accuse her of such a crime, I felt to be a monster; and in my thoughts he was already doomed to a bloody atonement (atonement! alas! what atonement!) whenever the time arrived that *her* cause would not be prejudiced, or the current of public feeling made to turn in his favour by investing him with the semblance of an injured or suffering person. So much was settled in my thoughts with the stern serenity of a decree issuing from a judgment-seat. But that gave no relief, no shadow of relief, to the misery which was now consuming me. Here was an end, in one hour, to the happiness of a life. In one hour it had given way, root and branch—had melted like so much frost-work, or a pageant of vapoury exhalations. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and yet for ever and ever, I comprehended the total ruin of my situation. The case, as others might think, was yet in suspense; and there was room enough for very rational hopes, especially where there was an absolute certainty of innocence. Total freedom from all doubt on that point seemed to justify almost more than hopes. This might be said, and most people would have been more or less consoled by it. I was not. I felt as certain, as irredeemably, as hopelessly certain of

the final results as though I had seen the record in the books of heaven. "Hope nothing," I said to myself; "think not of hope in this world, but think only how best to walk steadily, and not to reel like a creature wanting discourse of reason, or incapable of religious hopes under the burden which it has pleased God to impose, and which in this life cannot be shaken off. The countenance of man is made to look upward and to the skies. Thither also point henceforward your heart and your thoughts. Never again let your thoughts travel earthwards. Settle them on the heavens, to which your Agnes is already summoned. The call is clear, and not to be mistaken. Little in *her* fate now depends upon you, or upon any thing that man can do. Look, therefore, to yourself; see that you make not shipwreck of your heavenly freight because your earthly freight is lost; and miss not, by any acts of wild and presumptuous despair, that final reunion with your Agnes, which can only be described through vistas that open through the heavens."

Such were the thoughts, thoughts often made audible, which came spontaneously like oracles from afar, as I strode homewards with Hannah by my side. Her, mean-time, I seemed to hear; for at times I seemed and I intended to answer her. But answer her I did not; for not ten words of all that she said did I really and consciously hear. How I went through that night is more entirely a blank in my memory, more entirely a chapter of chaos and the confusion of chaos, than any other passage the most impressive in my life. If I even slumbered for a moment, as at intervals I did sometimes, though never sitting down, but standing or pacing about throughout the night, and if in this way I attained a momentary respite from self-consciousness, no sooner had I reached this enviable state of oblivion, than some internal sting of irritation as rapidly dispersed the whole fickle fabric of sleep; and as if the momentary trance—this fugitive beguilement of my woe—had been conceded by a demon's subtle malice only with the purpose of barbing the pang, by thus forcing it into a stronger relief through the insidious peace preceding it. It is a well-known and most familiar experience to all the sons and

daughters of affliction, that under no circumstances is the piercing, lancinating torment of a recent calamity felt so keenly as in the first moments of awaking in the morning from the night's slumbers. Just at the very instant when the clouds of sleep, and the whole fantastic illusions of dreaminess are dispersing, just as the realities of life are re-assuming their steadfast forms—re-shaping themselves—and settling anew into those fixed relations which they are to preserve throughout the waking hours; in that particular crisis of transition from the unreal to the real, the wo which besieges the brain and the life-springs at the heart rushes in afresh amongst the other crowd of realities, and has at the moment of restoration literally the force and liveliness of a new birth—the very same pang, and no whit feebler, as that which belonged to it when it was first made known. From the total hush of oblivion which had buried it and sealed it up, as it were, during the sleeping hours, it starts into sudden life on our first awaking, and is to all intents and purposes a new and not an old affliction—one which brings with it the old original shock which attended its first annunciation.

That night—that first night of separation from my wife—*how* it passed, I know not; I know only *that* it passed, I being in our common bed-chamber, that holiest of all temples that are consecrated to human attachments whenever the heart is pure of man and woman and the love is strong—I being in that bedchamber, once the temple now the sepulchre of our happiness,—I there, and my wife—my innocent wife—in a dungeon. As the morning light began to break, somebody knocked at the door; it was Hannah; she took my hand—misery levels all feeble distinctions of station, sex, age—she noticed my excessive feverishness, and gravely remonstrated with me upon the necessity there was that I should maintain as much health as possible for the sake of “others,” if not for myself. She then brought me some tea, which refreshed me greatly; for I had tasted nothing at all beyond a little water since the preceding morning’s breakfast. This refreshment seemed to relax and thaw the stiff frozen state of cheerless, rayless despair in which I had passed the night; I became sus-

ceptible of consolation—that consolation which lies involved in kindness and gentleness of manner—if not susceptible more than before of any positive hope. I sat down; and, having no witnesses to my weakness but this kind and faithful woman, I wept, and I found a relief in tears; and she, with the ready sympathy of woman, wept along with me. All at once she ventured upon the circumstances (so far as she had been able to collect them from the reports of those who had been present at the examination) of our calamity. There was little indeed either to excite or to gratify any interest or curiosity separate from the *personal* interest inevitably connected with a case to which there were two such parties as a brutal, sensual, degraded ruffian, on one side in character of accuser, and on the other as defendant, a meek angel of a woman, timid and fainting from the horrors of her situation, and under the licentious gaze of the crowd—yet, at the same time, bold in conscious innocence, and in the very teeth of the suspicions which beset her, winning the good opinion, as well as the good wishes of all who saw her. There had been at this first examination little for her to say beyond the assigning her name, age, and place of abode; and here it was fortunate that her own excellent good sense concurred with her perfect integrity and intuitive hatred of all indirect or crooked courses in prompting her to an undisguised statement of the simple truth, without a momentary hesitation or attempt either at evasion or suppression. With equally good intentions in similar situations many a woman has seriously injured her cause by slight evasions of the entire truth, where nevertheless her only purpose has been the natural and ingenuous one of seeking to save the reputation untainted of a name which she felt to have been confided to her keeping. The purpose was an honourable one, but erroneously pursued. Agnes fell into no such error. She answered calmly, simply, and truly, to every question put by the magistrates; and beyond *that* there was little opportunity for her to speak; the whole business of this preliminary examination being confined to the deposition of the accuser as to the circumstances under which he alleged the act of

felonious appropriation to have taken place. These circumstances were perfectly uninteresting, considered in themselves; but amongst them was one which to us had the most shocking interest, from the absolute proof thus furnished of a deep-laid plot against Agnes. But for this one circumstance there would have been a possibility that the whole had originated in error—error growing out of and acting upon a nature originally suspicious, and confirmed perhaps by an unfortunate experience. And in proportion as that was possible, the chances increased that the accuser might, as the examinations advanced, and the winning character of the accused party began to develop itself, begin to see his error, and to retract his own overhasty suspicions. But now we saw at a glance that for this hope there was no countenance whatever, since one solitary circumstance sufficed to establish a conspiracy. The deposition bore—that the lace had been secreted and afterwards detected in a muff; now it was a fact as well-known to both of us as the fact of Agnes having gone out at all—that she had laid aside her winter's dress for the first time on this genial sunny day. Muff she had not at the time, nor could have had appropriately from the style of her costume in other respects. What was the effect upon us of this remarkable discovery! Of course there died at once the hope of any abandonment by the prosecutor of his purpose; because here was proof of a predetermined plot. This hope died at once; but then, as it was one which never had presented itself to my mind, I lost nothing by which I had ever been solaced. On the other hand, it will be obvious that a new hope at the same time arose to take its place, viz, the reasonable one that by this single detection, if once established, we might raise a strong presumption of conspiracy, and moreover that, as a leading fact or clue, it might serve to guide us in detecting others. Hannah was sanguine in this expectation; and for a moment her hopes were contagiously exciting to mine. But the hideous despondency which in my mind had settled upon the whole affair from the very first, the superstitious presentiment I had of a total blight brooding over the entire harvest of my life and its promises (tracing itself originally, I am almost

ashamed to own, up to that prediction of the Hungarian woman)—denied me steady light, any thing—all in short but a wandering ray of hope. It was right, of course, nay, indispensable, that the circumstance of the muff should be strongly insisted upon at the next examination, pressed against the prosecutor, and sifted to the uttermost. An able lawyer would turn this to a triumphant account; and it would be admirable as a means of pre-engaging the good opinion as well as the sympathies of the public in behalf of the prisoner. But, for its final effect—my conviction remained, not to be shaken, that all would be useless; that our doom had gone forth, and was irrevocable.

Let me not linger too much over those sad times. Morning came on as usual; for it is strange, but true, that to the very wretched it seems wonderful that times and seasons should keep their appointed courses in the midst of such mighty overthrows and such interruption to the courses of their own wonted happiness and their habitual expectations. Why should morning and night, why should all movements in the natural world be so regular, whilst in the moral world all is so irregular and anomalous? Yet the sun and the moon rise and set as usual upon the mightiest revolutions of empire and of worldly fortune that this planet ever beholds; and it is sometimes even a comfort to know that this will be the case. A great criminal, sentenced to an agonizing punishment, has derived a fortitude and a consolation from recollecting that the day would run its inevitable course—that a day after all was *but* a day—that the mighty wheel of alternate light and darkness must and would revolve—and that the evening star would rise as usual, and shine with its untroubled lustre upon the dust and ashes of what *had* indeed suffered, and so recently, the most bitter pangs, but would then have ceased to suffer. “*La Journée,*” said Damien,

“*La journée sera dure, mais elle se passera.*”

“*— Se passera :*” yes, that is true, I whispered to myself; my day also, my season of trial will be hard to bear; but that also will have an end; that also “*se passera.*” Thus I talked or thought so long as I thought at

all; for the hour was now rapidly approaching when thinking in any shape would for some time be at an end for me.

That day, as the morning advanced, I went again, accompanied by Hannah, to the police court and to the prison—a vast, ancient, in parts ruinous, and most gloomy pile of building. In those days the administration of justice was, if not more corrupt, certainly in its inferior departments by far more careless than it is at present, and liable to thousands of interruptions and mal-practices, supporting themselves upon old traditionary usages which required at least half a century, and the shattering everywhere given to old systems by the French Revolution, together with the universal energy of mind applied to those subjects over the whole length and breadth of Christendom, to approach with any effectual reforms. Knowing this, and having myself had direct personal cognizance of various cases in which bribery had been applied with success, I was not without considerable hope that perhaps Hannah and myself might avail ourselves of this irregular passport through the gates of the prison. And, had the new regulation been of somewhat longer standing, there is little doubt that I should have been found right; unfortunately, as yet it had all the freshness of new-born vigour, and kept itself in remembrance by the singular irritation it excited. Besides this, it was a pet novelty of one particular minister new to the possession of power, anxious to distinguish himself, proud of his creative functions within the range of his office, and very sensitively jealous on the point of opposition to his mandates. Vain, therefore, on this day were all my efforts to corrupt the jailers; and, in fact, anticipating a time when I might have occasion to corrupt some of them for a more important purpose and on a larger scale, I did not think it prudent to proclaim my character beforehand as one who tampered with such means, and thus to arm against myself those jealousies in official people which it was so peculiarly important that I should keep asleep.

All that day, however, I lingered about the avenues and vast courts in the precincts of the prison, and near one particular wing of the building, which had been pointed out to me by

a jailer as the section allotted to those who were in the situation of Agnes; that is, waiting their final commitment for trial. The building generally he could indicate with certainty, but he professed himself unable to indicate the particular part of it which “the young woman brought in on the day previous” would be likely to occupy; consequently he could not point out the window from which her cell (her “cell!” what a word!) would be lighted. “But, master,” he went on to say, “I would advise nobody to try that game.” He looked with an air so significant, and at the same time used a gesture so indicative of private understanding, that I at once apprehended his meaning, and assured him that he had altogether misconstrued my drift; that, as to attempts at escape, or at any mode of communicating with the prisoner from the outside, I trusted all that was perfectly needless; and that at any rate in my eyes it was perfectly hopeless. “Well, master,” he replied, “that’s neither here nor there. You’ve come down handsomely, that I *will* say; and where a gentleman acts like a gentleman, and behaves himself as such, I’m not the man to go and split upon him for a word. To be sure it’s quite nat’ral that a gentleman—put case that a young woman is his fancy woman—it’s nothing but nat’ral that he should want to get her out of such an old rat-hole as this, where many’s the fine-timbered creature, both he and she, that has lain to rot, and has never got out of the old trap at all, first or last”——“How so?” I interrupted him; “surely they don’t detain the corpses of prisoners?” “Ay, but mind you—put case that he or that she should die in this rat-trap before sentence is past, why then the prison counts them as its own children, and buries them in its own chapel—that old stack of pigeon-holes that you see up yonder to the right hand.” So, then, after all, thought I, if my poor Agnes should, in her desolation and solitary confinement to these wretched walls, find her frail strength give way—should the moral horrors of her situation work their natural effect upon her health, and she should chance to die within this dungeon, here within this same dungeon will she lie to the resurrection, and in that case her prison-doors have already closed upon her

or ever. The man, who perhaps had some rough kindness in his nature, though tainted by the mercenary feelings too inevitably belonging to his situation, seemed to guess at the character of my ruminations by the change in my countenance, for he expressed some pity for my being "in so much trouble;" and it seemed to increase his respect for me that this trouble should be directed to the case of a woman, for he appeared to have a manly sense of the peculiar appeal made to the honour and gallantry of man, by the mere general fact of the feebleness and the dependence of woman. I looked at him more attentively in consequence of the feeling tone in which he now spoke, and was surprised that I had not more particularly noticed him before; he was a fine looking, youngish man, with a bold Robin-hood style of figure and appearance; and, morally speaking, he was absolutely transfigured to my eyes by the effect worked upon him for the moment, through the simple calling up of his better nature. However, he recurred to his cautions about the peril in a legal sense of tampering with the windows, bolts, and bars of the old decaying prison; which, in fact, precisely according to the degree in which its absolute power over its prisoners was annually growing less and less, grew more and more jealous of its own reputation, and punished the attempts to break loose with the more severity, in exact proportion as they were the more tempting by the chances of success. I persisted in disowning any schemes of the sort, and especially upon the ground of their hopelessness. But this, on the other hand, was a ground that in his inner thoughts he treated with scorn; and I could easily see that, with a little skilful management of opportunity, I might, upon occasion, draw from him all the secrets he knew as to the special points of infirmity in this old ruinous building. For the present, and until it should certainly appear that there was some use to be derived from this species of knowledge, I forbore to raise superfluous suspicions by availing myself further of his communicative disposition. Taking, however, the precaution of securing his name, together with his particular office and designation in the prison, I parted from him as if to go home, but in fact to resume

my sad roamings up and down the precincts of the jail.

What made these precincts much larger than otherwise they would have been, was the circumstance that, by a usage derived from older days, both criminal prisoners and those who were prisoners for debt, equally fell under the custody of this huge caravanserai for the indifferent reception of crime, of misdemeanour, and of misfortune. And those who came under the two first titles were lodged here through all stages of their connexion with public justice; alike when mere objects of vague suspicion to the police, when under examination upon a specific charge, when fully committed for trial, when convicted and under sentence, awaiting the execution of that sentence, and, in a large proportion of cases, even through their final stage of punishment, when it happened to be of any nature compatible with in-door confinement. Hence it arose that the number of those who haunted the prison gates with or without a title to admission was enormous; all the relatives, or more properly the acquaintances and connexions of the criminal population within the prison, being swelled by all the families of needy debtors who came daily either to offer the consolation of their society, or to diminish their common expenditure by uniting their slender establishments. One of the rules applied to the management of this vast multitude that were every day candidates for admission was, that to save the endless trouble as well as risk, perhaps, of opening and shutting the main gates to every successive arrival, periodic intervals were fixed for the admission by wholesale: and as these periods came round every two hours, it would happen at many parts of the day that vast crowds accumulated waiting for the next opening of the gate. These crowds were assembled in two or three large outer courts, in which also were many stalls and booths, kept there upon some local privilege of ancient inheritance, or upon some other plea made good by gifts or bribes—some by Jews and others by Christians, perhaps equally Jewish. Superadded to these stationary elements of this miscellaneous population, were others drawn thither by pure motives of curiosity, so that altogether an almost permanent mob was gathered together in these courts;

and amid this mob it was,—from I know not what definite motive, partly because I thought it probable that amongst these people I should hear the case of Agnes peculiarly the subject of conversation; and so, in fact, it did really happen,—but partly, and even more, I believe, because I now awfully began to shrink from solitude. Tumult I must have, and distraction of thought. Amid this mob, I say, it was that I passed two days. Feverish I had been from the first,—and from bad to worse, in such a case, was, at any rate, a natural progress; but, perhaps, also amongst this crowd of the poor, the abjectly wretched, the ill-fed, the desponding, and the dissolute, there might be very naturally a larger body of contagion lurking than according to their mere numerical expectations. There was at that season a very extensive depopulation going on in some quarters of this great metropolis, and in other cities of the same empire, by means of a very malignant typhus. This fever is supposed to be the peculiar product of jails; and though it had not as yet been felt as a scourge and devastator of this particular jail, or at least the consequent mortality had been hitherto kept down to a moderate amount, yet it was highly probable that a certain quantity of contagion, much beyond the proportion of other popular assemblages less uniformly wretched in their composition, was here to be found all day long; and doubtless my excited state, and irritable habit of body, had offered a peculiar predisposition that favoured the rapid developement of this contagion. However this might be, the result was, that on the evening of the second day which I spent in haunting the purlieus of the prison (consequently the night preceding the second public examination of Agnes), I was attacked by ardent fever in such unmitigated fury, that before morning I had lost all command of my intellectual faculties. For some weeks I became a pitiable maniac, and in every sense the wreck of my former self; and seven entire weeks, together with the better half of an eighth week, had passed over my head whilst I lay unconscious of time and its dreadful freight of events, excepting in so far as my disordered brain, by its fantastic coinages, crea-

ted endless mimeries and mockeries of these events—less substantial, but oftentimes less afflicting, or less agitating. It would have been well for me had my destiny decided that I was not to be recalled to this world of woe. But I had no such happiness in store. I recovered, and through twenty and eight years my groans have recorded the sorrow I feel that I did.

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I shall not rehearse circumstantially, and point by point, the sad unfolding, as it proceeded through successive revelations to me, of all which had happened during my state of physical incapacity. When I first became aware that my wandering senses had returned to me, and knew, by the cessation of all throbbings, and the unutterable pains that had so long possessed my brain, that I was now returning from the gates of death, a sad confusion assailed me as to some indefinite cloud of evil that had been hovering over me at the time when I first fell into a state of insensibility. For a time I struggled vainly to recover the lost connexion of my thoughts, and I endeavoured ineffectually to address myself to sleep. I opened my eyes, but found the glare of light painful beyond measure. Strength, however, it seemed to me that I had, and more than enough, to raise myself out of bed. I made the attempt, but fell back, almost giddy with the effort. At the sound of the disturbance which I had thus made, a woman whom I did not know came from behind a curtain, and spoke to me. Shrinking from any communication with a stranger, especially one whose discretion I could not estimate in making discoveries to me with the requisite caution, I asked her simply what o'clock it was.

"Eleven in the forenoon," she replied.

"And what day of the month?"

"The second," was her brief answer.

I felt almost a sense of shame in adding—"The second! but of what month?"

"Of June," was the startling rejoinder.

On the 8th of April I had fallen ill, and it was now actually the 2d of June. Oh! sickening calculation!

revolting register of hours! for in that same moment which brought back this one recollection, perhaps by steadying my brain, rushed back in a torrent all the other dreadful remembrances of the period, and now the more so, because, though the event was still uncertain as regarded my knowledge, it must have become dreadfully certain as regarded the facts of the case, and the happiness of all who were concerned. Alas! one little circumstance too painfully assured me that this event had not been a happy one. Had Agnes been restored to her liberty and her home, where would she have been found but watching at my bedside? That too certainly I knew, and the inference was too bitter to support.

On this same day, some hours afterwards, upon Hannah's return from the city, I received from her, and heard with perfect calmness, the whole sum of evil which awaited me. Little Francis—she took up her tale at that point—"was with God:" so she expressed herself. He had died of the same fever which had attacked me—had died and been buried nearly five weeks before. Too probably he had caught the infection from me. Almost—such are the caprices of human feeling—almost I could have rejoiced that this young memorial of my vanished happiness had vanished also. It gave me a pang, nevertheless, that the grave should thus have closed upon him before I had seen his fair little face again. But I steeled my heart to hear worse things than this. Next she went on to inform me that already, on the first or second day of our calamity, she had taken upon herself, without waiting for authority, on observing the rapid approaches of illness in me, and arguing the state of helplessness which would follow, to write off at once a summons in the most urgent terms to the brother of my wife. This gentleman, whom I shall call Pierpoint, was a high-spirited, generous young man as I have ever known. When I say that he was a sportsman, that at one season of the year he did little else than pursue his darling amusement of fox-hunting, for which indeed he had almost a maniacal passion—saying this, I shall already have prejudged him in the opinions of

many, who fancy all such persons the slaves of corporal enjoyments. But, with submission, the truth lies the other way. According to my experience, people of these habits have their bodies more than usually under their command, as being subdued by severe exercise; and their minds, neither better nor worse on an average than those of their neighbours, are more available from being so much more rarely clogged by morbid habits in that uneasy yoke-fellow of the intellectual part—the body. He at all events was a man to justify in his own person this way of thinking; for he was a man not only of sound, but even of bold and energetic intellect, and in all moral respects one whom any man might feel proud to call his friend. This young man, Pierpoint, without delay obeyed the summons; and on being made acquainted with what had already passed, the first step he took was to call upon Barratt, and without further question than what might ascertain his identity, he proceeded to inflict upon him a severe horsewhipping. A worse step on his sister's account he could not have taken. Previously to this the popular feeling had run strongly against Barratt, but now its unity was broken. A new element was introduced into the question: Democratic feelings were armed against this outrage; gentlemen and nobles, it was said, thought themselves not amenable to justice; and again, the majesty of the law was offended at this intrusion upon an affair already under solemn course of adjudication. Every thing, however, passes away under the healing hand of time, and this also faded from the public mind. People remembered also that he was a brother, and in that character, at any rate, had a right to some allowances for his intemperance; and what quickened the oblivion of the affair was, which in itself was sufficiently strange, that Barratt did not revive the case in the public mind by seeking legal reparation for his injuries. It was, however, still matter of regret that Pierpoint should have indulged himself in this movement of passion, since undoubtedly it broke and disturbed the else uniform stream of public indignation by investing the original aggressor with something like the cha-

rafter of an injured person; and therefore with some set-off to plead against his own wantonness of malice: his malice might now assume the nobler aspect of revenge.

Thus far, in reporting the circumstances, Hannah had dallied—thus far I had rejoiced that she dallied, with the main burden of the wo; but now there remained nothing to dally with any longer—and she rushed along in her narrative, hurrying to tell—I hurrying to hear. A second, a third examination had ensued, then a final committal—all this within a week. By that time all the world was agitated with the case; literally not the city only, vast as that city was, but the nation was convulsed and divided into parties upon the question, Whether the prosecution were one of mere malice or not? The very government of the land was reported to be equally interested, and almost equally divided in opinion. In this state of public feeling came the trial. Image to yourself, oh reader, whosoever you are, the intensity of the excitement which by that time had arisen in all people to be spectators of the scene—then image to yourself the effect of all this, a perfect consciousness that in herself as a centre was settled the whole mighty interest of the exhibition—that interest again of so dubious and mixed a character—sympathy in some with mere misfortune—sympathy in others with female frailty and guilt, not perhaps founded upon an absolute unwavering belief in her innocence even amongst those who were most loud and positive as partisans in affirming it,—and then remember that all this hideous scenical display and notoriety settled upon one whose very nature, constitutionally timid, recoiled with the triple agony of womanly shame—of matronly dignity—of insulted innocence, from every mode and shape of public display. Combine all these circumstances and elements of the case, and you may faintly enter into the situation of my poor Agnes. Perhaps the best way to express it at once is by recurring to the case of a young female Christian martyr, in the early ages of Christianity, exposed in the bloody amphitheatre of Rome or Verona to “fight with wild beasts,” as it was expressed in mockery—she to fight! the lamb to fight with lions! But in reality the young martyr had a

fight to maintain, and a fight (in contempt of that cruel mockery) fiercer than the fiercest of her persecutors could have faced perhaps—the combat with the instincts of her own shrinking, trembling, fainting nature. Such a fight had my Agnes to maintain; and at that time there was a large party of gentlemen in whom the gentlemanly instinct was predominant, and who felt so powerfully the cruel indignities of her situation, that they made a public appeal in her behalf. One thing, and a strong one, which they said, was this:—“We all talk and move in this case as if, because the question appears doubtful to some people, and the accused party to some people wears a doubtful character, it would follow that she therefore had in reality a mixed character composed in joint proportions of the best and the worst that is imputed to her. But let us not forget that this mixed character belongs not to her, but to the infirmity of our human judgments—they are mixed—they are dubious—but she is not—she is, or she is not, guilty—there is no middle case—and let us consider for a single moment, that if this young lady (as many among us heartily believe) is innocent, then and upon that supposition let us consider how cruel we should all think the public exposure which aggravates the other injuries (as in that case they must be thought) to which her situation exposes her.” They went on to make some suggestions for the officers of the court in preparing the arrangements for the trial, and some also for the guidance of the audience, which showed the same generous anxiety for sparing the feelings of the prisoner. If these did not wholly succeed in repressing the open avowal of coarse and brutal curiosity amongst the intensely vulgar, at least they availed to diffuse amongst the neutral and indifferent part of the public a sentiment of respect and forbearance which, emanating from high quarters, had a very extensive influence upon most of what met the eye or the ear of my poor wife. She, on the day of trial, was supported by her brother; and by that time she needed support indeed. I was reported to be dying; her little son was dead; neither had she been allowed to see him. Perhaps these things, by weaning her from all further care about life, might have

found their natural effect in making her indifferent to the course of the trial, or even to its issue. And so, perhaps, in the main, they did. But at times some lingering sense of outraged dignity, some fitful gleams of old sympathies, "the hectic of a moment," came back upon her, and prevailed over the deadening stupor of her grief. Then she shone for a moment into a starry light—sweet and woful to remember. Then — but why linger? I hurry to the close: she was pronounced guilty; whether by a jury or a bench of judges, I do not say—having determined, from the beginning, to give no hint of the land in which all these events happened; neither is that of the slightest consequence. Guilty she was pronounced: but sentence at that time was deferred. Ask me not, I beseech you, about the *muff* or other circumstances inconsistent with the hostile evidence. These circumstances had the testimony, you will observe, of my own servants only; nay, as it turned out, of one servant exclusively: *that* naturally diminished their value. And, on the other side, evidence was arrayed, perjury was suborned, that would have wrecked a wilderness of simple truth trusting to its own unaided forces. What followed? Did this judgment of the court settle the opinion of the public? Opinion of the public! Did it settle the winds? Did it settle the motion of the Atlantic? Wilder, fiercer, and louder grew the cry against the wretched accuser: mighty had been the power over the vast audience of the dignity, the affliction, the perfect simplicity, and the Madonna beauty of the prisoner. That beauty so child-like, and at the same time so saintly, made, besides, so touching in its pathos by means of the abandonment—the careless abandonment and the infinite desolation of her air and manner—would of itself, and without further aid, have made many converts. Much more was done by the simplicity of her statements, and the indifference with which she neglected to improve any strong points in her own favour—the indifference, as every heart perceived, of despairing grief. — Then came the manners on the hostile side—the haggard consciousness of guilt, the drooping tone, the bravado and fierce strut which sought to dissemble all this. Not one amongst all the

witnesses, assembled on that side, had (by all agreement) the bold natural tone of conscious uprightness. Hence it could not be surprising that the storm of popular opinion made itself heard with a louder and a louder sound. The government itself began to be disturbed; the ministers of the sovereign were agitated; and, had no menaces been thrown out, it was generally understood that they would have given way to the popular voice, now continually more distinct and clamorous. In the midst of all this tumult obscure murmurs began to arise that Barratt had practised the same or similar villainies in former instances. One case in particular was beginning to be whispered about, which at once threw a light upon the whole affair: it was the case of a young and very beautiful married woman, who had been on the very brink of a catastrophe such as had befallen my own wife, when some seasonable interference, of what nature was not known, had critically delivered her. This case arose "like a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand," then spread and threatened to burst in tempest upon the public mind, when all at once, more suddenly even than it had arisen, it was hushed up, or in some way disappeared. But a trifling circumstance made it possible to trace this case:—in after times, when means offered, but unfortunately no particular purpose of good, nor any purpose, in fact, beyond that of curiosity, it was traced: and enough was soon ascertained to have blown to fragments any possible conspiracy emanating from this Barratt, had that been of any further importance. However, in spite of all that money or art could effect, a sullen growl continued to be heard amongst the populace of villainies many and profound that had been effected or attempted by this Barratt; and accordingly, much in the same way as was many years afterwards practised in London, when a hosier had caused several young people to be prosecuted to death for passing forged bank-notes, the wrath of the people showed itself in marking the shop for vengeance upon any favourable occasion offering through fire or riots, and in the mean-time in deserting it. These things had been going on for some time when I awoke from my long delirium; but the effect they had produced upon a weak and obstinate

and haughty government, or at least upon the weak and obstinate and haughty member of the government who presided in the police administration, was, to confirm and rivet the line of conduct which had been made the object of popular denunciation. More energetically, more scornfully, to express that determination of flying in the face of public opinion and censure, four days before my awakening, Agnes had been brought up to receive her sentence. On that same day (nay, it was said in that same hour), petitions, very numerous signed, and various petitions from different ranks, different ages, different sexes, were carried up to the throne, praying, upon manifold grounds, but all noticing the extreme doubtfulness of the case, for an unconditional pardon. By whose advice or influence, it was guessed easily, though never exactly ascertained, these petitions were unanimously, almost contemptuously, rejected. And to express the contempt of public opinion as powerfully as possible, Agnes was sentenced by the court, reassembled in full pomp, order, and ceremonial costume, to a punishment the severest that the laws allowed—viz. hard labour for ten years. The people raged more than ever; threats public and private were conveyed to the ears of the minister chiefly concerned in the responsibility, and who had indeed, by empty and ostentatious talking, assumed that responsibility to himself in a way that was perfectly needless.

Thus stood matters when I awoke to consciousness: and this was the fatal journal of the interval—interval so long as measured by my fierce calendar of delirium—so brief measured by the huge circuit of events which it embraced, and their mightiness for evil. Wrath, wrath immeasurable, unimaginable, unmitigable, burned at my heart like a cancer. The worst had come. And the thing which kills a man for action—the living in two climates at once—a torrid and a frigid zone—of hope and fear—that was past. Weak—suppose I were for the moment: I felt that a day or two might bring back my strength. No miserable tremors of hope *now* shook my nerves: if they shook from that inevitable rocking of the waters that follows a storm, so much might be pardoned to the infirmity of a nature that

could not lay aside its fleshly necessities, nor altogether forego its homage to "these frail elements," but which by inspiration already lived within a region where no voices were heard but the spiritual voices of transcendent passions—of

"Wrongs unrevenged, and insults unredressed."

Six days from that time I was well—well and strong. I rose from bed; I bathed; I dressed: dressed as if I were a bridegroom. And that *was* in fact a great day in my life. I was to see Agnes. Oh! yes: permission had been obtained from the lordly minister that I should see my wife. Is it possible? Can such condescensions exist? Yes: solicitations from ladies, eloquent notes wet with ducal tears, these had won from the thrice-radiant secretary, redolent of roseate attar, a countersign to some order or other, by which I—yes I—under license of a fop, and supervision of a jailer—was to see and for a time to converse with my own wife.

The hour appointed for the first day's interview was eight o'clock in the evening. On the outside of the jail all was summer light and animation. The sports of children in the streets of mighty cities are but sad, and too painfully recall the circumstances of freedom and breezy nature that are not there. But still the pomp of glorious summer, and the presence, "not to be put by," of the everlasting light, that is either always present, or always dawning—these potent elements impregnate the very city life, and the dim reflex of nature which is found at the bottom of well-like streets, with more solemn powers to move and to soothe in summer. I struck upon the prison gates, the first among multitudes waiting to strike. Not because we struck, but because the hour had sounded, suddenly the gate opened; and in we streamed. I, as a visiter for the first time, was immediately distinguished by the jailors, whose glance of eye is fatally unerring. "Who was it that I wanted?" At the name a stir of emotion was manifest, even there: the dry bones stirred and moved: the passions outside had long ago passed to the interior of this gloomy prison: and not a man but had his hypothesis on the case; not a

man but had almost fought with some comrade (many had literally fought) about the merits of their several opinions.

If any man had expected a scene at this reunion, he would have been disappointed. Exhaustion, and the ravages of sorrow, had left to dear Agnes so little power of animation or of action, that her emotions were rather to be guessed at, both for kind and for degree, than directly to have been perceived. She was in fact a sick patient, far gone in an illness that should properly have confined her to bed; and was as much past the power of replying to my frenzied exclamations, as a dying victim of fever of entering upon a strife of argument. In bed, however, she was not. When the door opened she was discovered sitting at a table placed against the opposite wall, her head pillowed upon her arms, and these resting upon the table. Her beautiful long auburn hair had escaped from its confinement, and was floating over the table and her own person. She took no notice of the disturbance made by our entrance, did not turn, did not raise her head, nor make an effort to do so, nor by any sign whatever intimate that she was conscious of our presence, until the turnkey in a respectful tone announced me. Upon that a low groan, or rather a feeble moan, showed that she had become aware of my presence, and relieved me from all apprehension of causing too sudden a shock by taking her in my arms. The turnkey had now retired; we were alone. I knelt by her side, threw my arms about her, and pressed her to my heart. She drooped her head upon my shoulder, and lay for some time like one who slumbered; but, alas! not as she had used to slumber. Her breathing, which had been like that of sinless infancy, was now frightfully short and quick; she seemed not properly to breathe, but to gasp. This, thought I, may be sudden agitation, and in that case she will gradually recover; half an hour will restore her. Wo is me! she did *not* recover; and internally I said—she never *will* recover. The arrows have gone too deep for a frame so exquisite in its sensibility, and already her hours are numbered.

At this first visit I said nothing to her about the past; *that*, and the

whole extent to which our communications should go, I left rather to her own choice. At the second visit, however, upon some word or other arising which furnished an occasion for touching on this hateful topic, I pressed her, contrary to my own previous intention, for as full an account of the fatal event as she could without a distressing effort communicate. To my surprise she was silent—gloomily—almost it might have seemed obstinately silent. A horrid thought came into my mind; could it, might it have been possible, that my noble-minded wife, such she had ever seemed to me, was open to temptations of this nature? Could it have been that in some moment of infirmity, when her better angel was away from her side, she had yielded to a sudden impulse of frailty, such as a second moment for consideration would have resisted, but which unhappily had been followed by no such opportunity of retrieval? I had heard of such things. Cases there were in our own times (and not confined to one nation), when irregular impulses of this sort were known to have haunted and besieged natures not otherwise ignoble or base. I ran over some of the names amongst those which were taxed with this propensity. More than one were the names of people in a technical sense held noble. That, nor any other consideration, abated my horror. Better, I said, better (because more compatible with elevation of mind) better to have committed some bloody act—some murderous act. Dreadful was the panic I underwent. God pardon the wrong I did; and even now I pray to him—as though the past thing were a future thing and capable of change—that he would forbid her for ever to know what was the derogatory thought I had admitted. I sometimes think, by recollecting a momentary blush that suffused her marble countenance,—I think—I fear that she might have read what was fighting in my mind. Yet that would admit of another explanation. If she did read the very worst, meek saint! she suffered no complaint or sense of that injury to escape her. It might, however, be that perception, or it might be that fear which roused her to an effort that otherwise had seemed too revolting to undertake. She now rehearsed the whole steps of the affair from first to

last; but the only material addition, which her narrative made to that which the trial itself had involved, was the following:—On two separate occasions previous to the last and fatal one, when she had happened to walk unaccompanied by me in the city, the monster Barratt had met her in the street. He had probably,—and this was, indeed, subsequently ascertained,—at first, and for some time afterwards, mistaken her rank, and had addressed some proposals to her, which, from the suppressed tone of his speaking, or from her own terror and surprise, she had not clearly understood; but enough had reached her alarmed ear to satisfy her that they were of a nature in the last degree licentious and insulting. Terrified and shocked rather than indignant, for she too easily presumed the man to be a maniac, she hurried homewards; and was rejoiced, on first venturing to look round when close to her own gate, to perceive that the man was not following. There, however, she was mistaken; for either on this occasion, or on some other, he had traced her homewards. The last of these rencontres had occurred just three months before the fatal 6th of April; and if, in any one instance, Agnes had departed from the strict line of her duty as a wife, or had shown a defect of judgment, it was at this point—in not having frankly and fully reported the circumstances to me. On the last of these occasions I had met her at the garden-gate, and had particularly remarked that she seemed agitated; and now, at recalling these incidents, Agnes reminded me that I had noticed that circumstance to herself, and that she had answered me faithfully as to the main fact. It was true she had done so; for she had said that she had just met a lunatic who had alarmed her by fixing his attention upon herself, and speaking to her in a ruffian manner; and it was also true that she did sincerely regard him in that light. This led me at the time to construe the whole affair into a casual collision with some poor maniac escaping from his keepers, and of no future moment, having passed by without present consequences. But had she, instead of thus reporting her own erroneous impression, reported the entire circumstances of the case, I should have given them a very different interpretation.

Affection for me, and fear to throw me needlessly into a quarrel with a man of apparently brutal and violent nature—these considerations, as too often they do with the most upright wives, had operated to check Agnes in the perfect sincerity of her communications. She had told nothing *but* the truth—only, and fatally it turned out for us both, she had not told the *whole* truth. The very suppression, to which she had reconciled herself under the belief that thus she was providing for my safety and her own consequent happiness, had been the indirect occasion of ruin to both. It was impossible to show displeasure under such circumstances, or under any circumstances, to one whose self-reproaches were at any rate too bitter; but certainly, as a general rule, every conscientious woman should resolve to consider her husband's honour in the first case, and far before all other regards whatsoever; to make this the first, the second, the third law of her conduct, and his personal safety but the fourth or fifth. Yet women, and especially when the interests of children are at stake upon their husbands' safety, rarely indeed are able to take this Roman view of their duties.

To return to the narrative.—Agnes had not, nor could have, the most remote suspicion of this Barratt's connexion with the shop which she had not accidentally entered; and the sudden appearance of this wretch it was, at the very moment of finding herself charged with so vile and degrading an offence, that contributed most of all to rob her of her natural firmness, by suddenly revealing to her terrified heart the depth of the conspiracy which thus yawned like a gulf below her. And not only had this sudden horror, upon discovering a guilty design in what before had seemed accident, and links uniting remote incidents which else seemed casual and disconnected, greatly disturbed and confused her manner, which confusion again had become more intense upon her own consciousness that she *was* confused, and that her manner was greatly to her disadvantage; but—which was the worst effect of all, because the rest could not operate against her, except upon those who were present to witness it, whereas this was noted down and recorded—so utterly did her confusion strip her of all pre-

sence of mind, that she did not consciously notice (and consequently could not protest against at the moment when it was most important to do so, and most natural) the important circumstance of the muff. This capital objection, therefore, though dwelt upon and improved to the utmost at the trial, was looked upon by the judges as an after-thought; and merely because it had not been seized upon by herself, and urged in the first moments of her almost incapacitating terror on finding this amongst the circumstances of the charge against her—as if an ingenuous nature, in the very act of recoiling with horror from a criminal charge the most degrading, and in the very instant of discovering, with a perfect rapture of alarm, the too plausible appearance of probability amongst the circumstances, would be likely to pause, and with attorney-like dexterity, to pick out the particular circumstance that might admit of being *proved* to be false, when the conscience proclaimed, though in despondence for the result, that all the circumstances were, as to the use made of them, one tissue of falsehoods. Agnes, who had made a powerful effort in speaking of the case at all, found her calmness increase as she advanced; and she now told me, that in reality there were two discoveries which she made in the same instant, and not one only, which had disarmed her firmness and ordinary presence of mind. One I have mentioned—the fact of Barratt, the proprietor of the shop, being the same person who had in former instances persecuted her in the street; but the other was even more alarming—it has been said already that it was *not* a pure matter of accident that she had visited this particular shop. In reality, that nursery-maid, of whom some mention has been made above, and in terms expressing the suspicion with which even then I regarded her, had persuaded her into going thither by some representations which Agnes had already ascertained to be altogether unwarranted. Other presumptions against this girl's fidelity crowded dimly upon my wife's mind at the very moment of finding her eyes thus suddenly opened. And it was not five minutes after her first examination, and in fact five minutes after it had ceased to be of use to her,

that she remembered another circumstance which now, when combined with the sequel, told its own tale,—the muff had been missed some little time before the 6th of April. Search had been made for it; but, the particular occasion which required it having passed off, this search was laid aside for the present, in the expectation that it would soon reappear in some corner of the house before it was wanted; then came the sunny day, which made it no longer useful, and would perhaps have dismissed it entirely from the recollection of all parties, until it was now brought back in this memorable way. The name of my wife was embroidered within, upon the lining, and it thus became a serviceable link to the hellish cabal against her. Upon reviewing the circumstances from first to last, upon recalling the manner of the girl at the time when the muff was missed, and upon combining the whole with her recent deception, by which she had misled her poor mistress into visiting this shop, Agnes began to see the entire truth as to this servant's wicked collusion with Barratt, though, perhaps, it might be too much to suppose her aware of the unhappy result to which her collusion tended. All this she saw at a glance when it was too late, for her first examination was over. This girl, I must add, had left our house during my illness, and she had afterwards a melancholy end.

One thing surprised me in all this. Barratt's purpose must manifestly have been to create merely a terror in my poor wife's mind, and to stop short of any legal consequences, in order to profit of that panic and confusion for extorting compliances with his hideous pretensions. It perplexed me, therefore, that he did not appear to have pursued this manifestly his primary purpose, the other being merely a mask to conceal his true ends, and also (as he fancied) a means for effecting them. In this, however, I had soon occasion to find that I was deceived. He had, but without the knowledge of Agnes, taken such steps as were then open to him, for making overtures to her with regard to the terms upon which he would agree to defeat the charge against her by failing to appear. But the law had travelled too fast for him and too determinately; so that, by the time he

supposed terror to have operated sufficiently in favour of his views, it had already become unsafe to venture upon such explicit proposals as he would otherwise have tried. His own safety was now at stake, and would have been compromised by any open or written avowal of the motives on which he had been all along acting. In fact, at this time he was foiled by the agent in whom he confided; but much more he had been confounded upon another point—the prodigious interest manifested by the public. Thus it seems—that, whilst he meditated only a snare for my poor Agnes, he had prepared one for himself; and finally, to evade the suspicions which began to arise powerfully as to his true motives, and thus to stave off his own ruin, had found himself in a manner obliged to go forward and consummate the ruin of another.

The state of Agnes, as to health and bodily strength, was now becoming such that I was forcibly warned—whatsoever I meditated doing, to do quickly. There was this urgent reason for alarm: once conveyed into that region of the prison in which sentences like hers were executed, it became hopeless that I could communicate with her again. All intercourse whatsoever, and with whomsoever, was then placed under the most rigorous interdict; and the alarming circumstance was, that this transfer was governed by no settled rules, but might take place at any hour, and would certainly be precipitated by the slightest violence on my part, the slightest indiscretion, or the slightest argument for suspicion. Hard indeed was the part I had to play, for it was indispensable that I should appear calm and tranquil, in order to disarm suspicions around me, whilst continually contemplating the possibility that I myself might be summoned to extremities which I could not so much as trust myself to name or distinctly to conceive. But thus stood the case; the Government, it was understood, angered by the public opposition, resolute for the triumph of what they called “principle,” had settled finally that the sentence should be carried into execution. Now that she, that my Agnes, being the frail wreck that she had become, could have stood one week of this sentence practically and literally enforced

—was a mere chimera. A few hours probably of the experiment would have settled that question by dismissing her to the death she longed for; but because the suffering would be short, was I to stand by and to witness the degradation—the pollution—attempted to be fastened upon her. What! to know that her beautiful tresses would be shorn ignominiously—a felon’s dress forced upon her—a vile taskmaster with authority to—; blistered be the tongue that could go on to utter, in connexion with her innocent name, the vile dishonours which were to settle upon her person! I, however, and her brother had taken such resolutions that this result was one barely possible; and yet I sickened (yes, literally I many times experienced, the effect of physical sickness) at contemplating our own utter childish helplessness, and recollecting that every night during our seclusion from the prison the last irreversible step might be taken—and in the morning we might find a solitary cell, and the angel form that had illuminated it gone where we could not follow, and leaving behind her the certainty that we should see her no more. Every night, at the hour of locking up, *she*, at least, manifestly had a fear that she saw us for the last time; she put her arms feebly about my neck, sobbed convulsively, and, I believe, guessed—but, if really so, did not much reprove or quarrel with the desperate purposes which I struggled with in regard to her own life. One thing was quite evident—that to the peace of her latter days, now hurrying to their close, it was indispensable that she should pass them undivided from me; and possibly, as was afterwards alleged, when it became easy to allege any thing, some relenting did take place in high quarters at this time; for upon some medical reports made just now, a most seasonable indulgence was granted, viz. that Hannah was permitted to attend her mistress constantly; and it was also felt as a great alleviation of the horrors belonging to this prison, that candles were now allowed throughout the nights. But I was warned privately that these indulgences were with no consent from the police minister; and that circumstances might soon withdraw the momentary intercession by which we profited. With this knowledge, we could not linger in our preparations; we had

resolved upon accomplishing an escape for Agnes, at whatever risk or price; the main difficulty was her own extreme feebleness, which might forbid her to co-operate with us in any degree at the critical moment; and the main danger was—delay. We pushed forward, therefore, in our attempts with prodigious energy, and I for my part with an energy like that of insanity.

The first attempt we made was upon the fidelity to his trust of the chief jailor. He was a coarse vulgar man, brutal in his manners, but with vestiges of generosity in his character—though damaged a good deal by his daily associates. Him we invited to a meeting at a tavern in the neighbourhood of the prison, disguising our names as too certain to betray our objects, and baiting our invitation with some hints which we had ascertained were likely to prove temptations under his immediate circumstances. He had a graceless young son whom he was most anxious to wean from his dissolute connexions, and to steady, by placing him in some office of no great responsibility. Upon this knowledge we framed the terms of our invitation.

These proved to be effectual, as regarded our immediate object of obtaining an interview of persuasion. The night was wet; and at seven o'clock, the hour fixed for the interview, we were seated in readiness, much perplexed to know whether he would take any notice of our invitation. We had waited three quarters of an hour, when we heard a heavy lumbering step ascending the stair. The door was thrown open to its widest extent, and in the centre of the door-way stood a short, stout-built man, and the very broadest I ever beheld—staring at us with bold enquiring eyes. His salutation was something to this effect.

“What the hell do you gay fellows want with me? What the blazes is this humbugging letter about? My son, and be hanged! what do you know of my son?”

Upon this overture we ventured to request that he would come in and suffer us to shut the door, which we also locked. Next we produced the official paper nominating his son to a small place in the customs,—not yielding much, it was true, in the way of

salary, but fortunately, and in accordance with the known wishes of the father, unburdened with any dangerous trust.

“Well, I suppose I must say thank ye: but what comes next? What am I to do to pay the damages?” We informed him that for this particular little service we asked no return.

“No, no,” said he, “that ’ll not go down: that cat ’ll not jump. I’m not green enough for that. So, say away—what’s the damage?” We then explained that we had certainly a favour and a great one to ask: [“Ay, I’ll be bound you have,” was his parenthesis:] but that for this we were prepared to offer a separate remuneration; repeating that with respect to the little place procured for his son, it had not cost us any thing, and therefore we did really and sincerely decline to receive any thing in return; satisfied that, by this little offering, we had procured the opportunity of this present interview. At this point we withdrew a covering from a table upon which we had previously arranged a heap of gold coins, amounting in value to twelve hundred English guineas: this being the entire sum which circumstances allowed us to raise on so sudden a warning: for some landed property that we both had was so settled and limited, that we could not convert it into money either by way of sale, loan, or mortgage. This sum, stating to him its exact amount, we offered to his acceptance, upon the single condition that he would look aside, or wink hard, or (in whatever way he chose to express it) would make, or suffer to be made, such facilities for our liberating a female prisoner as we would point out. He mused: full five minutes he sat deliberating without opening his lips. At length he shocked us by saying, in a firm decisive tone that left us little hope of altering his resolution,—“No: gentlemen, it’s a very fair offer, and a good deal of money for a single prisoner. I think I can guess at the person. It’s a fair offer—fair enough. But, bless your heart! if I were to do the thing you want—why perhaps another case might be overlooked: but this prisoner, no: there’s too much depending. No, they would turn me out of my place. Now the place is worth more to me in the long run than what you offer: though you

bid fair enough, if it were only for my time in it. But look here: in case I can get my son to come into harness, I'm expecting to get the office for him after I've retired. So I can't do it. But I'll tell you what: you've been kind to my son: and therefore I'll not say a word about it. You're safe for me. And so good-night to you." Saying which, and standing no further question, he walked resolutely out of the room and down stairs.

Two days we mourned over this failure, and scarcely knew which way to turn for another ray of hope;—on the third morning we received intelligence that this very jailor had been attacked by the fever, which, after long desolating the city, had at length made its way into the prison. In a very few days the jailor was lying without hope of recovery: and of necessity another person was appointed to fill his station for the present. This person I had seen, and I liked him less by much than the one he succeeded: he had an Italian appearance, and he wore an air of Italian subtlety and dissimulation. I was surprised to find, on proposing the same service to him, and on the same terms, that he made no objection whatever, but closed instantly with my offers. In prudence, however, I had made this change in the articles: a sum equal to two hundred English guineas, or one-sixth part of the whole money, he was to receive beforehand as a retaining fee; but the remainder was to be paid only to himself, or to any body of his appointing, at the very moment of our finding the prison gates thrown open to us. He spoke fairly enough, and seemed to meditate no treachery; nor was there any obvious or known interest to serve by treachery; and yet I doubted him grievously.

The night came: it was chosen as a gala night, one of two nights throughout the year in which the prisoners were allowed to celebrate a great national event: and in those days of relaxed prison management the utmost license was allowed to the rejoicing. This indulgence was extended to prisoners of all classes, though, of course, under more restrictions with regard to the criminal class. Ten o'clock came—the hour at which we had been instructed to hold ourselves in readiness. We had been long prepared. Agnes had been dressed by Hannah in such

a costume externally (a man's hat and cloak, &c.) that, from her height, she might easily have passed amongst a mob of masquerading figures in the debtors' halls and galleries for a young stripling. Pierpoint and myself were also to a certain degree disguised; so far at least, that we should not have been recognised at any hurried glance by those of the prison officers who had become acquainted with our persons. We were all more or less disguised about the face; and in that age when masks were commonly used at all hours by people of a certain rank, there would have been nothing suspicious in any possible costume of the kind in a night like this, if we could succeed in passing for friends of debtors.

I am impatient of these details, and I hasten over the ground. One entire hour passed away, and no jailor appeared. We began to despond heavily; and Agnes, poor thing! was now the most agitated of us all. At length eleven struck in the harsh tones of the prison-clock. A few minutes after, we heard the sound of bolts drawing, and bars unfastening. The jailor entered—drunk, and much disposed to be insolent. I thought it advisable to give him another bribe, and he resumed the fawning insinuation of his manner. He now directed us, by passages which he pointed out, to gain the other side of the prison. There we were to mix with the debtors and their mob of friends, and to await his joining us, which in that crowd he could do without much suspicion. He wished us to traverse the passages separately; but this was impossible, for it was necessary that one of us should support Agnes on each side. I previously persuaded her to take a small quantity of brandy, which we rejoiced to see had given her, at this moment of starting, a most seasonable strength and animation. The gloomy passages were more than usually empty, for all the turnkeys were employed in a vigilant custody of the gates, and examination of the parties going out. So the jailor had told us, and the news alarmed us. We came at length to a turning which brought us in sight of a strong iron gate, that divided the two main quarters of the prison. For this we had not been prepared. The man, however, opened the gate without a word spoken, only putting out

his hand for a fee; and in my joy, perhaps, I gave him one imprudently large. After passing this gate, the distant uproar of the debtors guided us to the scene of their merriment; and when there, such was the tumult and the vast multitude assembled, that we now hoped in good earnest to accomplish our purpose without accident. Just at this moment the jailor appeared in the distance; he seemed looking towards us, and at length one of our party could distinguish that he was beckoning to us. We went forward, and found him in some agitation, real or counterfeit. He muttered a word or two quite unintelligible about the man at the wicket, told us we must wait a while, and he would then see what could be done for us. We were beginning to demur, and to express the suspicions which now too seriously arose, when he, seeing, or affecting to see some object of alarm, pushed us with a hurried movement into a cell opening upon the part of the gallery at which we were now standing. Not knowing whether we really might not be retreating from some danger, we could do no otherwise than comply with his signals; but we were troubled at finding ourselves immediately locked in from the outside, and thus apparently all our motions had only sufficed to exchange one prison for another.

We were now completely in the dark, and found, by a hard breathing from one corner of the little dormitory, that it was not unoccupied. Having taken care to provide ourselves separately with means for striking a light, we soon had more than one torch burning. The brilliant light falling upon the eyes of a man who lay stretched on the iron bedstead, woke him. It proved to be my friend the under-jailor, Ratcliffe, but no longer holding any office in the prison. He sprang up, and a rapid explanation took place. He had become a prisoner for debt; and on this evening, after having caroused through the day with some friends from the country, had retired at an early hour to sleep away his intoxication. I on my part thought it prudent to entrust him unreservedly with our situation and purposes, not omitting our gloomy suspicions. Ratcliffe looked, with a pity that won my love, upon the poor wasted Agnes,

He had seen her on her first entrance into the prison, had spoken to her, and therefore knew *from* what she had fallen, *to* what. Even then he had felt for her; how much more at this time, when he beheld, by the fierce light of the torches, her wo-worn features!

"Who was it," he asked eagerly, "you made the bargain with? Manasseh?"

"The same."

"Then I can tell you this—not a greater villain walks the earth. He is a Jew from Portugal; he has betrayed many a man, and will many another, unless he gets his own neck stretched, which might happen, if I told all I know."

"But what was it probable that this man meditated? Or how could it profit him to betray us?"

"That's more than I can tell. He wants to get your money, and that he doesn't know how to bring about without doing his part. But that's what he never *will* do, take my word for it. That would cut him out of all chance for the head-jailor's place." He mused a little, and then told us that he could himself put us outside the prison-walls, and *would* do it without fee or reward. "But we must be quiet, or that devil will be-think him of me. I'll wager something he thought that I was out merry-making like the rest; and if he should chance to light upon the truth, he'll be back in no time." Ratcliffe then removed an old fire-grate, at the back of which was an iron plate, that swung round into a similar fire-place in the contiguous cell. From that, by a removal of a few slight obstacles, we passed, by a long avenue, into the chapel. Then he left us, whilst he went out alone to reconnoitre his ground. Agnes was now in so pitiable a condition of weakness, as we stood on the very brink of our final effort, that we placed her in a pew, where she could rest as upon a sofa. Previously we had stood upon graves, and with monuments more or less conspicuous all around us: some raised by friends to the memory of friends—some by subscriptions in the prison—some by children, who had risen into prosperity, to the memory of a father, brother, or other relative, who had died in captivity. I was grieved that these sad memorials should meet the eye

of my wife at this moment of awe and terrific anxiety. Pierpoint and I were well armed, and all of us determined not to suffer a recapture, now that we were free of the crowds that made resistance hopeless. This Agnes easily perceived; and *that*, by suggesting a bloody arbitration, did not lessen her agitation. I hoped therefore that, by placing her in the pew, I might at least liberate her for the moment from the besetting memorials of sorrow and calamity. But, as if in the very teeth of my purpose, one of the large columns which supported the roof of the chapel had its basis and lower part of the shaft in this very pew. On the side of it, and just facing her as she lay reclining on the cushions, appeared a mural tablet, with a bas-relief in white marble, to the memory of two children, twins, who had lived and died at the same time, and in this prison—children who had never breathed another air than that of captivity, their parents having passed many years within these walls, under confinement for debt. The sculptures were not remarkable, being a trite, but not the less affecting, representation of angels descending to receive the infants; but the hallowed words of the inscription, distinct and legible—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God”—met her eye, and, by the thoughts they awakened, made me fear that she would become unequal to the exertions which yet awaited her. At this moment Ratcliffe returned, and informed us that all was right; and that, from the ruinous state of all the buildings which surrounded the chapel, no difficulty remained for us, who were, in fact, beyond the strong part of the prison, excepting at a single door, which we should be obliged to break down. But had we any means arranged for pursuing our flight, and turning this escape to account when out of confinement? All that, I assured him, was provided for long ago. We proceeded, and soon reached the door. We had one crow-bar amongst us, but beyond that had no better weapons than the loose stones found about some new-made graves in the chapel. Ratcliffe and Pierpoint, both powerful men, applied themselves by turns to the door, whilst Hannah and I supported Agnes. The door did not

yield, being of enormous strength; but the wall did, and a large mass of stone-work fell outwards, twisting the door aside; so that, by afterwards working with our hands, we removed stones many enough to admit of our egress. Unfortunately this aperture was high above the ground, and it was necessary to climb over a huge heap of loose rubbish in order to profit by it. My brother-in-law passed first in order to receive my wife, quite helpless at surmounting the obstacle by her own efforts, out of my arms. He had gone through the opening, and, turning round so as to face me, he naturally could see something that I did not see. “Look behind!” he called out rapidly. I did so, and saw the murderous villain Manasseh with his arm uplifted and in the act of cutting at my wife, nearly insensible as she was, with a cutlass. The blow was not for me, but for her, as the fugitive prisoner; and the law would have borne him out in the act. I saw, I comprehended the whole. I groped, as far as I could without letting my wife drop, for my pistols; but all that I could do would have been unavailing, and too late—she would have been murdered in my arms. But—and that was what none of us saw—neither I, nor Pierpoint, nor the hound Manasseh—one person stood back in the shade; one person had seen, but had not uttered a word on seeing Manasseh advancing through the shades; one person only had forecast the exact succession of all that was coming; me she saw embarrassed and my hands preoccupied—Pierpoint and Ratcliffe useless by position—and the gleam of the dog’s eye directed her to his aim. The crow-bar was leaning against the shattered wall. This she had silently seized. One blow knocked up the sword; a second laid the villain prostrate. At this moment appeared another of the turnkeys advancing from the rear, for the noise of our assault upon the door had drawn attention in the interior of the prison, from which, however, no great number of assistants could on this dangerous night venture to absent themselves. What followed for the next few minutes hurried onwards, incident crowding upon incident, like the motions of a dream:—Manasseh, lying on the ground, yelled out “The bell! the bell!” to him who followed. The man understood,

and made for the belfry-door attached to the chapel; upon which Pierpoint drew a pistol, and sent the bullet whizzing past his ear so truly, that fear made the man obedient to the counter-orders of Pierpoint for the moment. He paused and awaited the issue.— In a moment had all cleared the wall, traversed the waste ground beyond it, lifted Agnes over the low railing, shaken hands with our benefactor Ratcliffe, and pushed onwards as rapidly as we were able to the little dark lane, a quarter of a mile distant, where had stood waiting for the last two hours a chaise-and-four.

[Ratcliffe, before my story closes, I will pursue to the last of my acquaintance with him, according to the just claims of his services. He had privately whispered to me, as we went along, that he could speak to the innocence of that lady, pointing to my wife, better than any body. He was the person whom (as then holding an office in the prison) Barratt had attempted to employ as agent in conveying any messages that he found it safe to send—obscurely hinting the terms on which he would desist from prosecution. Ratcliffe had at first undertaken the negotiation from mere levity of character. But when the story and the public interest spread, and after himself becoming deeply struck by the prisoner's affliction, beauty, and reputed innocence, he had pursued it only as a means of entrapping Barratt into such written communications and such private confessions of the truth as might have served Agnes effectually. He wanted the art, however, to disguise his purposes: Barratt came to suspect him violently, and feared his evidence so far, even for those imperfect and merely oral overtures which he had really sent through Ratcliffe—that on the very day of the trial he, as was believed, though by another nominally, contrived that Ratcliffe should be arrested for debt; and, after harassing him with intricate forms of business, had finally caused him to be conveyed to prison. Ratcliffe was thus involved in his own troubles at the time; and afterwards supposed that, without written documents to support his evidence, he could not be of much service to the re-establishment of my wife's reputation. Six months after his services in the night-escape from the prison,

I saw him, and pressed him to take the money so justly forfeited to him by Manasseh's perfidy. He would, however, be persuaded to take no more than paid his debts. A second and a third time his debts were paid by myself and Pierpoint. But the same habits of intemperance and dissolute pleasure which led him into these debts, finally ruined his constitution; and he died, though otherwise of a fine generous manly nature, a martyr to dissipation at the early age of twenty-nine. With respect to his prison confinement, it was so frequently recurring in his life, and was alleviated by so many indulgences, that he scarcely viewed it as a hardship: having once been an officer of the prison, and having thus formed connexions with the whole official establishment, and done services to many of them, and being of so convivial a turn, he was, even as a prisoner, treated with distinction, and considered as a privileged son of the house.]

It was just striking twelve o'clock as we entered the lane where the carriage was drawn up. Rain, about the profoundest I had ever witnessed, was falling. Though near to midsummer, the night had been unusually dark to begin with, and from the increasing rain had become much more so. We could see nothing; and at first we feared that some mistake had occurred as to the station of the carriage—in which case we might have sought for it vainly through the intricate labyrinth of the streets in that quarter. I first descried it by the light of a torch, reflected powerfully from the large eyes of the leaders. All was ready. Horse-keepers were at the horses' heads. The postilions were mounted; each door had the steps let down: Agnes was lifted in: Hannah and I followed: Pierpoint mounted his horse; and at the word—Oh! how strange a word!—"All's right," the horses sprang off like leopards, a manner ill suited to the slippery pavement of a narrow street. At that moment, but we valued it little indeed, we heard the prison-bell ringing out loud and clear. Thrice within the first three minutes we had to pull up suddenly, on the brink of formidable accidents, from the dangerous speed we maintained, and which, nevertheless, the driver had orders to maintain, as

essential to our plan. All the stoppages and hinderances of every kind along the road had been anticipated previously, and met by contrivance, of one kind or other; and Pierpoint was constantly a little a-head of us to attend to any thing that had been neglected. The consequence of these arrangements was—that no person along the road could possibly have assisted to trace us by any thing in our appearance: for we passed all objects at too flying a pace, and through darkness too profound, to allow of any one feature in our equipage being distinctly noticed. Ten miles out of town, a space which we traversed in forty-four minutes, a second relay of horses was ready; but we carried on the same postilions throughout. Six miles a-head of this distance we had a second relay; and with this set of horses, after pushing two miles further along the road, we crossed by a miserable lane five miles long, scarcely even a bridge road, into another of the great roads from the capital; and by thus crossing the country, we came back upon the city at a point far distant from that at which we left it. We had performed a distance of 42 miles in three hours, and lost a fourth hour upon the wretched five miles of cross-road. It was therefore four o'clock, and broad daylight, when we drew near the suburbs of the city; but a most happy accident now favoured us; a fog the most intense now prevailed; nobody could see an object six feet distant; we alighted in an uninhabited new-built street, plunged into the fog, thus confounding our traces to any observer. We then stepped into a hackney-coach which had been stationed at a little distance. Thence, according to our plan, we drove to a miserable quarter of the town, whither the poor only and the wretched resorted; mounted a gloomy dirty stair-case, and, befriended by the fog, still growing thicker and thicker, and by the early hour of the morning, reached a house previously hired, which, if shocking to the eye and the imagination from its squalid appearance and its gloom, still was a home—a sanctuary—an asylum from treachery, from captivity, from perse-

cution. Here Pierpoint for the present quitted us: and once more Agnes, Hannah, and I, the shattered members of a shattered family, were thus gathered together in a house of our own.

Yes: once again, daughter of the hills, thou sleptst as heretofore in my encircling arms; but not again in that peace which crowned thy innocence in those days, and should have crowned it now. Through the whole of our flying journey, in some circumstances at its outset strikingly recalling to me that blessed one which followed our marriage, Agnes slept away unconscious of our movements. She slept through all that day and the following night; and I watched over her with as much jealousy of all that might disturb her, as a mother watches over her new-born baby; for I hoped, I fancied, that a long—long rest, a rest, a halcyon calm, a deep, deep Sabbath of security, might prove healing and medicinal. I thought wrong; her breathing became more disturbed, and sleep was now haunted by dreams; all of us, indeed, were agitated by dreams; the past pursued me, and the present, for high rewards had been advertised by Government to those who traced us; and though for the moment we were secure, because we never went abroad, and could not have been naturally sought in such a neighbourhood, still that very circumstance would eventually operate against us. At length, every night I dreamed of our insecurity under a thousand forms; but more often by far my dreams turned upon our wrongs; wrath moved me rather than fear. Every night, for the greater part, I lay painfully and elaborately involved, by deep sense of wrong,

“ — in long orations, which I pleaded
Before unjust tribunals.”*

And for poor Agnes, her also did the remembrance of mighty wrongs occupy through vast worlds of sleep in the same way—though coloured by that tenderness which belonged to her gentler nature. One dream in particular—a dream of sublime circumstances—she repeated to me so movingly, with a pathos so thrilling,

* From a MS. poem of a great living Poet.

that by some profound sympathy it transplanted itself to my own sleep, settled itself there, and is to this hour a part of the fixed dream-scenery which revolves at intervals through my sleeping life. This it was:—She would hear a trumpet sound—though perhaps as having been the prelude to the solemn entry of the judges at a town which she had once visited in her childhood; other preparations would follow, and at last all the solemnities of a great trial would shape themselves and fall into settled images. The audience was assembled, the judges were arrayed, the court was set. The prisoner was cited. Inquest was made, witnesses were called; and false witnesses came tumultuously to the bar. Then again a trumpet was heard, but the trumpet of a mighty archangel; and then would roll away thick clouds and vapours. Again the audience, but another audience, was assembled; again the tribunal was established; again the court was set; but a tribunal and a court—how different to her! *That* had been composed of men seeking indeed for truth, but themselves erring and fallible creatures; the witnesses had been full of lies, the judges of darkness. But here was a court composed of heavenly witnesses—here was a righteous tribunal—and then at last a judge that could not be deceived. The judge smote with his eye a person who sought to hide himself in the crowd; the guilty man stepped forward; the poor prisoner was called up to the presence of the mighty judge; suddenly the voice of a little child was heard ascending before her. Then the trumpet sounded once again; and then there were new heavens and a new earth; and her tears and her agitation (for she had seen her little Francis) awoke the poor palpitating dreamer.

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Two months passed on: nothing could possibly be done materially to raise the standard of those wretched accommodations which the house offered. The dilapidated walls, the mouldering plaster, the blackened mantelpieces, the stained and polluted wainscots—what could be attempted to hide or to repair all this by those who durst not venture abroad? Yet whatever could be done, Hannah did; and, in the mean-time, very soon in-

deed my Agnes ceased to see or to be offended by these objects. First of all her sight went from her; and nothing which appealed to that sense could ever more offend her. It is to me the one only consolation I have, that my presence and that of Hannah, with such innocent frauds as we concerted together, made her latter days pass in a heavenly calm, by persuading her that our security was absolute, and that all search after us had ceased, under a belief on the part of Government that we had gained the shelter of a foreign land. All this was a delusion; but it was a delusion—blessed be Heaven!—which lasted exactly as long as her life, and was just commensurate with its necessity. I hurry over the final circumstances.

There was fortunately now, even for me, no fear that the hand of any policeman or emissary of justice could effectually disturb the latter days of my wife; for, besides pistols always lying loaded in an inner room, there happened to be a long narrow passage on entering the house, which, by means of a blunderbuss, I could have swept effectually, and cleared many times over; and I know what to do in a last extremity. Just two months it was, to a day, since we had entered the house; and it happened that the medical attendant upon Agnes, who awakened no suspicion by his visits, had prescribed some opiate or anodyne which had not come; being dark early, for it was now September, I had ventured out to fetch it. In this I conceived there could be no danger. On my return I saw a man examining the fastenings of the door. He made no opposition to my entrance, nor seemed much to observe it—but I was disturbed. Two hours after, both Hannah and I heard a noise about the door, and voices in low conversation. It is remarkable that Agnes heard this also—so quick had grown her hearing. She was agitated, but was easily calmed; and at ten o'clock we were all in bed. The hand of Agnes was in mine; so only she felt herself in security. She had been restless for an hour, and talking at intervals in sleep. Once she certainly awakened, for she pressed her lips to mine. Two minutes after, I heard something in her breathing which did not please me. I rose hastily—brought a light—raised her

head—two long, long gentle sighs, that scarcely moved the lips, were all that could be perceived. At that moment, at that very moment, Hannah called out to me that the door was surrounded. "Open it!" I said; six men entered; Agnes it was they sought; I pointed to the bed; they advanced, gazed, and walked away in silence.

After this I wandered about, caring little for life or its affairs, and roused only at times to think of vengeance upon all who had contributed to lay waste my happiness. In this pursuit, however, I was confounded as much by my own thoughts as by the difficulties of accomplishing my purpose. To assault and murder either of the two principal agents in this tragedy, what would it be, what other effect could it have, than to invest them with the character of injured and suffering people, and thus to attract a pity or a forgiveness at least to their persons which never otherwise could have illustrated their deaths? I remembered, indeed, the words of a sea-captain who had taken such vengeance as had offered at the moment upon his bitter enemy and persecutor (a young passenger on board his ship), who had informed against him at the Custom-house on his arrival in port, and had thus effected the confiscation of his ship, and the ruin of the captain's family. The vengeance, and it was all that circumstances allowed, consisted in coming behind the young man clandestinely and pushing him into the deep waters of the dock, when, being unable to swim, he perished by drowning. "And the like," said the captain, when musing on his trivial vengeance, "and the like happens to many an honest sailor." Yes, thought I, the captain was right. The momentary shock of a pistol-bullet—what is it? Perhaps it may save the wretch after all from the pangs of some lingering disease; and then again I shall have the character of a murderer, if known to have shot him; he will with many people have no such character, but at worst the character of a man too harsh (they will say), and possibly mistaken in protecting his property. And then, if not known as the man who shot him, where is the shadow even of vengeance? Strange it seemed to me, and passing strange, that I should be the person to urge arguments

in behalf of letting this man escape. For at one time I had as certainly, as inexorably, doomed him as ever I took any resolution in my life. But the fact is, and I began to see it upon closer view, it is not easy by any means to take an adequate vengeance for any injury beyond a very trivial standard; and that with common magnanimity one does not care to avenge. Whilst I was in this mood of mind, still debating with myself whether I should or should not contaminate my hands with the blood of this monster, and still unable to shut my eyes upon one fact, viz. that my buried Agnes could above all things have urged me to abstain from such acts of violence, too evidently useless, listlessly and scarcely knowing what I was in quest of, I strayed by accident into a church where a venerable old man was preaching at the very moment I entered; he was either delivering as a text, or repeating in the course of his sermon, these words—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." By some accident also he fixed his eyes upon me at the moment; and this concurrence with the subject then occupying my thoughts so much impressed me, that I determined very seriously to review my half-formed purposes of revenge; and well it was that I did so: for in that same week an explosion of popular fury brought the life of this wretched Barratt to a shocking termination, pretty much resembling the fate of the De Witts in Holland. And the consequences to me were such, and so full of all the consolation and indemnification which this world could give me, that I have often shuddered since then at the narrow escape I had had from myself intercepting this remarkable retribution. The villain had again been attempting to play off the same hellish scheme with a beautiful young rustic which had succeeded in the case of my ill-fated Agnes. But the young woman in this instance had a high, and, in fact, termagant spirit. Rustic as she was, she had been warned of the character of the man; every body, in fact, was familiar with the recent tragedy. Either her lover or her brother happened to be waiting for her outside the window. He saw in part the very tricks in the act of perpetration by which some article or other, meant to be claimed as stolen property, was conveyed into a parcel

she had incautiously laid down. He heard the charge against her made by Barratt, and seconded by his creatures—heard her appeal—sprang to her aid—dragged the ruffian into the street, when in less time than the tale could be told, and before the police (though tolerably alert) could effectually interpose for his rescue, the mob had so used or so abused the opportunity they had long wished for, that he remained the mere disfigured wreck of what had once been a man, rather than a creature with any resemblance to humanity. I myself heard the uproar at a distance, and the shouts and yells of savage exultation; they were sounds I shall never forget, though I did not at that time know them for what they were, or understood their meaning. The result, however, to

me was something beyond this, and worthy to have been purchased with my heart's blood. Barratt still breathed; spite of his mutilations he could speak; he was rational. One only thing he demanded—it was that his dying confession might be taken. Two magistrates and a clergyman attended. He gave a list of those whom he had trepanned, and had failed to trepan, by his artifices and threats, into the sacrifice of their honour. He expired before the record was closed, but not before he had placed my wife's name in the latter list as the one whose injuries in his dying moments most appalled him. This confession on the following day went into the hands of the hostile minister, and my revenge was perfect.

THE WINTRY MAY—1837.

WHEN summer faded last away,
I sighed o'er every short'ning day;
Comparing with its pale-hued flowers
My withered hopes, and numbered hours,
And thinking—"Shall I ever see
That summer sun renewed for me?"

When Autumn shed her foliage sere,
Methought I could have dropt a tear,
With every shrivelled leaf that fell,
And frost-nipped blossom. "Who can tell,
When leaves again clothe shrub and tree,"
Whispered a voice, "where thou wilt be?"

But when old Winter's rule severe
Set in triumphant—dark and drear;
Though shrinking from the bitter blast,
Methought—"this worst once overpast,
With balmy, blessed spring, may be
A short revival yet for me."

And this is May—but where, oh! where
The balmy breath, the perfumed air
I pined, for while my weary sprite
Languished away the long, long night,
Living on dreams of roving free
By primrose bank, and cowslip lea?

Unkindly season! cruel Spring!
To the sick wretch no balm ye bring;
No herald-gleam of Summer days,
Reviving, vivifying rays—
Seasons to come may brighter be,
But Time—Life—Hope—run short with me.

Yet therefore faint not, fearful heart!
Look up and learn "the better part,"
That shall outlast Life's little day—
Seek peace that passeth not away:
Look to the land where God shall be,
Life—Light—yea—All in All to thee.

MODERN FRENCH CLASSICS,

No. II.

MADAME DE STAEL—CHATEAUBRIAND—COMPARED, AS PHILOSOPHICAL WRITERS,
WITH BOSSUET AND FENELON.

To those who study only the writers of a particular period, or have been deeply immersed in the literature of a certain age, it is almost incredible how great a change is to be found in the human mind as it there appears, as compared with distant times, and how much even the greatest intellects are governed by the circumstances in which they arise, and the prevailing tone of the public mind with which they are surrounded. How much soever we may ascribe, and sometimes with justice ascribe, to the force and ascendant of individual genius, nothing is more certain than that, in the general case, it is external events and circumstances which give a certain bent to human speculation, and that the most original thought is rarely able to do much more than anticipate by a few years, the simultaneous efforts of inferior intellects. Generally, it will be found that particular seasons or periods in the great year of nations or of the world, bring forth their own appropriate fruits: it is rarely that in June can be matured those of September. The changes which have made the greatest and most lasting alteration on the progress of science or the march of human affairs—printing, gunpowder, steam navigation—were brought to light, it is hardly known how, and by several different persons, so nearly at the same time, that it is hard to say to whom the palm of original invention is to be awarded. The discovery of fluxions, awarded by common consent to the unapproachable intellect of Newton, was made about the same time by his contemporaries, Leibnitz and Gregory; the honours of original thought in political economy are divided between Adam Smith and the French economists; the improvements on the steam-engine are divided between Watt and Arkwright; and the science of strategy was developed with equal clearness in the German treatise of the Archduke Charles, as the contemporary treatises of Jomini and Napoleon. The greatest intellect perceives

only the coming light; the rays of the rising sun strike first upon the summits of the mountains, but his ascending beams will soon illuminate the slopes on their sides, and the valleys at their feet.

There is, however, a considerable variety in the rapidity with which the novel and original ideas of different great men are communicated to their contemporaries; and hence the extraordinary difference between the early celebrity which some works, destined for future immortality, have obtained in comparison of others. This has long been matter of familiar observation to all persons at all acquainted with literary history. The works of some great men have at once stepped into that celebrity which was their destined meed through every subsequent age of the world, while the productions of others have languished on through a long period of obscurity, unnoticed by all save a few elevated minds, till the period arrived when the world became capable of understanding their truth, or feeling their beauty. The tomb of Euripides, at Athens, bore that all Greece mourned at his obsequies. We learn from Pliny's *Epistles*, that even in his own lifetime, immortality was anticipated not only for Tacitus, but all who were noticed in his annals. Shakespeare, though not yet arrived at the full maturity of his fame, was yet well known to, and enthusiastically admired by his contemporaries. Lope de Vega amassed a hundred thousand crowns in the sixteenth century, by the sale of his eighteen hundred plays. Gibbon's early volumes obtained a celebrity in the outset nearly as great as his elaborate and fascinating work has since attained. In the next generation after Adam Smith, his principles were generally embraced, and largely acted upon by the legislature. The first edition of Robertson's *Scotland* sold off in a month; and Sir Walter Scott, by the sale of his novels and poems, was able in twenty years, besides entertaining all the literary

society of Europe, to purchase the large estate, and rear the princely fabric, library, and armoury of Abbotsford.

Instances, on the other hand, exist in equal number, and perhaps of a still more striking character, in which the greatest and most profound works which the human mind has ever produced have remained, often for a long time, unnoticed, till the progress of social affairs brought the views of others generally to a level with that of their authors. Bacon bequeathed his reputation in his last testament to the generation after the next; so clearly did he perceive that more than one race of men must expire before the opinions of others attained the level of his own far-seeing sagacity. Burke advanced principles in his *French Revolution* of which we are now, only now, beginning, after the lapse of half a century, to feel the full truth and importance. Hume met with so little encouragement in the earlier volumes of his history, that but for the animating assurances of a few enlightened friends, he has himself told us, he would have resigned his task in despair. Milton sold the *Paradise Lost* for five pounds, and that immortal work languished on with a very limited sale till, fifty years afterwards, it was brought into light by the criticisms of Addison. Coleridge and Wordsworth passed for little better than imaginative illuminati with the great bulk of their contemporaries.

The principle which seems to regulate this remarkable difference is this: Where a work of genius either describes manners, characters, or scenes with which the great bulk of mankind are familiar, or concerning which they are generally desirous of obtaining information; or if it advance principles which, based on the doctrines popular with the multitude, lead them to new and agreeable results, or deduces from them conclusions slightly in advance of the opinions of the age, but lying in the same direction, it is almost sure of meeting with immediate popularity.

Where, on the other hand, it is founded on principles which are adverse to the prevailing current of public opinion—where it sternly asserts the great principles of religion and morality, in opposition to the prejudices or passions of a corrupted age—when it advocates the necessity of a rational

and conservative government, in the midst of the fervour of innovation or the passion of revolution—when it stigmatizes present vices, or reproaches present follies, or portrays the consequences of present iniquity—when it appeals to feelings and virtues which have passed from the breasts of the present generation—the chances are that it will meet with present admiration only from a few enlightened or virtuous men, and that a different generation must arise, possibly a new race of mankind become dominant, before it attains that general popularity which is its destined and certain reward. On this account the chances are much against the survivance, for any considerable period, of any work, either on religion, politics, or morals, which has early attained to a very great celebrity, because the fact of its having done so is, in general, evidence of its having fallen in, to an extent inconsistent with truth, with the prevailing opinions and prejudices of the age. In such opinions there is almost always a considerable foundation of truth, but as generally a large intermixture of error. Principles are, by the irreflecting mass, in general pushed too far; due weight is not given to the considerations on the other side; the concurring influence of other causes is either overlooked or disregarded. This is more particularly the case with periods of general excitement, whether on religious or political subjects, insomuch that there is hardly an instance of works which attained an early and extraordinary celebrity at such eras having survived the fervour which gave them birth, and the general concurrence of opinion in which they were cradled.

Where are now the innumerable polemical writings which issued both from the Catholic and Protestant divines during the fervour of the Reformation? Where the forty thousand tracts which convulsed the nation in the course of the great Rebellion? Where the deluge of enthusiasm and infidelity which overspread the world at the commencement of the French Revolution? On the other hand, the works which have survived such periods of general fervour are those whose authors boldly and firmly, resting on the internal conviction of truth, set themselves to oppose the prevailing vices or follies of their age, and whose works, in consequence little esteemed

by their contemporaries, have now risen into the purer regions of the moral atmosphere, and now shine, far above the changes of mortality, as fixed stars in the highest heavens. Of this character is Bacon, whose sublime intellect, bursting the fetters of a narrow-minded age, outstripped by two centuries the progress of the human mind—Jeremy Taylor, whose ardent soul, loathing the vices of his corrupted contemporaries, clothed the lessons of religion in the burning words of genius—and Burke, whose earlier career, chained in the fetters of party, has now been forgotten in the lustre of the original and independent thoughts, adverse to the spirit of the age, which burst forth in his works on the French Revolution.

In comparing, on subjects of political thought or social amelioration, the writings of the school of Louis XIV. with that of the Revolution, the progress of the human mind appears prodigious—and so it will speedily appear from the quotations which we shall lay before our readers. But, in the general comparison of the two, there is one thing very remarkable, and which is exactly the reverse of what might *a priori* have been expected, and what the ignorant vulgar or party writers still suppose to be the case—this is, the superior independence of thought, and bold declamation against the vices of the ruling power in the state, which the divines and moralists of the Grande Monarque exhibit, when compared with the cringing servility and oriental flattery which the writers of the Revolutionary school, whether in France or England, have never ceased to address to their democratic patrons and rulers invested with supreme authority. We need not remind our readers what is the language, even of able writers and profound thinkers of the modern democratic school, in regard to the sources of all abuse in government, and the quarter from whence alone any social improvement can be expected. It is kings and aristocrats who are the origin of all oppression and unhappiness; it is their abuses and misgovernment which have ever been the real causes of public suffering; it is their insatiable avarice, rapacity, and selfishness which have in every age brought misery and desolation upon the humbler and more virtuous members of society.

Where, then, is amelioration to be

looked for? and in what class of society is an antidote to be found to the inherent vices and abuses of power? In the middling and lower ranks;—it is their virtue, intelligence, and patriotism which is the real spring of all public prosperity—it is their unceasing labour and industry which is the source of all public wealth—their unshaken constancy and courage which is at once the only durable foundation of national safety, and the prolific fountain of national glory. Princes may err, ministers may commit injustice; but the people, when once enlightened by education, and intrusted with power, are never wrong—the masses never mistake their real interests—of them it may truly be said, *Vox populi vox Dei*. Such is the language which the democratic flatterers of these times incessantly address to the popular rulers of the state—to the masses by whom popularity and eminence is to be won—to the Government by whom patronage and power is distributed. From such degrading specimens of general servility and baseness, let us refresh our eyes, and redeem the honour of human nature, by turning to the thundering strains in which Bossuet and Fénelon impressed upon their courtly auditory the eternal doctrines of judgment to come, and the stern manner in which they traced to the vices or follies of princes the greater part of the evils which disturb the world.

It is thus that Fénelon, in the name of Mentor, addresses his royal pupil, the heir of the French monarchy:—

“A king is much less acquainted than private individuals with those by whom he is surrounded; every one around him has a mask on his visage; every species of artifice is exhausted to deceive him—alas! *Telemaque*! you will soon experience it bitterly. The more extensive the kingdom is which you have to govern, the more do you stand in need of ministers to assist you in your labours, and the more are you exposed to the chances of misrepresentation. The obscurity of private life throws a veil over our faults, and magnifies the idea of the powers of men; but supreme authority puts the virtues to the test, and unveils even the most inconsiderable failing;—grandeur is like the glasses which magnify all the objects seen through them. The whole world is occupied by observing a single man,

flattering his virtues, applauding his vices in his presence, execrating them in his absence. Mean-while, the king is but a man; beset by all the humours, passions, and weaknesses of mortality; surrounded by artful flatterers, who have all their objects to gain in leading him into vices. Hardly has he redeemed one fault, when he falls into another; such is the situation even of the most enlightened and virtuous kings; what then must be the destiny of those who are depraved?

"The longest and best reigns are frequently too short to repair the mischief done, and often without intending it, at their commencement. Royalty is born the heir to all these miseries; human weakness often sinks under the load by which it is oppressed. Men are to be pitied for being placed under the government of one as weak and fallible as themselves; the gods alone would be adequate to the due regulation of human affairs. Nor are kings less to be pitied, being but men; that is to say, imperfect and fallible beings, and charged with the government of an innumerable multitude of corrupted and deceitful men.

"The countries in which the authority of the sovereign is most absolute, are precisely those in which they enjoy least real power. They take, they raise every thing; they alone possess the state; but mean-while every class of society languishes, the fields are deserted, cities decline, commerce disappears. The king who cannot engross in his own person the whole state, and who cannot increase in grandeur but with the prosperity of his people, annihilates himself by degrees by the decay of riches and power in his subjects. His dominions become bereaved both of wealth and men; the last decline is irreparable. His absolute power indeed gives him as many slaves as he has subjects; he is flattered, adored, and his slightest wish is a law; every one around him trembles; but wait till the slightest revolution arrives, and that monstrous power, pushed to an extravagant excess, cannot endure; it has no foundation in the affections of the people; it has irritated all the members of the state, and constrained them all to sigh after a change. At the first stroke which it receives, the idol is overturned, broken and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in a word, all the pas-

sions conspire against so odious an authority. The king who, in his vain prosperity, never found a single man sufficiently bold to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortune a single person either to extenuate his faults or defend him against his enemies."

—*Telemaque*, Liv. xii. *ad fin.*

Passages similar to this abound in all the great ecclesiastical writers of the age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. They are to be found profusely scattered through the works of Bossuet, Massillon, Fénelon, and Bourdaloue. We have many similar passages marked, but the pressure of other matters more immediately connected with the object of this paper, precludes their insertion. Now this independence and boldness of thought and expression, in courtly churchmen, and addressed to a courtly auditory, is extremely remarkable. It was to the Grande Monarque and his numerous train of princes, dukes, peeresses, ladies, and courtiers, that these eternal, but unpalatable truths were addressed; it was the holders of all the church patronage of France, that were thus reminded of the inevitable result of misgovernment on the part of the ruling power. We speak much about the increasing intelligence, spirit, and independence of the age; nevertheless we should like to see the same masculine cast of thought, the same caustic severity of expression applied to the vices and follies of the present holders of power by the expectants of their bounty, as was thus fearlessly rung into the ears of the despotic rulers of France by the titled hierarchy who had been raised to greatness by their support. We should like to see a candidate for popular suffrage on the hustings condemn, in equally unmeasured terms, the vices, follies, and passions of the people; or a leading orator on the liberal side, portray in as vivid colours, from the Ministerial benches in the House of Commons, the inevitable consequences of democratic selfishness and injustice; or a favourite preacher on the Voluntary system, thunder, in not less forcible language, in the ears of his astonished audience, the natural results of fervour and intrigue among popular constituencies. Alas! we see none of these things; truth, which did venture to make itself heard, when sanctified by the Church, in the halls of princes, is utterly banished from the

precincts of the many-headed despots; and religion, which loudly proclaimed the universal corruption and weakness of humanity in the ears of monarchs, cannot summon up sufficient courage to meet, in their strongholds of power, the equally depraved and selfish masses of the people. Aristotle has said that the courtier and the demagogue are not only nearly allied to each other, but are in fact *the same men*, varying not in their object, but in the quarter to which, according to the frame of government, they address their flattery; but this remarkable fact would seem to demonstrate that the latter is a more thorough and servile courtier than the former; and that truth will more rarely be found in the assemblies of the multitude than in the halls of princes.

In truth, the boldness and indignation of language conspicuous in the great ornaments of the French Church would be altogether inexplicable on merely worldly considerations; and accordingly it will never be found among the irreligious and selfish flatterers of democracy. It is religion alone, which inspiring men with objects and a sense of duty above this world, can lead to that contempt of present danger, and that fearless assertion of eternal truth, in the presence of power, which has formed in every age the noblest attribute of the Christian Church. In the temporal courtiers of no age or country has there ever been found an example of the same courageous maintenance of principle and castigation of crime in defiance of the frowns of authority; these worldly aspirants have ever been as servile and submissive to kings as the sycophantish flatterers of a democratic multitude have been lavish in the praise of their intellectual wisdom. And the principle which rendered Bossuet and Fénelon the courageous assertors of eternal truth in the chapels and court of the Grand Monarque, was the same as that which inspired Latimer, the martyr of the English Church, with such heroic firmness in resisting the tyrannic injustice of Henry VIII. In the midst of the passions and cruelty of that blood-stained tyrant, the upright prelate preached a sermon in his presence at the Chapel-Royal, condemning, in the strongest terms, the very crimes to which every one knew the monarch was peculiarly addicted.

Enraged beyond measure at the rebuke thus openly administered to his "pleasant vices," Henry sent for Latimer, and threatened him with instant death if he did not on the next occasion retract all his censures as openly as he had made them. The reproof got wind, and on the next Sunday the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit, and after a long pause, fixing his eyes steadily on Henry, exclaimed, in the quaint language of the time, to which its inherent dignity has communicated eloquence — "Bethink thee, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy worldly sovereign, who hath power to terminate thy earthly life, and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames: But bethink thee also, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy Heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy as to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell fire;" and immediately began, in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favourite vices and crimes of his indignant sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to expect. Henry, who, with all his atrocity, was not on some occasions destitute of generous sentiments, was penetrated by the heroic constancy of the venerable prelate, and instead of loading him with chains, and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold, openly expressed his admiration of his courage, and took him more into favour than ever.

The philosophical work of Bossuet, which has attained to most general celebrity, is his "*Histoire Universelle*;" and Chateaubriand has repeatedly, in his later writings, held it up as an unequalled model of religious generalization. We cannot concur in these eulogiums; and in nothing perhaps does the vast progress of the human mind, during the last hundred and fifty years, appear more conspicuous than in comparing this celebrated treatise with the works on similar subjects of many men of inferior intellects in later times. The design of the work was grand and imposing; nothing less than a sketch

of the divine government of the world in past ages, and an elucidation of the hidden designs of Providence in all the past revolutions of mankind. In this magnificent attempt he has exhibited a surprising extent of erudition, and cast over the complicated thread of human affairs the eagle glance of genius and piety; but he has not, in our humble apprehension, caught the spirit, or traced the real thread of divine administration. He was too deeply read in the Old Testament, too strongly imbued with the Fathers of the Church, to apprehend the manner in which Supreme Wisdom, without any special or miraculous interposition, works out the moral government of the world, and develops the objects of eternal foresight by the agency of human passions, virtues and vices. His Historic Theology is all tinged with the character of the Old Testament; it is the God of Battles whom he ever sees giving the victory to His chosen; it is His Almighty Arm which he discerns operating directly in the rise and the fall of nations. It was reserved for a future age to discern, in the complicated thread of human affairs, the operation not less certain, but more impartial, of general laws; to see in human passions the moving springs of social improvement, and the hidden instruments of human punishment; to discern, in the rise and fall of nations, the operation, not so much of the active interposition, as of the general tendency of Divine power; and in the efforts which the wicked make for their own aggrandizement, or the scope which they afford to their own passions, the certain causes of approaching retribution. That Providence exercises an unceasing superintendence of human affairs, and that the consequences of public actions are subjected to permanent laws, the tendency of which in national, as in private life, is to make the virtues or vices of men as instruments of their own reward or punishment, is obvious upon the most cursory survey of history, as well as private life; and though it cannot be affirmed that the sequence is invariable, yet it is sufficiently frequent to warrant certain inferences as to the general character of the laws. We cannot affirm that every day in summer is to be warm, and every day in winter cold; but nevertheless, the

general character of those periods is such as to warrant the conclusion that the rotation of the season was intended, and in general does produce that variation on temperature, and the consequent checking and development of the fruits of the earth. But, as far as we can discern, the intentions of the Supreme Being are here, as elsewhere, manifested by general laws, and the agents employed are the virtues, vices, and passions of men; and the general plan of divine administration is to be gathered rather from an attentive consideration of the experienced consequences of human actions, than any occasional interposition to check or suspend the natural course of events.

As a specimen of the mode in which Bossuet regards the course of events, we subjoin the concluding passage of his Universal History:—"This long chain of causes and effects, on which the fate of empires depends, springs at once from the secrets of Divine Providence. God holds on high the balance of all kingdoms—all hearts are in his hands; sometimes he lets loose the passions—sometimes he restrains them; by these means he moves the whole human race. Does he wish to raise up a conqueror—he spreads terror before his arms, and inspires his soldiers with invincible courage. Does he wish to raise up legislators—he pours into their minds the spirit of foresight and wisdom. He causes them to foresee the evils which menace the state, and lay deep in wisdom the foundations of public tranquillity. He knows that human intellect is ever contracted in some particulars. He then draws the film from its eyes, extends its views, and afterwards abandons it to itself—blinds it, precipitates it to destruction. Its precautions become the snare which entraps; its foresight the subtlety which destroys it. It is in this way that God exercises his redoubtable judgments according to the immutable laws of eternal justice. It is his invisible hand which prepares effects in their most remote causes, and strikes the fatal blows, the very rebound of which involves nations in destruction. When he wishes to pour out the vials of his wrath, and overturn empires, all becomes weak and vacillating in their conduct. Egypt, once so wise, became intoxicated, and

faltered at every step, because the Most High had poured the spirit of madness into its counsels. It no longer knew what step to take; it faltered, it perished. But let us not deceive ourselves: God can restore when he pleases the blinded vision; and he who insulted the blindness of others, himself falls into the most profound darkness, without any other cause being carried into operation to overthrow the longest course of prosperity.

"It is thus that God reigns over all people. Let us no longer speak of hazard or fortune, or speak of it only as a veil to our weakness—an excuse to our ignorance. That which appears chance to our uncertain vision is the effect of intelligence and design on the part of the Most High—of the deliberations of that Supreme Council which disposes of all human affairs.

"It is for this reason that the rulers of mankind are ever subjected to a superior force which they cannot control. Their actions produce greater or lesser effects than they intended; their counsels have never failed to be attended by unforeseen consequences. Neither could they control the effect which the consequences of former revolutions produced upon their actions, nor foresee the course of events destined to follow the measures in which they themselves were actors. He alone who held the thread of human affairs—who knows what was, and is, and is to come—foresaw and predestined the whole in his immutable council.

"Alexander, in his mighty conquests, intended neither to labour for his generals, nor to ruin his royal house by his conquests. When Brutus inspired the Roman people with an unbounded passion for freedom, he little thought that he was implanting in their minds the seeds of that unbridled license, destined one day to induce a tyranny more grievous than that of the Tarquins. When the Cæsars flattered the soldiers with a view to their immediate elevation, they had no intention of rearing up a militia of tyrants for their successors and the empire. In a word, there is no human power which has not contributed, in spite of itself, to other designs than its own. God alone is able to reduce all things to his own will. Hence it is that every thing appears surprising when we regard

only secondary causes; and, nevertheless, all things advance with a regulated pace. Innumerable unforeseen results of human councils conducted the fortunes of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne."—*Discours Sur l'Hist. Univ. ad finem.*

It is impossible to dispute the grandeur of the glance which the Eagle of Meaux has cast over human affairs in the ancient world. But without contesting many of his propositions, and, in particular, fully conceding the truth of the important observation, that almost all the greater public actions of men have been attended in the end by consequences different from, often the reverse of, those which they intended, we apprehend that the *mode* of Divine superintendence and agency will be found to be more correctly portrayed in the following passage from Blair—an author, the elegance and simplicity of whose diction frequently disguises the profoundness of his thoughts, and the correctness of his observations of human affairs:—"The system upon which the Divine Government at present proceeds plainly is, that men's own weakness should be appointed to correct them; that sinners should be snared in the work of their own hand, and sunk in the pit which themselves have digged; that the backslider in heart should be filled with his own ways. Of all the plans which could be devised for the government of the world, this approves itself to reason, as the wisest and most worthy of God; so to frame the constitution of things, that the Divine laws should in a manner *execute themselves*, and carry their sanctions in their own bosom. When the vices of men require punishment to be inflicted, the Almighty is at no loss for ministers of justice. A thousand instruments of vengeance are at his command; innumerable arrows are always in his quiver. But such is the profound wisdom of his plan, that no peculiar interposals of power are requisite. He has no occasion to step from his throne, and to interrupt the order of nature. With the majesty and solemnity which befits Omnipotence, he pronounces, 'Ephraim has gone to his idols: let him alone.' He leaves transgressors to their own guilt, and punishment follows of course. Their sins do the work of justice. They lift the scourge; and with every

stroke which they inflict on the criminal, they mix this severe admonition, that as he is only reaping the fruit of his own actions, he deserves all that he suffers."—BLAIR, iv. 268, *Serm.* 14.

The most eloquent and original of Bossuet's writings is his funeral oration on Henrietta, Queen of England, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. It was natural that such an occasion should call forth all his powers, pronounced as it was on a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had undergone unparalleled calamities with heroic resignation, the fruit of the great religious revolution of the age, against which the French prelate had exerted all the force of his talents. It exhibits accordingly a splendid specimen of genius and capacity; and imbued as we are in this Protestant land with the most favourable impressions of the consequences of this convulsion, it is perhaps not altogether un-instructive to observe in what light it was regarded by the greatest intellects of the Catholic world,—that between the two we may form some estimate of the light in which it will be viewed by an impartial posterity.

"Christians!" says he in the exordium of his discourse; "it is not surprising that the memory of a great Queen, the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs, should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things; felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe, all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious, all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause, attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained—at length reigning triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands, usurpation, and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive Queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea voyages undertaken against her

will by a Queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established. Behold the lessons which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeur! If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great Queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—'Hear! Oh ye Great of the Earth!—Take lessons, ye Rulers of the World!'"

"But the wise and devout Princess, whose obsequies we celebrate, has not merely been a spectacle exhibited to the world in order that men might learn the counsels of Divine Providence, and the fatal revolutions of monarchies. She took counsel herself from the calamities in which she was involved, while God was instructing kings by her example. It is by giving and withdrawing power that God communicates his lessons to kings. The Queen we mourn has equally listened to the voice of these two opposite monitors. She has made use, like a Christian, alike of prosperous and adverse fortune. In the first she was beneficent, in the last invincible; as long as she was fortunate, she let her power be felt only by her unbounded deeds of goodness; when wrapt in misery, she enriched herself more than ever by the heroic virtues befitting misfortune. For her own good, she has lost that sovereign power which she formerly exercised only for the blessings of her subjects; and if her friends—if the universal church have profited by her prosperities, she herself has profited more from her calamities than from all her previous grandeur. That is the great lesson to be drawn from the ever-memorable life of Henrietta Maria of France, Queen of Great Britain.

"I need not dwell on the illustrious birth of that Princess; no rank on earth equals it in lustre. Her virtues have been not less remarkable than her descent. She was endowed with a generosity truly royal; of a truth, it

might be said, that she deemed every thing lost which was not given away. Nor were her other virtues less admirable. The faithful depositary of many important complaints and secrets—it was her favourite maxim that Princes should observe the same silence as confessors, and exercise the same discretion. In the utmost fury of the Civil Wars never was her word doubted, or her clemency called in question. Who has so nobly exercised that winning art which humbles without lowering itself, and confers so graciously liberty, while it commands respect? At once mild, yet firm—condescending, yet dignified—she knew at the same time how to convince and persuade, and to support by reason, rather than enforce by authority. With what prudence did she conduct herself in circumstances the most arduous; if a skilful hand could have saved the state, hers was the one to have done it. Her magnanimity can never be sufficiently extolled. Fortune had no power over her; neither the evils which she foresaw, nor those by which she was surprised, could lower her courage. What shall I say to her immovable fidelity to the religion of her ancestors? She knew well that that attachment constituted the glory of her house, as well as of the whole of France, sole nation in the world which, during the twelve centuries of its existence, has never seen on the throne but the faithful children of the church. Uniformly she declared that nothing should detach her from the faith of St Louis. The King, her husband, has pronounced upon her the noblest of all eulogiums, that their hearts were in union in all but the matter of religion; and confirming by his testimony the piety of the Queen, that enlightened Prince has made known to all the world at once his tenderness, his conjugal attachment, and the sacred, inviolable fidelity of his incomparable spouse."

All the world must admire the sustained dignity of this noble eulogium; but touching as were the misfortunes, heroic the character of the unfortunate Henrietta, it more nearly concerns us to attend to the opinion of Bossuet on the great theological convulsion, in the throes of which she was swallowed up.

"When God permits the smoke to arise from the pits of the abyss which darkens the face of Heaven—that is, when He suffers heresy to arise—when, to punish the scandals of the church,

or awaken the piety of the people and their pastors, He permits the darkness of error to deceive the most elevated minds, and to spread abroad throughout the world a haughty chagrin, a disquieted curiosity, a spirit of revolt. He determines, in His infinite wisdom, the limits which are to be imposed to the progress of error, the stay which is to be put to the sufferings of the church. I do not pretend to announce to you, Christians, the destiny of the heresies of our times, nor to be able to assign the fatal boundary by which God has restrained their course. But if my judgment does not deceive me; if, recurring to the history of past ages, I rightly apply their experience to the present, I am led to the opinion, and the wisest of men concur in the sentiment, that *the days of blindness are past, and that the time is approaching when the true light will return.*

"When Henry VIII., a prince in other respects so accomplished, was seduced by the passions which blinded Solomon and so many other kings, and began to shake the authority of the Church, the wise warned him, that if he stirred that one point, he would throw the whole fabric of government into peril, and infuse, in opposition to his wishes, a frightful license into future ages. The wise forewarned him; but when is passion controlled by wisdom; when does not folly smile at its predictions? That, however, which a prudent foresight could not persuade to men, a ruder instructor, experience, has compelled them to believe. All that religion has that is most sacred has been sacrificed; England has changed so far that it no longer can recognise itself; and, more agitated in its bosom and on its own soil than even the ocean which surrounds it, it has been overwhelmed by a frightful inundation of innumerable absurd sects. Who can predict but what, repenting of its enormous errors concerning Government, it may not extend its reflections still farther, and look back with fond regret to the tranquil condition of religious thought which preceded the convulsions?"

Amidst all this pomp of language, and this sagacious intermixture of political foresight with religious prepossession, there is one reflection which necessarily forces itself upon the mind. Bossuet conceived, and conceived justly, that the frightful atrocities into which religious dissension had preci-

pitated the English people would produce a general reaction against the theological fervour from which they had originated; and that the days of extravagant fervour were numbered, from the very extent of the general suffering which its aberrations had occasioned. In arriving at this conclusion, he correctly reasoned from the past to the present; and foretold a decline in false opinion, from the woful consequences which Providence had attached to its continuance. Yet how widely did he err when he imagined that the days of the Reformation were numbered, or that England, relapsing into the quiet despotism of former days, was to fall back again into the arms of the Eternal Church! At that very moment the broad and deep foundations of British freedom were in the act of being laid, and that power was arising, destined in every age to be the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the vehicle of pure undefiled religion to the remotest corners of the earth. The great theological convulsions of the sixteenth century were working out their appropriate fruits; a new world was peopling by its energy, and rising into existence from its spirit; and from the oppressed and distracted shores of England those hosts of emigrants were embarking for distant regions, who were destined, at no remote period, to spread the Church of England and the Protestant faith through the countless millions of the American race. The errors, indeed the passions, the absurdities of that unhappy period, as Bossuet rightly conjectured, have passed away; the Fifth Monarchy men no longer disturb the plains of England; the chants of the Covenanters are no longer heard on the mountains of Scotland; transferred to the faithful record of history or the classic pages of romance, these relics of the olden time only furnish a heart-stirring subject for the talents of the historian or the genius of the novelist. But the human mind never falls back, though it often halts in its course. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is the law of social affairs not less than of the fabled descent to the shades below; the descendants of the Puritans and the Covenanters have abjured the absurdities of their fathers, but they have not relapsed into the chains of Popery. Purified of its corruptions by the indignant voice of insurgent reason, freed from its absurdities by the experience of the

calamities with which they were attended, the fair form of *Catholic Christianity* has arisen in the British Isles; imbued with the spirit of the universal Church, but destitute of the rancour of its deluded sectaries; borrowing from the religion of Rome its charity, adopting from the Lutheran Church its morality, sharing with reason its intellectual triumphs, inheriting from faith its spiritual constancy, not disdaining the support of ages, and yet not excluding the light of time; glorying in the antiquity of its descent, and, at the same time, admitting the necessity of recent reformation; it has approached as near as the weakness of humanity, and the limited extent of our present vision will permit, to that model of ideal perfection which, veiled in the silver robes of innocence, the faithful trust is one day to pervade the earth. And if present appearances justify any presentiments as to future events, the destinies of this church are worthy of the mighty collision of antiquity with revolution, from which it arose, and the vast part assigned to it in human affairs. The glories of the English nation, the triumphs of the English navy, have been the pioneers of its progress; the infidel triumphs of the French Revolution, the victorious career of Napoleon, have ministered to its success; it is indissolubly wound up with the progress of the Anglo-American race; it is spreading over the wilds of Australia; slowly but steadily it is invading the primeval deserts of Africa. It shares the destiny of the language of Milton, Shakspeare, and Scott; it must grow with the growth of a colonial empire which encircles the earth; the invention of printing, the discovery of steam navigation, are the vehicles of its mercies to mankind!

"I have spoken," says Bossuet, "of the license into which the human mind is thrown when once the foundations of religion are shaken, and the ancient landmarks are removed."

"But as the subject of the present discourse affords so unique and memorable an example for the instruction of all ages of the lengths to which such furious passions will lead the people, I must, in justice to my subject, recur to the original sources of error, and conduct you, step by step, from the first contempt and disregard of the church to the final atrocities in which it has plunged mankind.

"The fountain of the whole evil is to be found in those in the last century, who attempted reformation by means of schism; finding the church an invincible barrier against all their innovations, they felt themselves under the necessity of overturning it. Thus the decrees of the Councils, the doctrines of the fathers, the traditions of the Holy See, and of the Catholic Church, have been no longer considered as sacred and inviolable. Every one has made for himself a tribunal, where he rendered himself the arbiter of his own belief; and yet the innovators did impose some limits to the changes of thought by restraining them within the bounds of holy writ, as if the moment that the principle is once admitted that every believer may put what interpretations upon its passages he pleases, and buoy himself up with the belief that the Holy Spirit has dictated to him his own peculiar explanation, there is no individual who may not at once conceive himself authorized to worship his own inventions, to consecrate his thoughts, and call the wanderings of his imagination divine inspiration. From the moment this fatal doctrine was introduced, it was distinctly foreseen by the wise that license of thought being now emancipated from all control, sects would multiply *ad infinitum*; obstinacy become invincible; disputes interminable; and that, while some would give to their reveries the name of inspiration, others, disgusted with such extravagant visions, and not being able to reconcile the majesty of religion with a faith torn by so many divisions, would seek a fatal repose in the indifference of irreligion, or the hardihood of atheism.

"Such, and more fatal still, have been the natural effects of the new doctrine. But, in like manner, as a stream which has burst its banks does not every where produce the same ravages, because its rapidity does not find every where the same inclinations and openings, thus, although that spirit of indocility and independence was generally diffused through all the heresies of latter times, it has not produced universally the same effects; it has in many quarters been restrained by fear, worldly interests, and the particular humour of nations, or by the Supreme Power, which can impose, where it seems good, effectual limits even to

the utmost extravagance of human passion. If it has appeared in undisguised malignity in England—if its malignity has declared itself without reserve—if its kings have perished under its fury, it is because its kings have been the primary causes of the catastrophe. They have yielded too much to the popular delusion that the ancient religion was susceptible of improvement. Their subjects have in consequence ceased to revere its maxims; they could have no respect for it when they saw them daily giving place to the passions and caprices of princes. The earth, too frequently moved, has become incapable of consistence; the mountains, once so stable, have fallen on all sides, and ghastly precipices have started forth from their bared sides. I apply these remarks to all the frightful aberrations which we daily see rising up around us. Be not deluded with the idea that they are only a quarrel of the Episcopacy, or some disputes of the English Church, which have so profoundly moved the Commons. These disputes were nothing but the feeble commencement, slight essays by which the turbulent spirits made trial of their liberty. Something much more violent was stirring their hearts; a secret disgust at all authority—an insatiable craving after innovation, after they had once tasted its delicious sweets.

"Thus the Calvinists, more bold than the Lutherans, have paved the way for the Socinians, whose numbers increase every day. From the same source have sprung the infinite sects of the Anabaptists, and from their opinions, mingled with the tenets of Calvinism, have sprung the Independants, to whose extravagances it was thought no parallel could be found till there emerged out of their bosom a still more fanatic race, the Tremblers, who believe that all their reveries are Divine Inspiration; and the Seekers, who, seventeen hundred years after Christ, still look for the Saviour, whom they have never yet been able to find. It is thus, that when the earth was once stirred, ruins fell on ruins; when opinion was once shaken, sect multiplied upon sect. In vain the Kings of England flattered themselves that they would be able to arrest the human mind on this perilous declivity by preserving

the Episcopacy; for what could the bishops do, when they had themselves undermined their own authority, and all the reverence due to the power which they derived by succession from the apostolic ages, by openly condemning their predecessors, even as far back as the origin of their spiritual authority, in the person of St Gregory and his disciple St Augustin, the first apostle of the English nation? What is Episcopacy, when it is severed from the Church, which is its main stay, to attach itself, contrary to its divine nature, to royalty as its supreme head? Thus two powers, of a character so essentially different, can never properly unite; their functions are so different that they mutually impede each; and the majesty of the Kings of England would have remained inviolable, if, content with its sacred rights, it had not endeavoured to draw to itself the privileges and prerogatives of the Church. Thus nothing has arrested the violence of the spirit, so fruitful is error; and God, to punish the irreligious irritability of his people, has delivered them over to the intemperance of their own vain curiosity, so that the ardour of their insensate disputes has become the most dangerous of their maladies.

"Can we be surprised if they lost all respect for majesty and the laws, if they became factious, rebellious, and obstinate, when such principles were instilled into their minds? Religion is fatally enervated when it is changed; the weight is taken away which can alone restrain mankind. There is in the bottom of every heart a rebellious spirit, which never fails to escape if the necessary restraint is taken away; no curb is left when men are once taught that they may dispose at pleasure of religion. Thence has sprung that pretended reign of Christ, heretofore unknown to Christendom, which was destined to annihilate royalty, and render all men equal, under the name of Independents; a seditious dream, an impious and sacrilegious chimera; but valuable as a proof of the eternal truth, that every thing turns to sedition and treason, when once the authority of religion is destroyed. But why seek for proofs of a truth, while the Divine Spirit has

pronounced upon the subject an unalterable sentence? God has himself declared that he will withdraw from the people who alter the religion which he has established, and deliver them over to the scourge of civil war. Hear the prophet Zacharias! 'Their souls, saith the Lord, have swerved from me, and I have said I will no longer be your shepherd; let him who is to die prepare for death; let he who is to be cut off perish, and the remainder shall prey on each other's flesh.'"
—*BOSSUET'S Oraisons Funèbres de la Reine d'Angleterre.*

The character and the career of the triumph of Cromwell are thus sketched out by the same master-hand:—

"Contempt of the unity of the Church was doubtless the cause of the divisions of England. If it is asked how it happened that so many opposite and irreconcilable sects should have united themselves to overthrow the royal authority? the answer is plain—A man arose of an incredible depth of thought; as profound a hypocrite as he was a skilful politician; capable alike of undertaking and concealing every thing; active and indefatigable equally in peace as war; so vigilant and active, that he has never proved wanting to any opportunity which presented itself to his elevation; in fine, one of those stirring and audacious spirits which seem born to overturn the world. How hazardous the fate of such persons is, sufficiently appears from the history of all ages. But also what can they not accomplish when it pleases God to make use of them for his purposes? 'It was given to him to deceive the people, and to prevail against kings.'† Perceiving that in that infinite assembly of sects, who were destitute of all certain rules, the pleasure of indulging in their own dogmas was the secret charm which fascinated all minds, he contrived to play upon that monstrous propensity so as to render that monstrous assembly a most formidable body. When once the secret is discovered of leading the multitude by the attractions of liberty, it follows blindly, because it hears only that name. The people, occupied with the first object which had transported them, go blindfold on, without per-

* Zach. xi. 9.

† Rev. xiii. 5.

ceiving that they are on the high-road to servitude; and their subtle conductor, at once a soldier, a preacher, a combatant, and a dogmatizer, so enchanted the world, that he came to be regarded as a chief sent by God to work out the triumph of the cause of independence. He was so; but it was for its punishment. The design of the Almighty was to instruct kings, by this great example, in the danger of leaving his church: He wished to unfold to men to what lengths, both in temporal and spiritual matters, the rebellious spirit of schism can lead; and when, in order to accomplish this end, he has made choice of an instrument, nothing can arrest his course. 'I am the Lord,' said he, by the mouth of his prophet Jeremiah; 'I made the earth, and all that therein is: I place it in the hands of whom I will.'—*Ibid.*

It is curious to those who reflect on the progress of the human mind from one age to another, to observe the large intermixture of error with truth that pervades this remarkable passage. It is clear that the powerful and sagacious mind of the Bishop of Meaux had penetrated the real nature of the revolutionary spirit, whether in religion or politics; and, accordingly, there is a great deal of truth in his observations on the English Revolution. But he narrows too much the view which he took of it. He ascribes more than its due to the secession from the Church of Rome. No one can doubt, indeed, that religious fervour was the great lever which then moved mankind; and that Bossuet was correct in holding that it was the fervour of the Reformation running into fanaticism, which, spreading from spiritual to temporal concerns, produced the horrors of the Great Rebellion. But on the other hand, the event has proved that it was no part of the design of Providence to compel the English, by the experience of suffering, to fall again into the arms of the Church of Rome. An hundred and seventy years have elapsed since Bossuet composed these

splendid passages, and the Church of England is not only still undecayed, but it is flourishing now in renovated youth, and has spread its colonial descendants through every part of the earth. The Church of Rome still holds its ground in old Europe; but Protestantism has spread with the efforts of colonial enterprise, and the Bible and the hatchet have gone hand in hand in exploring the wilds of the New World. And the hand of Providence is equally clear in both. Catholicism is suited to the stately monarchies, antiquated civilisation, and slavish habits of Southern Europe; but it is totally unfit to animate the exertions and inspire the spirit of the dauntless emigrants who are to spread the seeds of civilisation through the wilderness of nature. And one thing is very remarkable, and affords a striking illustration of that subjection of human affairs to an overruling Providence which Bossuet has so eloquently asserted in all parts of his writings. Mr Hume has observed that the marriage of Queen Henrietta to Charles I., by the partiality for the Catholic faith which it infused into his descendants, is the principal reason of their being at this moment exiles from the British throne! It was deemed at the time a masterpiece of the court of Rome to place a Catholic Queen on the throne of England; and the conversion of that bright jewel to the tiara of St Peter was confidently anticipated from its effects; and its ultimate results have been not only to confirm the Protestant faith in the British isles, but diffuse its seed, by the distraction and sufferings of the Civil Wars, through the boundless colonial empire of Great Britain.

In our next we shall draw a parallel between the fervent feeling and stately grandeur of the Bishop of Meaux, and the more romantic thought and burning expressions impressed upon Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, by actual experience of the miseries of the French Revolution.

THE LIFE OF WALLENSTEIN, DUKE OF FRIEDLAND.

THERE is a story told of Sir Walter Raleigh, that while composing his *History of the World* during his confinement in the Tower, his attention was one day attracted by a scuffle that took place beneath his window, and that having despatched two different individuals to learn the cause of the tumult, the accounts they brought him back were so contradictory, that he found it utterly impossible to understand how the quarrel had begun, or upon whose side the justice of the case lay. "How useless, then," said he, "for me to attempt to write a faithful history of what took place hundreds of years before, when even as to what takes place almost under my own eyes, I find it so impossible to come to any satisfactory conclusion."

Raleigh's remark was a natural one, but after all, not so well-founded as it might seem. In many cases, and probably in the one in question, it is this very proximity to the event which is the source of all the confusion and contradictions that arise. Unlike other streams, that of history does sometimes become purer in its course, when it has once passed that point up to which party spirit or servility have troubled the waters. If Raleigh's emissaries had not known the contending parties, and perhaps, like the servants in *Romeo and Juliet*, taken an active part in the quarrel, there would probably have been more harmony and more truth in their narrative.

There is hardly any great name in history to whom this remark is more applicable than to Wallenstein. The impurity of those sources from which all our memorials of this singular man have been drawn, though suspected, has only at this late period been fully exposed. Yet scarcely any character is connected with more interesting enquiries, or affords more scope either for the imagination or the reasoning power.

Besides being invested with the brightest colouring of poetry in the masterpiece of the German drama, the character itself is one uniting so many

strange anomalies, apparently blending much of evil and good, of superstition and freethinking, of firmness and irresolution, of generosity and selfishness, that it must ever be an interesting study to the enquirer into the recesses of the human mind. Then the vast and shifting theatre upon which these virtues and vices, these energies and weaknesses, were displayed; the brilliant and striking movements of that long war by which those qualities were moulded and formed; the wild and strongly contrasted characters of his rivals in military renown, form a magnificent background to the picture, or arrange themselves in picturesque combinations around the chief actor of the scene. The civil and religious liberty of Europe is seen weighed in the balance against the tyranny and superstition of the empire; and we cannot but look with a deep interest on the movements of that chief who, like another Brennus, comes suddenly forward to throw his heavy sword into the wavering scale of the latter.

But to the interest which the character derives both from its poetical aspect and its historical importance, is added another of a different kind, viz. that which attends the investigation of a dark and contested question of fact. The true character of Wallenstein, even at this moment, remains a problem in history; for although the earlier writers who have touched upon the events of his life, actuated by party feelings, or the necessity of excusing the atrocity of his murder, have boldly accused him of deliberate treason, and their assertions have been borrowed and echoed without examination by later historians, the questionable nature of the sources upon which this charge of treason rests had been long suspected. Even at the very time when those criminating statements appeared, there were not wanting many who boldly maintained his innocence. Of the two Spanish ambassadors at the imperial court, the one, Count Onate,* wrote to Spain in

• By Lieut.-Col. J. Mitchell, H. P. London: Fraser, 1837.

* Khevenhuller, vol. xii. p. 1110.

his favour, the other, the Marquis of Castaneda, against him. Navaro, another inferior envoy from Spain, defended his innocence in plain terms. Schiller himself, who, by his dramatic portrait of Wallenstein, as well as by the historical representation of his character in the Thirty Years' War, has perhaps done more than any one else to confirm the popular impression of his treason, seems himself to have had no small misgivings as to the truth of those dark colours with which he has invested the closing period of his life.

While the whole scope of the history is to show that the common notion of Wallenstein's treasonable correspondence with the Swedes and Saxons, his designs on the Crown of Bohemia, and his resolution to drive his master from the throne, were well-founded, and that the apparent enigma of Wallenstein's character admits of no plausible solution on any other hypothesis, his poetical sympathies seem to be aroused by his murder, he begins to waver and to doubt, to recall the interested motives of those by whom his biography had been written, and at last comes to the cautious conclusion, utterly irreconcilable with the tenor of his previous narrative, "that among all the actions which are generally ascribed to him, there is perhaps none which is not reconcilable with the supposition of innocence."

It cannot, however, be denied, that down to the present time the character of Wallenstein has been *generally* represented by German writers as that of a rebel and a traitor—a result not much to be wondered at, when it is admitted, as it must be, 1st, that the aspect of his life was, in any view, equivocal; and, 2d, when it is kept in view, that almost all those historians who have touched upon it have drawn from *the same source* *mediately or immediately*. In reference to the question of his alleged secret negotiations with Gustavus Adolphus, and his designs on the Bohemian Crown, and his intended treason against the Emperor Ferdinand II., the document upon which the charge is grounded is the written confession of Sesina Ratschkin von Rusenberg, a Bohemian fugitive, who, in 1635, a year after the assassination of Wallenstein, when the Viennese Court appear to have been greatly at a loss for a plausible vin-

dication of Wallenstein's murder, came forward announcing himself as the agent who had been employed by Wallenstein and Count Terzky in their traitorous negotiations with the Swede. How far the account contained in this confession is consistent with other documents of a more authentic nature will afterwards be seen; but it may be observed, even in passing, that strong suspicions must, in any case, necessarily attach to a *post mortem* document of this kind, brought forward by one who, in consequence of this disclosure, obtained the restoration of his confiscated estates;—reduced to writing by order of the Government, whose interest it was to defend the transaction; and, finally, brought into shape, with alterations and additions, by Wallenstein's old enemy, the Chancellor Slawata.

Without going through the detail of the different historical productions which have touched unfavourably on the problem of Wallenstein's history, we may briefly observe that this document of Ratschkin's serves as the main source of them all. They have all adopted his account as their basis, and without any investigation of original documents, until the late able and laborious work of Dr Forster, of Berlin, librarian to the King of Prussia, which forms the groundwork of the present biography.

Dr Forster came prepared for his task—that of the careful examination of the archives of Vienna, which, by the liberality of the late Emperor Francis, were thrown open to him, in a way which gave him a decided advantage over his predecessors; for he had already obtained from the repositories of the family of the Count of Armin possession of the private and confidential letters of Wallenstein, addressed to his friend Arnheim, from the year 1627 down to 1634, both during his service in the imperial army, and his subsequent command under the Elector of Saxony. The importance of those documents to the true history of Wallenstein will at once be obvious, when it is recollected on what terms he stood towards him. Arnheim was his confidant and friend—the person to whom he had, in 1628, intrusted the conduct of the siege of Stralsund—whom he had employed to negotiate with

the Danes in his plan for dethroning Christian IV., and having the Emperor elected in his room—who is said to have afterwards been his confederate in his designs against the Emperor, and with whom he kept up a continual correspondence from 1627 down to his death; a correspondence so close and pressing, that he often writes to him five or six times in one day. These letters are written in a tone of the greatest openness (for what, indeed, could he have to conceal from his supposed accomplice?) and evidently without a thought that, after a slumber of two centuries, they would be called up from dust and oblivion to meet the public eye.

The gaps left by this correspondence were in a considerable degree filled up by the fragments found in the Vienna archives. By incorporating the documents therein contained, and others which Forster procured during a tour through Bohemia (Wallenstein's native country), Silesia, and Moravia, he was enabled to exhibit, for the first time, from documents which cannot be questioned, a history of that part of the Thirty Years' War, which embraces the period from Wallenstein's dismissal from the command by the Diet at Ratisbon, down to his assassination in 1634. And if the result of his researches be not to exculpate Wallenstein,—if still, at the distance of two centuries, "his character, by party love or hate distorted, floats unfixed in history,"—if, as his English biographer remarks, if it be even now difficult to say, "whether he acted the part of a great man or a great criminal," or both,—Dr Forster's enquiries are at least perfectly sufficient to demonstrate the general falsehood of Ratschkin's confession, and of the accounts of Khevenhuller and his imitators, and thus to overturn entirely every thing like direct and positive evidence of Wallenstein's guilt.

The English reader, we are convinced, will feel grateful to Colonel Mitchell for the present work, in which, availing himself of the results of Forster's enquiries, as given in his life of Wallenstein, published in 1834, and of all the information to be found in other German sources, he has laid before us, in a nervous and vigorous style, and with very considerable

power of descriptive narration, the career of Wallenstein, and the state of the evidence in regard to the question of his innocence or guilt.

His work of course is written with a strong leaning towards his hero; yet he does not carry his argument so far as to say that he has established his innocence, but only that his accusers, on whom the burden of proof certainly lies, have not made out his guilt. And this we suspect is all to which Wallenstein is entitled; for whatever may be thought of his conduct during the early part of his career, and disbelieving, as we do entirely, the story of Ratschkin, there are many points connected with Wallenstein's French negotiations with Feuquieres, which we find it difficult to account for, except on the supposition that the idea of rendering himself independent of the Emperor had at least crossed his mind, and been at one time entertained by him. The only verdict to which we think Wallenstein entitled to lay claim, is our Scottish one of "not proven."

Our limits preclude our entering upon the early history of Wallenstein, and we must therefore take up the thread of his story at that point where it first begins to be warped and distorted by interested biographers.

Wallenstein had first come prominently forward in political life by the singular, and, as it at first appeared, extravagant proposal, which he made to the Emperor Ferdinand II., when the union of the Danish forces under Christian IV. with those of the administrator of Magdeburg and the Duke of Brunswick, and the threatened invasion of Germany by Gustavus, had spread consternation through the Catholic League, and threatened the safety of the empire. The proposal was to raise and maintain an army of 50,000 men at his own cost for the service of the Emperor; and extravagant as the design at first appeared, it had been fulfilled. With this army Wallenstein had defeated Count Mansfeldt, conquered Mecklenburg, taken Wismar on the Baltic, and finally succeeded in driving the King of Denmark, at that time the main prop of the Protestant League, out of Germany. But this career of success had been followed by a total, though not altogether unexpected reverse.

The system of pillage and exaction, which he had been obliged to sanction in order to maintain his army in the different imperial states; his own unbending disposition, and the envy of Tilly and Maximilian of Bavaria, his rivals in the field, stirred up against him a general storm of complaints; and the Emperor, though fully sensible of his great talents and services, felt himself compelled to yield to the demands of his enemies, and by the sentence of the Diet of Ratisbon, in 1630, Wallenstein was deposed from the command as imperial generalissimo, and the office conferred on Count Tilly.

None knew better, however, than Wallenstein how little the Emperor himself had to do with this dismissal. He ascribed it to its real source,—the intrigues of Father Joseph, the creature of Richelieu, and to the preponderating influence of Bavaria; and submitting with a good grace to the imperial mandate, he retired to Bohemia, there to await the time when the approach of Gustavus Adolphus should again teach his enemies his value, and restore him to that elevation from which he had been displaced.

The ruins of the enormous palace which he inhabited in Prague, with its six gates, its vast halls, galleries, and baths, are still in existence, vying in extent and magnificence with those of the Roman emperors, and corresponding to the extent of his revenue, which exceeded six millions of dollars. Besides his own properties in Bohemia and Moravia, which he had acquired by his first marriage, he possessed the Duchies of Friedland and Mecklenburg, the Principalities of Sagan and Glogau, and immense sums in the banks of Amsterdam and Venice. He formed a court of his own, and kept a numerous body-guard, sixty pages, four chamberlains, twelve knights and barons, and three hundred horses, which were fed from marble mangers in his stable. His table was never furnished with less than a hundred covers, and his liveries, equipages, and furniture were in a corresponding style of regal splendour. Amidst the pomp with which he thus industriously surrounded himself, he was distinguished by the simplicity of his own tastes and habits, and his power of enduring labour and privations. Patient of hunger, thirst, and watchfulness, he never himself

indulged in the festivities of the table; to the other pleasures of the senses he was equally inaccessible;—amusement he despised. Deep study, or active exertion, alone could satisfy his brooding and restless mind. To noises of all kinds he had a particular aversion. Guards patrolled the avenues to his palace to prevent disturbance; the very sound of coaches was prohibited in its neighbourhood, as he pursued his meditations on his future plans and prospects, conducted with his own hand his correspondence with every quarter of Europe, or devoted himself, in company with his astrologer, to the study of the planetary aspects, and endeavoured to draw from them a confirmation of his hopes or fears, as to his future destiny. We observe that Colonel Mitchell expresses doubts how far Wallenstein was really a believer in astrology. We see no reason to doubt the reality of his belief. The difficulty in that age was to find any who were not believers. The persuasion was only common to Wallenstein with many of the great men of the age. Kepler, for instance, with whom he maintained a constant correspondence, was as celebrated for his horoscopes as his astronomical discoveries. Nor is the propensity an uncommon one with enthusiastic minds in those periods of convulsion, when established opinions and customary rules of action are daily subverted, and they are tempted to seek in another sphere, in the more regular movements of the heavenly bodies, and their supposed influence on human events, for those principles of order and certainty of calculation which appear to be failing them upon earth.

In other respects, the qualities of his mind were such as peculiarly to fit him for the command which he had quitted, but was soon again to resume. The reckless audacity which had distinguished him when a boy, had been sobered down by age and knowledge of the world into a calm, steady, self-relying courage; his ready power of adapting himself to the habits and manners of those with whom he mingled had early given him an uncommon influence over the minds of others; while his composure and self-possession, which no untoward event could ruffle; his power of suppressing all appearance of emotion; his distaste for most of those pleasures which in

general betray men into rashness, or divert them from the steady prosecution of their purposes; and his profound acquaintance with the art of war, acquired by personal acquaintance with its dangers and difficulties, combined to render him by far the most distinguished leader who had yet appeared upon the political theatre during this destructive war. The talisman with which he worked in his intercourse with mankind, was the alternate use of terror and liberality; he distributed his gifts, or awarded his punishments, unsparingly and in extremes; and his resolution once taken, for evil or good, was irrevocable and unalterable.

His external appearance and demeanour were well calculated to increase the impression arising from his character. His stature was tall, his countenance thin and pale, and contrasting strongly with his black eyes, the earnest and piercing gaze of which inspired terror. His brow was high and majestic; not furrowed, but marked here and there by a few lines. His nose was aquiline, but broad at the point. He wore his own black hair, cut short and laid back in front, while it fell down in locks at the side. His chin and lip were covered with strong beard and mustachios. The general expression of his countenance was a melancholy severity. He suffered much from gout, arising from his night-watchings and labours in the field, and supported himself with an Indian cane as he walked—often pausing and turning to gaze about him. He seldom smiled, and in conversation he was brief and monosyllabic; as if he were unwilling to waste in words a moment which might have been employed in meditation.

This regal exile at Prague was not likely, in the present state of Germany, to be of long duration. A greater monarch than the King of Denmark had now taken the field, before the ascendancy of whose genius the star of the empire rapidly declined; a king, long inured to war and victory, profoundly versed in the arts of government and diplomacy, with all that knowledge of men and military science which Wallenstein and Tilly possessed; and with all that piety, clemency, and regard for the rights of others, which they wanted; as temperate and self-denying as themselves, though from a better motive; as much

the idol of his soldiers, though their attachment was founded more in love than terror. Landing with only 15,000 men in Pomerania, Gustavus had soon made himself master of almost every stronghold in that quarter. Goetz was driven out of Pomerania. Torquato Conti, repulsed and outmanœuvred, soon laid down the command. The ferocious Tilly, fresh from the sack of Magdeburg, who till now had never lost a battle, left his renown behind him at Leipzig, and shortly afterwards his life at the passage of the Lech. Brunich and Prague opened their gates, and the progress of Gustavus towards the Imperial dominions through Franconia, Swabia, and Bavaria, seemed rather to resemble a procession than a campaign. New allies, following the example of France, declared themselves on all sides for the Swedes, while even the oldest and firmest ally of the Emperor Maximilian of Bavaria, alarmed as the danger drew nearer to his own doors, began to waver in his faith, and to incline to the seductive proposal of a neutrality. And now, while the storm was gathering on all sides, and the want of a head was daily more felt, the Spanish party at the Imperial court began to perceive the error they had committed in the deposition of Wallenstein (by the aid of whose experience and commanding abilities alone they could have hoped to check the progress of Gustavus), and to propose his reappointment to the command.

The accusers of Wallenstein go so far as to date the origin of his supposed treasonable schemes from his residence in Prague in 1630, and impute to him a long-cherished plan of revenge against the Emperor; first resolved upon in his retirement there, and afterwards pursued through all his subsequent career. Raschkin carries back the commencement of the treasonable negotiations with Gustavus Adolphus to the year 1630. Schiller, following this suspicious authority, represents him as brooding in this retirement over dark and dangerous plans of treason. For this accusation there seems not a vestige of foundation. In the first place, Wallenstein well knew that the measure of his dismissal had been in a manner forced upon the Emperor, so that the supposed motive of his treason, *viz.* revenge against the Emperor for his

ingratitude, in a great degree falls to the ground. In the next place, although we are in possession of a Swedish history of the period written by Chemnitz, under the direction of Oxenstern, the Swedish chancellor, who must have been cognizant of every particular, it is totally silent as to any such negotiation. 3d, The characters of the men, and Wallenstein's previous and openly expressed hatred to the Swedes, are opposed to it. Lastly, we find at this very moment, when Wallenstein is supposed to have been plotting with Gustavus against the Emperor, he was, on the contrary, giving the Emperor the best and soundest advice, by endeavouring to cement an alliance between him and the King of Denmark, which, if it had been embraced by Christian IV., would have been fatal to the projects of Gustavus. Christian even appears to have seriously entertained the scheme for detaching himself from the Swedish party, on receiving, as the reward of his services, the Bishopricks of Bremen and Verden. The treaty had advanced so far as only to require the Emperor's signature, for the Emperor had, in the first exuberance of delight, on finding from what quarter the proposal originated, written to Wallenstein with his own hand, approving of his proposal, requesting him to carry on the negotiation with his usual "dexterity," though at first in his own name only, and concluding by expressing himself delighted to find that "his dear friend did not forsake him in the hour of difficulty." From what cause the negotiation ultimately failed we have no means of ascertaining. In the whole matter, however, Wallenstein appears to have acted with the most perfect good faith, and with the sincerest regard to the interests of the Emperor; and yet, as a specimen of the credit to be given to the accusations against him, we find this very Danish negotiation, an act which the Emperor knew of, approved and encouraged, actually charged against Wallenstein in the official statement afterwards published by the Court of Vienna. If, then, Wallenstein is proved at this period to have been actively engaged in promoting an alliance ruinous to the interests of the Swedish monarch, since it would have raised up a new enemy in his rear, and threatened his communication

with the north of Germany, and Sweden itself, this, joined to the total silence of the Swedish annalists and historians on the point, and the improbability arising from the circumstances, position, and character of the men, seems sufficient to refute the supposition that any treasonable designs against the Emperor, connected with an alliance with the Swedes, had at this time entered into Wallenstein's calculations.

The Emperor's proposal that he should resume the command, reached Wallenstein at a time when the affairs of the Catholic League wore the most unpromising aspect. It was not in truth to resume the command of the army, but to create an army for himself, that Wallenstein was now invited, for the armament of Tilly had almost entirely disappeared; and Questenberg the Imperial Minister, the very person who, at the commencement of the Swedish war, had disbanded a full third of the army, and allowed a great part of the rest to disband itself for want of pay, now ventured to make it a matter of reproach that the defeated veteran had no second army in reserve. The first proposal made to Wallenstein was that the King of Hungary should be associated with him in the command. This he negatived instantly, in language denoting more pride than piety. "Never," he exclaimed, "will I accept a divided command, were God himself to be my coadjutor! No! I must command alone, or not at all."

This point was speedily conceded; and Wallenstein, after some negotiation, while he declined the title of commander-in-chief, with the salary of 100,000 crowns attached to it, agreed to raise an army of from 40,000 to 50,000, of which the Emperor might then dispose at pleasure.

Never was the magical force of a name made more apparent than on this occasion, for no sooner had fame announced that Wallenstein was arming, than soldiers flocked from every quarter to his standard. The soliloquy in Schiller's Wallenstein, in which, feeling himself forsaken by his army, after the discovery of Isolani's treachery, he recalls his former triumph, by his own unassisted energies, over circumstances still more ominous and unpromising, is no exaggeration of the truth.

“ Yes ! once already, I and I alone
 Have filled an army's room. Before the
 Swede
 Your hosts had melted. On the Lech
 sank Tilly,
 Your last support ; Gustavus on Bavaria
 Swept like a deluge down, and in Vienna
 Within his palace-gates the Emperor
 trembled.
 Men were not cheaply purchased, for the
 crowd
 Still follows fortune. Then all eyes were
 turned
 On me,—the helper in their need. Then
 bowed
 The Emperor's pride before the deeply
 injured.
 I must arise with my creative word,
 And people with a charm this empty
 leaguer.
 'Twas done. The drum was beat,
 Throughout the land
 My name went forth like Mars. At once
 the plough,
 The workshop, were forsaken : thousands
 flocked
 In hope around the old familiar banner.
 Even now I feel I am the man I was,
 And Friedland's self will fill his camp
 alone.”

He did speedily fill his camp. More than 300 officers applied for letters of service ; some raised companies ; others whole regiments : noblemen and men of fortune armed and equipped corps of cavalry and infantry at their own expense ; all were anxious to acquire renown, and perhaps spoil also, under the liberal and magnificent Duke of Friedland. Before the expiration of the third month, an army of 40,000 men that seemed to have sprung into life at the call of Enchantment, stood ready for the field.

The army then was ready, and Wallenstein had fulfilled his promise ; but his next step was to declare his intention to withdraw from the scene, notwithstanding the pressing requests of the Emperor and the Imperial Council. The ostensible reason assigned was ill health ; an excuse not perhaps entirely without foundation, since we know that at this moment he laboured severely under the gout ; and his signature, at one time bold and vigorous, had by this time dwindled into a feeble and tremulous scrawl ;—but certainly inadequate to account for this sudden resolution on the part of Wallenstein. We are compelled, in this particular, to side with Schiller against his present biographer, and to suppose that Wallenstein could not

resist the temptation of making his own importance felt, and extorting from the fears and necessities of the Emperor concessions which should prevent the possibility of his being a second time deprived of his command.

The Emperor, however, was determined to obtain the services of Wallenstein at any price, and accordingly the terms proposed by him, and ultimately acceded to by Wallenstein, were these :—

“ Wallenstein claimed to be made commander-in-chief, with absolute power, of all the Austrian and Spanish forces in Germany. Neither the King of Hungary nor the Emperor were to appear with the army, still less to exercise over it any act of authority. The Emperor was to dispose of no military appointment, to confer no reward ; nor was any pardon which he might grant to be valid without the sanction of the Duke of Friedland. Whatever might be conquered and confiscated was to be appropriated at the sole will and pleasure of the commander-in-chief, without the interference of any other authority. As a certain reward for his services, Wallenstein demanded one of the hereditary provinces of the House of Austria ; as an extraordinary reward, one of the conquered provinces of the empire was to be conferred upon him. All the Austrian dominions were to be open for the reception of the army, in case a retreat should become necessary. On the conclusion of a peace, he was to be confirmed in the possession of the Duchy of Mecklenburgh ; and timely notice was to be given him, should it again be thought expedient to remove him from the command.”

No sooner had Wallenstein assumed the command, than he was called upon to hasten to the relief of the Bavarian territories of his old enemy Maximilian. Advancing by stately marches to Egra, an interview took place between them, in which both parties agreed, outwardly at least, to forget and forgive. They met and embraced in front of their respective troops, exchanging pledges of faith and amity at the very time when their hearts were overflowing with the gall of bitterness. “ We embraced,” says Asmodeus, “ and were mortal enemies ever since.” As sincere, probably, was the reconciliation of Wallenstein and Maximilian.

The Imperial and Bavarian forces thus united amounted to about 60,000, being by far the most numerous army that had appeared in Europe since the time of Charles V. Gustavus, unpre-

pared to face so numerous and powerful a body in the field, withdrew as they marched into the Upper Palatinate. He had now no choice left but either to throw himself into Nuremberg, or to sacrifice that city, and await a reinforcement under the cannon of Donauwerth. He chose the former.

" Situated almost in the centre of Germany, this town covered his conquests on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Maine; and left him in perfect communication with his allies and possessions in the north. To make up for his temporary inferiority of numbers, he called in the spade, to aid the lance and musket. Intrenchments, capable of receiving a large army, were immediately formed; the works completely surrounded the town and suburbs, and extended to a circumference of at least six miles. The lines were flanked by bastions and salient fascées, according to the nature of the ground; and the numerous outlets were covered by regular half-moons. The ditch was, in general, twelve feet broad, and eight deep; but from distance to distance there were closed forts and redoubts of a much stronger construction. The river Pegnitz, which runs through the town, divided the camp in two parts, which were connected again by numerous bridges.

" While these works were in progress, the Senate of Nuremberg, seeing that they were forced to take a part, did so manfully, and atoned for their first pusillanimity by the zeal and ability with which they prepared to meet the pending storm. They collected stores and provisions of all kinds, and took every possible precaution to ensure the health and comfort of the thousands about to be assembled around their walls. The city, with its old fortification, formed the centre of this vast place of arms, which was completed with a degree of celerity and stability that has not been equalled in Europe since the best times of the Roman legions. Upwards of 300 pieces of cannon were distributed along the ramparts of the town and camp; and before Wallenstein could complete his short march from the Bohemian frontier, the Swedes stood secure and unassailable within their new fortress.

" To attack such soldiers so posted, was of course out of the question, and Wallenstein, who was urged to the attempt, said that ' battles enough had been fought already, and that it was time to try another method.' He resolved, therefore, to subdue by famine those whom he could not subdue by arms; and with great judgment took up a position about five miles to the south-west of Nuremberg, so as very much

to narrow, and nearly block tip, the channels through which the King received his supplies.

" The imperial camp formed an irregular parallelogram, about four miles in length, and from one to two in breadth. It was placed upon a range of wooded hills on the left bank of the Rednitz, a small fordable stream that ran along the front of the works, and separated the two hostile armies. The entire camp was enclosed by a line of intrenchments; strong redoubts were erected on the most important points, and treble lines of *abatis* covered all the approaches. Two hills, the one called, from the ruins of an old castle, the *Alte Feste*, the other the *Altenberg*, form the highest points of the ground, and were most strongly guarded and fortified. The steep and rugged banks of the Rednitz helped to protect the front of the position; and ponds and marshes rendered all access to the right extremely difficult.

" The King of Sweden had summoned to his aid all the Swedish and allied troops that were acting in different parts of Germany, the moment Wallenstein made his appearance before Nuremberg. Oxenstiern assembled all the reinforcements at Kinzingen, about five marches from Nuremberg, and entered the Swedish camp on the 16th of August with 36,000 men, 60 pieces of artillery, and 4000 waggons. The two most formidable armies which had appeared during the war now stood opposed to each other; the fire-charged clouds of battle had collected from all quarters of Germany over one point; and after empires had been ravaged, the long and terrible contest seemed about to be decided in a single field.

" Wallenstein has been blamed for having allowed this strong reinforcement to join the King of Sweden; but the censure is unjust. From the moment he had determined to make hunger do the work of arms, and knew his own camp to be impregnable, he was perfectly right in allowing these additional troops to pass unmolested. Directed against the Austrian dominions, or well employed in the rear of Wallenstein's position, the powerful army that Oxenstiern brought to the aid of Gustavus might have shaken the imperial throne; within the circumference of the Swedish lines they could add only to the distress already suffered there. And if that distress was great before the arrival of this reinforcement, it was greatly augmented by the additional numbers which had then to be supplied. The Swedish troops had lived principally on the provisions so wisely collected by the magistrates of Nuremberg before the arrival of the armies, but these stores declined exactly in

proportion as the number of claimants for food augmented. The surrounding country was completely exhausted, and thousands of the peasantry had sought shelter within the lines, and augmented the scarcity.

"Crime and disease, the constant followers of hunger, soon appeared; and, by breaking asunder the bonds of discipline, added to these evils all those sure to result from insubordination. Frightful excesses were committed; and the King of Sweden, besides making severe examples of the offenders, was forced to reprimand the German troops in a speech that, for power and eloquence, has hardly ever been surpassed; and which is said to have drawn tears from the eyes of the hardened soldiers themselves. The effect ascribed to this address has been doubted; though unjustly, perhaps; for Gustavus was eloquent, and it is in the nature of multitudes to fly from one extreme to the other; from deeds of cruelty to repentance, and from shame and sorrow to the commission of fresh atrocities.

"All this suffering rendered it necessary to employ the army which had been so skilfully though injudiciously assembled. On the 22d of August the King erected three strong batteries along the banks of the Rednitz, from which he cannonaded the Imperialists the whole day; but, as might be anticipated, without any result. Wallenstein remained immovable within his lines, and only replied to the Swedish guns by a similar fire. Hunger was to do his work for him; and nothing changed his resolution. Vain were the representations of Maximilian; as vain the impatience for battle expressed by his army; the entreaties of his friends influenced his determination as little as the repeated taunts of his enemies.

"The first attempt to dislodge the Duke of Friedland having failed, a more determined effort was to be made. On the day after this fruitless cannonade, Gustavus crossed the Rednitz with his whole army, near the small town of Furth; and took up a new position, which placed him exactly on the left flank of the Imperialists. Here he had the hill of the Alte Feste, the highest and most commanding point of their camp, nearest to his front, and this he caused to be attacked with great impetuosity on the morning of the 24th of August. Under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery, four detachments, each composed of 500 chosen musketeers, mostly Scotsmen, as an old Nuremberg writer of the period informs us, led the attack. They were followed and supported by divisions of spearmen, who, on different points, attempted to force the intrenchments. But their bravest efforts were unavailing; no impression could be

made on foes covered by works which nature and art alike combined to strengthen; and after repeated efforts, renewed with all the gallantry for which these unconquered troops were distinguished, the assault was abandoned, and the combat dwindled down to a mere skirmish, and fire of artillery, which continued till friendly night cast a mantle of peace over the contending foes.

"Nothing was gained by the victors, and little lost by the vanquished, for in the melancholy trade of war slight is the stress laid upon mere human suffering. In a sally made on one point, a body of imperial cuirassiers defeated some Swedish infantry, and made the celebrated General Torstensohn prisoner. The Cromberg horsemen, who styled themselves 'The Invincibles,' were less fortunate; encountering a party of Finland cavalry, under the gallant Stalhansh, they were defeated and forced to fly, leaving Count Fuger, their colonel, mortally wounded on the field. It may be presumed that their modestly assumed title was in no way impaired by so untoward an accident.

"Wallenstein, as his duty commanded, was everywhere in the hottest of the fire; he had a horse shot under him, when in the very act of driving some fugitive soldiers back to their post. Gustavus exposed himself with his usual indifference to danger, and a musket-ball tore away part of his boot. The Swedish army retired unpursued, and took up a position in front of Furth, close to the field of battle."

Finding that he could not overcome the fixed resolution of Wallenstein to avoid a battle in the open field, the King of Sweden resolved to break up his camp. He left his lines on the 8th of September, and with drums beating and colours flying, marched slowly along the front of the Imperial intrenchments towards Neustadt. Wallenstein, regardless of this defiance, made no effort to interrupt his retreat; a forbearance for which he was afterwards severely blamed in the official apology for his assassination, published by the Court of Vienna. Colonel Mitchell, however, whose opinions on a question of military science are entitled to high respect, vindicates his conduct in regard to this charge; and observes, that as all the chances of battle were in favour of Gustavus, the prudence of Friedland on this occasion was probably the salvation of the Catholic power.

Two days after the king's departure, Wallenstein broke up his camp, and marched upon Bamberg. After a re-

pulse at the Castle of Cobourg, he advanced into the heart of Saxony, and took Leipzig on the 23d of October. One of the charges made against him at this period by Schiller and other historians, namely, that he ordered the country to be plundered and laid waste, is contradicted by the correspondence published by Forster. His letters written to Holt and Gallas are in existence, and they contain the most positive directions to refrain from every act of violence.

Gustavus had reduced Ingolstadt to extremity when he received the unwelcome tidings of Wallenstein's irruption into Saxony; and knowing the weak and vacillating character of the Elector, he perceived the necessity of instantly hurrying to the aid of an ally whom he could not venture to expose either to the arts or arms of Friedland. He hastened by forced marches to Naumberg, on which he seized with such rapidity that Wallenstein was unable to reinforce the detachment which garrisoned the place. Every where, upon this his last march, he was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The people knelt before him as he passed, vying with each other in their endeavours to kiss, or merely to touch the hem of his garment, or the sheath of his sword. "Rise up," he was obliged more than once to exclaim, "or God will punish me for being the cause of this idolatry."

If Gustavus had been somewhat disconcerted by the irruption of Wallenstein into Saxony, the Imperial general was delighted with the prospect afforded him of a decisive action, by the advance of the Swedish Monarch upon Naumberg. His very inactivity at Nuremberg, though it had produced the desired effect, probably rendered him the more anxious now to bring the issue to the decision of arms. He instantly checked his intended march on Torgau, advanced to Weissenfels, and made a regular reconnoissance of the Swedish position at Naumberg. Here, however, as at Werben and Nuremberg, he found his royal rival so strongly posted, as to render hopeless any direct attempt to force his camp.

A council of war was held, at which Wallenstein does not appear to have been present, and the result of their deliberations must be regarded as singular. They were unanimous in dis-

advising an attack upon Naumberg, in which they were probably right; but they farther adopted the singular idea, that the King of Sweden would probably make a long stay in his camp at Naumberg, as he had done at Nuremberg; and that as he appeared to contemplate merely defensive operations, a portion of the troops, under Pappenheim, might be safely detached to the relief of Cologne, while the rest of the army should go into winter-quarters. That the resolution of the council was a rash and inexplicable one, is sufficiently plain; and had it emanated from Wallenstein himself, it might have thrown some suspicion on his conduct: but whatever might have been its prudence, it is clear that the deliberations were mainly influenced by Pappenheim, whose attachment to the Imperial cause has never been doubted.

Pappenheim was accordingly despatched to the Rhine, having orders to dislodge, on his way, a Swedish garrison from Halle. For this purpose he received six regiments of infantry and six of cavalry, which were not to accompany the march further than was required for the execution of this service. Wallenstein himself took post with some troops at LUTZEN, to cover the expedition.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th of November, the King of Sweden ascertained, by intercepted letters, that Pappenheim, with a large force, had left the army, and that Wallenstein himself was in the plains of Lutzen. The King instantly perceived the opening afforded him by this separation of the forces of the Imperialists; "right shoulders forward," was the order passed along the column, and the whole army was immediately in full march for that plain, which, under a greater than Wallenstein, has since proved a field of bloodshed and fame.

"Three signal guns fired from the castle of Weissenfels announced to Wallenstein the approach of the Swedes, and bands of fugitive cavalry soon came hurrying in to confirm the fearful tidings, for fearful they were at the moment. Pappenheim was at a distance; most of the other troops were distributed in cantonments, and could only arrive successively on the field. To retreat was impossible; the Elbe, and a line of hostile fortresses, were behind; to fall back on Leipzig, was to abandon Pappenheim and the other detached corps to certain destruction; to

follow Pappenheim, was to abandon the only communication with the Austrian states; to enclose himself in a hostile country, and leave open the junction to all the Saxon and Swedish troops.

"In such an hour of fear, courage and promptness of resolution could alone save the imperial army, who were thrown into great confusion by this unexpected advance of the enemy, and Wallenstein was not wanting to his fame. Though he had hardly 12,000 men at hand, he determined, at all hazards, to make a stand till the rest of his forces should arrive. The appointed signal-guns were fired, and orders sent to all the corps to march immediately upon Lutzen. Pappenheim also was directed to hurry on towards the field with every man and gun he could assemble. Fortune aided these exertions. The roads leading towards Lutzen were deep and miry. The Swedes, in their advance, had to cross the Ripach, a small streamlet with high clayey banks, that retarded the march. Isolán defended the passage with Croats and cuirassiers; he was indeed routed with loss; but even victory occasioned delay. A thick November fog, so usual in these low, marshy countries, brought day to an early close, and darkness already covered the plain before the Swedes could profit by the chance that promised so fairly in the morning. Wallenstein made good use of the time thus gained.

"The plain of Lutzen is a perfect level, without tree, bush, or elevation, and offers nowhere any advantage in point of ground. But there, as in most of the flat countries of Germany, the roads are separated from the fields by ditches; and these Wallenstein turned very ably to account. He took post behind the road leading from Weissenfels to Leipzig, having the small town of Lutzen on his right; the left was entirely uncovered. General Holk placed the troops in order of battle as they arrived during the night, and caused the ditches that bordered the roads to be deepened. The earth of the ditch nearest the Swedes was thrown outwards, and musqueteers placed in the ditch so as to fire over the excavated earth as over a parapet; the earth from the inner ditch was thrown inwards, and another line of musqueteers placed on the level field behind it, so as to fire over the parapet, as well as over the heads of the front line of musqueteers. This arrangement was probably more ingenious than judicious, for, to fire over the heads of soldiers at such a distance, and at so small an elevation, tends to make them, at least, very unsteady.

"About 200 yards behind this road the army was formed, according to a plan drawn by Wallenstein himself. As we

have Forster's copy of it before us, and as the formation differs so totally from the accounts given by the historians, we shall here describe it, for the satisfaction of the curious in military antiquities. Unfortunately there is no scale attached to the drawing, so that we can form no certain idea of the extent of front occupied.

"The infantry are formed in ten large square battalions, of which six are in first, and four in second line; double the number also represented by historians. Behind the openings left between the larger battalions, smaller bodies of infantry, light troops, perhaps, are posted; so as to make in all something like four lines, the first three resembling the Roman *quincunx* order of battle. The cavalry are posted on the flanks, six large bodies in column, on each. The entire forms very nearly a parallelogram, the front of which only exceeds the depth by about one-third. On the left a place is marked for Pappenheim, and a field-work is traced out on the same flank. A battery is marked in front of the centre, where we know that seven guns were stationed. The windmill battery on the right, where, as we also know, seventeen guns were placed, is not marked on the plan. The garden-walls round Lutzen were loopholed and lined with musqueteers. What was the number of troops collected, is uncertain; but it is not likely that they exceeded six-and-twenty or eight-and-twenty thousand men, even including Pappenheim's cavalry, which, contrary to ordinary statements, arrived in sufficient time to take some rest before the commencement of the action. Goltz commanded the left wing, Holk the right, and Offizius the centre. Wallenstein, as commander-in-chief, very properly assumed no particular post. As he suffered severely from gout, he came to the ground in his carriage, and was carried through the ranks in a sedan chair; it was only when the action began, that he got on horseback. Thus occupied and posted, the imperial army awaited the dawning of the eventful morning.

The Swedes, after the passage of the Ripach, advanced close to Lutzen, and having formed their order of battle, remained all night under arms. The troops were drawn up in the same manner as at Leipzig, the infantry in two lines, with Henderson's Scottish regiment in reserve. There were four brigades in the front line, and as many in the second; but the brigades of the first had twenty companies each, while those of the second had only thirteen companies. The cavalry, which nearly equalled the infantry in strength, was posted on the flanks, also in two lines; one regiment remained in reserve along with Henderson's infantry. Forty pieces

of artillery were distributed along the line; the left reached nearly to the village of Lutzen, and the right extended to beyond the Floss-Graben, a shallow canal used for floating timber, and easily passed at all points. The King himself commanded the right wing, Bernhard of Weimar the left, and Kniphausen the second line. In point of numbers the Swedes, who were probably not more than 20,000 strong, were inferior to the Imperialists, but the extended front of their brigades, the greater pliability of their formations, and the superior tactical training of the soldiers, gave them, in all other respects, a decided superiority.

"The morning of the 6th of November broke dark and dimly on the plain of Lutzen; the sun was obscured, and the ground every where covered by a thick and impenetrable mist. Nature seemed anxious to withhold the light destined to shine on the approaching scene of human destruction. The continued fog enabled the Swedes to advance unmolested, and perhaps unobserved, to within about a thousand yards of the enemy. Here they halted; and while waiting till the haze should clear away, the King commanded prayers to be said in front of every regiment, and afterwards gave out a psalm himself, in which the whole army joined. Service over, he rode along the ranks, and addressed the troops. His speeches have been variously reported, and probably a good deal lengthened. Certain it is that he said to some regiments, 'Fight as usual, brave comrades, and you will this day make me the first King in the world.' Gustavus, who,—like Alexander, Henry IV., Charles XII., and other generals of what we may call the bold and daring school of tactics,—always attacked at the head of the cavalry, rode very conspicuous horses. On this occasion he was mounted on a white charger of peculiar beauty, which, according to Gassion, had been thrown in his way by the enemy, in order that it might betray him to their fire on the day of battle. As at Leipzig, he wore a plain elk-skin coat, a former wound preventing him from wearing armour, the use of which was rapidly declining among officers of rank. Wallenstein also wore a buff-coat, but it was laced and embroidered according to the most splendid fashion of the period.

"About half-past eleven o'clock the sun began to break with red and ominous glare through the haze; Lutzen was discovered to be in flames; it had been set on fire to prevent the right wing of the Imperialists from being turned; and stray shots from the advanced parties told that the expectant foes were gradually gaining sight of each other. The ardent courage

of Gustavus could no longer be restrained. Placing himself at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, he ordered the army to advance, and exclaiming, 'Now, Lord Jesus, give us aid; we are going to fight for the honour of thy holy name,' led on towards the enemy. The shouts of exulting thousands who, under such a leader, deemed themselves marching to assured victory, replied to the order; and the gallant display of pennons and standards that waved high above the ranks of ancient war, told that the unconquered host was marching to the onset.

"A terrible fire of musketry and artillery received them as they approached; it checked not the progress of troops who, on level ground, acknowledged no equal foes. The trenches are passed, but a heavy loss is sustained and much confusion occasioned in the ranks of the assailants. The left wing of the imperial cavalry, charged by the Swedish cavalry under the King in person, is thrown, and pursued across the plain. Equal success attends the centre: the blue and yellow brigades, after scattering the troops that lined the road, and carrying the seven-gun battery, fall with determined resolution on the first line of the imperial infantry. The serried mass of spears bears down all resistance; Wallenstein's musketeers perish in the shock of the hostile lances, and his front battalions are broken and forced to fly. The firing continues only near Lutzen; the Swedes, masters of a great part of the field, shout victory, and deem the day already gained.

"But on the left they had been less fortunate. Bernhard of Weimar, exposed to a galling fire from the troops posted behind the garden-walls and enclosures of the burning village, as well as to the fire of the seventeen-gun battery, had been unable to make any impression. Gustavus, informed of the ill success of this wing, hurried to its aid. He re-formed the troops, and again prepared to lead them forward. Wallenstein was similarly occupied; riding from rank to rank, and from regiment to regiment, he brought the fugitives to a stand, advanced fresh corps and made a fierce attack on the brigades of the Swedish centre, who, disordered by their own success, were forced back across the road, and obliged to abandon the captured battery. The ever active Gustavus again arrested the progress of the Imperialists; and having, with uncovered head, returned thanks for the victory he thought already won, galloped forward, accompanied by a few attendants only, to see how the advantage could best be followed up.

"At this moment a musket-ball shattered his left arm; and finding himself

growing faint from loss of blood, he requested Francis Albert, Duke of Lauenburg, to lead him out of the battle. In attempting to clear the front of their own men, they came too near a party of the enemy, and the King received another shot in the back. 'Take care of yourself, brother,' said the unhappy Prince to the Duke of Lauenburg, 'I have got enough,' and instantly fell from his horse. The foe approached; the attendants fled; and even Gustavus, the great, the generous, and the brave, was abandoned in his dying moments. A page, the son of Baron Lubeling of Nuremberg, alone remained by the fallen monarch. This young man leaped from his horse and offered it to the King; but Gustavus was too feeble to mount: he only raised his hands, and the page was unable to lift him. A party of the Imperialists rode up and asked 'who was the wounded man?' Lubeling replied that he was an officer. The enemy, not satisfied with the answer, or seeing Swedes advancing, despatched the King with several sword and pistol wounds. Gustavus, in expiring, said, 'I was King of Sweden.' Lubeling remained, mortally wounded, by the side of his master; the storm of battle swept along, and both bodies, stript to the skin, were soon disfigured beneath the hoofs of vaunting enemies.

"The King's horse, flying wild, with loosened rein and blood-covered housings, gave the first intimation of what had happened; and fugitive attendants too soon confirmed the fatal tidings. An equerry named Trueshes, who had seen the King fall, was the first to tell the Duke of Weimar that Gustavus was either dead or wounded, and in the hands of the enemy. Bernhard hastened to Kniphausen, and whispered the sad news into his ear, asking him what was to be done? The General replied, that as the troops were still in good order, it would be easy to effect a retreat. But of this the high-hearted Weimar would hear nothing; on the contrary, he expressed his resolution to fight it out to the last, and to release the King, if a prisoner, or to avenge his death should he have fallen. Calling on the soldiers to follow him, in order to liberate their captive and wounded sovereign, he again reformed the troops and prepared to advance. The colonel of the regiment of Steinbock refused to obey: Bernhard cut him down with his own hand; the rest submitted. Order having been restored, the whole line was again led towards the army, who, with great promptness, had taken advantage of his temporary success to restore his battle, and re-occupy his favourite position.

"Undismayed by the heavy fire of musketry from the trenches, the Swedes again

cross the road; they had the death of their great King to avenge; and who could value life when the noblest had been sacrificed? Religion, loyalty, patriotism, animated the Imperialists; every sentiment that could raise the heart and nerve the arm of the brave, was in action; nor was a sterner combat than the one which followed ever fought by exasperated men. The gallantry of the Swedish onset again bears down all resistance; not only is the windmill battery taken, the large battery on the right also falls into the hands of the assailants; and the imperial guns are turned against their own battalions. The left wing is once more driven from the field; the centre is in disorder; powder-waggons blow up in rear of the army, and render the confusion general; whole regiments already take to flight; the exulting Swedes shout victory; when Pappenheim again tears the blood-stained laurel from their brows. This intrepid soldier received the order to march on Lutzen, at the very moment when his men were engaged in sacking the town of Halle. He instantly sounded to horse, and leaving directions for the infantry and artillery to follow, as soon as they could be assembled, set out at the head of his cavalry, and hurried, with spur of fire, towards the scene of action.

"The imperial army was beaten, when his heroic spirit gave them another chance for victory. Collecting the best of his troops, who had taken little share in the first part of the action, he threw himself on the fatigued and loosened ranks of the Swedish right wing, and again bore them back. Wallenstein, profiting by this success, once more brought the infantry of the centre to the charge. The fiercest combat ever known to any of the soldiers present here took place, and the Swedes, unable to withstand the onset of additional thousands, were forced, with dreadful slaughter, across the trenches, and the twice-captured guns were again retaken. Wallenstein, in the midst of the fire, directed this terrible combat himself; wherever danger was greatest there he was present; all his attendants were struck down by his side; a cannon-shot tore the spur from his heel, and several musket-balls lodged in the folds of his buff-coat, but he escaped unharmed. Not so fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, and the most formidable warrior of the House of Austria, and of the Church. Urged on by his fiery impetuosity, he penetrated, at the head of his cavalry,—who readily followed such a leader,—into the very midst of the Swedes, and fell, nobly fighting, in the foremost rank. Two musket-balls pierced his scar-covered breast, and fainting from loss of blood, he was carried out of the

field. While in the arms of his attendants, a murmur reached his ear that Gustavus was no more. When the report was confirmed to him, a ray of light reanimated, for a moment, his glazing eyes. 'Then tell the Duke of Friedland,' he said, 'that I die happy, since I know that this irreconcilable enemy of my religion has fallen with me on the same day.'

The carnage at Lutzen must have been very great. The number killed on both sides was at the time estimated at 9000 men (among whom, we may remark by the way, was found an Abbot of Fulda, a true representative of the church militant); but as this, on the ordinary rules on which military casualties are calculated, would, as Colonel Mitchell remarks, give about 30,000 killed and wounded, the probability is that that estimate is exaggerated. Still, however, the loss must have greatly exceeded that sustained in any other action during the Thirty Years' War; the whole field from Lutzen to the Floss-Graben was, as an eyewitness states, covered with heaps of slain. Wallenstein next morning could only assemble 2000 effective men when he attempted to bring his lost artillery from the field; while the Swedes, on their part, could only muster 12,000 men at Weissenfels some days afterwards.

Among the Imperialists who fell at Lutzen there was none whose death was so much lamented as that of Pappenheim. His dauntless courage, heroic gallantry, and generous feeling, added to a more than ordinary degree of military skill and decision, as the result of his campaigns proved, have made him a peculiar favourite of his countrymen, and the hero of not a few of the thousand and one romances and novels in which the eventful period of the Thirty Years' War has been commemorated in Germany.

The Imperial army being utterly disorganized by the defeat at Lutzen, and destitute of stores, Wallenstein abandoned Leipzig, and continued his retreat without interruption till he succeeded in interposing the mountains of Bohemia between the broken remnants of his army and the enemy. The pursuit had been feebly conducted. The loss of the great Conqueror of the North had at first dispirited the Swedes; they were not as yet aware that in Bernhard, Duke of Weimar, on whom the command next devolved, they had found a successor not un-

worthy even of Gustavus. No sooner had Wallenstein placed his army in winter-quarters than he resumed the practice which, during his whole career, he had pursued, of bestowing munificent rewards upon those who appeared to him to have performed their duty, and of punishing with corresponding severity those who had been guilty of misconduct. He distributed in presents to individuals and regiments above 100,000 crowns, equal, perhaps, as Colonel Mitchell observes, to L.100,000 at the present day, and certainly an enormous sum to be given by any individual out of his private funds. On the other hand, the standard of punishment seemed not less liberal; for twelve officers, convicted of having misbehaved before the enemy, were beheaded at Prague, seven others cashiered with infamy, and forty who had absconded, declining to stand their trials, were declared dishonoured, and had their names affixed to the gibbet.

We have now arrived at that period of Wallenstein's history where his character and conduct become problematical. Hitherto we have little hesitation in saying, there appears no ground whatever for the accusation of bad faith towards the Emperor, with which he was afterwards charged. But the whole course of Wallenstein's conduct after the campaign of Lutzen is eccentric and unaccountable, to say the least, to a degree which might well have aroused the suspicion and jealousy of the Court of Vienna, and which must still throw a cloud of suspicion over his memory. His army having been again recruited during the winter to 40,000 men, he left Prague on 5th May 1633, to open his last campaign. An eyewitness thus describes his departure. 'The train announced the man who, in power and splendour, vied even with the Emperor himself. The procession consisted of fourteen carriages, each drawn by six horses; twenty cavaliers of rank attended on Wallenstein's own person; and a hundred and twenty livery servants followed in the suite. All the court attendants were dressed in new scarlet and blue uniforms; and ten trumpeters sounding their silver-gilt trumpets, opened the way. All the baggage-waggons were covered with gilt leather; the greatest order prevailed in the establishment, and every person knew exactly what was his place and what were his duties. The Duke himself

was dressed in a horseman's buff-coat; and the entire scene resembled more a victor's triumph than the march of a lately baffled commander."

Much was, of course, expected from the appearance of Wallenstein upon the theatre of war with such a force at his command, opposed to troops who had lost their great leader; but these hopes were destined to be disappointed. Instead of fighting, he proceeded to negotiate with the Saxons; concluded an armistice with them; and when, after its close, he invested Schweidnitz and bombarded it for a day or two, he retired as Arnheim advanced to the relief of the place, taking up a strong position, from which he contented himself with harassing the Saxons by his numerous light cavalry.

The charges against Wallenstein in regard to this campaign appear strong; his inactivity at the most critical period in Saxony,—with such a powerful force at his disposal; the sacrifice of Ratisbon,—the suspicious liberation of the notorious Count Thurn, the old enemy of the Catholic cause, after the complete victory at Steinau, are certainly calculated to awaken strong suspicions of his motives. The defence, on the other hand, would be powerful, were there reason to believe that Wallenstein's real object in not pressing the war in Silesia was to conclude a separate peace with the Saxons, and thus, by detaching from the Swedes their most important ally, compel them to give up their designs upon Germany. Unfortunately, however, for this view of Wallenstein's intentions, there exists complete evidence that Arnheim, the Saxon commander, and, it must be kept in view, the old associate and friend of Wallenstein, in a personal interview with the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern at Gelnhausen, stated, as if authorized by Wallenstein, that the latter had never forgiven the insult put upon him by his first dismissal from the command; that he stood even then in no good favour at Vienna; that the Duke of Feria was about to arrive from Italy to replace him in the command; and that for these insults he was determined to take vengeance on the house of Austria, and had already secured two of the generals, Holk and Gallas, to his interest. Accordingly, his proposal was, that six Swedish regiments should be placed at Wallenstein's service, in return for which he would give over to

the Swedes six of his own. As soon as this exchange should be effected, he would enter Bohemia, restore the old rights and charters of that kingdom, and then march to Vienna and force the Emperor to make peace.

If such proposals were made with Wallenstein's authority, there is, of course, an end of any question as to his treasonable intentions. Whatever may have been his views as to the propriety or expediency of peace, any alliance between him, the generalissimo of the Emperor, and the Swedes, directed against the Emperor himself, was treason of the very darkest character. The whole question then is, had Arnheim authority from Wallenstein to make these propositions?—for we dismiss as absurd the supposition that Wallenstein would authorize or direct Arnheim to make such proposals without a motive, or for the mere purpose of amusing the Swedes. Indeed this last supposition, so far as we know, has not been maintained by any of Wallenstein's apologists. If, however, the sole enquiry be as to Arnheim's authority to make the statement, we fear the presumptions are strongly in favour of the affirmative.

Arnheim certainly was a person somewhat of doubtful faith; but what motive could he have to deceive his allies the Swedes, and involve them in a compact of this nature, if he had not himself believed that Wallenstein *had made such statements*?—But what adds additional probability to the supposition that Wallenstein, from whatever motive, was disposed, by an alliance with some foreign power, to render himself independent of the Emperor, and was therefore likely to have authorized the communication thus made, and which to the wary Oxenstiern, who distrusted the quarter from which it came, appeared so suspicious, that he declined acting upon it, is the clear evidence which exists of his secret negotiations with the French Court during this period. France, it is well known, had taken a deep interest, though not an active share in the German war, and the alliance entered into with Gustavus was, after his death, renewed with the Swedish Government. The Marquis of Feuquieres was the ambassador of France at Dresden, a man justly characterised by Colonel Mitchell as among the very ablest diplomatists—"while his best diplomatic

qualities were found in the fields of war." We confess we attach the utmost importance to Feuquieres' opinions as to any question of conjectures, while we have that implicit reliance on any thing he states as having come under his own observation, which, perhaps, we might not be warranted in according to the statements of Arnheim.

It is evident that Feuquieres never entertained a doubt that Wallenstein was wavering in his attachment to the Imperial cause, and might, by the application of a sufficient motive, be induced to convert his passive discontent into active hostility. In a despatch, dated 17th June, Feuquieres says, "that he does not know for what purpose Wallenstein has concluded the truce" (i. e. the armistice with the Saxons which followed the congress of Breslau), "though reports circulated both at Vienna and in the army speak of him as intending to forsake the Imperial cause." Obtaining, as he thinks, more satisfactory grounds for this belief through Count Kinsky, an exiled Bohemian Protestant, who had married the sister of the Duchess of Friedland, to the effect that Wallenstein, though highly irritated against the Emperor, wishes to treat only with the King of France or with the Crown of Sweden, —he immediately receives instructions from Richelieu, "to assure the Duke of Friedland that the King of France is ready to aid in placing him on the throne of Bohemia, or even higher."

It is certain that these proposals were communicated to Wallenstein through Kinsky; it is certain that no written negative was ever put upon them by Wallenstein. Indeed, as might be anticipated, no writing on Wallenstein's part appears to have passed in regard to any of these treasonable negotiations; but that Wallenstein kept up this negotiation with the French crown —whether intending to avail himself of it ultimately or not—we really see no ground for doubting.

Is it possible then to regard as a high-minded or honourable man a personage thus spreading on all sides the meshes of intrigue, subjecting himself needlessly to so many misconstructions, if his intentions were pure; and as to whom the most that can be said is, that there is no *writing* under his hand by which his actual share in these treasonable designs is established? A man, of whom it could be

justly said by Arnheim, as on any view of Wallenstein's character it must be said, that "the end of all would be that nobody would believe him," has no right to complain if posterity apply to him the rule of judgment which Wallenstein in Schiller's play applies to himself,—"The mystery of my life will speak against me. Alas! 'tis evil dallying with the devil;" —and while they assume the secret negotiations with foreign and hostile powers as made out by satisfactory evidence, they may well hesitate before they adopt the over-refined theory, that all their secret practices were mere blinds to deceive France and Sweden, never meant to be seriously acted upon.

If, however, we are constrained to admit that the suspicions against Wallenstein's good faith towards the Emperor are extremely strong, it is certainly, on the other hand, quite clear that the Imperial court acted towards him with a degree of Jesuitism and dissimulation unworthy of that high tribunal, even in the case of a criminal formidable as Friedland must then have been. We hurry over some of the intermediate events; but this is certain, that after the Imperial court had made up their minds to the dismissal of Wallenstein from the command, nay, twenty days after the Emperor had even secretly issued an outlawry against him, he wrote, on the 13th February, "confiding the kingdom of Bohemia to his approved care and protection, should the Swedes, who had assembled in force near Ratisbon, advance against the frontier." This communication, be it observed, is subsequent to the Emperor's being informed of the transaction which was afterwards so strongly turned to Wallenstein's disadvantage; namely, the bond or obligation entered into at his request by the officers at Pilsen, by which they had pledged themselves "to adhere to Wallenstein to the last drop of their blood, *as long as he should continue to command the army in the service and for the good of the Emperor*." In the official account published by the Vienna Court, and in the drama of Schiller, the observation printed in italics was described as having been left out in the copy actually signed by the officers. Colonel Mitchell shows, we think on reasonable evidence, that there is no ground for suspecting any such piece of legerdemain.

Thus, then, twenty days after Wallen-

stein had been actually outlawed, and the Emperor, after much deliberation, had issued authority to lay hold of him, "dead or alive," we find him writing to him with his own hand, letters apparently of the most confidential and friendly character. Must we not add, that even if Wallenstein were guilty, such conduct was deeply unworthy of Ferdinand?

Wallenstein first learned his danger by the public exhibition at Prague of the proclamation denouncing him an outlaw. He then took the resolution of flying to Egia, and throwing himself into the arms of the allies. The circumstances attending his murder in that city must be, in their main features, too familiar to every one acquainted with Schiller's play, either in the original or in translation, to justify any recapitulation of them; it is rather due to Colonel Mitchell to exhibit in conclusion some portions of the general view of Wallenstein's character, with which he closes this portion of his work.

We have already hinted that we cannot go so far as he does in regard to the insufficiency of the evidence against Wallenstein; it may not be legally sufficient, but history never has proceeded or can proceed upon strict legal evidence; and we cannot but say that, to our minds, the moral evidence of the case leads to the supposition of Wallenstein's having at least *contemplated treason*, and made his arrangements for it if he should find it impossible otherwise to maintain his power. But for those who may be disposed to entertain a more favourable view of the evidence, it is but fair that the observations of his present biographer should be, in their substance at least, placed before them.

"His conduct, and pretended inactivity at Nuremberg, and again after the battle of Lutzen, are military questions, of which he was a better judge than the imperial ministers could be; and, as already shown, he seems, on both occasions, to have acted in a manner deserving the highest praise. Count Thurn was liberated in conformity with the terms of a regular capitulation, which could not be violated without a direct breach of faith and honour.

"The charge of treason brought against him, has never been substantiated by a shadow of proof; and wanting that proof, we are, in justice, bound to acquit the accused, however inexplicable some parts of his conduct may appear. The constant

negotiations carried on during the first months of the Silesian campaign,—the total absence of all military energy and enterprise,—more than injured Wallenstein's reputation as a soldier. It was thought strange, that the adversary of Gustavus should allow himself to be arrested by Arnheim and the Saxons; and the reports, so universally circulated, of his intention to fall off from the Emperor, naturally augmented the suspicions thus excited.

"Arnheim's extraordinary communication to Oxenshiern—the statements contained in the letters of the Saxon general,—as well as those contained in the letters of Prince Francis Albert,—Kinsky's mysterious correspondence with Feuquieres, are all unexplained circumstances, detrimental to the fair fame of the Duke of Friedland; but they do not constitute proofs of treason; for we do not know that any of these persons had authority to make the proposals in question, or had grounds for the statements contained in their letters; not a single line of Wallenstein's own writing has ever been produced against him.

"From the general tenor of his letters, we know that he was a decided enemy of Sweden; and Richelieu's Memoirs inform us that he entertained feelings equally hostile towards France. May we not, therefore, suppose, that he was honestly striving to unite the different powers of Germany, in order to clear the empire of foreign influence and foreign armies; so that a peace might be concluded between the Catholics and Protestants, without being first purchased from strangers, at the enormous price which they ultimately exacted for their interference in the war? Such a plan was worthy of the genius and patriotism of Friedland, and accords far more with his known words and actions, than any that has yet been ascribed to him.

"There are probably many men who would be ready to strike for crowns and sceptres, if the brilliant baubles could be gained by direct and open violence; but who would scorn to connect themselves with the bravos, stabbers, gamblers, trading patriots, intriguers, adventurers, and other mean tools that treason employs in working out its dark and unworthy projects. Pride alone will keep men of high character virtuous, and the Duke of Friedland was the proudest of the proud; whether he would have seized a crown, by open force, we cannot say; but we may safely assert, that he never could have been a conspirator. It is now evident that Wallenstein fell a victim to some dark plot, the thread of which has not yet been discovered, though its machinations are amply attested by the letters of the Italian

faction, and by those of the Elector of Bavaria. Maximilian, Piccolomini, Diodati, Grana, Gallasso, and others, worked skilfully on the jealous fears of the Emperor, and hurried him into measures, of which he so far repented as to declare, some years afterwards, that Wallenstein was less guilty than his enemies had represented.

"The combination of Pilsen was, no doubt, reprehensible, and would now be criminal; but it was less so at a period when the just principles of subordination were almost unknown; and the Court of Vienna, so far from looking upon the transaction as a serious offence, thought it advisable to give a false account of the proceeding, when they brought it forward as a treasonable charge. It is said, in the imperial statement, that the paper signed by the officers, had been fraudulently substituted for the one which contained the resolutions actually agreed upon, and that the clause, contained in the first,—suppressed paper,—by which the officers bound themselves to remain faithful to the Emperor, had been purposely omitted in the second paper, to which the signatures were obtained. These imperial assertions bear falsehood on their very face; no man would think himself bound by a signature out of which he had been defrauded; nor did any of the officers tried allege in their defence that so mean a deception had been practised upon them.

"But allowing that precedent, and the opinions of the time, palliated, in some degree, this military combination, it must still be a question whether Wallenstein really intended to resign the command of the army when he called the officers together; whether the most ambitious of men was willing to descend from dictatorial power to the retirement of private life, at the very moment when France was tendering crowns, armies, and millions for his acceptance. History is bound to acquit the Duke of Friedland of treason; for all the power and influence of Vienna failed to make out a case against him. From beyond the grave the mighty spirit of the man still overawed his enemies and confounded their counsels; it was in vain that bribes and tortures were employed to prove him guilty; these criminal efforts only recoiled upon their authors, and laid bare to the world the full infamy of their conduct. But the guilt of one party cannot establish the innocence of another; and strongly as this presumptive evidence tells in Wallenstein's favour, the suspicions caused by his eccentric conduct still remain. What were the plans engendered in that lofty and aspiring mind,—what the hopes cherished in that ambitious and not ignoble heart,—are questions never likely

to be answered! Oxenstiern declared, even in the last years of his life, that he never could comprehend the object Wallenstein really had in view; and as the ablest and best informed man of the time failed to unravel the secret, it will be in vain that we attempt to fathom a mystery, over which the gloom of two centuries has now been gathered.

"If we too often see the best and most generous qualities of our nature crushed beneath the chilling influence of adversity, so we expect, on the other hand, to find them called forth and cherished by the genial sunshine of power and prosperity. We naturally feel disposed to combine the idea of high qualities with high station; and the want of noble and generous feeling, which in the humbler ranks of life is but an absence of virtue, augments to criminality, in proportion as we ascend in the scale of society; and we can only fancy such deficiency to exist upon a throne, when the crowned occupant is composed of the meanest materials of which human nature is ever put together. Ferdinand II. was such an occupant of a throne. In the hour of danger, and when pressed by the victorious arms of the Swedes, he conferred almost dictatorial power on the man from whose aid he alone expected safety. But no sooner was the first peril over, than the imagination of the terrified sovereign, magnified into treason and rebellion, the exercise of the power which he had before delegated. In his base and unkingly fear,—to acquit him even of envy and avarice,—he condemned without a trial or hearing; and not only handed over the man, who had twice saved the monarchy, to the halberds of hired assassins, but rendered himself an active party to the crime by the treachery of his conduct. In order to deceive his intended victim, and to render the blow more certain, he remained in constant and confidential correspondence with Wallenstein, for twenty days after the betrayed General had been outlawed as a rebel. True it is, that he afterwards caused three thousand masses to be said for the souls of the slain; and courtiers and confessors may, by such means, have silenced the feeble voice of the royal conscience. But the voice of history will not be so silenced; and the name of Ferdinand II. will be handed down to latest posterity as the name of a sovereign in whose callous heart not even imperial sway could raise one spark of noble fire; who, while crawling in the dust before images and reliques, remained deaf to the duties of Christianity; and repaid the greatest services ever rendered to a prince, by one of the foulest deeds of treason and of murder recorded in the dark annals of human crime."

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. XV.

THE pomps of the Lord Mayor's day, amusing as they were to the City, have produced a great deal of bickering, which lasts longer than either the gas-lights or the gratitude. Large as the hall was, the invitations were so absurdly given, that the most important persons in London were necessarily omitted. That the Common-Councilmen and their wives should come, was not to be helped; that the Aldermen and their wives should be present, was only what was to be expected; but we are unable to ascertain by what rule it was that the whole body of the leading clergy, the merchants, and the magistracy, with one or two exceptions, were excluded. This might have been a Corporation entertainment, but it was certainly not a City one. The procession through the City was stately; but if the quadripeds could have written a journal, and have forsworn the ridiculous adulation with which the biped journalists load the innocent little Queen, the cream-coloured horses would have told nothing but the truth in declaring themselves the pride of the procession. Among the quarrels to which this stately ceremonial has given place, the most amusing is one in which Sydney Smith has been entangled. Every incident of this reverend person's life, by some fatality, takes the shape of a joke. His literature is a joke, his profession is a joke, and his feelings are a joke. He has been through the best part of his life a violent politician; and, now that Time has crusted him over with years, he stands, like a rusty weathercock, incapable of turning round, whatever wind may blow, or whatever may be his inclination to follow it. Still he loves his joke, and has it upon all occasions. Previously to the late procession, he and some of the residentiaries of St Paul's had ordered the east window of the cathedral to be taken out, and the service to be suspended for a week. For what conceivable purpose? To give a group of idlers, belonging to the canons and so forth, an opportunity of gazing at the passing pageant. If the indi-

viduals in question were so bitten with the love of sight, seeing that they must have the exhibition at all hazards, it would have been infinitely more decorous to have furnished them with ten shillings a-piece from the canonical purse, and thus enabled them to supply themselves with seats in the shop-windows along Cheapside. The desecration was calculated to give offence, and we cannot be surprised that some notice of it made its way into the public papers. Accordingly, a letter appeared, charging the authorities of the church with it as a grave offence, but without giving any name. Sydney Smith took up the quarrel and the pen together, and justifying the impropriety of the present act by its only following the example of a previous impropriety, and clearing himself from the indecency of having shared in giving the order, by the simple circumstance of his not enjoying the show, wrote the following letter, which was in his usual style of joke:—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ SIR,—The establishment of St Paul's consists of a dean, three residentiaries, and a *stultus ecclesie*, or regular fool. The business of the latter is to fill the newspapers with little gossiping falsehoods and nonsense about the former. But *stultus* or *stulta* (for either sex is eligible) has said, that since the time of Cromwell there has been no such desecration of the church. Now, the erection complained of (which will be entirely removed before Sunday next) is precisely in the same place where the dean and chapter ordered a staircase to be made for them, and accommodation prepared to see the procession of the foreign kings and princes to Guildhall in 1814. Scaffolding was erected all over the same spot, and the church shut up for a month. The same erection was made at Nelson's funeral, and every year the church is shut for a fortnight or three weeks, to enable carpenters and joiners to erect scaffolding for the charity children.

“ The present erection is not for the

promiscuous admission of the public, but for the accommodation of the chapter and their friends, admitted by their own signature. As for accommodation to my reverence (as our officer terms me), I never had the smallest intention to be present,—not from the lack of loyalty, but from the fear of rheumatism."

We admit all this to be very pleasant, and very much in the old Whig style. The leopard cannot change his spots; nor can the Whig. With the party, precedence is every thing; and any previous absurdity stands for the natural protector of the absurdity that follows. But this Whig canon-residentiary has been all his life long laughing at the sayings and doings of all canons-residentiary and churchmen of every kind, and has but little right to shelter himself under their blunders. The man who wrote and harangued through a life of speech-making and pamphleteering against the abuses of the Church, and who was finally aiding and abetting, and throwing down its ramparts, to let the Papists enter in full force, might fairly have extended his reform to a practice which, notwithstanding the best jokes that can be made upon the subject, all decent persons will pronounce to be a desecration of the Church. The exact state of the case is this:—Divine service is performed regularly twice a-day under the roof of St Paul's. By the act of the canons-residentiary, or whoever may be the culprits, this service is stopt for a whole week; in other words, twelve solemnizations of divine worship are extinguished—And for what reason? Simply to allow some of the officials of the church and their families to have a scaffold raised, from which they may have a convenient view of a showy procession in the streets. This we think is much more than an indecorum; and we think the indecorum very little palliated by its having been committed before. It is to no purpose to tell us that the same thing was done at the visit of the Emperors. It ought not to have been done then, nor at Nelson's funeral; nor ought it to have been done now. As to the closing of the church during the annual erection of the galleries for the charity children, that is a great religious ceremony; and the suspension of the Church-service, if indeed it be

necessary even then, is not to give a few gentlemen and ladies the opportunity of enjoying at their ease the sight of her Majesty's coaches and cavalry, but to provide for a great anniversary, for which provision could be made in the cathedral alone. We have no wish to disturb the repose of the volatile canon-residentiary; but we must suggest that it would be only becoming in him and his associates either to make this the last of these gross offences against public propriety, or to supply the public with a better apology for what they have done, *if they can*.

The inconvenience of a bad neighbour is proverbial, but the following case, which lately occurred at one of the London police offices, puts the proverb in a remarkably clear point of view. It appears that for some time past, the complainant, a tradesman, but of considerable property, had found the ornaments of his household rapidly disappearing; one day a silver salver fled from his sideboard; another day a candlestick knew its place no more; another day the goblet dear to his soul from wedding recollections, no longer glittered in his eye; another day his soup-ladle had made to itself wings and was gone. This, of course, produced an inquisition in the house, servants were examined, closets were hunted to the remotest extremity, rat-holes were searched, but all in vain. After a short pause in this general vanishing, when the sideboard could suffer no further defalcation, the wardrobe began to take its share in the adventure; coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons followed the fugitive plate. The losses now became evidently a matter of more delicacy, for the process threatened to leave the family in the primitive state of mankind. Before he had parted with his final pair of pantaloons, the tradesman made one vigorous search more, suspected every thing and every body, but in vain, and was on the verge of being reduced to the conviction that the whole affair was supernatural! However, before he publicly impeached the new Cock-lane ghost, he determined to make one last enquiry. As he was pondering on the course which he was now to take, the recollection suddenly occurred to him, that the houses in which he and his neighbour lived had formerly been one. What had greatly increased the mys-

tery of the whole transaction was, that though plunder had evidently been committed, and the opportunity had as evidently been taken, when the tradesman and his family had left the house locked up during their walk to church or the parks on Sundays, they had found the doors and windows on their return just as they had left them, every bar, bolt, and lock, in full security. The attack had therefore not been made from the outside. In pursuing his conjecture he happened to rub off a fragment of paint from a small window which looked into the next house, and to his astonishment had a view of his own goblet on his neighbour's mantel-piece.

On this discovery he acted with the skill of a true diplomatist, kept his secret to himself until he had deposited it in the ear of a pair of the police sergeants and led them to the house of the delinquent. Nothing could equal the surprise of the accused but his indignation. He appealed to his character, and refused to be locked up. However, the goblet, though without a tongue, gave strong testimony, and the purloiner and his wife were carried from their counter to the watch-house. The officers now had a fair field before them, and they commenced a singularly productive course of discovery. The rest of the narrative reminds us rather of the dexterity of some Sicilian banditti in the midst of their castles and caverns, than of the simplicity of a London shopkeeper in the Cockney bustle of Islington. Under the bedstead of the parties was a trap-door, and the trap-door led, by a winding stair first into the bowels of the earth, and thence upward again into the neighbouring mansion. The fruits of this intercourse were the plunder of the sideboard, wardrobe, of every place which contained any thing, and of every thing which could be carried off by active hands during the absence of the tradesman and his family. The officers found plate, china, glass, and wearing apparel as the spoils in the house. On looking farther, they found an additional and handsome depository of similar articles buried in the earth.

The propensity to catch every thing which could be caught appeared strong, for amongst the plunder was found a showy hearth-rug, which a manufacturer in the adjoining house had hung out as a symbol of his trade, and which,

by being hung from his second floor window, he naturally conceived to be beyond the grasp of common thievery. But he had forgotten the perils impending from above, and while he was defying the petty larceny of the streets, a clever pitch from the roof carried up the hearth-rug, and deprived him of the badge of his trade. The plunderer and his wife bore a capital character in their neighbourhood, and were regarded by common fame "as remarkably quiet and industrious people." That they did their business quietly in their neighbour's house is plain enough, and that they could be remarkably industrious upon Sundays is equally plain; but they were committed notwithstanding, and seem to be very likely candidates for the next experiments in colonization.

The musical world has just lost a great genius; one of the stars of its firmament has fallen. Hummel, the great harmonist, and improvisatore on the piano, is dead. He was perhaps one of the finest extempore performers in the world. When he sat down to the piano, he seemed to forget all that was round him, and passed into a new state of thoughts and things. He wandered away into a region of harmony, and poured out a crowd of the noblest conceptions of music. While his fingers were ranging over the keys, apparently by chance, yet directed by the finest and most habitual skill of science, he created brilliant passages, intricate figures, and daring eccentricities of composition, with the rapidity, richness, and ease of something little short of musical inspiration. Generally taking some simple movement for his theme, he first touched it with delicate and exquisite taste, then dashed off with a bolder outline, and after having fixed this in the minds of his hearers, filled it up alternately with all that was fanciful and all that was forcible in the resources of science. All this may sound extravagant to those who have never heard Hummel; those who have, will acknowledge that language borrowed from the sister art of painting, is almost the only one applicable to the luxuriant and glowing variety of his powers. It is remarkable that his written compositions were less effective; they are solid, clear, and powerful; but they want the rapid fire and glittering novelty of his extempore

performances. If Handel's mighty productions have been compared to the Gothic cathedral, vast, solemn, and grand, and Haydn's to a Grecian temple, pure and polished, and at once the work of science and simplicity, Hummel's extempore productions, when he was left free to follow his own thoughts with the piano before him, might be compared to the fantastic beauty of some of those edifices that we see reared upon the stage, formed of the slightest materials, yet picturesque, and though passing away from the eye, yet impressing the memory with a sense of combined elegance and splendour. Hummel, from his earliest days, was destined for music. It is superfluous to say that he was made master of all the finer secrets of his profession, when we say that he was the pupil of Mozart. He performed, when but nine years of age, at his great master's concerts in Dresden; and when Germany lost that most delicious of all composers, Hummel had the honour of being appointed to direct the music performed at his obsequies. After making the round of Germany, he came to England many years since, and was received with great applause. After remaining in this country for some time, he returned to Germany, and devoted himself to composition. Music for the concert-room, the chapel, and the opera, was the fruit of his study. Four or five years since, he once more came to England, and was received with the homage due to a veteran whose fame had been established. But at this time a new school had been formed in Germany, and become popular in England. Rapidity of execution had superseded delicacy of taste; difficulty was mistaken for science, and extravagance for originality. Hummel was still admired; but younger rivals naturally carry off the honours of the old, among the fluctuating tastes of a singularly fluctuating people. After a residence of one or two years in London, where he gave occasional concerts, he retired to Weimar, where he died at the age of fifty-nine.

This is the age of intellect, and there is no reason why medicine should not have its novelties as well as politics. But there is nothing like practical evidence. The following case

occurred a few days since in one of the London Police Offices:—

An extraordinary looking old man, whose head, like those of the Anthracophagi, did grow beneath his shoulders, whose politics might have been judged from the *sans culotte* state of his costume, and who, like an Irish forty-shilling freeholder, carried his fee simple on his back, was brought before the magistrate by one of the constables. His crime seems a singular one, or at least one which, among higher personages, is passed over with extraordinary impunity; it was that of sleeping in the presence of the public. We can conceive Lord Glenelg's alarm at discovering that a crime of this order is visitable by public justice; nor are we sure that the House of Commons itself feels perfectly safe, as it notoriously falls asleep *en masse* by instinct, whenever Lord John Russell grows pathetic, whenever Mr Spring Rice affects to argue, Mr Poulett Thompson to be humorous, or Mr Joseph Hume to talk independence and English. We admit, however, the strength of the plea on each and all of those occasions, but the old adage of the Greek was now verified, that laws are like cobwebs, they catch the small flies, but the large ones break through them. The sleeper in this instance had chosen a dunghill in a stable-yard. If he had slumbered on the Treasury Bench, or at the desk of the Colonial Office, he might have passed for a Statesman and a Reformer. "Who are you, my good man?" said the magistrate; "what is your name?" "I am a doctor," was the answer, "and known over all Europe. I am Doctor Belberrie."

Mag. "Have you no friends or home, that you should be found sleeping on a dunghill at this time of the year?"

To the first part of the question the doctor answered like a philosopher: "As to friends, I have enough of them, for I am on good terms with all the world." To the second, like a physician: "As to sleeping on a dunghill, it is the bed of all others I like best. Besides, it is good for my rheumatism." He then talked like an epicure; "I always find a nice soft fresh heap, and bury my limbs in it up to the hips, and I experience more genial heat from such a covering than from all your blankets and counterpanes."

We admit that this is not the first time of recognising the value of a dunghill by public characters. We have in great abundance dunghill patriots, some dunghill orators, and not a few dunghill heroes in the list of modern renovators. We shall undertake to say, for instance, that the great Agitator has a grateful memory of the dunghill in his heart, and a showy panegyric of it in his portfolio. The very mention of it must remind him of the composition of his own faculties, feelings, and fortunes. We can fancy him in one of his fondest moods, thus addressing one of those heaps. "Emblem of myself," he might say, "raked together from the kennel, compound of all that is vile to the eye, odious to the sense, and polluting to the touch, I see thee rise day by day with added offal; rejoicingly I see thy fume ascend, poisoning the air; rejoicingly I see thee grow more rotten, as thou growest more mature; more offensive to every sense, as thou growest more lofty; but the time shall come, when even thou shalt be pulled down, scattered in dust, and mixed with the general clay. The enemies of freedom will then exult over thy downfall, and say that the only good to be found for me, is when I, too, like thee shall be scattered, and we shall both have our revenge. Thy stench shall poison the land while an atom remains above ground, nor shall my memory be forgotten nor unavenged, 'while rottenness can be propagated among mankind.'"

The Doctor was then asked "Where have you practised as a medical man?"

Doctor. "My walk has been round the globe. I have practised in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I have served in the army, I have served in the navy, and in both I have saved thousands of lives. My art is peculiar; it consists in the composition of my medicines. I am now about to take out a patent for one which will cure the cholera in the four quarters of the globe. It is ten to one better than Morrison's pills: you shall hear the component parts."

The Doctor, besides being a physician, was evidently a philanthropist, for he disclosed the secret of his medicine on the spot; but, unlike Lord John Russell, it is quite clear that he was neither for weak remedies nor half measures. Taking a paper from his wallet, he read the recipe, which

we have no doubt would be among the most popular as well as the most palatable that ever was offered by science; the foundation of the cure being laid in three bottles of the best port wine, and four of the best French brandy. The Magistrate here asked him the home question, "Have you any parish?"

Doctor. "Parish! to be sure I have; all the world is my parish, for I go where I like, and I never find a door shut against me." The Doctor evidently equivocated, but the ingenuity of the equivocation whitewashed the crime, as it does in the case of Attorney-Generals and others of the same profession. By making all the world his parish, he evidently avoided coming within any local act, and by sleeping in the open air, he as evidently escaped having the door shut in his face. We have heard of this dexterity before, amongst the Irish felons, who saved their lives by dying in jail; and among Irish felons of another order, who saved their honour by forgetting their oaths. However, the Doctor was still active. "I have another receipt," said he, "here, which I give to the poor, and to prevent their being deceived by the druggists, I have marked down the price of the medicines, and the rogues dare not charge more." The Magistrate then made another home-thrust, which was parried with equal dexterity. "You are not without money, I suppose?"

Doctor. "Money! I have plenty of it, but I never carry it about me, for fear of being robbed." He then described his ways and means, and showed his patriotism by raising them on the enemy. "Bless your soul, I made my fortune abroad. I made more money out of Bonaparte in Egypt, by curing the jaundice, than all of you could carry on your backs." The Magistrate then ventured another interrogatory, which was retorted with the skill of a veteran practitioner. "Doctor, would you not like to go to a workhouse?"

Doctor. "No, sir, I thank you; I prefer my dunghill bed and the contents of my wallet to hard usage and water-gruel in your pauper establishments. I want for nothing, and can always procure a supply of money from my agent in the City, when my stock of provisions runs low." Kindling with the theme, he now threw himself in an attitude, and spoke like

a poet. "I would rather sleep with my limbs buried in dung, with nothing but the canopy of Heaven over me, than in the softest bed of down with silk hangings." The Magistrate, evidently not understanding poetry, here cut short this son of Apollo by a double title, and gave the order that he should not be permitted to sleep in the open air, but must be sent to the workhouse. The Doctor, like a man who knew the world, and the folly of resisting a Bow-Street magistrate, calmly took up his wallet, and prepared to follow the constable, protesting, however, in the injured name of freedom and philosophy, against the oppression which had compelled a Briton to sleep in a bed instead of a dunghill, or abide under the roof of a workhouse, when he had the skies for his roof, and all the world for his bed-chamber.

Yet the conception of the ingenious Doctor is not altogether new. Old men still record, with a brisk recollection of the days of their youth, the performances of a Doctor Graham, with whom the earth-bath was a specific for all the casualties and calamities of our nature. The Doctor brought his patients into an apartment, where each was plunged naked and neck deep into fresh dug earth. There they remained, the Doctor in full Parisian dress, with bag-wig and sword, moving from plant to plant of those curious exotics, and ascertaining by the pulse how far the genial spirit of the soil had infused itself into their frames. This earth-bath gave rise to some odd incidents. Among the rest, a freakish gentleman one day straying through the Doctor's spacious house, happened to open the door of this living greenhouse; struck with astonishment at the sight, he gazed for a while, but recollecting that he had seen buckets of some fluid, probably not of the most pellucid kind, standing in the stable, he deliberately dashed them over the heads of the patients, crying out, to the astonished but utterly helpless sufferers, that they looked horridly dry, and that nothing in the ground could live without being watered.

This shows how far the gullibility of our wisest of wise nations can go. Graham was within sight of a rapid fortune. He was a showy fellow, dressed handsomely, and had neither principle nor character; in short, he

had every qualification for picking up an heiress. He narrowly escaped being employed by all the maids of honour, and was supposed to have been the first and last who promised an heir to the well-known Duke of Queensberry. But there is a tide in the affairs of men: Graham suffered it to turn, gave dinners more showy than the Peerage, and thus offended them irreconcilably; forgot to give dinners to the Sir John Fieldings of the day, and thus offended them beyond all hope of forgiveness; in fact, thought too much of himself and too little of others, and in the course of a few years ran aground. Where he retired is still obscure. A man in miserable plight, calling himself Doctor Graham, made his appearance a dozen years afterwards at the watering-places in the north. Nobody could recognise him as the showy, fluent, and plausible man of the earth-bath; unlike the Doctor of the dunghill, he had no objection to go to the workhouse, and there he died, pretending to the last that he was the true Simon Pure—a pretence which nobody believed. All who had ever known Graham knew that this could not be the manner of his extinction; that his genius could not thus be squeezed out of the world; and that, in short, he must turn up some way or other, in the shape of some dashing novelty. The East, as Napoleon said, is the place for brilliant adventurers, and to this hour there are some who account for the extraordinary rise of Mustapha Bairactar, the extraordinary vizier of Sultan Selim, by his being only the transformation of Graham into a Turk, and of his *chapeau-bras* into a turban. There were even rumours, that, previously to this event, he had been seen in Corsica; that he was a prodigious admirer of the majestic graces of Letitia Raniolini, who, in turn, as is natural among persons of genius, was a prodigious admirer of the magnificent Quack. We have no desire here to deal with Corsican scandal, but it was always our firm belief that a little attorney of Ajaccio never gave life to the dashing charlatanry, overleaping ambition, and fiery spirit of Napoleon.

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Mr O'Connell, whose name, we suppose, will be before the public until he is hanged, has begun his winter campaign like the winter itself,—blustering, misty, and murky,—so to conti-

nue until better days expel it, and the land is free again. Englishmen have already learnt to treat him very much like the winter; they shut their doors upon him universally; and leave him to howl in the streets. In fact, there is but one House in the kingdom in which Mr O'Connell can set his foot, without the chance of being turned out within the next five minutes; but into that House, unluckily, so many like himself have made their way, that there he is perfectly at home. At the approach of every Session he sets his grievance to a new tune; one year it is tithe, another year the corporations, and now the indignation of his whole poltroonery is roused by the petitions of the honest electors against the returns of his accomplices. He rages and bellows especially against the fund raised to relieve the petitioners from ruin. Nothing can be at once more natural and more profligate on his part, for there are men in whom nature and profligacy go together. He trembles, as the dog detected in plundering trembles at the sight of the lash, or as the jail-bird when he sees the executioner, noose in hand. As to its being originally the act of the Conservatives, this is like all his other fictions; the idea was his own. It is scarcely more than a year since he begged a subscription throughout England to support him in resisting the petition of the members for Dublin,—a petition which was proved to be just, and in which every shilling expended by the allies of Mr O'Connell was, therefore, expended in the attempt to support an unjustifiable return; and no man could know better, of course, than Mr O'Connell himself, of what nature his voters were, and therefore he must have known that the eight thousand pounds sterling which he grasped from his Radical contributors was to enable him not to sustain a right, but a wrong. Even at this moment, demands are made by his Papist and Radical associates for subscriptions; and, after all this, he has the unparalleled effrontery to denounce the English election fund. But what is the actual nature of that fund? It is merely an attempt to assist the course of justice where a wrong has palpably been done, and to prevent honest men being ruined in the effort to recover the rights of the people. A great number of gentlemen who would have been returned if there had

been any fairness at the hustings, demand justice at the Parliamentary tribunal; but the demand is so expensive, that they cannot pursue it without serious injury to their own properties. In that case, what is the duty of every man who feels the importance of having honest representatives, and who knows that in fact those representatives are labouring not for themselves but for him? It is to assist them in making their way into those seats, where in justice and honour they should be placed. This can be done only by public subscription. To the O'Connell charge, that the subscription is for the purpose of exciting litigation, the answer is plain, and it is, that in no instance whatever is that subscription to be applied, but where good grounds for the petition are distinctly shown, and where the conduct of the O'Connellites and Radicals has been so palpably base and violent, that the success of a petition is almost certain. In such cases, nothing can be clearer than that the petition is merely a means of doing that which every man is bound to do, as far as he can, viz., assisting the course of justice; and as upon the success of those petitions may depend the extinction of a violent conspiracy against the state, the expulsion of an odious faction from power, and the security of the constitution, no act of public duty can be wiser, more imperious, or more honourable. The time now is short for applying contributions to this great purpose, but every Englishman should feel that he is called on by principle to join in this patriotic effort, and feel, too, that he may measure his patriotism by his activity in a crisis which eminently involves the fate of his country and his religion. The following letter from Sir Francis Burdett shows in what spirit the baronet, who has now joined sober and manly public spirit to his old intrepidity, regards this struggle for the liberties of England:—

“ TO A. SPOTTISWOODE, ESQ.

“ SIR,—It was my intention to have announced myself this day in the House of Commons as one of your ‘gang,’ but I find the motion that relates to it is deferred until the 6th of next month, and I think it very possible that it may be put off altogether; and that, although Mr O'Connell has pledged himself to prosecute the subject, he

may also drop it, as I cannot have the same confidence in his word that the Prince of Denmark had in that of the ghost, although poor Mr Raphael took it for double the amount. I now, therefore, in order to secure to myself the honour of being one of the 'gang' for seeing justice done both to Ireland and England, by subscribing to a fund intended to defray the necessary expenses for that purpose, and in order to make my wish as public as possible, take the liberty thus to address you, and to request the editor of the *Times* to transmit to you my subscription of L.20.—I remain, sir, &c. &c.

"F. BURDETT."

The talent for tiger-hunting is decaying in India. The march of mind, in the shape of the musket, has been fatal to this child of nature. He despised the matchlock, and the result of the combat in general was that it carried off the marksman, and left the matchlock to find its way home. The Indian arrows and spears were fit for nothing but killing Indians; the tiger scoffed at them, shook the arrow from his hide, crushed the lance with his paw, and finished the day's sport by devouring every remnant of the sportsman, except perhaps a turban or a pair of bangles. This was a glorious time for the kings of the jungle; the tigers managed matters as they liked; poor rationality, with his weak hands and two feet, was no match for the claw that grasped like a man-trap, the limb that struck down like a thunderbolt, or the mighty tusks that made but a single crash, and the head of the Hindoo disappeared. The forest monarchs increased and multiplied, and whether the tiger took his solitary way through the sands, couched in the jungle, bathed his shining sides in the river that lay like a sheet of gold under the burning noon, or marched in troops of hundreds or thousands on their moonlight expeditions, man was the stranger and the serf, the tiger was the possessor and the sovereign.

But things have changed; the English came from beyond the seas with capital guns, made to carry a four-ounce ball to the heart of lion, buffalo, or tiger, cunning enough to keep themselves out of harm's way on the backs of elephants, rich enough to have elephants to ride on, and mad enough to venture their lives in riding after tigers where a slip of the elephant might

throw them head foremost into the tiger's mouth, and where the prey himself, if dead at their feet, was not worth the price of the lead fired into him. After a great deal of fruitless valour on the part of the tigers, they had the sense to discover the folly of fighting with Mantons and mad Englishmen, who thought as little of their own lives as of any other. The tigers, therefore, with one consent, withdrew from the neighbourhood of those unmanageable enemies, and though now and then a solitary champion traverses his own ground, eats up the Hindoos without mercy, and carries off some inadvertent Englishman who forgets that the edge of a jungle is not the outer circle of the Regent's Park, or the Himalaya is not Hampstead Hill, the mass of the tiger race, like the American Indian, have left the seats of their progenitors to the new invader, and have retreated across the prairies and floods of the interior. The consequence of all this is, that a tiger-hunt is now a matter of rare occurrence. A tiger-hunter takes on himself the airs of a hero, and the whole adventure is touched with the tinge of romance.

We have found the following narrative in a country newspaper, which we give on its authority, not knowing any other source.

"I had never before seen any thing in the shape of a tiger, and was struck dumb with astonishment; not so my little Moor boy; he was the son of a famous Shekaree, and I believe he had never seen a tiger any more than myself; he had often heard his father talk of his exploits among the wild beasts of the forest; he knew me to be a Griffin, and his little heart swelled with the proud consciousness of superior knowledge in woodcraft. 'Suppose master please,' said he, drawing himself up and assuming an air of much importance, 'I show Sahib how to kill that tiger; I know very well *burrah Shikar* business.' In my simplicity I looked upon the daring little imp who talked thus confidently of killing a panther, with a degree of respect almost amounting to awe, and without hesitation put myself under his guidance. According to his directions I extracted the shot from my gun, and loaded it with some bullets which I happened to have in my pocket. 'Now then,' exclaimed my young Shikaree as he placed me behind the shelter of

a large stone directly in the front of the cave; 'now then, I show Sahib how to make tiger come. Sahib make a tiger eat plenty balls; that proper Shikar business.' So saying, he marched directly up to the entrance of the cave and began to pelt the tiger with stones, abusing him at the same time in choice Hindostanee slang. Sure enough, this did make tiger come with a vengeance. The enraged brute, uttering a shrill roar, darted from the cave, seized the boy by the back of the neck, threw him over his shoulders, and dashed down the hill like a thunderbolt. My blood curdled at the sight, but I instinctively fired, and I suppose hit the beast, for he instantly dropped the boy, who rolled into a dark ravine at the foot of the hill. The panther having disappeared in a neighbouring jungle, I descended into the ravine, to look after poor little 'Kheder.' There he lay weltering in blood, dreadfully mangled, and evidently in a dying state, but still quite sensible. The gallant little fellow never uttered a complaint, but fixing his large black eyes steadily on my countenance, as if he could there read his fate, asked in a faint tone of voice for some water. I was stooping down to collect some in my hat, when I was startled by a surly growl, and the noise of some animal snuffing amongst the brushwood, which closed over my head and almost excluded the light of day; it was the panther, who had returned. My first impulse was to fly, and leave the boy to his fate. But poor 'Kheder,' seeing my intention, fixed his glassy eyes upon me with an imploring look which cut me to the heart, and made me blush for very shame. Kneeling by his side, I raised his head, wiped the bloody froth from his parched lips, and poured a few drops of water down his throat. This appeared to revive him. 'You have not killed the tiger, Sahib,' speaking in Hindostanee; 'I am sorry for that; I should have liked to have sent his skin to my father. But you will tell him, Sahib, that I died like a Shikaree. I was not afraid of the tiger; I never cried out when I felt his teeth crunching through my bones! No! I struck my knife in him twice. See! that is tiger's blood!' and his glaring eyes flashed wildly for a moment as he held up a bloody knife, which he clutched firmly in his right hand. 'Father will be proud to hear

this. But my mother will cry very much, and her heart will turn to water when she hears that I am dead.' And here, for the first time, the hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks. For a few minutes he remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and big drops stealing slowly and silently through the long silken eyelashes. But suddenly starting up, with his eyes-bursting from their sockets, and gasping painfully for breath, he screamed as if in a fit of delirium. 'The tiger has seized me again! save me, Sahib, save me!' cried he in a hoarse voice; 'I feel his teeth in my throat! my breath is stopped! ah! ah!' he gasped like a person drowning—his eyes turned in his head till nothing but the white was visible—his jaws became firmly locked—a cold shudder ran through his limbs, and the gallant little 'Kheder' fell back in my arms a stiffened corpse. I was young then, and unused to death, and that scene has made an impression on my mind which will never be obliterated. All this time the panther continued to pace up and down the edge of the ravine, nearly on a level with my head, growling fearfully, ever and anon poking his snout into the bushes, and snuffing at me as if debating with himself, whether or not he should jump down."

A still more energetic display of animal vivacity has reached us from a travelling friend. As the event occurred about a thousand miles off, we cannot describe it on our own authority. But as we have the utmost confidence in our friend, who is so much the reverse of Spring Rice that he abhors all luxuriating in the regions of fancy, and would as soon think of decorating a fact as of bringing in the Budget, we offer it to managers at this gloomy and pantomimical season as a capital resource for the general dulness of the frostbitten stage.

A frightful scene occurred on the 6th inst. at the theatre of Czerney, in Bohemia, during the performance of a melo-drama, called the *Bear of the Mountains*, the principal performer in which was a bruin of such wonderful docility and dramatic talent, that for a long succession of nights he attracted overflowing audiences. On this occasion, however, something had put this star out of humour, and he was observed to be wanting in those brilliant displays of the histrionic art which had previously overwhelmed him with ap-

plause. In the third act, instead of coming down the mountain by a winding path, with "the slow and solemn step" prescribed by the prompter's book, he alighted on the stage at one bound, like the descent of an ærolite. On his return behind the scenes he received reproofs, which, instead of improving, made his temper still more sullen; and it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on to go through his part. In the last scene he was induced to commence a waltz with a young and beautiful peasant girl, and seemed to take so much enjoyment in the dance, that the whole audience gradually rose from their seats, and standing on the benches, drowned the sounds of a powerful orchestra with their acclamations of wonder and delight. In a moment, however, the joyous spectacle was changed into a scene of terror. A piercing shriek was heard through all the tumult, and the lovely dancer was seen whirled round with the rapidity of a catherine-wheel, and discharged from her partner's arms head foremost into the pit, where, however, she was caught by the audience without damage. The next moment the stage lover of the peasant girl, who had been coquetting in a dance in the distance with a group of the ballet, advanced in the performance of his part to waltz with the bear. The former catastrophe had been so rapid, that, though his danger was fully perceived by the audience, whose cries were loud to deter him, it was evidently unperceived by the unlucky lover. The bear was instantly on the *qui vive*, measured him from top to toe, and flinging his legs round him began to waltz with such extraordinary boundings that the astonished lover was whirled off his feet, and in another moment was seen hurried to the top of a stage precipice, and tossed into the surges below. The astonishment now, however, was turned into consternation; the bear was seen dancing forward, evidently pleased with his own exploits, and with his muzzle broken, the mask hanging loose round his neck, and roaring fiercely. The whole audience now started on their feet, rolled over each other, and in the attempt to escape choked up the doors of pit, box, and gallery. The town police were now called in, formed a circle, and charged the bear with fixed bayonets. Firing was out of the question, as the bullets which missed the

bear must take effect upon the audience; but the hero, though left alone, exhibited at once the adroitness of his education, and the intrepidity of his nature. A part of his training had been the platoon exercise, and suddenly knocking down a corporal of the guard with one paw, and seizing his musket with the other, he threw his cross-belts over his back, and proceeded deliberately to prime and load. The terror of the audience was now extreme, and shrieks were heard from every side as he pointed the muzzle towards the crowded pit. The guard, which had regarded it as a remarkable effort of city valour to have approached him at all, now widened their circle in all directions to a respectful distance from an antagonist armed alike with the ferocity of savage nature and the weapons of civilisation. But the bear, already long accustomed to military manoeuvres, and who had exhibited lately at St Petersburg in the pantomime of the battle of Pultowa, palpably took the fugitives for Swedish captives, and picked out each of them from his hiding-place by a tender touch at the point of the bayonet. In all their fright the audience roared with laughter: it was evident that his pantomimical recollections were still strong upon him, for he compelled every man of his captives to kneel down upon the stage, strip off his accoutrements, and beg for his life. A flourish of trumpets and drums should have followed this unequivocal victory, but the orchestra, half terrified out of their lives by the neighbourhood of the conqueror, had forgot this part of their duty. The bear now advanced to the front of the stage, growled fiercely at the kettle-drummer, and finding that his signal was not obeyed, made one mighty bound at the drum itself, and rolled into the orchestra. All the performers now ran for their lives, desks were tumbled down, fiddles crushed, double-basses shattered into fragments, and the sons of Apollo, hiding themselves under their benches, scrambling over the rails, or making battle with the fragments of their trumpets and trombones, roared for help. The audience, who saw that he had come so much the nearer by the route of the orchestra, now tried to make their escape in all directions. Shrieks and screams, roars and oaths, filled all parts of the theatre; but whether the bear thought that the opera-

tion was too tardy, or recollected some of his old scenes of towns taken by storm, he had no sooner prostrated the fiddlers than he sprang gallantly into the pit. Here all was confusion worse confounded, the rapidity of the flight equalled the terror of the moment, and each was electric; the bear stamping, bounding, and roaring with all the air of a conqueror; and it was not until the theatre was completely cleared, and his roar had entirely subsided, that the city guard, gathered from the stage, made a lodgment in the lobby. The commander-in-chief made his approaches with the caution of science, and nothing could be more deliberate than the courage with which he opened the door of the stage-box. There he discovered that the bear had fallen asleep in the lap of victory, and in fact was snoring at full length on one of the crimson benches in the pit. The captain of the guard, distinguished in the city of Czerney for his valour, at this crisis of affairs boldly ventured forward, and ordered his platoon to fire a volley at the sleeping monster; but before this could be effected the keepers of the menagerie from which the performer had been borrowed, came in with ropes and nets, and representing to the gallant officer that it was better to let them take him asleep than run the risk of his being awake by the firing, a risk which might involve the character of the brave men under his command, the keepers were suffered to supersede the guard; the bear, probably satisfied with having accomplished all that he intended to do, in establishing himself as the first performer in his line, quietly followed his keepers; and the authorities of the city, on the plea that, though bears might make dangerous actors, Bohemian actors would make very good bears, published a proclamation against Bruin's appearance in future.

The honour of newspaper editors is part and parcel of the public welfare. The following dialogue is an unanswerable instance of its tenacity. A distinguished editor was in his study. A long, thin, ghastly-visaged gentleman was announced. With an asthmatic voice, but in a tone of studied civility, for otherwise the editor would have assuredly transfixed him with a fiery paragraph next morning, the stranger said,—“Sir, your journal of

yesterday contained false information.” “Impossible, sir! but tell me, what do you allude to?” “You said that Mr M. had been tried.” “True.” “Condemned!” “Very true.” “Hung!” “Most true.” “Now, sir, I am the gentleman himself.” “Impossible!” “I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged.” “By no means, sir.” “How! what do you mean? you are deranged!” “I may be so, sir, but I will not do it.” “I will complain to a magistrate.” “As you please; but I never retract. The most that I can do for you, is to announce that the rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir; I never deceive.”

The farce of Raising the Wind has notoriously some capital hits, but we recommend the following piece of dexterity to Jeremy Diddler, as equally clever and new. An eminent physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a man of rank, known, however, to be under difficulties. The patient was exceedingly polite to both, and the visit ended. Soon after this the same physician called again on the surgeon, requesting that he would accompany him to see another patient. On their way, the surgeon observed, “I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last.” “Why,” said the M.D., “did he not give you a fee?” “Not a shilling,” was the reply. “The scoundrel!” said the astonished M.D., “why, he actually borrowed two guineas of me to give to you.”

A case, in which a great deal of mischief may be included, according to circumstances, but of which, at all events, it is quite necessary that the public should be fully aware, transpired before one of the London magistrates a few days ago. All the world know, that coining the circulation of the realm was once a hazardous offence, and though, in our reforming days, the philanthropists of Common-halls and tavern dinners regard the criminal as the injured person, and the sufferer as the culprit, still the discovery that a handful of halfpenny heads of the Queen, washed over with Dutch gold, has been the substitute for a handful of solid sovereigns, has at least the look of perverted ingenuity.

By the case in question, it appears that an immense number of imitations of the Queen's coin have been put into circulation. The die, unhappily, and, of course, by the merest possible accident, is so like the true, as easily to deceive the common eye, and happily so far unlike, as to prevent the officers of the Mint from pronouncing them direct forgeries, and thenceforth throwing the ingenious artists into the clutches of the law. The number of those coins sent loose through the country amounts, by the statement given on the authority of their fabricator, to 200,000 *gross*!—a quantity totally beyond any conception that we could have formed of the activity of the trade in queen's heads and arms; and which, probably, if packed up in bales, would load every broad-wheeled waggon in England at this hour. The matter transpired from the simple circumstance of a young knave's substituting one of those counters for a sovereign with which he was sent to get change. The young practitioner handed over his substitute to the servant of the house, who speedily brought back the intelligence that it was a counterfeit. The sovereign was then found on the boy, and the trick was evident.

As this might happen in ten thousand cases as well as in one, the solicitor to the Mint was sent for; who stated the nature of the affair.

The solicitor said the resemblance between these medals and the coin of the realm was not so strong as to warrant a prosecution by the Mint, although the size and colour of the piece, the edging, the copy of the head, and the size of the inscription round it, would deceive a hasty observer, or poor persons not accustomed to receive gold. Accounts were received from all the great towns in the kingdom of these medals being sold, and sometimes uttered as sovereigns. A man was committed from Seven Oaks to Maidstone for trial, for uttering one of these counterfeits, and a package of 500 was seized by the police at Manchester. It was well ascertained that these dangerous pieces came from the shop of Mr Emmett in Holborn. The bills of parcels had been found on the street vendors of them.

The magistrate regretted that any tradesman should seek for profits in such a dangerous course, but the law did not warrant him in interfering.

Having admonished the prisoner, he was given up to his friends.

Some time afterwards Mr Emmett arrived, and upon learning why he had been summoned as a witness against the boy, said that he did not conceive the dealing in such medals affected his credit. Such had been made at all times ever since he was a boy, and the reverse was so dissimilar to the coin of the realm, that there could be no mistake. Many poor men made a living by selling them in the streets at a penny each, and now that he had sold 200,000 *gross* of them, they must be so familiar to the public, that there was no danger of their being mistaken for sovereigns! The Mint solicitor had called at his house several times, and had not disputed their legality. Some had the head of the King of Hanover, others the heads of O'Connell, and Wellington, &c.

The alderman, after examining some specimens produced by Mr Emmett, expressed his apprehension that they were *not* so harmless as Mr Emmett supposed, but said that the making of them appeared legal; and probably if he did not make them, some other person would.

Mr Emmett said they were used as whist counters.

It was observed that they would be as useful for counters or medals if they were made of a *different* size, either larger or smaller than the gold coin. Mr Emmett then retired.

We much wish that this clever person would also retire from business; for there can be no possible doubt, from the solicitor's statement, that some of his performances, innocent as they are, have been perverted to purposes directly the reverse of innocent. There can be no doubt that vast numbers of them have been passed at fairs and markets, and if they do not continue long in circulation, the fault is in the thinness of the gold washing. It is with us a standing maxim, from considerable evidence on the subject, that nine-tenths of the farmers at fair and market are nine parts tipsy long before nine in the evening. It is equally our belief, that a drunken farmer is a remarkably gullible animal; and we conclude our opinion on the facts, by admitting that a knave, with a handful of Mr Emmett's most loyal medals of King or Queen, might at such a time, and especially after some hard drinking together, have a re-

markedly tempting opportunity of slipping a few of this loyal circulation into any sum which he might happen to owe the farmer. That the several millions which have been sold from the manufactory have not been purchased for the mere love of monarchy, or the mere love of the arts, we entirely believe, and we should suppose our opinion to be that of most persons who have heard of the case, not excluding even *those* purchasers who have laid them in by the 500. If they have not overrun the whole sterling circulation, the reason is probably to be found in the fact, that half-an-hour's travel in the pocket of the farmer puts an end to their affectation of being gold, and the display of brass becomes too strong for the strongest credulity. The counter is then flung away, probably with no very kindly feeling to the ingenious gentleman by whom it was originally insinuated into Hodge's hand; but it at least can do no further mischief. In the meantime the trader proceeds; keeps his coin wrapped delicately up in silver-paper while he has them, replenishes them from the original produce when his stock is out, and so sustains the activity and ingenuity of the art with unconscious patronage. But dismissing Mr Emmett from our recollection, and taking it for granted that he is purity itself, it would be possible to conceive a regular coiner availing himself of the simplicity of his invention to a very handsome extent. He has only to make a die resembling the royal coin, just so far as to deceive a careless eye, yet wanting some point which would strike no eye but that of a solicitor of the Mint. It is clear that mischief on a very lucrative scale might be done, and the Mint officers still be set at defiance. The true remedy in the case in general must be, that no coin or model fabricated by a private artist shall be struck having the royal head and the national arms on it at the same time. If there is a head on one side, there should be an *inscription* on the other; or if the arms on one side, an inscription on the other. This would distinguish the counterfeit to all but the mad or the blind. This would merely require some order in a committee; but this would be absolutely necessary. We can have no doubt that many a coining establishment is busy already in multiplying Her Majesty's image,

with the intention of carrying on a game much deeper than whist or Pope Joan.

If Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun," we shall wager our bowels that he never thought of a newspaper in the Sandwich Isles. This is the phenomenon which we have now to announce. In Owhy-hee, a newspaper, has been actually printed, published, and circulated over the hemisphere directly under our feet. The Pacific lifts up his placid countenance in wonder, as he sees the sheets flying across his broad bosom. And all this has been transacted with diplomatic formality; the rights of the sovereign have been held in due honour; while the minds of his coffee-coloured and flat-nosed population have been illumined. Leave having been asked of his Majesty, Kauik-eaouli, which being interpreted is, First Cousin to the Volcano, and Son of the Dog-star, his Majesty gave an audience to the Ambassadors from the Republic of Letters. They were most graciously received.

The son of the Dog-star asked what object they had in view. They answered "that of enlightening his people." His Majesty replied, "that nothing could be more satisfactory, provided the illumination were cheap; that the cocoa-trees in the whole kingdom having been cut down too much of late, cocoa-nut oil had become dear; that the Americans had begun to be great rogues, and would bring no whale oil at a reasonable rate; and as the island had thus a strong probability of being left in the dark, if the newspapers could either prevent the darkness, or make the Americans a little less roguish, his Majesty thought that they ought to be encouraged. The King then asked them what next could the newspapers do? "They can teach your Majesty's people a sense of their rights," was the answer. On this the Royal remark was, "that if they could give them a little more sense of any kind, it would be useful; for one half of his people being bewildered with rum, and the other with peach-brandy, they had become rather foolish, and were the more difficult to govern." The third important query, "what was to be got;" was replied to by saying, "that the newspaper would give the people of the Sandwich Isles more liberty, a representative government, and a ca-

binet of liberal opinions." His Majesty expressed himself highly gratified at this intelligence. He said, "that for several years he was extremely anxious to have liberty from the English Government to take what he liked out of their ships without the trouble of paying for it; and that he chiefly wished for liberty to have as many muskets and barrels of powder from their captains as would enable him to invade Halaheena, which, though within a month's sail of his kingdom, had persisted in refusing his demands of money; that he greatly desired to extend his government to its people, for which purpose, as they were remarkably obstinate, he intended to massacre all the grown-up men, take the women into his household, and sell the children for slaves. As to liberal opinions, he believed that they were very good things, if they meant high prices for his pork and cabbages sold to the English and Americans, and low prices for every thing they wanted to sell." The negotiators assured his Majesty that his ideas were perfectly royal; that though they might enlighten his people, there was as little room as necessity for enlightening so clear-headed a potentate; and that they therefore thankfully received his most gracious permission. They were then furnished with the following letter of privilege. The first despatch of an Antipodean monarch is worthy of a record, at least as much as any of the voluminous folio follies, whose black-letter costs the country a thousand pounds a volume, to be sold to the chandlers and cheesemongers at fourpence the pound avoirdupois—this even the flashy antiquarianism of the Roxburghians will acknowledge. The royal document follows:—

"TO STEPHEN MACKINTOSH.

"*Holohulee Oakee.*

"I assent to the letter which you have sent me. It affords me pleasure to see the works of other lands, and things that are new. If I was there I should be glad to see. I have said to Kinan make printing-presses. My thought is ended. Love to you and Reynolds.

"BY KING KAUIKEAOULI."

As South Sea turtle are a regular trade with the United States, we think that the Owhyhee monarch should

take indignant notice of the following Yankee cruelty to the feelings of his amphibious subjects. English tavern-keepers simply give notice by public advertisement of their intention to "dress a fine lively turtle" on such a day; but the Yankee more atrociously writes in chalk upon the devoted animal's back, "Soup to-morrow," and places him on parade before his hotel—thus basely making him a party to his own murder, and deluding him, in defiance of all the laws of nations, to advertise his own execution. We presume Yankee insolence would call this "one of the provisions of the Chalking Act."

Without affecting any peculiar spirit of formalizing on the subject, we must acknowledge that the violation of Sunday is an offence to every principle which, as a nation, we ought to honour. We are by no means of the sect of Sir Andrew Agnew, nor inclined to think that the due observance of that sacred day would be at all promoted by fringing the streets with police-officers, seizing all young women convicted of cherry-coloured ribbons, and sending to the black-hole every artisan suspected of having shaved between the hours of twelve at night and noon; nor, we even venture to say, by the fact of compelling every passenger on foot, horseback, or by stage, short or long, to come before a magistrate, and make oath as to whether his purpose in going forth was to preach or be preached to; to breathe the fresh air of the high-road once in seven days, or dine with the head of the firm at his villa, half a mile beyond the smoke; to eat solitary eel-pie, or meditate the exordium of an epic poem on the new reign.

Yet we think that at least a degree of public decency is compatible with all fair indulgence, and that the smellers of flowers, and the buyers of apples and gingerbread, are not mortal offenders. There is no direct necessity for public displays of feasting. For instance, Cabinet dinners might apparently as well be given on any other day. The great dinners of the nobility, we will acknowledge, are seldom given on that day, for the nobility, as a body, are unquestionably among the most decorous, and even the most religious, of the country. There are a few exceptions, but those are marked by the public, and shun,

ned by the nobility. Sunday evening parties, large conversaciones, and all assemblages merely to get rid of the evening, fashionable as they might be half-a-dozen years ago, have quietly gone to the "tomb of the Capulets." A better feeling has gradually prevailed, and the fashion, first pronounced irreverent, was next pronounced vulgar, and has finally almost wholly died away. In all this, there can be no reprobation of the old, natural, and kindly custom of the family dinner on Sundays, or the hospitable entertainment of the few friends who, in true and long regard, have made almost a part of the family. But entertainments on a larger scale are obviously inconsistent with the command, that no unnecessary work should be done on that high day. The mere preparation of one of those feasts, whether public or private, occupies the whole household for the whole day. No servant can go to church. All is bustle among the race of grooms, footmen, and cooks, for the time, until seven or eight in the evening, and from that time the guests above stairs take up their more showy share of the general desecration; and the day, which should be one of peace and reverence, finishes with frivolity, politics, the piano, and perhaps a waltz. Of course, in all public festivities all those offensive features were still more prominent, the crowd of persons employed was greater, the labour more extensive, the assemblage more bustling, and the general desecration of the day more complete. Those exhibitions have grown more universal lately, but there still were some which reflected upon the national character, and one especially to which the citizens of London have at last determined to put an end.

At a late meeting of the Court of Aldermen, the Sunday dinners to the Judges were brought into discussion.

Sir C. Hunter said, that he was induced to submit a motion to the Court on the subject of entertaining the Judges in the City on the first Sunday in Trinity term. Upon the last occasion the dinner had been given at Fishmonger's Hall, and a great offence had been then given to the especial day of Almighty God, so that even the newspapers alluded to it in terms of reprobation. In the year 1778, in consequence of some laxity with respect to the Lord's Day, it was thought necessary to refer the

question to a committee, and that committee having certified that an alteration was necessary, a plan more solemn and respectful was adopted; but a relapse took place, and while some paid due attention to the sacred character of the day, others enjoyed a jollification. There were intervals, however, in some mayoralties, in which right feeling was manifested; and after the Judges paid their visits to St Paul's, they returned to their own homes, and on another day they honoured the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs with their presence at dinner. The Judges would, he was sure, have no objection to an arrangement which would not interfere with the duties of the Lord's Day. In the mayoralty of Alderman Garratt, they expressed themselves gratified at the proposition that the dinner should *not* take place on the Sunday; and he knew from what he had heard on the day at Fishmonger's Hall, that their Lordships would most willingly hear of a similar plan. Certainly the scene upon that occasion was a striking case of the violation of public morals, for the steamers were disgorging their flighty population, after a day spent in thoughtlessness; while the carriages close by were setting down the numerous guests who were about to commence their irregularities. He recollected well, that Mr Justice Park said on that occasion that the practice of dining on Sunday in that manner must be got rid of. It was particularly worthy of observation, that one of the Sheriffs is a gentleman of the Hebrew nation—a people who were extremely observant of their religious duties on their Sabbath, and yet the Christians invited that gentleman to witness the gross manner in which they were capable of violating the day which was appointed for the peculiar worship of the followers of Christ. The Jews regarded their institutions with the deepest honour and respect, while the Christians were actually going the way to annihilate all observance of their Sabbath. He could not do better than quote the words of a man of sublime views of religion. "The Sabbath was the day set apart by Almighty God at man's creation as the portion of time to be devoted by him, even in a state of innocence, to spiritual duties. It is the day which was re-enacted for fallen man in the Ten Command-

ments with minute and solemn particularity. It is the time which the prophets in every age insisted upon with the most urgent exhortations. It is the season which our Saviour Christ, having vindicated it from the Jewish doctors, honoured by his constant practice, claimed it as his own, and transferred, by the glories of his resurrection, and the gift of his spirit, to the first day in the week. This first day of the week is the day which the inspired apostles sanctioned by their authority and example as the Sabbath of the Christian Church. It is the day which the Holy Ghost, by the Apostle John, has denominated Lord's Day. This day is the season for the worship of God—for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, the calling of sinners to repentance, the celebration of the sacraments, the instruction of children and servants, the religious visiting of the sick and distressed, the recovery of the Christian from the opinions of the world and the infection of evil example; and it is the grand type and pledge of an eternal Sabbath in heaven. It must be then expected that the profanation and practical annihilation of this day by large classes of our population would shake the whole basis of our religious principles as a nation, and menace the dismemberment of society."

Sir C. Hunter concluded by submitting a motion recommendatory of altering the day of entertaining the Judges.

Sir Peter Laurie said, that without entering into a theological discussion upon the subject, he seconded the motion very heartily. They were bound, as magistrates, to see that the Sabbath was properly observed; and while there was such anxiety to prevent small tradesmen from doing any business on the Sunday, the practices of those in the higher conditions of society ought not to be overlooked. He had heard one of the Judges say, upon the occasion of dining on the Sabbath in the City, "Why, I believe you think the Judges have no religious notions at all." Judges Patterson, Vaughan, and Alderson were, he knew, averse to the Sunday dinners, and he hoped that in future their Lordships would come to St Paul's at twelve o'clock on the Sabbath, and return home immediately afterwards, instead of proceeding to

the place of festivity, which they might with a great deal more comfort to themselves, and more benefit as an example to the other orders of society, visit on an ordinary day.

The question was then carried.

We think all this quite right, though, if such an animal as a Radical prelate should be found in the Establishment, we have no doubt that all this will appear extremely ridiculous to him. If our readers should ask, How can such an animal as a Radical prelate exist?—we shall tell him that any low-minded brawler, who knows no more of letters than he does of the longitude, but pins himself to the tail of a faction, suffers himself to be dragged all lengths by its skirts, scribbles political economy, of which he knows as much as he does of any thing else, and is ready to do any thing for his hire, will make a capital Radical prelate. If he is insolent to his inferiors, sullen to his equals, and supple to his superiors, he is only so much the better. If he is a little mad besides, he is still only the more fit for his pay. At present such men could not be appointed by our immaculate Ministry; the Premier's theological knowledge being notoriously unequalled by anything except his moral purity. In the mean-time, however, matters advance pretty well. The system of educating without any religion at all, seems in a promising way. The folly of reading the Scriptures at school or any where else is beginning to be largely recognised; and liberality takes place of those narrow prejudices by which our bigoted forefathers thought that some knowledge of Christianity was necessary for Christians. But France is still a head of us in those matters, and it will require a few vigorous renovators on the Episcopal bench to give us the momentum essential to the spirit of the age.

In France the Sunday is completely dishonoured; and so far as we can understand, dishonoured as an infringement on the liberties of Frenchmen! The attempts of Charles X. to preserve some degree of decency on that day have been numbered among the absurdities of the past, and the shops of Paris and probably of every other city in the "land of intelligence," exhibit themselves in peculiar activity on that day. All reviews of troops and public celebrations took place on

that day of old, and the theatres of all ranks, of idleness and iniquity, exhibited their most popular performances on Sundays, making *Monday*, as if in scorn, *their* day of rest. But to their abominations the Parisians have now added horse-racing. Sunday is the especial horse-racing day in the Champ de Mars, and the transactions in *stock* dealing at Tortoni's are Sunday affairs, and scandalous ones.

Some gay trifles have lately amused the town in the shape of a *fracas* in high life. One of those is the Duke of Sussex's *mal-à-propos* of the Guild-hall dinner. The Duke, though past his grand climacteric, and one of the most extraordinary figures in existence, Gog and Magog *not* excepted, has always been remarkable for what he terms the tender passion. But even the snow-capped *Ætna* burns within, and the gallant Duke, with the weight of forty stone on his feet, and the snows of the equivocal old age under the black silk nightcap, which he and the judges wear alike, we should conceive as an extinguisher to all human hopes, is still pervious to the arrows of the little deity of youths and maidens. Some time since it was rumoured that his gay and Radical Royal Highness thought proper to marry, as was then said, a Lady Cecilia Muggins or Buggins, which rather *un aristocratic* name she subsequently changed for Underwood; but as she is a pretty woman, her name is no matter to any body. His Royal Highness, on being invited to the City dinner, requested cards for two ladies; one of whom was Lady Cecilia. The cards were given, and the places assigned were at the table of the ladies of the Royal Household. Two days before the ceremony an order was suddenly despatched to the Managing Committee that seats should be provided for the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Mulgrave at the *Queen's* table,—the Duchess and Countess having, in fact, refused to dine at the table originally appointed for them. Their reason was obvious; they did not like their company. All this, of course, has been much talked of. But it luckily has *not* shaken the old Duke's young attachment to his sovereign. He still plays first fiddle at levees, wears his black cap with the air of a Doge of Venice, and is as fat as ever.

Of course rumour, as the newspapers phrase it, has been busy. But the placability of the illustrious Duke only shines the more brightly. Why does he not call his wife the Duchess of Sussex? is the general query. The most sagacious profess themselves unable to give the answer.

A correspondence has grown up between Mr Townsend and the "Tracts for the Times" people of Oxford. Where are our prelates, when this nonsense is going on in the heart of the great Protestant University? The questions in debate now are, whether men shall turn their heads to the east, or to any other quarter of the compass, during the reading of the Creeds? Whether the clergy shall wear little crosses on the tips of their scarves? whether they shall put the bread and wine on the table in the chancel with their own hands, or by the hands of the churchwarden? whether they shall put them primarily on a little table apart, or in a recess in the wall? whether they shall make a bow to them as they advance to the table, or omit that piece of politeness? Mr Townsend, it seems, had said cursorily, that all those tricks savoured of Popery; Dr Pusey, for it is no less than the Hebrew professor and canon of Christ Church who feels aggrieved, proceeds formally to vindicate the orthodoxy of those prodigiously childish persons who think that they are thus actually restoring the purity of the Church. Hume, in his history, observes, with keen and due contempt, "that the most furious quarrels of the sectaries were about surplices, rails to the communion-table, the position of the reading-desks, and such other trivialities." And are we to have all this nonsense renewed, and solemn men, in doctors' hoods, thinking that they are *not* committing the most ardent foolery by scribbling either for or against them? And all this frippery, when the very existence of the Church is at hazard; when a rabble of legislators in the streets are howling for her plunder, and Popery, like a wild beast, is foaming at her threshold. Let Oxford bestir herself while she remains an University; leave those pompous triflers to their obscure squabbles; and add something manly, honest, and rational to the national defence of Christianity.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TOUR.

No. I.

—————"Nonumque prematur in annum
Membris intus positus."

Hon. *Epist. ad Pis.* 388.

"Till the ninth year release them, keep your fire,
And guard with Bramah locks each scribbled quire."
OURSELF.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

January 1, 1838.

MR NORTH,—By dating this communication on the calends of January, I comply with the Horatian precept. The world has lasted till the opening of the ninth year since the tour was made, and the notes of it were written, which are now about, through the medium of several contributions to *Maga*, to enlighten the public.

Impressions, you will allow, are of two kinds—physical and mental. The best example of the first class I have ever known, was the case of a portly country gentleman, in a succinct jacket and leather indispensables, who seated himself, after a soaking shower, through which he had passed, and which had passed through him, upon a painted velvet chair, in a northern drawing-room of considerable note. Long sate the damp visiter. Light was his talk, but heavy was his pressure on the seat of many hues; and when at last he rose, his bright yellow "deeds without a name" presented to a select circle, exactly in that part which allows every other to take precedence of it in quitting a room, a perfect transcript—peonies and all—of the painted nosegay which had endured his contact, and repaid it. Allow this anecdote, to which I might append as a foot-note, in the manner of Miss Edgeworth, the emphatic monosyllable *FACT*, to stand by way of introduction—as contrast or comparison, which you please—to an account of the mental images etched into my impressible mind—"wax to receive, and marble to retain"—in the course of the last trip I made to Holland and Germany. In some respects my route was uncommon, and my opportunities were good; and even of scenes which every one has visited, it is always agreeable to be agreeably reminded.

The following judicious resolution is entered on the first page of my journal, under date of May 1, 1829:—"I am going to travel, *not* as a naturalist, *not* as an antiquarian, *not* as a political economist, but as a traveller." Look not, therefore, in the pages now about to be filled, for any traces of the *ologies* or *alogies*, except it be the *analogy* of human minds and manners. The rest I leave to future tourists that shall hereafter emanate from those charming nurseries of "useful and entertaining" knowledge lately so much in vogue, more especially among the enlightened and liberal inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis. Delightful characters their *élèves* are likely to prove; and fascinating will be the communications, geological, mineralogical, conchological, physiological, and phrenological, which they may be expected to make to a gaping public about the time when Homer and Shakspeare are forgotten. Mean-while, in the spirit of those superannuated poetasters, I went to mark the dwellings and doings of our fellow-men, little dreaming that my observations *en passant* would one day come to be registered under the benign editorship of dear old Christopher North.

Don't suppose, moreover, that I mean to be statistical. If that respectable body, the statisticians, *have* a fault, it is that they are so awfully addicted to lying. I remember taking up—it was in the saloon of the most hospitable mansion on the banks of the brown Elbe—the work of a German economist.

I turned to the article "Scotland," and derived from it two pieces of new and satisfactory information:—1. That wheat and *tobacco*, in equal proportions, are the sole articles of produce raised in the agricultural parts of North Britain. 2. That the revenues of the Scotch ecclesiastical establishment are fairly divided between the clergymen of the Presbyterian and Episcopal persuasions. So much, thought I, for gathering statistical *data* from foreign soils. If, therefore, I should, ever and anon, seem that way inclined, rest assured that I have some excellent unmentionable reason for departing from my general rule, and that, if I must lie, it shall be with as much moderation as possible.

MAY 11-25.—HOLLAND.

Pass we the double voyage in that truly utilitarian (*i.e.* sometimes useful—always disgusting) conveyance, a steam-boat. Pass we the dimly-discovered line, studded with melancholy trees, which stand for a coast and a dyke, to the eye approaching Holland from the west. And, by the way, these same *dykes* are a disappointment, even upon a nearer acquaintance. Judging from the magnificent effect—the control of an element—one is led to look for something very striking in the instrument; but they are neither high, nor massive, nor imposing in their general appearance. Pass we Brielle, and a large party of the natives, very anxious to go up the river in the English steamer, but most unambiguously ordered by some person in authority to wait for the Dutch one. Well done, national monopoly! Keep Dutch fish-guts for Dutch sea-mews, and only allow us to send one or two of our nasty, sputtering incarnations of the fructifying principle from the Board of Trade to take a leaf out of your book of wholesome policy! Pass we Schiedam—palace of gin and sweets—not bitters, for such liquor brings with it no repentance. Pass we the Boompjees and the Custom-house, and behold us—to wit, the writer and the writer's wife—seated in the Hotel des Pays Bas, at a good table *d'hôte*, in company with one foreigner, and thirty English. Does that Cockney, who seems to boggle at stewed prunes with roast veal, ever eat currant jelly with roast mutton? Strange inconsistencies of poor humanity! But trust me, dear journeyman, from whatever shop-board you have sallied on your venturous peregrinations, the prunes are a salu-

brious condiment. I question whether we ought to say as much for the jelly.

The *memorabilia* of Holland may be summed up in a few sentences.

1. There must be some mistake about Dutch breeches, and the enormity of Hollanders *a parte post*. At least you will find so in those districts of the country which you are likely to visit. But the comeliness of the women will astonish your weak understanding—bright, buxom, springy, fresh as summer-roses, and redolent of universal dairy.

2. Don't travel in a *treck-schuit*—we had enough of it in one stage; but post like a gentleman, as you are. The canal-voyaging is more tedious than easy, and gives no notion of the scenery. But the level of a chaise is quite sufficiently exalted to afford a bird's-eye view of every thing from Rotterdam to the Hague—from the Hague to Leyden—from Leyden to Haarlem—from Haarlem to Amsterdam—and so, if you please, back again to the dam of the Rotter. For the first portion of this route the landscape is a genuine Dutch piece:—trees, ditches, and fields—fields, trees, and ditches—ditches, fields, and trees; the trees chiefly limes and willows, planted in straight rows; the ditches resounding with frogs; and the fields swarming with beautiful cattle. All along the road is dotted with the merchants' *lust-huizen*—clean, neat, brick buildings—doors and shutters painted in glaring colours—clapped right upon the edge of some stagnant pool, with a fine fat, green scum upon its surface; and, ever and anon, you catch a town in the distance—*viz.* a view of one or more steeples, garnished with windmills. But the drive

from the Hague to Leyden improves in point of features. One is less perpetually bothered with water; the trees are more varied; there is here and there an undulation on the face of the country, and the rural retreats are on a larger scale, and in purer taste. From Leyden to Haarlem is better still; you take in enough of good-humour to carry you without swearing through the bleak, cold, dismal, washy drive between the *Haarlem Meer* and the *Zuider Zee*, that awaits you before reaching Amsterdam.

3. The Hague—*nobis judicibus*—is a humbug:—a smart, smirking sort of place, but nothing more;—not worth visiting except for Rembrandt's Anatomist, and Paul Potter's Cattle-piece, in the King's Museum. But Haarlem is delightful; not to mention the cookery at the *Golden Lion*. And Leyden was an agreeable surprise. Somehow I had always conceived a sombre idea of *Lugdunum Batavorum*, renowned site of the *Officina Elzeviriana*. But 'tis lightsome, green, and sunny; the University has still about 600 students left to keep things moving; the Professors live in handsome houses, scattered up and down, with their *auditoria* attached to each; and we saw nothing very squalid except the examination-room in the Academic buildings, where Catullus, Taciti Agricola, one volume of Herodotus, and a Hebrew Bible, were lying in *terrorem*, as damp as the apartment that contained them. As to real Leyden *Elzevirs*, they are as hard to get here as any where else.

Of their museum the good *Lugduno-Batavians* are adequately vain. The skeletons—the stuffed animals—the mineralogical specimens—are not to be despised; and it was nuts to be told so often "you have nothing like this in England!" We thought of Smollett's Dutchman in *Peregrine Pickle*. But the true original of that choice picture yet lives—as which of Smollett's originals does not?—and may be seen at the toy-town of Broek, about nine miles from Amsterdam. There, in a garden belonging to that great play-thing, that baby-city of 600 inhabitants, wanders amid made water, wooden swans, false men, false women, and false dogs, the veritable

virtuoso of Tobias, with an air of dignified contentment with his own lot, and disdainful pity for the rest of mankind.

4. If you should happen to have been at Rotterdam of a Sunday, and to have heard the organ in the Church of St Lawrence—for nothing—don't pay twelve florins to hear that of Haarlem afterwards. The difference of whistles is not worth the money.

5. The Dutch theatrical audience is the best-natured in the world. Not one hiss to a hundred mistakes! When in a high state of excitement, they applaud by crying out O! O!—a sound of quite another signification in that polished assemblage—the reformed House of Commons. The Hollanders may cite classical precedent from Aristophanes. Turn, most learned reader, to the last scenes of his "Wasps," called by our excellent Mitchell the *superfetation* of that play, where the semi-chorus are encouraging the sons of the poet Carcinus—(the *Mr Crabbe* of those times, as far as name goes)—to show their agility, under a series of allusions to the appellation of their respected father, who could not, like Shenstone, thank Heaven that it was obnoxious to no pun. For yoursake I will translate the passage:—

ἄγ' ὃ μεγαλόνυμα τέκνα, κ. τ. λ.

Come, ye far-renowned brood,
Got by monarch of the flood,
Trip on shingle, trip on sand,
By the desert ocean's strand;
Round and round, ye water-imps,
Frisk it, like your brother-shrimps;
Supple joint and socket loose—
Fling the fling of Phrynichus;
Shoulder-high the heel must go—
Then the circle thunders O!—

6. A Dutch banker looks to me the very incarnation of the spirit of petty gain—not of "the meanest spirit that lost heaven"—but of some subaltern of Mammon, who never could have been there. Such a concentrated essence of dirty greed in the expression of every glance, tone, and gesture! I should scorn to extend a particular case into a general inference; but it must be owned that, when laying in a stock of Prussian gold, I was individually—cheated of the exchange.

MAY 25—JUNE 2.—THE RHINE AND THE MAINE.

Early on the 25th we left Rotterdam, on board the *Niederländische Stoombooten*; which was to convey us by the *Meuse*, the *Waal*, and the *Rhine*—since they will insist on this senseless triplication of names—to Cologne. The first objects that presented themselves, were two of our compatriots, easily recognised by head-mark. The gentleman looked shy, and the lady was rather smart, so that, with true national repugnance to people “who have not been introduced to one,” we set them down as a couple to be avoided. The same conclusion, formed on grounds precisely similar, was, as it happened, come to by them with regard to your humble servants. But we had with us that best of all breakers down of ceremony between persons who ought to become acquainted—a lively young Alcibiades of five years of age. Our small friend was soon at high romps with the English pair, having already quarrelled with the lap-dog of a French family, and been made sick with the lent cigar of a benevolent German. It was impossible not to make up to those who had the good taste to patronise *him*, and so, before we reached Nimeguen, there had commenced an interchange of civilities, quickly ripened into intimacy, which laid the foundations of a strong mutual regard, since cherished by both parties.

I suppose things are better managed now, but what an inconvenient, ill-served affair was that *Stoombooten* of the Netherlands! No berths—no beds—and every sofa, except one on which our youngster aforesaid slept for ten hours at a stretch, occupied by passengers *sejant*, packed as close together as the hearers of a popular preacher. Our alternative was to land for the night at the dull and dirty town of Nimeguen, or be content with such repose as people of comfortable habits can get, when seated on hard cushions, and leaning at an angle of 23° on a still harder table. The inbred love of locomotion prevailed, and on we went; but the long faces at the breakfast-table next morning showed pretty plainly that a dozen hours more of this sort of thing would not do. And so our new English friends easily prevailed on us to stop with them at

Düsseldorf, where the boat arrived about one o'clock, with the view of posting from thence to Cologne.

26.—Pink and pale blue are not exactly the colours I shall choose for my chateau, when I build one; but Düsseldorf looks all the better for houses painted externally in these lively hues; and recent discoveries have shown that even classic architecture indulged in vagaries not much less extraordinary. Nor are large white handkerchiefs, tied over the crown, with the corner down behind, and a huge basket balanced on the top of them, precisely the kind of head-gear I recommend to my fair countrywomen; and yet it cannot be denied that the belles of Düsseldorf market looked very well in such a coiffure, which was almost universal. For the rest, you know—or ought to know—that this place lies on the right bank of the Rhine, where its waters are joined by the Düssel—that, though once the capital of the Grand Duchy of Berg, it is now in the possession of Prussia—and that, notwithstanding its trade, and the picturesque variety of the public gardens, and the process of building new houses, so rarely seen in this part of Germany, there is really nothing more to say about it. The so-called Gallery of Paintings is a mere imposition, all the good pictures having been transported, by a little *hocus-pocus* of Congress, to the walls of Munich.

27.—Drove by Benrath, Opladen (where a common pot-house, to all appearance, yielded an excellent dinner), and Dentz, to Cologne. Let me thankfully commemorate an incident of this day's journey. At Benrath we left the carriages, in order to look at a palace and grounds belonging to the King of Prussia. In front of the palace there was a large piece of water, to which, as we inspected the exterior of the royal residence, our backs were of course turned. Our little boy, having no taste for architectural elevations, slipped away to the banks of the pond in quest of other amusement. The water for some distance from the edge happened to be covered with floating seeds, which the young gentleman mistook for gravel; and in a moment he had

walked into the middle of them, out of his depth, and over his head. He gave no cry; there was not even an audible splash. A few seconds more, and he was gone for ever. Providentially at this instant Mr —— turned round, and I was startled by seeing him dart off with an air of consternation. Before we well knew what was the matter, he had plunged into the pond, had saved our child, and the two were together on the bank, with the water streaming from their clothes. "I was ve-ry ne-ar-ly drow-ow-owned," gasped the juvenile tourist; but neither he nor his preserver were the worse for their immersion. Years afterwards we had the pleasure of hearing this little history told, with a change of parts between some of the actors. I had become the hero of the rescue, and our amiable friend was converted into the obliged and grateful father.

28.—Taylor Coleridge, in his Table-Talk, has done great justice to Cologne, a city of bad smells, which neither the fragrance of Farina's water, nor the fumes of all the incense tossed about in the gaudy processions of Holy Thursday—our day within its walls—could charm away from the indignant nose.

1.

"In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous
stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined and genuine stinks!—
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and
sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;—
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

II.

"As I am a rhymor,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St Geryon,
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Co-
logne."

Yet Rubens's picture of St Peter's crucifixion, at the church dedicated to that apostle, and wherein the painter was baptized, is unquestionably a great work. Such real agony in every fea-

ture, nay in every sinew, of the sufferer! Such eager cruelty in the faces of the soldier-executioners! The canvass is actually turned to flesh and blood—a master-piece of *physical expression*, which I take to be a good term for the style of Rubens. And one word more for Cologne. Not having been in Spain or Italy, I don't think that the Papal system ever glared upon my senses, in its genuine character, so unmistakeably as in this Archbishopial city. Even in what I may call the dead aspect of the Dom-kirche or Cathedral, Roman Catholicism was sufficiently manifest. There were the quaint pictures, and the carved ivories, and the Virgin's many shrines, and the silver coffin of St Engelbert, and the chapel of the Magi-Kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Belthazar, with their tomb of gold studded with precious stones and encrusted with enamel, and their *bona fide* skulls, surmounted with coronets. But the living Cathedral, on Ascension-day, was still more striking to a Protestant mind. From a full orchestra, admirably disciplined, "music awoke" with its most "voluptuous swell." Six priests, in gorgeous raiment, were officiating at the grand altar, with "mops and mowes" from which Shakespeare's "Shapes" in the Tempest might have learned a lesson. One young ecclesiastic especially disgusted us. He was of a ruddy and jovial countenance, evidently not much addicted to ascetic mortifications, but whenever he passed, in the course of his mummeries, among the people, his eyes were strained upwards, with an air of intense devotion, at which the rest of his face could not help laughing. There was another, "a round, fat, oily" canon, in black satin petticoats, whose sidelong curtsy, as he passed to and fro before the altar, would have been a perfect study for my great-grandmother, in the era of farthingales, before her first appearance at St James's. Then, no sooner had we driven from the church, than we had to draw up, in a large square, on encountering the progress of the Host. It halted, and we with it, for about twenty minutes, at the door of a rich merchant and great devotee, who had fitted up a glittering altar covered with plate and wax-lights to greet it on its way. Young women, dressed in virgin white, were strewing

leaves and flowers over the path it was to take. At a signal given, on it moved amid the bowings, the kneelings, and the crossings of the populace. First came an immense school of little girls, marching in two parallel lines some distance apart; next, a school of boys, marshalled in like order, and chanting prayers as they went. After these, a band of singers and men playing all kinds of instruments, followed by a double row of sacerdotal performers in robes of tissue. Immediately after these was carried the *himmel*, or canopy, under which walked the priest in charge of the Host itself; and behind him came a vast number of pious burghers, each armed with an enormous taper, and seemingly much edified by the whole proceeding. As parts of a Pagan ceremonial, some portion of these different exhibitions might have been very appropriate; but how revoltingly incongruous, when compared with the true purport of the Christian mysteries! To see one Popish procession, and hear one performance of high mass on a great scale, is enough to fill one with contemptuous pity for the Roman Catholic flocks, but with indignant abhorrence of their shepherds.

And here, like a faithful autobiographer, let me transcribe some sentences from my memorandum-book, written on the spot, and written, you will remember, not many weeks after the fatal boon of so-called Emancipation was vouchsafed to our truly grateful, loyal, and trustworthy Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.—“Standing in view of the grand altar of Cologne, I first perceived, in its full extent, the necessity of Catholic emancipation at home. To enact or maintain a system of proscription, which, by even the semblance of persecution, gave the priests a hold over the minds of their people, and provoked resistance to the spread of Protestantism in Ireland, was not simply unjust or impolitic, but diabolically wicked; yet a party in England would have continued to enforce a set of pains and penalties, whose necessary operation was to inflame the virulence of the Papal superstition in the sister island! Thanks be to that overruling Providence, which has dealt a death-blow to such a system, through the immediate instrumentality of its former supporters!”

With what bitterness of feeling a

self-condemning pen is now drawn through these precious sentences, I leave you to guess. Would to Heaven that an insane Act of Parliament could be as easily obliterated! But I have already lived to see the venom do its work. Just five years after the date of these ejaculations, I heard the groans, the shrieks, and the hyena-laughter of a British House of Commons raised against an honest man, who ventured to describe this country as a land of Christian institutions! Just eight years after the same date, I beheld a high civic office in the metropolis of England enjoyed, and honours from the hand of royalty received, by one whose very creed must bind him to trample on the four Gospels, and would have bound him to spit in the face of the crucified Nazarene! In short, a majority of the more ardent emancipationists have dropped the mask. Their first object was to get rid, not of persecution, but of Protestantism; their next object is to get rid of Christianity; and the last aim of their liberalism will be to get rid of religion altogether. But my own rejoicings over the Relief bill—hearty and even enthusiastic as they were—were grounded, God knows, on an error of judgment, or rather of imagination. I believed, in my simplicity, that whatever the Popish clergy, as a body, might be, the Popish laity, of the influential ranks at least, were become new men with a new age. Educated men could no longer accord their belief to the manifest contradictions, the barefaced impostures, the “lies like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable,” of a system beginning and ending in priestcraft. Nothing but a point of honour could keep them longer within the Romish pale; and, as soon as disabilities were done away with, and there was nothing to be gained by conversion, they would hasten, with the Duke of Norfolk at their head, to embrace, in the bosom of our national church, a faith which contains nothing to raise a blush on the cheek of man, or a frown on the brow of deity. Alas! an old prophet might have taught me, and other confident young gentlemen, that it is not quite so easy a matter for “the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots.”

The most mortifying part of the

whole business is to know, as we now do, that the cunning Jesuits, and their lay tools, were laughing in their sleeves at us all the while. When the series of attacks on Irish Protestantism was beginning in the House of Commons, and had already driven from the side of the Reform Ministry every man whose adherence, in a moral sense, was worth having, this cat was unbagged, without a change of countenance, by the honourable member for Tipperary. Crossing the floor of the House, with that unspeakable air of pertness, in which a cock-sparrow alone can rival him, and clapping himself down beside a right honourable gentleman, whose abandonment of place, power, and personal intimacies, for the sake of conscience, is one of the most brilliant acts of patriotism modern times can boast of—"Put," said Mr Shiel, "*Put Parliamentary Reform to Catholic Emancipation, and what did you expect would be the produce?*" The cutting answer that rose to the lips of the person he addressed—and I only wish it had passed them—was: "I BELIEVED YOU UPON YOUR OATH."

But it is too late, perhaps, to think of these things now.

"Oh! Mary, I believed thee true;
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I grieve that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!"

On, then, still compressing the olfactory organs, until Cologne is left far a-stern, on to the Palace-university of Bonn; its stuccoed halls, its wooded walks, its noble views of the grand river, its exhilarating snatches of the distant landscape, its 970 students, its Niebuhr, its Schlegel, and its Brandis—the three professorial worthies we were anxious to see, and to whom, as public characters, and in so far as public characters may be fairly exhibited in black and white, I shall presently beg to introduce you.

It is ten to one, by the by, that the first question put to you by a German Professor does not make you think him mad. For example, I visited Göttingen in 1824. Anxious to see all the live curiosities, and lionized by a brisk young Scottish student, who was reading law under Hugo—a great juriconsult, and the ugliest man in Europe after King Otho—I waited upon the celebrated naturalist Blumenbach. We

mounted, I remember, several pairs of stairs before we reached his den, a long, bare, coarsely furnished room, where our philosopher was perched at a high desk, with a plaster cast of Robert Bruce's head on a table near it—the said cast having been sent to him, as he took care to let me know, by George IV. of Great Britain and Hanover—at the suggestion, no doubt, of the politic Count Munster. I have the visage of old Blumenbach before me at this moment—the bold shrewd forehead, puckered above and around the brows into two congeries of intelligent and interrogatory wrinkles—the sharp, projecting, and most scrutinizing eyes—the firmly compressed mouth, its lower lip slightly protruding, with an air of vast determination—the grey hair combed back—the grey whiskers standing out—a largish wart on the rise of the left cheek, and another of smaller dimensions close under the left eye. "*Pray, sir,*" said he in German, the instant I had been named, without one syllable of preface, complimentary or otherwise; in fact, just as my knees were on the bend, in the peculiarly graceful attitude of sitting down—"what is your opinion of the song of the nightingale? Is it merry or mournful?" Now, when an ancient gentleman you have never seen in the whole course of your previous life, asks you, who are by no means known over the civilized world as an ornithologist, and have in truth very little notion of the specific differences between an eagle and a tom-tit, a question of this nature, you are very apt to burst out a-laughing in his face. I was never addressed so abruptly in my life but once, when a west-country laird rushed into my study, threw his card upon my table, pulled down a Pindar from the book-case, and demanded to be examined on a Pythian ode, particularly requesting that I would put him on *in the middle of a sentence!* But to return to Göttingen. Blumenbach's odd query so excited my risible muscles, that a fair explosion must have followed, had not the Professor's countenance immediately flushed, his eyebrows lowered, and the acute tone in which he repeated it, indicated that he meant the matter to be discussed seriously. I gave one glance at his resolute-looking mouth—saw it would be best to avert the coming storm—and struck into deep disquisi-

tion without further delay. "Pardon my smile, Herr Professor! I know this momentous topic has been handled by Plato himself, who more sensibly than poetically denies that *grief* can be the exciting cause of song in any feathered creature—he it swallow, whoop, swan, or nightingale; but if you mean to ask me, without reference to the exciting cause, whether the strain of Philomel is merry or mournful to the hearer, I must maintain, with all due submission, that this will depend pretty much upon the imaginings or associations of the said hearer's mind. Some of us, you are aware, are 'never merry when we hear sweet music.' Most of us are sad when we hear it under cover of darkness. Now, however clearly learned twaddlers in the classical journal may have proved that the nightingale is not mute in the day-time, yet, to the whole unsophisticated world, the *nightingale* is a *songster of the night*—the only bird, says Ælian, that sleeps not—ergo, to the greater part of us, it is a melancholy melodist. Besides, I have the Greek poets, all of them at least that I can recollect on the spur of the occasion, in favour of this view." And then, you may be sure, I rapped out to him the verses of old Homer; those, I mean, in the *Odyssey*, wherein the ancient crone of a nurse, Euryalea by name, modestly compares herself to the "daughter of Pandareus, the tawny nightingale;" verses which the Greek grammarians and their disciple Payne Knight, with their usual insensibility to the natural, the tender, and the beautiful, excide as spurious:

ὡς δ' ὅτι Πανδαρίου κόρη, χλωρῆς
ἀηδῶν,† κ. τ. λ.

You shall have them rendered into the only style of English metre that is a fit exponent of Homeric minstrelsy:

"So sweet the tawny nightingale,
When spring's approaching steps prevail,
Deep in leafy shades complains,
Trilling her thick-warbled strains,
And wakes for Itylus her wo,
Laid by a mother's madness low!"

"As to Hesiod," continued I, "he puts the poor devil in a false position, in the pounce of an infernal hawk, so

no wonder she is querulous with him.' And then came:

ὦδ' ἱρῆς προσέειπεν ἀηδῶνα ποικιλόδουρον,†
κ. τ. λ.

"'Twas when the hawk, marauder fell,
Bore off the dappled Philomel;
On his crook'd claws impaled,
Piteously the poor bird wail'd:

Stern the tyrant chides her wo—

'Hussey, curse upon thy cries!

Where I take thee, thou shalt go,

Though the woods thy warbling prize;
Freedom, if I please, shall greet thee,
But if not, by Jove I'll eat thee!"

This last allusion, however, was somewhat too jocular, so I had to fall back again on graver argument. "Look at the Attic tragedians, whose country was full of nightingales: their sentiment should have some weight with us. In Æschylus the nightingale is mournful: witness the *Suppliants* and the *Agamemnon*. Sophocles makes the nightingale lament: witness the *Ajax*, the *Trachiniae*, and the *Electra*, though the *Œdipus Coloneus*, strangely enough, is not decisive on the point. And with Euripides—plaintive Euripides—the song of Philomela is, of course, lugubrious:—witness the *Hecuba*, the *Helena*, and, if you will allow it, the *Rhesus*. Then for the *Bucolic* poets, if we must call them so, *Moschus* may answer; and of the *Epigrammatists*, though it is not easy to carry many of these small gentry in one's head, *Pamphilus* at least may be cited. Nay, even your jolly dogs—the comic writers and the satirists, respect the griefs of Philomel. You remember *Aristophanes* in the *Birds*, and what a beautiful lyric effusion he indulges in, though there may be a slight touch of parody in it." That was the preface to

ἀγχι σίννομέ μοι, παῦσαι μὲν ὕπνου, ||
κ. τ. λ.

to which Cary has done such ample justice:

"O come, my mate, break off thy slumbers,

And round thee fling thy plaintive numbers

In a moist, melodious hymn,

Warbled from thy brown throat dim:

For Itys, our beloved son,

* See the *Phædo*.

† *Od.* T. 518. † *Hes. Op.* et *Dies*, 201.

|| *Aristoph. Aves*, 211. *Epops* is addressing the nightingale.

Thine and mine, now dead and gone,
 Fill the forest with thy moaning ;
 Till through the woodbine boughs the
 groaning
 Of thy voice to Jove's seat climb,
 And mingle with the starry chime,
 Where golden-tressed Phœbus soon
 Shall answer in as sad a tune,
 From his ivory-clasped lyre,
 That leads in dance the stately quire ;
 And from the blest above shall flow
 A peal accordant to thy wo."

" And Lucian, in his Gout-Tragedy,
 sings to the same tune :

" και νύκτερος καθ' ὕλαν, κ. τ. λ.*

And through the woods with nightly wail,
 And many a tear
 For Itys dear,
 Laments the Attic nightingale !"

By this time the worthy Professor—
 though he was spared the translations
 —began to wax somewhat impatient.
 " Well—I will not condescend to no-
 tice the beggarly Latin imitators.
 Even Virgil's Philomela may pipe
 beneath her poplar shade, untroubled
 and unquoted. But you *must* listen
 to our noble English bards. What
 says the Passionate Pilgrim—whether
 Shakspeare or not ?

' As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone :
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity :
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
 Teru, Teru, by and by.'

What says Milton ?

' And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth
 well ?'

What says ——— " But this was
 too much. Old Blumenbach seemed
 to think he had caught a veritable tar-
 tar ; and thinking, moreover, that it
 was no fun to be *lectured to*, he broke
 up the sederunt by proposing an im-
 mediate adjournment to his museum.
 Thither, of course, I went, and affect-

ed to admire every thing—his grand
 series of skulls, in anti-climax, from
 the Greek down to the Hottentot, and
 from the elephant down to the mouse
 —and even his human bodies, starved
 to death, and dried up into unswathed
 mummies, in some confounded anti-
 septic cave somewhere in Germany.
 Ghastly-looking objects they were ;
 four of them—if I recollect rightly—
 one in each corner of the room ; and
 fearfully they grinned at me, when I
 lifted them, at the bidding of the Pro-
 fessor, to ascertain, experimentally,
 their extraordinary lightness. But
 his full revenge was reserved for the
 evening, when I went to hear him
 address the students in his *auditorium*.
 It was installed in a chair of honour,
 close to Blumenbach himself, who
 stood at a table, on a kind of stage,
 surrounded with specimens of natural
 history, and delivered a lecture upon
 —BUGS. Very animated, and very
 amusing he was—gesticulating till he
 perspired most copiously—and draw-
 ing shouts of laughter and applause
 from his hearers. And me he had
 completely at his mercy. Every se-
 cond sentence there was an allusion to
 the *Gelchrte aus England* who sat be-
 side him—and to the necessary expe-
 rience which his acquaintance with
 London houses and hotels must have
 given him, in all the works and ways
 —the life and conversation—of the
 insinuating little animal, that formed
 the subject of his discourse ! Heaven
 knows how many receipts for the pre-
 vention and cure of bugs the strange
 man rattled over—adding to each,
 however, that there was no depending
 on its efficacy, and always appealing
 to me for confirmation of this melan-
 choly truth ! The wicked German
 imps appeared to enjoy all this ama-
 zingly. For my part, I thought it in
 very questionable taste :—but what
 was to be expected from a mortal like
 Blumenbach, who has been known to
 lift up his own little daughter to the
 specimen-table, in demonstration of
 some physical theory he was detailing
 to his class ?

These episodic reminiscences of
 Göttingen and Blumenbach have led
 me far astray from Bonn and Niebuhr,
 the first of the three Rheno-Prussian
 luminaries on whom I called. But

* Lucian Tragopodagra, 51.

the truth is that, though nothing could be more unlike than the Roman historian to the naturalist, in both person and demeanour, the abruptness of Niebuhr's opening question put me in mind of my former interview with a German professor; and I have so often laughed in private over the scenes above described, that I was determined to put them on record, and so have out my laugh, for good and all, in public. Now, however, we will proceed in regular order.

The simple dwelling of Niebuhr—then historical professor, and *ci-devant* Roman ambassador—had nothing very picturesque or attractive about it. It has been burnt to the ground since the date of my visit, but its owner could hardly change for the worse in the pretty town of Bonn. There was no garden—at least on the side of the entrance—and no view of the noble Rhine, at least from the room which Niebuhr occupied. The house fronted a dull, narrow street, and the apartment Niebuhr sat in looked out on nothing more inspiring than the opposite buildings. A maid-servant opened the door, and ushered me at once, without ceremony or announcement, into the presence of the great scholar. He was seated before a wooden table, without a cover, placed against the wall at the further end of the room, which, though long, was shabby, and painted, not exactly in the style of Mr Hay. His back was towards us when the maiden showed me in, but he immediately rose to receive a visiter, and there was something uncommonly pleasing in the manner of his greeting. His address was at once frank and polished, bland and utterly unassuming—*ingenuous* was the very term for it—and by which I afterwards described it to my companions. At the first look you might have been inclined to call his appearance insignificant; but the quick eye, and the mobile features, of which I retain the general impression, without being able at this moment to draw a more distinct picture of them, would soon have convinced you of your error. There was that about him which slightly reminded me of Lord Jeffrey, if you could imagine Lord Jeffrey's quickness and good-nature without his brilliancy. He had heard me give some message in German to his lass, as we approached him, and remarked upon that circumstance;

but at the same time he himself spoke English so well and fluently, that it seemed no matter of doubt with him that he ought to converse with an Englishman in his own tongue. So down we sat, and his catechism commenced instantly—"How many Roman Catholics are there in Glasgow?"

Having met once or twice with good Dr Cleland of that city, and heard him learnedly descant on its statistics, I was luckily ready with an answer. And Niebuhr was just one of those persons who, with all possible politeness, would have set down any ignorance on such points as a symptom of very decided unfitness to take rank as a rational creature. Somehow or other, it never occurred to me to account a man a blockhead because he did not happen to be conversant with my own particular class of subjects; but in political economists, statesmen, horse-jockeys, and cattle-dealers, I have often observed that this propensity is very strong. However, as matters stood, the examiner and the examinee got on extremely well on the present occasion. Niebuhr's first interrogatory was the prelude to a long, sifting series of enquiries into the condition—social, moral, and religious—of North Britain. Church and Dissenters—Schools and Crimes—Smuggling and Dram-drinking—Trade and Poor-laws—were handled, one after another, with immense animation. In truth, the little man's brain was full of history. He was editing the first volume of the Byzantine Historians—he was writing the History of Rome—and he was lecturing, in the University, on the history of the last forty years. Thus, every topic he started, and every answer he elicited, seemed intended to fit in to some train of thought that was going on in the interior of his head. On the state of morals his scrutiny was especially severe—and, what between whisky and illegitimate births, it must be acknowledged that it was difficult to make out such a case as a patriotic individual, who has no notion of showing a pack of foreign rascals the bad cards in his hand, must have wished to establish. For he stuck to one like a terrier at a badger-bait. There was no fighting him off with general replies and round numbers. I, for my part, should have been glad to state the average of children irregularly begotten—*bastards*

is too coarse a word; I suppose, for the refined ears and eyes of the present generation—a half per cent lower, for a certain class of artisans, than the probable amount. But he remarked a slight hesitation, and did not rest till the additional half per cent was wrung out of his reluctant informer. So he *would* have—and be hang'd to him—the exact proportion of spirit-shops to the places for the sale of other commodities, in one of our large manufacturing towns—the seats, according to Whig-Radical doctrine, of the most virtuous, wise, and enlightened part of our Parliamentary constituency. I never met but with one man—a noble and distinguished member of the House of Commons—who was so prying in his questions, so marvellously quick in drawing the right conclusion from a fair answer, and so unsparingly severe in his exposure and demolition of an unfair or an absurd one. What a capital committee-man, thought I! And certainly if any thing could relieve the solemn dulness, the formal frivolity, and the ostentatious imbecility, of a Parliamentary committee, it would be the presidency of such a person as Niebuhr—with force of mind sufficient to keep in order the witnesses, and—what is rather more difficult—the members. The first time I entered a committee-room, a good-natured senator assured me, “Here you will see a vast deal of the *silent intellect* of the House of Commons.” Alas! I saw and heard nothing but its *loquacious folly*—each member, as it struck me, striving with his neighbour how he should put the most ridiculous queries; and evidently intent, not on evolving truth or attaining a practical benefit, but on exhibiting his own imagined cleverness, or propping up the lameness of his own fantastic theories.

I complimented Niebuhr on his knowledge of details, with regard to topics peculiarly British, and on the excellence of his English. “Oh!” said he, “I spent a winter in Edinburgh, about thirty years ago, and did not quite throw away my time.” He had been acquainted, I found, with Professor Dugald Stewart, and other literary worthies of that place and era. Hence the knowledge displayed in his leading questions, and a part at least of the interest with which he introduced and discussed such subjects

as I have alluded to. Still it was strange that about literary topics connected with Scotland, whereof I might be supposed, as it chanced, to be more master than of statistics, he seemed to care little—alas for the fame of Modern Athens!—and to know even less. Astonished, for instance, he was to hear that the German language and literature were now studied with some zeal, and—as we flattered ourselves—with some success, to the north of the Tweed. “Ah! is it so?” And what do you generally begin with? In your own case, for example?” I told him I had broke ground with Schiller, and that I ventured, whatever the critics might say, to prefer that noble poet to Goethe—that I thought he had a much more catholic spirit than the author of Faust and Wilhelm Meister—and that the latter, if I might venture to tell *him* so, was too German to make the same deep impression on the universal mind of civilized humanity as Schiller, by his capital productions, had done and would continue to do. I suppose Niebuhr did not agree with me, for he would touch on no specific work of Schiller's except his *Wallenstein*. That, he allowed, was a *great thing*. And even this praise I expected him to retract immediately afterwards, when he began expatiating on the evil tendency of historical fiction, and the mischief done by what he chose to call the *pleasing deceptions* of Walter Scott. My blood was up at this treason to our immortal countryman. That he is the foremost man of genius since the birth of time, with the sole exceptions of Homer and Shakspeare, has long been a firmly-settled article of my creed, and which, like his own Baron of Bradwardine, I would not “admit the discharge of a whole battery of cannon within point-blank distance, as an apology for neglecting” to maintain. Clearly, therefore, it never would have done to strike one's flag at once, for the mere *ipse dixit* of a Teutonic *savant*. I dared Niebuhr to cite an instance in which the moral impressions of true history, or the lessons in human character, to be derived from that source, have been injured by fictitious distortion or embellishment on the part of Sir Walter. And as to the mere facts of history, many of these would scarcely be remembered at all, if it were not for the vivid colouring of such writers

as Shakspeare, Schiller, and Scott. "And was it not Charles Fox, no mean authority, who used to say that Shakspeare is the only historian of England worth reading, for a considerable portion of her annals?"

If Niebuhr gave in, to a slight degree, on this head, he compensated himself for such a measure of candour, or civility, by emptying whole vials of bitterness on Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. What a series of amiable criticisms are recorded in my journal on that theme! "Our only doubt," it appears, "must be whether the *manner* or the *manner* of the book be more contemptible. Scott has committed the common, but fatal, error of *mis-taking his subject*. His book is neither the *life of Napoleon*, nor a *history of Europe during the times of Bonaparte*. It is not minute enough for the first; it is not comprehensive enough for the second. It is not a biography; it is not a history. Many transactions of Napoleon's reign he has not known, or has not examined with a searching spirit. There are unpardonable mistakes as to points in which the most ordinary vigilance would have prevented error; mistakes of geography, especially in the Russian campaign, which a glance at a good map might have precluded; mistakes of nomenclature; and frightful slips of the press, which should not have been overlooked."

Then, as to the *manner*—"the style is that of a newspaper *powdered with metaphors*, or crammed with illustrations that smell rankly of a poet's common-place book. And these are repeated to the last excess of self-plagiarism. Thus, it is hard to say how often over we have the *Roman Sibyl and her volumes*—Lord Byron's *Earth-quake-voice of victory*—the *Indian worshipping the Sun*—and others *ejusdem farinae*. Moreover, the metaphors are often false. The resolution of some one is said 'to grow *sterner* in the air of Italy, as some substances will *melt* only in certain kinds of gas.' And the grossest example of bathos ever met with is in the opening of the character of Wellington: 'Sir Arthur Wellesley is one of those gifted individuals, on whom the destinies of the world are seen to turn—as a *door upon its hinges*!'"

It was easy to *cap* that specimen of

bathos, bad as it may be, out of the sublime Milton himself:

"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son, of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone."

And all that Niebuhr could say did not prevent me from reading over again that very *Life of Napoleon*, within a month from the period of our conversation, with immense enjoyment, and as an excellent preparative for visiting the scenes of some of the great warrior's last campaigns.

After this topic had been fairly hunted down, it was natural to pass to the historic labours of the learned Professor—whereof the Professor, though unquestionably a modest man, was by no means reluctant to discourse. He talked with perfect delight of the translation of his first volume by Messrs Hare and Thirlwall, and with equal loathing of an abortive attempt which had preceded it. Hare and Thirlwall, he said, had not only *spoken* for him, but *thought* for him in English. It was the most perfect transfusion he could remember of a man's very soul—an absolute *metempsychosis*. And this acknowledgment he afterwards expressed in his dedication of the Byzantine series: "Julio Carolo Hario, et Connopo Thirlwallo, Cantabrigiensiss Trinitatis Collegii sodalibus, quorum ope Historia mea Romana a Britannis prorsus ita ut eam animo concepi patrioque Sermone conscripsi legitur, EΥΧΟΙΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΣΙΑΣ ΕΝΕΚΑ B. G. Niebuhrius." Whether these classical compliments were actually penned at this time I know not; but he showed me some sheets of Dextipus, Eunapius, &c., that were lying on his table, and to which the dedication I have cited was afterwards prefixed. He added, that a French version of his history was then in progress, but that every attempt to clothe

his thoughts in that language and idiom must, he feared, be a failure. "I tried the thing myself," said he, "but was soon obliged to leave off. No! no! They will never make me a Frenchman!"

His engagement with the Byzantine authors he represented as a mere diversion, taken up for the sake of variety, and to relieve the severer toil of his Roman researches. Most scholars would have treated such an undertaking as a more serious matter; but Niebuhr was eminently φιλόσοφος—one who made labour its own reward. It struck me, however, that some part of the execution of this Byzantine project had disappointed him, and that he was cooler about the business than would have been quite natural under other circumstances. He abused Dindorf very heartily for his management of one portion of the intended series. "A good head—a good head—but will work for nothing but money!"

I would fain have got him to open on the Academic system of Bonn and other German universities. Of his own connexion with them he had, certainly, no reason to be ashamed. He was doing his duty zealously—lecturing to two hundred students, and enthusiastically admired and beloved by them. Yet he evidently avoided the subject—conscious, perhaps, that there is hardly any thing in the *system*, as such, which a sensible and sober-minded man can approve. I remember only his telling me—and Schlegel made the same remark—that the philological studies of the young Papists at Bonn frequently ended in detaching them from Popery and the priesthood. Whether they exchanged their old creed for Protestantism or infidelity, in the majority of cases, he did not specify.

At last two hours had flown away, and Niebuhr was obliged to recollect that he had to pay his court to her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands. Of the royal presence in Bonn we had already been made disagreeably aware by her Majesty's preoccupation of all "the best inns' best rooms"—and I now observed that the Professor was decorated with his knightly ribbon, and dressed for a visit of ceremony. He entrusted me with a message for Frederick Thiersch, in case we should include Munich in our route—"and, as you are to be in Leipsic on your

return to England, let me give you a line for Hermann;"—then, with an economy of paper that would have done credit to Alexander Pope, he cut off, with a large pair of scissors, a very narrow strip from a folio sheet, and wrote the offered introduction.

This was to be our sole meeting, for I was forced to leave Bonn the next morning. His adieus, on a retrospect, appear very melancholy: "As soon as my Roman History is finished, I mean to allow myself a long holiday. My first excursion shall be to Great Britain, and you may count upon my returning your call." I petitioned for a more satisfactory enjoyment of his company, and assured him that, though I lived at some distance from London, to which he would go in the first place, the mail-coach would whisk him down to me at the rate of twelve miles an hour, stoppages included. The spirit of enquiry was roused again, and the Queen of the Netherlands had to wait some minutes longer, until I had communicated all I knew—Nimrod's article having not yet seen the light—concerning English posting, English staging, and matters relating thereunto. And not even Nimrod's "old gentleman of the last century" could have looked more aghast than did the learned Niebuhr at the idea of such travelling as I described to him. "*Gott bewahr!*" he exclaimed, "that I should commit my limbs to conveyances of that kind! I must be content with more sober proceedings. Nevertheless, I promise you a visit."—Already his days were numbered! The Roman History was never to be finished; and that visit was to be left unpaid.

Leaving Niebuhr, I repaired to the residence of Schlegel.

What a contrast! Truly, August Wilhelm von Schlegel—Professor of Roman Literature and Antiquities, and Teacher of Sanscrit—is a more splendid and imposing personage than his illustrious colleague. For this I was scarcely prepared, having heard of him, in England, chiefly from those who had seen him figuring as an humble satellite of Madame de Staël. Allow me to retain that astronomical image, since, although mental light was rather reflected by her *from* him than the contrary, yet he unquestionably revolved in an orbit of which she was the centre, and owed any thing of

fashionable lustre he displayed entirely to her countenance. But honours have crowded upon Schlegel since the days I allude to, and he now shines away—a presiding luminary—in the midst of a circle of his own. Every thing connected with his appearance and appointments was in keeping with this new character. Instead of the ultra-plain house and furniture of Niebuhr, here were a smart mansion and luxurious accommodations. Instead of a simple maiden, a liveried lacquey answered my summons, and marshalled me into a handsome drawing-room. I had to wait for some minutes before the host appeared, and I spent them in ruminating over recollections of his lectures on dramatic literature, and his translations from Shakspeare. My enthusiasm about the first of these productions—once excessive—was now, perhaps, a little cooled; but the version of Shakspeare might well inflame, as it did, my desire to become acquainted with its author. Doubtless that is a marvellous performance. It is not translation, but absolute *transcription*—word for word with the glorious original—in the same metre—the same number of lines, and almost of letters. And was ever *sense* so poured out of one tongue into another without the evaporation of a particle of *spirit*? Conceive two impressions of the same plate—one plain and the other tinted—such is the resemblance and the difference.—But the door opens, and in he comes. Is it possible? Can a man of real genius be *affected*? I am so short-sighted that I may have mistaken the *expression* of his air and gait.—But he begins to speak. I fear it is too true!

Niebuhr had accosted me in English without hesitation and without parade. Schlegel had his preliminary flourish of trumpets:—"Shall we converse in Latin—French—German—Italian—or English? It is quite indifferent to me." I took the polyglot at his word, and intimated a decided preference for my vernacular idiom. Even in this matter there was a marked discrepancy between his style of *execution* and Niebuhr's. Schlegel spoke English with less fluency than Niebuhr, but his intonation was more declamatory, his phraseology more pointed, and his whole manner more ambitious than those of his compeer. Before he had uttered three sentences,

one caught oneself ejaculating internally, "*The historian of Rome was content to be loved, but this gentleman is resolved to be admired!*"

We began by talking of some common acquaintances on my side of the water—Sir James Mackintosh—Mr Brougham (as he was then lucky enough to be)—and others. It amused me to observe that Schlegel, in spite of his philosophy, seemed to take far more interest in all things relating to the politicians than the literati who passed under review. Even Mackintosh, who had claims to attention in both capacities, did not appear to occupy his thoughts half so much as Brougham. And I learned afterwards that the Rhenish Professor, in the course of the ensuing year, became more fond than ever of quoting and discussing "his friend the Chancellor of England." Statesmen have, undoubtedly, the best of it—as far as bustle and *prestige* go—for the time being; but pass a few generations, and literature has its revenge. What is the name of Essex now to that of Spenser—or that of Burleigh to Shakspeare's—or that of Cromwell himself to Milton's—or Harley's to Swift's—or Addison the Secretary's to Addison the Essayist's?

At the same time, Schlegel's conversation was, in some respects, more *academic* than Niebuhr's. He asked a thousand questions as to the British Universities, and particularly those of Scotland. At the mention of a six months' vacation in the latter institutions, he actually sighed with envy. "But pray, Mr Schlegel, how many hours in the week may you happen to lecture on all your subjects?"—"Six, on an average, for nine or ten months of the year."—"What would you think of twenty-one or twenty-two—between lecturing and examination—as an ordinary allowance for a classical Professor?"—"Ah! *Gott bewahr!*"—as usual—was the reply. In short, he confessed that a residence for even ten months of the year, amid delightful environs, with just work enough to keep the mind active but unfatigued, and with ample daily leisure for the prosecution of literary schemes, came nearer to his ideal of professional felicity.

There is in these Germans a strange mixture of profound knowledge and childish ignorance. Schlegel seemed

really to believe that the dissemination of sceptical opinions—or what he called “the free scope of the human mind on sacred topics”—was under prodigious restraints in England. I assured him that, provided the sceptic did not outrage common decency in point of manner, his matter might be communicated to the reading public with every facility.—“And why,” said he, “this mighty tumult among a portion of you English about some passages in Niebuhr’s book? What possible appearance of scepticism can your Puritans discover there?”—I turned to a passage not far from the beginning: “The fallacy, which is still so general, that tribes of a common stock must have sprung genealogically by over-widening ramifications from a single root: This fallacy escaped detection among the ancients, perhaps because they admitted many races of men originally different. They who do not recognise such a plurality, but ascend to a single pair of ancestors, betray that they have no idea of languages and their modifications, unless they cling to the miracle of a confusion of tongues; a miracle which may suffice with respect to such races as present no striking physical difference.”—“These sentences,” I said, “appeared to me equally erroneous, as they regarded the philosophy of speech, and the physical history of man, but at any rate they went directly in the teeth of Scripture.”—“Of Scripture, my dear sir? Not at all. You are thinking of the creation of Adam. But Adam means merely man, or human nature. God created Adam: that is, he created human nature. Observe that in Scripture—since you will appeal to it—this is the true signification of Adam. Thus, to put off the old Adam, is to put off the old man—the old human nature.”—“What, then, Mr Professor! Was it human nature that fell into a deep sleep, and had the rib taken from its side? Was it human nature that lived an hundred and thirty years, and begot a son in his own likeness, and called his name Seth? Or, even when we read, as in Adam all die, so in Christ are all made alive—is not Christ an individual—a person—and can the antithesis be complete, unless Adam be an individual likewise?”—Schlegel’s look, at my last quotation, convinced me that it would have been useless to hint at the doctrines of original sin and the atone-

ment—both of which would be shaken to the very foundation, were we to surrender that true, historic personality of the father of mankind, which Niebuhr has treated with so little deference.

The Scriptures—Old and New—command small reverence from these disciples of the rational school. Schlegel laughed outright at the notion of relying on the genuineness of the books of the Old Testament. “I don’t agree,” said he, “with all the arguments of Gesenius on this head. On some of them, especially those drawn from style and idiom, I should not lay much stress. But I perfectly acquiesce in his conclusion.” With all this looseness of religious sentiment, Schlegel supports a high standard of morals, and inveighed bitterly against the licentiousness of the lower orders in Bonn and its vicinity. Gross enough it must be, since even the most Catholic Archbishop of Cologne has forbidden pilgrims in this neighbourhood—at least such as last beyond a day. There are an infinity of chapels, shrines, and holy images, at Godesberg and elsewhere, to which superstition used to attract numerous votaries of both sexes; and the results of their joint devotion were too often of a kind peculiarly offensive to kirk-sessions and parish-beadles in Great Britain. No field-preaching or love-feast in summer evenings could be more prolific.

Schlegel and I parted rather coolly. My orthodoxy had, without doubt, lowered me much in his esteem. He even dissuaded me from viewing the Roman antiquities collected at Bonn, of which he holds the key. This, to be sure, might proceed partly from laziness, wherewith the students tax him pretty roundly. They proclaim their respect for his high talents; but “he is too indolent,” they say, “too fat, and perhaps too witty, to be a good working and teaching professor.”

I had few minutes left for a call upon Brandis—the amiable and excellent Brandis—whom I had once met at Oxford, in the year 1820, when he was there together with Immanuel Bekker, making preparations for an edition of Aristotle. Bekker, with his wonted indomitable industry, soon despatched the text, but Brandis’s commentary, though now daily expected, has not yet made its appearance. It was agreeable to me to be at once recog-

nised by this good man, and to receive hearty offers of attention, of which my time did not permit me to avail myself. He has a pleasant house, in a smiling garden, on the banks of the Rhine; and enjoys great popularity as a professor of philosophy and interpreter of Aristotle.

The last thing I noticed about the University of Bonn was the advertisement of a medical professor affixed to the gate, and announcing experiments on the living animal as a part of his regular course. In this there was something unblushing and disgusting; but a professor, in the German colleges, unless he be opulent, must propose any thing and do any thing to stimulate curiosity and tempt an audience. Such is the system—restless competition—perpetual straining after novelty—moral and intellectual dram-drinking. Some of the results of this spirit have certainly been dazzling; but on the whole evil consequences have predominated.

Incessant labour—intense industry—has been one of these results. One of the Göttingen professors, having the full use of his limbs, assured me he had not left his house for thirteen years. The longest walk he took was from his sleeping apartment to his observatory, both being under the same roof;—"all his adventures were" literally "by the fireside, and all his migrations from the blue bed to the brown." Another was pointed out to me who, in addition to his public duties, had read fourteen hours a-day, without intermission, from the time when he was nine years old. On his wedding-day, indeed, he read only *eleven*—but, to make up for such truancy, he rose next morning three hours earlier than usual. Now all this is absolute folly. "In vain do ye rise so early, and so late take rest." Ten or twelve hours of active intellectual exertion, in the course of the twenty-four, are enough for any man who wishes to keep the *ἰσχυρὸς φρονιμῶν*—the mental sap—circulating briskly through his brains. Deprived of that wholesome circulation, the brains turn mouldy; and mouldy brains breed maggots.

Another of the results alluded to has been an enormous mass of publication. "They write about it, goddess, and about it!" Every man who reads in Germany writes too, and every scholar prints without end. They will publish a new edition for the sake of one

new lection. They will publish five or six volumes for the sake of one new theory upon one single part of one single worn-out subject. No matter whether the theory be right or wrong. No matter whether it be put forth one year, only to be contradicted, in a fresh publication, by the same hand, the year after. Write they must, to attract notice, to canvass for professorships, and then to canvass for students. Of course one-fiftieth of these productions never remunerate either author or publisher. Hence the prodigious number of unfinished works and incomplete editions, "never ending still beginning," that issue from the German press. Three or four shelves of my bookcases are groaning beneath them at this moment; and I groan, still more heavily, over my bookseller's accounts. There is one publisher at Leipsic, a wealthy man, whose fancy it is that no work, printed by him, shall ever lower its price in the market. In consequence of this wise determination, he has three sides of a square occupied by his warehouses, crammed full of unsaleable sheets, whose value, as *waste paper*, is calculated at L. 25,000! What a multitude of crude hypotheses must lie there entombed! And how much more unfortunate is it that a great many of them should ever see the light! Half of them at least have been got up solely on speculation—in a desperate attempt to out-Herod the Herod of some preceding theory. An Edinburgh Reviewer has called this process a species of intellectual *renouncing*. And so it is. The German student *renowns* by rubbing a hole in the elbow of his new coat—or knocking down an unoffending citizen—or setting fire to his lodgings—or fighting a duel with his best friend. The German professor *renowns* by arguing that an ancient author didn't write his own books—or that Homer was "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"—or that Moses, the meekest of men, was no better than he should be—half-poet, half-impostor. For my part, I prefer the method of our home-bred scholars. Their fruits may be slower of coming to maturity; but they are sounder when matured. If they *seem* to do less, they have less likewise to undo.

Whether it be altogether safe and right to commit the youth of our own country for education to such guides, British parents and guardians must decide. I found several of my young

compatriots at Bonn and other German universities; but it has not been my lot to encounter much sound philosophy or sound sense, neat as imported, among those who have returned from these seats of ingenuity and learning. No doubt there is the grand modern attraction of economy, in comparison at least with English colleges. At Oxford or Cambridge one of the rising generation must draw upon the paternal purse to the tune of L.200 per annum, at a moderate allowance. Even in Leyden, the annual expenses of academic residence amount to L.100. At Bonn, a student may live handsomely, for the ten months of session, for about L.80. But mark the considerations *per contra*! There is no discipline, properly so called—no anxious, kindly superintendence—

no constant spur to a healthful degree of emulation—no examination except for degrees. Your son may very probably learn nothing better than the mysteries of the beer-can and the meerschaum—to let his shirt-collar lie open, and his whiskers meet beneath the chin—and to enter, in reckless reliance on human reason, upon the dangerous approaches to infidelity.

Alas, for the spirit of young Germany! Now—even now—as at the dawn of creation, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life grow side by side. A clear vision can discern them both. Of both an humble and a faithful heart may have fruition. But woe to him who, too intently straining after the branches laden with knowledge, turns his back upon the apples of life!

RUSSIA.

“PROGRESS AND PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIA IN THE EAST.”

“RUSSIA,” BY A MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER.

OF the two pamphlets which stand at the head of this article, the first appeared about a year and a half ago, and immediately subsequent to the publication of the second, by “A Manchester Manufacturer.” But, notwithstanding the close correspondence between them in point of time and subject, it is evident that they were written without either knowledge of or reference to each other; and they thus exhibit a striking instance of the wide difference that may exist in the opinions of two individuals of high talent, practical men in their way too, upon one subject, in which they are both strongly interested, and which we are bound to believe they are disposed to discuss candidly and conscientiously upon its own merits.

The extreme discrepancy in this case arises partly from the difference in amount of knowledge which each respectively has brought to bear upon the subject; for the first treats it as a man who has examined human nature, and studied the history of nations with the eye of strong and practical common sense, as well as of philosophy, and has applied the knowledge thus acquired with sober and discrimina-

ting judgment; while the second, so soon as he leaves that part of the subject with which his own pursuits have rendered him familiar, launches out into a visionary and Utopian strain of argument, which differs most strangely from the clear and inexpugnable statement of truths which illustrates other portions of his work.

The importance of the subject treated of in both these pamphlets—namely, the nature and probable danger to the interests of this country of the designs and progress of Russia, particularly in the East—and the remarkable contrast afforded by the several views they take of it, have tempted us to bring them together before our readers, in order to point out what appears to us the errors of the one, as illustrated by the facts and reasoning of the other—errors the more dangerous, because mingled with impressive truths, and advocated with no ordinary degree of ability. At this time, when the plot seems thickening so fast in that quarter, and so many events are occurring that tend to bring matters to a crisis, it appears to us essential that the country should be made acquainted with the true state of things,

Truth alone is our object, and if any of the views we seem to advocate are false, we are open to conviction, and shall readily confess and seek to repair our errors. In the mean-time, we need offer no apology for calling attention to these pamphlets, which we shall take in the order they appear in at the head of this article.

"Peter the Great," begins the author of "The Progress and present Position of Russia," "eleven years after the battle of Pultawa, established a line of posts from the Volga to the Don, to protect his country from the incursions of the unsubdued tribes to the south. The Russian frontier posts are now on the banks of the Araxes, and beyond it, seven hundred miles in advance of the position they then occupied.

"As a question of general history, it might be interesting to enquire by what means Russia has been enabled, besides her acquisitions in Europe—including Finland, Ingria, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, and the most important part of the remainder of Poland, the Southern Ukraine, the Crimea, Bessarabia, &c. &c.—to acquire at the same time an extension of her southern frontier, including a territory equal to France or Spain. But the enquiry becomes infinitely more interesting when it is regarded with reference to the political consequences of her aggrandizement in Asia, and to the light which may be thrown on her views, and the principles of her policy, by an examination of the course she has pursued where her proceedings were least exposed to the scrutiny, or controlled by the influence of European nations."

We believe that our reflecting readers will think so too; and we shall, accordingly, first take a short sketch of the conduct and result of the enquiry in the pamphlet before us, and then examine a little into the nature of the facts and reasonings by which it is guided.

The pithy exordium we have just quoted is followed up in the three first chapters by an account of Peter the Great's progress, and that of his successors, in extending the territories of his empire, particularly at the expense of Turkey, Persia, and the Caucasian states; and a blacker catalogue of crimes, contemplated and perpetrated—of nefarious intrigues—of unjust and oppressive wars—of treaties violated—of promises unworthily broken—of treachery, massacre, and pil-

lage—the dark annals of history, whether heathen or Christian, can scarcely produce. The designs of Russia, conceived by Peter, advanced by his relict Empress, pressed forward with stern and unsparing vigour by the second Catharine and her unprincipled favourites, and eagerly persevered in by Alexander, are here dragged to light, held up to the world's regard, and demonstrated by facts as well as by inductive proof.

The fourth chapter, in continuing this remarkable narrative of usurpation and aggression, calls the reader's attention to the obvious truth, that Russia must have some ulterior motive, in the vast expense of blood, treasure, and reputation she has incurred, to overleap the stupendous chain of Caucasus—so perfect and admirable a natural boundary to the southern frontier,—some object far more important than the acquisition of provinces which have hitherto been but costly appendages to the empire. "These (says the writer) can be valued or valuable only inasmuch as they afford facilities for arriving at some great end, which would in her estimation remunerate her for all that might be expended in attaining it. On no other grounds would her policy be intelligible." This ulterior object is afterwards laid bare—but the chapter in question, which is chiefly occupied with her proceedings against Persia down to the peace of Goolistan in 1814, presents the reader with a sketch of the origin and growth of the modern connexion of Great Britain with Persia. It terminates with a signal instance of the shuffling conduct of Russian negotiators, and of the bad faith of the Russian Government, in the retention of the district of Tâlish, in spite of the solemn pledge given by General Riteschaff, Governor-General of Georgia, and plenipotentiary on the occasion of the peace of Goolistan, that it should be restored by the Emperor.

The fifth chapter carries on the detail of this system of mingled force and guile; points out the various means by which the Russian Government and authorities sowed discord among the Persian chiefs, and sought to establish an influence which met with infinite resistance from the disgust which they themselves personally inspired; and lays open the insidious and ne-

farious means by which it forced on Persia that war which was terminated only by the peace of Jerhemauchai, and the loss of Erivan Nakshivan and many other important districts or strongholds, besides more than two millions of treasure paid as *indemnity money* to the conquering party!

In the sixth chapter the scene is changed to Turkey, where similar scenes are enacted in succession by the same performers, and every engine set in motion to promote the disorganization and increase the feebleness of the Ottoman empire, with equal success as in other quarters. For though the sagacity of Napoleon, as well as his gigantic achievements in the north of Europe, interfered more than once with the designs of Russia in Turkey, and rendered the four years' war which was terminated by the peace of Bucharest, successful as it was in its military operations, unproductive of any solid acquisition, except that of the province of Bessarabia—(the importance of which was then not comprehended)—her intriguing and shifting policy promoted the Greek rebellion and final separation of Greece from the Ottoman dominions, involved the Porte in a war with Persia, secured to herself the advantages of the treaty of Aluman, produced the destruction of its fleet at Navarino, and finally goaded on the Sultan to the fatal and disastrous war of 1828-9. This war (continued through two campaigns, which were scarcely less destructive to the Russian than the Turkish armies,) was terminated by the treaty of Adrianople, and gave to the Czar, who had so often disclaimed all intention or desire to aggrandize his dominions, "the fortresses of Anapa, &c., on the Black Sea, a portion of the Pashalic of Akhilska, including the fortresses of Akhilska and Akhilskelek, and Kerlwas, and the islands formed by the mouth of the Danube—stipulated for the destruction of the Turkish fortress of Georgiova (and Ihaila), and the abandonment by Turkey of the right bank of the Danube, to the distance of several miles from the river—effected the permanent separation of Moldavia and Walachia from Turkey by sanatory regulations which connected them with Russia," &c. &c. (see page 106;) and besides all this, it developed further and more sweeping projects, which the

advantageous position thus attained enabled the ruler of Russia to pursue with good hopes of success.

Next in succession, and not less affecting the welfare and even the existence of Turkey, comes the rebellion of Mahomed Allee under notice, and the fruitless application for aid, in this his hour of need, of the Sultan to England and France—*both, alas! devoid of the requisite maritime means of affording it* (England devoid of maritime means!!)—and his Highness's unwilling acceptance of the fatal proffered assistance of Russia, in order to save his throne from the hands of his rebellious vassal; the notorious treaty of Hunkiar Skelessee with its not less well-known separate article, which virtually gives to Russia the exclusive command of the Bosphorus and Black Sea, provided the maritime powers of Europe chose to ratify so gross an encroachment on their rights. The fruits of this transaction are all displayed in a light which tears the mask from the much and often boasted forbearance and magnanimity of the Czar, and shows it in its true colours—especially that signal moderation which "had induced him to refrain from seizing the capital of a friendly sovereign who had sought his aid;" and the liberality which led him to abandon a portion of the indemnity money, stipulated for at Adrianople, while he retained in pledge for payment of the rest, Silesia, one of the principal keys of the Danube. The danger to our trade with Persia and Central Asia, from the attitude assumed by Russia, "occupying positions beyond the Araxes in Persia, and beyond the Danube in Turkey," with "the exclusive possession of the Caspian, and command of the Black Sea—controlling the mouths of the Kûr on the one, and of the Danube on the other—*within nine miles of the only road of communication* by which British manufactures and produce can arrive at Armenia and Persia," is all clearly pointed out, as well as the expediency of curbing the ambition and rebellious movements of Mahomed Allee Pashah, not only as being dangerous to Turkey, but as injurious to all those powers who are interested in preserving her. The intimate connexion which ought still to unite the infant state of Greece to her former mistress in bonds of amity

mutually advantageous, is well touched upon; and the following passage, which concludes the chapter, deserves the deep attention of every well-wisher of his country:—

“In examining every question of foreign commerce as relates to this country, it should be kept in mind, that it is not the profit of the merchant which, to the *people of England*, is the most important consideration, but *the amount of their labour which can be disposed of at a remunerating price*, or, in other words, *the number of hands that can be employed, and mouths that can be fed in England*. The profit of the merchant is altogether a secondary consideration; but *where it is large, there we may be sure the consumption will increase*. *To provide full and constant occupation for the operative classes, is the first object*. It is because they limit the quantity consumed by raising the price to the consumer, rather than because they affect the profits of the merchant, that restrictive duties in foreign countries operate injuriously to England; and it is the labouring classes of our population who are most interested in preserving the commercial system of Asia, which is free from restrictions, and preventing the substitution in its room of the most restrictive system in Europe.”

The seventh chapter commences with an able exposition of the system which Russia usually resorts to after a certain period of more active aggression, and by which she contrives, vampire-like, to exhaust the moral force of the nations it is her object to subdue; and then, by pressing on their helpless weakness, thus artificially brought about, the insidious offer of her protection, to bring them absolutely under her control, without destroying their physical resources, which she covets, or alarming the jealousy of other powers who might interpose to prevent a case of manifest and violent encroachment. This is a course which neither Turkey nor Persia are by any means qualified to resist; and therefore, the author argues, if they are to be preserved from the common fate, it must be by means and powers of a different description from those which have yet been employed. The power which should thus interpose for their safety, he demonstrates, unanswerably as we think, is Great Britain: both because it is her obvious interest to do so, and because she *can* do so with efficacy; and he grounds his argument, not only upon the large and increasing

commercial interest which she has in Persia and Central Asia generally, but on the imperative necessity of providing for the safety of her Indian dominions—not against actual invasion by a *coup de main*, but against the dangerous approximation of Russian influence and agency, should that power obtain possession of Persia and her resources,—an event which would virtually advance the Russian frontier to *Herât*. From thence the emissaries of that Government might, and would undoubtedly, spread themselves with ease over the north of India, foment discontent and rebellion, and occasion so much disturbance, as to render needful a great augmentation of our troops in that country, while from the same reason a decrease of revenue would with equal certainty follow.

The moral obligation which England has incurred to protect the people of India, whom she has deprived of their natural guardians, is ably and indisputably proved; and the maintenance of the integrity of Persia and Turkey are shown, by the clearest reasoning, to afford the surest means of securing this protection. The effect of the influence already exerted by Great Britain in favour of Persia to repress Russian encroachment, is described; and an interesting sketch which is given of the present condition of Persia, the nature of the late Shah's Government, and of its political relations with Great Britain, affords opportunity for setting forth in contrast the advantages and actual resources which Russia would obtain by a virtual acquisition of the country and its resources, and the loss, political and financial, which such an event would entail on Great Britain; with the reverse of the picture, supposing the latter to retain her influence in opposition to that of Russia—the absolute security of India from all intrigues on that side—with a large and increasing trade, and all at an incalculably decreased amount of outlay. This last is a momentous consideration, and the reader will find the question ably handled. We strongly recommend this passage to the earnest attention of all who take an interest in these most important national concerns.

The concluding chapter so powerfully and strikingly sums up the results of the measures and policy of Russia

which the foregoing ones have exposed, that we cannot resist stating the momentous facts which it discloses to our readers, in the language made use of by the author, to show how widely the professions of moderation and abrogation of all lust of territorial aggrandizement, so often put forth by Russia to Europe, are at variance with her acts.

“ A reference to the map will show that Russia has advanced her frontier in every direction ; and even where the Caspian Sea appeared to present an impediment to her progress, she has turned it to advantage by appropriating it to herself. It will be seen that the plains of Tartary have excited her cupidity, while the more civilized nations of Europe and Asia have been dismembered to augment her dominions. Not content with this, she has crossed into America, and there disputes, in direct violation of her engagements to England, the right of our merchants to navigate the rivers that debouch on its western coast. It will be seen that the acquisitions she has made from Sweden are greater than what remains of that ancient kingdom ; that her acquisitions from Poland are as large as the whole Austrian empire ; that the territory she has wrested from Turkey in Europe is equal to the dominions of Prussia exclusive of her Rhenish provinces ; and that her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are equal in extent to all the smaller states of Germany, the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, Belgium, and Holland, taken together ; that the country she has conquered from Persia is about the size of England ; that her acquisitions in Tartary have an area equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain ; and that the territory she has acquired within the last 64 years (since 1772), is greater in extent and importance than the whole immense empire she had in Europe before that time.

“ These are facts which rest on no doubtful evidence ; yet they are such as may well startle every thinking man who has not previously reflected on them, and such as no one who desires to reason on the present state of Europe or Asia ought to disregard. Every portion of these vast acquisitions, except, perhaps, that in Tartary, has been obtained in opposition to the views, the wishes, and the interests of England. The dismemberment of Sweden, the partition of Poland, the conquest of the Turkish provinces, have all been injurious to British interests ; and though some of them found favour for a time, and for a price given at Vienna and Berlin,

even the kingdoms that have shared her spoiliations can now regard them with no other feeling than alarm.

“ The power and resources of Russia lie in the countries to the west of the Volga, not in the wilds of Siberia ; and her empire in Europe has been nearly doubled in little more than half a century. In 64 years she has advanced her frontier eight hundred and fifty miles towards Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Paris ; she has approached 450 miles nearer to Constantinople ; she has appropriated the capital of Poland, and she has advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden, from which, when Peter I. mounted the throne, her frontier was distant three hundred miles. Since then she has stretched herself forwards about one thousand miles towards India, and the same distance towards the capital of Persia. The regiment that is stationed at her furthest frontier post on the western shore of the Caspian has as great a distance to march back to Moscow as onward to Alcock and the Indus, and is actually further from St Petersburg than from Lahore, the capital of the Seiks. The battalions of the Russian Imperial guard that invaded Persia found, at the termination of the war, that they were as near Herât as the banks of the Don ; that *they had already accomplished half the distance from their capital to Dehlee* ; and that, therefore, from their camp in Persia they had as great a distance to march back to St Petersburg as onward towards the capital of Hindostan. Mean-while the ‘ Moscow Gazette ’ threatens to dictate at Calcutta the next peace with England, and Russia never ceases to urge the Persian Government to accept from it, free of all cost, officers to discipline its troops, and arms and artillery for its soldiers, at the same time that her own battalions are ready to march into Persia whenever the Shah, to whom their services are freely offered, can be induced to require their assistance.

“ Thus, while she accuses the more popular governments of Europe of a desire to subvert existing institutions, Russia herself is undermining every throne within her reach. That of Poland she has pulled down. Since the battle of Narva she has never ceased, by intrigues and by force, to distract and encroach upon Sweden ; since the battle of Pultawa she has continually sought the subversion of Turkey ; since the peace of Newstadt, she has perseveringly pursued her conquests in Persia, her intrigues in Germany ; and her ambitious projects are a source of continual alarm to Austria. France was threatened with invasion, to force upon it

a government it had rejected. Greece is taught to believe that its tranquillity can only be secured when it shall be hers. Prussia purchases forbearance by acquiescence in the views, and even the caprices of the Emperor, and submits to the indignities and plunders of Kalish. Hostile restrictions are directed against the commerce of England, and her empire in the East is openly threatened with attack. In the wilds of Tartary, on the east and on the west of the Caspian, on the north and on the south of the Black Sea, in the centre of Europe, on the Baltic, and northward to the Frozen Ocean, on the frontiers of China and the coast of America—every where we find her a successful and persevering aggressor. With a *larger extent of territory than ever before was subject to one crown*, she thirsts insatiably for more, and studiously directs all her energies, not to the means of improvement, but of further acquisition."

After this clear and startling *exposé*, the right of all the kingdoms or states whose interests are injured by the past conduct, or threatened by the future designs of Russia, to oppose them, is deduced from the primary and cogent duty of self-preservation; and the writer goes on to observe,—

"If we find that a government has for more than a century steadily pursued an important object through many successive reigns, and has sacrificed about a million of its subjects, and an enormous amount of money, in its efforts to attain it; if, year after year, we find it renewing these efforts, and accumulating its means to effect its purposes; if we find it steadily advancing towards its accomplishment, and resorting to the same means by which it has brought about a similar result elsewhere, it is impossible to doubt that it continues to entertain the same views; and if it disavows them, it is incumbent upon it to show, not by words only, but by acts, that its policy is changed; but if instead of disavowing, it has admitted them, there can be no need of further evidence. Such is the position of Russia in relation to Turkey and Persia,—such the evidence of her views and her objects. Her intentions, therefore, cannot be doubtful if she remains unopposed, and would not be less so, were she now to deny them."

That the danger to be apprehended from the successful execution of these designs is great, in the opinion of the powers affected by it, is proved, according to our author, by the avowed determination of Austria to oppose the occupation of Constantinople with

500,000 men, and the frequently reiterated declarations of France and England; and he argues that these powers should now, while it may yet be time, demand from Russia substantial guarantees for her future conduct, both in regard to violence and intrigue, rather than wait till matters shall have arrived at a condition which will render war unavoidable.

"The only nation," says he, "in Europe, that attempts to aggrandize itself at the expense of its neighbours, is Russia. The only state whose preponderance and ambition threaten to disturb the general tranquillity, is Russia. The only power that seeks to put down any existing government, is Russia. All nations except Russia seek only to maintain the independence of other countries—to preserve things as they are, and to build up rather than pull down. Russia alone threatens to overturn thrones, subvert empires, and subdue nations hitherto independent. It is for her, therefore, to secure the tranquillity of the world by retiring from the menacing position she has occupied, thus affording the guarantees, the confidence in her future intentions, which will permit Europe to repose in safety."

These guarantees are named. The force of public opinion, awakened of late, and brought to bear upon her conduct, has induced the Emperor, with a show of generosity which, in point of fact, has rather improved than deteriorated his position, to comply with one, the least of all these requisitions, to affect compliance with others, and to reiterate those stale protestations of moderation, good faith, and magnanimity, which are so cheap, but which, nevertheless, have done him so much good service; but those who are in the least acquainted with the subject, will agree with the author of this pamphlet when he avers, that Russia has parted with nothing which she could have kept, and has proved by her acts that the projects she stands convicted of having formed, are still as earnestly and as diligently pursued as ever.

Such is a short *précis* of this interesting pamphlet, the arguments and deductions contained in which, resting as they do upon facts which cannot be controverted, must, we think, carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. They may be summed up as follows: It is proved that the rulers, or Go-

vernment of Russia, have, in accordance with a system commenced by Peter the Great, proceeded for a century past, with unswerving and indefatigable perseverance, in a course of conquest and territorial aggrandizement at the expense of their weaker neighbours, in defiance of treaties and pledges—*per fas et nefas*—and in the teeth of constantly reiterated protestations of good faith and moderation; that they continue still so to do, and in some instances scruple not to avow their ultimate intentions; and therefore there can be no doubt that, unless prevented, they will still pursue their course of ambition and conquest. But many of the territorial acquisitions of Russia, though won by a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, are not only valueless in themselves, but sources of constant expense and embarrassment. The inference is, that these are not so won for their own sakes, but for the attainment of some ulterior objects to which they may be conducive.

One of these objects, as is demonstrated both by inductive proof and circumstantial evidence, as well as by direct avowal, is the desire of gaining a position from whence Russia may hold the power of Great Britain in check, by menacing the tranquillity, if not the existence of British India, as she herself is open in the Baltic to the attack of Great Britain upon her commerce.

The success of these schemes, which include the overthrow of the Turkish Empire, and the occupation of Constantinople and the Dardanelles; and which, if unopposed, are not only practicable, but easy of accomplishment, would, it is argued, be deeply injurious to the interests of Europe in general, and of England in particular. It is therefore for England, possessed not only of India, which *she is bound to protect*, but of a promising trade with Central Asia, to be the foremost in opposing these schemes. For this purpose she should interfere firmly and effectually to preserve the integrity of Turkey and Persia, taking every needful precaution for checking the farther approach of Russia towards her Indian frontier. She may thus prevent a war which otherwise must sooner or later break forth, and assume, at comparatively trifling cost, that secure and commanding posture

which an outlay of millions may hereafter be inadequate to purchase.

Now, the only point in these conclusions which admits of a difference of opinion, is the extent of danger to be apprehended to Europe at large, and to England in particular, from the success of Russia. It is this very point which the author of the second pamphlet disputes; and we are now to examine the grounds on which he does so.

This pamphlet, entitled "Russia," is divided into four chapters. The first of these is headed "Russia, Turkey, and England," and purports to show forth the respective relations between these countries. The subject is opened by a remark, that in former times new wars have usually been preceded by false alarms, calculated to excite the public mind; and the author insinuates that the present Government of this country, "influenced by an aristocracy essentially warlike," may not be perfectly innocent of giving rise to such alarms, for the purpose of exciting the British nation to a war with Russia. The effect thus produced on the public mind he believes to be so great as to tend strongly, in spite of a profound ignorance of the true merits of the case, to promote a hostile movement in a cause which he conceives to involve no point of interest important to Great Britain; and he even declares his conviction, that were Russia to subjugate Turkey, England would gain rather than lose by the event. He deprecates, nevertheless, the imputation which he seems to anticipate of advocating the cause of Russian aggression and violence; and while exhibiting the nature of the Russian government, laws, and institutions, in most favourable contrast to those of Turkey, he repudiates the possible charge of palliating the act of spoliation which should substitute those of the one for the other, and still more of seeking to induce England to sanction such a measure, however beneficial it might prove to herself. His object, he declares, is only to persuade the people of England that their best wisdom would be to take no part in quarrels so remote.

The author next proceeds to describe the Turkish nation as a barbarous race of Tartars, fierce and unsparing—its Government, essentially cruel and intolerant, as destructive in

its spirit and demoralizing in its operation—changing the fairest and most favoured regions of the earth into desolate wastes, annihilating commerce and agriculture, and benumbing all the higher and nobler faculties of the human soul. He descants on the brutalizing influence of the Mahometan religion, and consequent bigotry and ignorance of the people, and ridicules the notion that the Turks either understand or would take any measures to promote freedom of trade; appealing, in support of his assertion, to the conduct of the Ottoman Government in shutting up the Black Sea after the capture of Constantinople, in contrast with that of Russia, who stipulated at the peace of Kainaijee (in 1774), that it should be opened to her own ships, and afterwards, as he states, in 1829 procured the freedom of navigation in that sea to those of all nations.*

After dwelling at considerable length on this revolting picture of ignorance, cruelty, and oppression—of haughty masters and abject, crafty slaves—of fertile lands all waste—depopulated towns and empty ports—the author changes his theme to Russia, which he describes as a mighty empire of thirty nations or tribes, comprising 60 millions of inhabitants—spread over “one-half of Europe, one-third of Asia, and a portion of America;” but deficient in “identity of language, habits, and character,” and that condensation of its inhabitants which is essential to the strength of nations; immense tracts being utterly desert, while others are peopled only by roving tribes, or half-subdued barbarians.—From this description, in proof of the correctness of which he adduces statistical facts, he infers that Russia is vastly inferior in point of power to England or France, and barely equal to Prussia in that respect, and therefore no legitimate object of dread. That were she to consult her true interest, instead of seeking the extension of her dominions by conquest, and thereby rendering her population still more diversified and heterogeneous, and consequently increasing her weakness, she should lay herself out for improving the vast tracts of fertile land she possesses—for increas-

ing her inland navigation, intersecting the country with railroads—“fostering the accumulation of capital, the growth of cities, and the increase of civilisation and freedom.” But while she persists in the reverse of all this, she must but become day by day more feeble and less formidable—and “what then,” exclaims our author triumphantly, “becomes of our apprehensions about the safety of India, or the possession of the Ionian Islands—the freedom of the Mediterranean—our maritime superiority?” &c. &c.

After this burst, which appears to awaken his enthusiasm, the “Manufacturer” speculates upon the results which (arguing from those that attended the efforts of Peter the Great on the banks of the Neva) he conceives would certainly follow the occupation of Constantinople by Russia, and the lapse of the Turkish dominions into the hands of the Czar, in a strain which savours more of the visionary than of the cool and deliberate statesman. He assumes that these results “would not at least be less favourable to humanity and civilisation than those which succeeded her conquests in the Gulf of Finland a century ago. The seraglio of the Sultan would once more be converted into the palace of a Christian monarch; the lasciviousness of the harem would disappear at the presence of his Christian empress; those walls, which now resound only to the voice of the eunuch and slave, and witness nothing but deeds of guilt and dishonour, would then echo to the voices of men of learning, or behold the assemblage of high-souled and beautiful women, of exalted birth and rare accomplishments—the virtuous companions of ambassadors, tourists, and merchants from all the capitals of Europe. We may fairly and reasonably assume that such consequences would follow the conquest of Constantinople; and can any one doubt that if the Government of St Petersburg were transferred to the shores of the Bosphorus, a splendid and substantial European city would, *in less than twenty years*, spring up in place of those huts which now constitute the capital of Turkey?” &c. &c. (Page 7.)

This eulogium by anticipation of

* This gross mistatement of facts will be thoroughly exposed in the sequel.

the energy and magnificence of the future conquerors of Turkey, is followed by an equally laudatory sketch of the encouragement given by the Government of St Petersburg to trade, heightened by contrast with the worse than apathy alleged against the Turks in this respect. And the author contends that the commerce of England could not be otherwise than benefited by the transfer of the Turkish capital to Russia. That power, he insists, could not and never would attempt to enforce a restrictive system, which would defeat her own purpose of fostering trade and manufactures. "Commerce," he observes, "cannot in the present day turn hermit." A nation which would encourage commerce and manufactures must open its ports to all the world; and London being the metropolis of the monied world, England would, he contends, come in for its share of advantage in all cases of extension in trade; because round her, as the centre of the commercial and financial system, all nations must revolve, and be more or less influenced in their transactions.

We must pass over with a bare notice our author's beautiful and well merited tribute to the peaceful trophies of "Watt and Arkwright," so happily contrasted with the barren and blood-stained laurels of Potemkin and Suwarow, but less worthily or fairly set in rivalry against the deeds of Nelson and Wellington; and glancing only at the succeeding comparison of the progress of England in her path of improvement, with that of Russia in her course of territorial aggrandizement, we arrive at his pithy and striking, but we believe perfectly well-founded assertion, that "the four manufacturing districts of England alone—comprehending Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire—could, at any moment, by means of the wealth drawn by the skill and industry of its population, from the natural resources of this comparative speck of territory, combat with success the whole Russian empire." But we must dissent, for reasons hereafter to be given, from his further proposition, that the navies of Liverpool and Hull "could blockade within the waters of Cronstadt the entire Russian marine, and annihilate the commerce of St Petersburg," at this time, as "hereafter they might her fleets of the south within the Sea of Marmora."

A very unsparing attack upon the colonizing system—the disease of acquisitiveness, as the author reputes it—of Great Britain, follows this note of defiance to Russian ships of the line and bayonets on the part of Manchester looms and Liverpool merchantmen. He charges England with being as much addicted to violence and robbery as Russia; presses into the question the African deserts appended to the Cape, and the vast regions of Australia, to show that, within the last 100 years, our own territorial acquisitions have exceeded those of Russia, and demands, with what face Great Britain, who, for the love of spoil and gain, forced weaker and unwilling nations into wars, can fall foul of the Czar for acquisitions made in wars into which he was constrained in self-defence to repel the attacks of fierce and lawless nations? He even hazards an assertion, upon the authority of Malte Brun, that, were the truth duly known, in robbing from Poland, Russia but reclaimed what was her own, and paid back old scores of rapine and pillage. But, leaving this part of the question, which he probably felt to be untenable, he adroitly shifts his ground of attack to the uses made of their respective plunder by each of the rival robbers; and, while repeating his protest against misrepresentation, he enumerates the benefits which he conceives Russia to have bestowed upon the nations she has conquered, in such a strain as to leave on the reader's mind the impression—though the assertion is not made in direct terms—that Russia has been at least as great a benefactor of her acquired subjects as Great Britain has of hers. The instances he gives are not, indeed, very happily selected, and his alleged facts, however high the authority on which they are asserted, are unfortunately rather in opposition to the truth, particularly as regards the Caucasian tribes, the Crimea, and the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. It is with a defence of Russian interference in the affairs of these states, and praise of the benefits conferred upon others, that this chapter closes.

The second chapter is devoted to Poland and its relations with England and Russia, together with some observations on the weakness and poverty of the last power. The author repeats his abnegation of justifying the robberies committed on that country

by Russia, but professes to explain the true state of the question, and to show the inexpediency of interference by Great Britain in the affairs of Poland. He gives a laboured description of the long-continued anarchy under which the great mass of the people of that country groaned, previous to the first partition, from the corruption and wickedness of the tyrannical nobles; and deduces from thence the conclusion, that the subsequent fall of Poland "was a triumph of justice, without which its history would have conveyed no moral for the benefit of posterity. But though the punishment was a righteous infliction," he continues, "we need not vindicate the executioners."

He then proceeds to show forth the happy change which he asserts to have attended the transfer of the country from the native to Russian sway—always protesting against attributing the smallest merit to the instruments;—and after much in this sense, appeals to his readers, to say whether they have not been cheated, on false pretences, of their stores of compassion in favour of the Polish people, so falsely termed "oppressed," and denounces, in unmeasured language, the attempts of those "political quacks" who have, as he declares, stimulated British hatred and indignation against Russia by "decoctions of lies—compounds of invention and imposture—and deadly doses of poisoned prejudice, gilded with spurious philanthropy." He declares that he has "sought in vain for one case of insult to our flag—for an example of spoliation committed upon English merchants," &c. &c., to justify an "appeal to menaces, and a call for armaments from our Russo-maniac orators and writers;" and he attacks with bitter irony the speech of Lord

Dudley Stuart, which he terms "a compendium of all the accusations, suppositions, fears, dangers, and suspicions, of which the subject is susceptible," for the alarming picture it presents of the future growth of Russian dominion and power.

The intrinsic weakness of Russia, the groundlessness of alarm on the score of her schemes in progress, and her impotence either to infringe on the liberties of Europe in any manner or degree, or to attempt the conquest of India, is the next subject brought under consideration; but the arguments made use of to prove his assertions are more specious and plausible than practically sound, and the facts adduced in support of them partial and inconclusive. He ridicules the notion of Russia becoming a great commercial power while unfriendly to and unaided by Great Britain; and asserts, that while her own carrying trade is not in her own hands, it is impossible that she can compete for naval supremacy with England, who is in possession of that trade, and who, by placing *a couple of ships of the line, a frigate, and a steamer* at the mouth of the Dardanelles, and *half-a-dozen ships of war* at the passage of the Sound, could *hermetically seal both the Baltic and Euxine Seas*, and so annihilate the trade, and bridle the whole empire of Russia.*

The third chapter is occupied by a professed attempt to elucidate a subject of some intricacy, and which is by no means rendered more simple or more clear by the treatment of our author—it is "the balance of power." The chapter commences with a bitterly ironical attack upon what the author calls "the mischievous passion of the English for intermeddling with foreign states," and for "holding the balance of power" in Europe; and he pro-

* Nothing can more fully prove how little of a practical man the "Manufacturer" is beyond his own walk, than this notion of "hermetically sealing" the two Straits of the Dardanelles and the Sound, by such means as are proposed in the text. What should hinder twelve or thirteen sail of the line to come out in the face of "a couple of ships of the line," &c.—or twenty-six, with their attendant heavy frigates, in the teeth of his half-a-dozen ships of war? These vessels cannot be moored like floating-batteries across the channel—and if they could, they might be opposed by at least an equal force, and that of fresh ships in succession. They cannot cast anchor continually; and might be blown off the station—and then what becomes of the blockade? Every one knows that the masking army of a fortress must exceed the force of its garrison—that the blockading fleet must be superior in strength to that blockaded. *Ne autor ultra crepidam* is a wise adage.

ceeds to furnish what he is pleased to call the best definitions he can find "of the balancing system" from the works of Vattel, Gentz, and Brougham, commenting on them with the intention, as one would suppose, of puzzling and perplexing the notions of his readers on the subject, as much as he would have those readers imagine his own to be. He fixes, however, upon a definition of Lord Bacon, the true meaning of which he wrests, in order to fix upon it the stigma of being inimical to all improvement. His reasoning is as follows—knowledge and improvement are equivalent to power; "the balancing system," according to that definition, is established for the purpose of repressing power; but knowledge and improvement being in fact power, it represses them also.

The author next expresses his wonder how the Turks, whose habits and customs and interests are entirely at variance with those of Christian Europe, should ever have been dragged into this European "balancing system;" and he again falls foul of that "cruel," "savage," "wasteful," "devastating," "pestilential," and infidel nation, charging them, not only with all the really revolting atrocities committed during the Greek Revolution, but with their inexcusable ignorance of all that relates to commerce, agriculture, and the arts of civilized life—with their dreadful and abiding scourge the plague, and their subjection to the influence of a "brutalizing religion." And all this is for the express purpose of proving that neither religion nor morality can sanction Great Britain in protecting this "cruel," "infidel," and so forth nation from the aggression of Russia, "or any other Christian people."

This indignant extrusion of the poor Osmanlees from the society and protection of all Christian powers, is followed up by a fresh and most imbecile attempt to turn into ridicule the whole balancing system—"that monument of the credulity and facility of the human intellect" which would include barbarous Turkey, and yet exclude from its protecting influence the civilized and Christian United States, so much nearer, practically and commercially, than Constantinople to Great Britain; and the chapter concludes with an encomiastic allusion to the policy of Washington, who, obser-

ving the baneful consequences of foreign interference on the prosperity of European nations, and of England in particular, bequeathed as a legacy to his countrymen the injunction to seek for as little connexion as possible with the governments, but as much intercourse as possible with the nations of the world.

The fourth chapter contains an interesting but unfair enquiry into the effect of naval armaments on the protection of trade, and the best and surest mode of affording such necessary protection, from which he deduces two maxims. The first is, that armaments are not only useless for this purpose, but noxious, inasmuch as they occasion an expense which must fall upon commerce, and because they excite the bad passions and hostile feelings of other nations against us, from the arrogance of naval superiority which they cause us to assume. That, therefore, no armament, either naval or military, should be entertained; and as a corollary, that to go to war with Russia, in order to protect our commerce, would be folly. The second is, that the only efficient protection of trade is cheapness; and therefore, if we would secure a large and advantageous commerce, we must diminish duties on imports, and by seeking to procure cheap food for our operatives, enable them to undersell other nations—all which must be effected by reduction of outlay for other objects, and particularly for useless armaments.

The question of supposed danger to this country from external violence, is then gone into, and decided summarily in the negative—war is denounced as hurtful to all, and profitable permanently to no class of the community—the public is congratulated that the power of peace or war is now in the hands of the middling classes, who know their power, and their interests, and the use of *example*, rather than of *force*. "The cudgel," as the author calls it, is strongly recommended as the most efficacious, by its moral effect in ameliorating the condition of other nations and improving the character of their governments. He terminates the chapter and the work by assuring his readers that a desire to promote the "best interests of humanity" at the cheapest rate, was his only motive for bringing these subjects before

them; and he calls upon them, one and all, in a quaint but forcible manner, to second his endeavours by giving this pamphlet the widest circulation in their power.

Such is a very short and inadequate sketch of this pithy and able, but by no means fair or candid pamphlet, which, commencing with certain general principles, and deducing from them certain rules and consequences, labours to prove that all foreign interference on the part of England is injudicious, gratuitous, and most injurious to her interests—that no armament, either by sea or land, can be needful or useful—that colonies are useless and noxious appendages—that, let Russia or any other power do what she will, she cannot harm England so long as the latter devotes herself to the cultivation of *cheap* manufactures and free and universal trade. The drift of all these maxims is to establish, that she should on no account whatever interfere between Russia and Turkey, Persia, or any other state whatever, but keep the even tenor of her way in calm, benevolent indifference; imitating therein the conduct of the United States, which the author considers as the pattern of political prudence, but who, he thinks, will one day outrival England in commerce and manufactures, and consequently in power and prosperity.

Now, whatever may be the talents or good intentions of the “Manchester manufacturer,” two things are obvious from his work, as we shall most satisfactorily show before we are done. The first is, that practical and acute as his views appear in the abstract to be, he has, somehow or other, entirely lost sight of the real state of this world as it has existed for the last six thousand years, and imagined for himself a condition of sublunary affairs, in which none of the evil passions of mankind can have any sway,—where common sense, equity, and humanity are to be the guides of nations and their rulers,—and where all matters of international policy and internal administration are to be decided with unerring wisdom and integrity, according to universally recognised maxims of prudence and benevolence. The second is, that whatever may have been the author's wish, he has practically

shown himself very deficient in the fairness and candour on which he piques himself, contenting himself in general with stating one side of the case, and leaving out entirely all that might tell against his own argument; and in his comparative accounts of Russia and Turkey, he has been so much the eulogist of the former, and the defender of its policy and conduct, that, in spite of his protestations to the contrary, he will find it difficult to convince his readers that he is not her sworn defender and partisan.

With reference to the first of these charges, we think it will be seen that not even the soundest doctrines he propounds are free from a touch of the Utopianism to which we have alluded. For instance, no one will probably dispute that the existence of commerce depends upon reciprocal advantages arising from it to the trading parties, and that a preference in any market is only to be secured by superiority of quality and cheapness in the articles supplied. And yet it unfortunately does occur in the actual state of the world, that an arbitrary edict will so burden with duties the best and cheapest goods as to exclude them from the markets of greatest demand. Witness the present Russian tariff, which excludes nearly *all* our manufactured goods from her markets. This is all very bad—a sad deficiency of common sense and perception of self-interest; yet so it is.

In like manner, we may admit that neither fleets nor armies can, by possibility, ever avail to force or to create a traffic, or directly to influence in any favourable manner a commercial intercourse with any nation. But they may be useful in removing artificial obstacles, or in putting down, in the ignorant or ill-disposed rulers of a state, that opposition to trade which interferes with the wishes and interests of the people, and so may render that an open and lucrative trade which would otherwise have remained a petty smuggling traffic. Thus the appearance of a British fleet in the Black Sea (giving emphasis to a word spoken in season to Russia) might open to British merchants a trade with the Circassians, who desire nothing better; and we have found before now that trade in China went on all the better after the use of a strong

and forcible argument in the shape of a frigate's broadside.

The author expends much space, and eloquence, and sarcasm in attempting to prove that several of our most lucrative and most extensive branches of trade have flourished and do increase with little or no naval force to protect them, while others diminish or become unproductive, in spite of the presence of large armaments. As an instance of the first, he brings forward our trade with the United States, amounting to an export of more than ten millions annually of our manufactures, with a correspondent import of cotton and other raw material. "Yet what precaution is taken," he asks, p. 36, "by the Government of this country to guard and regulate this precious stream of traffic?" How many of those men-of-war, which cost us so many millions annually? Not one. What portion of our standing army, which costs seven millions a-year? Four invalids at the Perch-rock Battery of Liverpool. As an instance of the second, he adduces our commerce with the Mediterranean, so unequal to the last in amount and value, yet which is *protected* by thirty-six ships of war, mounting 1320 guns; and in one market of which we have been outdone by the *superior cheapness* of Swiss prints and Saxony drills. In like manner, he shows that the naval force at Lisbon costs the country L.700,000, while the total amount of British exports to Portugal, in 1831, was but L.975,991; and he indulges (page 42) in some ludicrous illustrations of the absurdity of burdening small branches of trade with armaments, the cost of which eats away more than the profits. Above all, he points to the amount of our navy now in commission in contrast with that of America, which he says costs only one-sixth of the expense of ours, with one-half of the extent of commerce to *protect*.

Now, we would ask, what fairness, or even common sense, there is in this mode of dealing with a subject assuredly of the highest importance? Is not his wilful misrepresentation of the clauses which he quotes from his late Majesty's speech unworthy of his own powers, or the cause he undertakes to advocate? Yet it is on such grounds that he protests against

all standing armaments, naval or military, laying it down as a maxim that the smaller these are, the better for the country; that we might, in fact, do very well without any thing of the sort—commerce would flourish all the better for it; and that with our merchant navy in possession of the carrying trade of the world, we might laugh at the attempts of any foreign power to molest us. Lest we should be supposed to misrepresent or overstrain our author's meaning, we shall quote his own words. His two last maxims, laid down in a note, p. 41, run as follows:—

"The only naval force required in a time of peace for the protection of commerce, is just such a number of frigates and small vessels as shall form an efficient sea-police.

"If Government desires to serve the interests of our commerce, it has but one way. War, conquest, and standing armaments cannot aid, but only oppress trade. Diplomacy will never assist it; commercial treaties can only embarrass it. *The only mode by which the Government can protect and extend our commerce, is by retrenchment. and a reduction of the duties and taxes upon the ingredients of our manufactures and the food of our citizens.*"

Again, after the just and eloquent tribute to the "peaceful exploits of Watt and Arkwright," to which we have already alluded, and contrasting the comparative forces of Russia and England, he says (p. 10), amongst much similar matter,—

"Liverpool and Hull, with their navies, and Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, with their capital, could blockade the whole Russian navy within the waters of Cronstadt, and annihilate the commerce of St Petersburg."

And again, a little lower down—

"Liverpool and Hull, with their thousands of vessels, would be in a condition to dictate laws to the possessor of one-fourth part of the surface of the globe. They would then be enabled to blockade Russia in the Sea of Marmora, as they could now do in the Gulf of Finland—to deny her the freedom of the seas—to deprive her proud nobles of every foreign commodity and luxury, and degrade them, amidst their thousands of serfs, to the barbarous state of their ancestors of the ancient Rousniacs—and to confine her Czar in his splendid prison of Constantinople."

There are a great many more such passages in a similar sense, which prac-

tical men, we think, will be apt to term *rant*; but we appeal to our readers whether those now quoted are not sufficient to bear out our inference that the author sees no difficulty in getting rid of all standing armaments whatever—except, perhaps, a small sea police.

But let us examine this part of the subject more practically. What danger, demands our author, can Great Britain have to dread from the efforts of any assailing power?

“With twenty-five millions of the most robust, the freest, the richest, and most united population of Europe—enclosed within a smaller area than ever before contained so vast a number of inhabitants—placed upon two islands, which for security would have been chosen before any spot on earth by the commander seeking for a *Torres Vedras* to contain his host—and with the experience of seven hundred years of safety, during which period no enemy has set foot upon their shores; yet behold the Government of Great Britain maintaining mighty armaments by sea and land, ready to repel the assaults of imaginary enemies.”—P. 40.

And again—

“It is only from decay or corruption within, and not from external foes, that a nation of twenty-five millions of free people—speaking one language, identified by habits, traditions, and institutions, governed by like laws, owning the same monarch, and placed upon an insular territory of less than 100,000 square miles—can ever be endangered.”—P. 40.

And a little before—

“There is a vague apprehension of danger to our shores, experienced by some writers, who would not feel safe unless with the assurance that the ports of England contained ships of war ready at all times to repel an attempt at invasion. This arises from a narrow and imperfect knowledge of human nature, in supposing that another people shall be found sufficiently void of perception and reflection—in short, sufficiently mad—to assail a stronger and richer empire, merely because the retributive injury thereby inevitably entailed upon themselves would be delayed a few months by the necessary preparation of the instruments of chastisement. Such are the writers by whom we are told that Russia was preparing an army of 50,000 men to make a descent upon Great Britain, to subjugate a population of twenty-five millions!”

Now, we quite agree with the author in pronouncing that it would be an act of madness for any power to make an attack such as he imagines upon a self-concentrated nation such as Great Britain. But such an enemy would not probably take the bull by the horns in this manner; he would proceed more cautiously. Let us suppose Great Britain just as prosperous and concentrated as our author paints her—in possession of a vast mercantile navy and carrying trade, but having no armament whatever, either naval or military; and that some other power—Russia or France, for instance, who had been nursing up both, at great expense and national injury, no doubt, but sustained perhaps, as Napoleon was, by the excitement of glory and national enthusiasm—should take it into its head to attack her. It would be beneath us—indeed it is against the premises to *prepare* for the possibility of such an attack—consequently, we have not one man-of-war in our ports—ships of the line are not built in a day or a year—nor a single sailor nor officer trained to naval warfare. The enemy, on the contrary, has forty or fifty sail of the line, and abundance of heavy frigates, small craft, &c., with crews well trained to naval manoeuvres, and excellent artillerymen—*Russia has now such a navy, and will soon probably have such crews.* So soon as this attack should be resolved upon, which, having no diplomatic body—no ambassadors nor political agents—might be concealed from us until too late to do any thing effectual,—indeed what could we do without ships or officers?—the sea would be covered with our enemy's cruisers, who would conduct our “merchant navy” unresistingly into Brest, Havre, Toulon, or Cronstadt, or Constantinople, &c. &c.; while a dozen of fine ships of the line, heavy fellows of two and three decks, with steamers and other appurtenances, would take post at the Nore, and off the Mersey, the Humber, the Clyde, &c. &c., “hermetically sealing” all those lungs of our commercial existence. What could our small merchant ships, built for peaceful trade, effect against these “leviathans of the deep,” with their triple rows of cannon, even though manned by the descendants of those brave forefathers

who bore the British flag triumphant to the remotest corners of the globe? Every naval man knows the impotence of small craft against heavy ships; it would be "the eagle in the dove-cote" in this case with a vengeance! Every naval man knows also, how much of time and pains it requires to bring a crew, even of good sailors, into an effective state for warlike purposes; and here there would be neither officers to train, nor vessels to exercise in.

But it may be argued that such a blockade could not last for ever; some method would in time be found for driving the intruders from our shores, although they, having advanced in the arts of war while we should have been retrograding, would have on their side all the advantage of skill, experience, and all manner of means and appliances, which we should lack; still in time the energies of the nation would be roused and prevail, and the incubus would be thrown off. But what an amount of damage would mean-while be sustained—what distress occasioned—what ruin incurred! The fluctuating and sensitive nature of commercial prosperity is proverbial—the smallest shock or check is often productive of widely-spread misery, even in communities where mercantile dealings do not form the only dependence of the people;—what, then, would be the depth and width of that ruin which would overtake a nation almost wholly devoted to manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, when the sources of supply should be at once cut off, trade suspended, an enormous amount of capital destroyed, and the residue rendered valueless? The manufacturing interest—that industry on which our author dilates with just pride as a main source of the national wealth, would be the first to feel such a blow—and the millions who depend on it, what would become of them? And even after the retreat of the invaders, what, for a long time, would be the state of the country; unable to meet its foe at sea, or to resume the occupations which his attack had interrupted, for want of that naval protection of which our author speaks with so much contempt? The hair of Sampson was soon cut—but it took a long time to grow again; and in the meantime the Philistines deprived him of his eyes.

Thus far as regards the importance of maintaining a *naval* armament. But our author equally condemns a standing *army* as a useless and most expensive establishment, and quite unnecessary for the protection of any thing this country ought to keep. Now, let us see how this stands. Suppose the same state of things as above—neither army nor navy entertained, and in addition to the blockade of our rivers, the army of 50,000 men, of which the author makes so light, nay, 30,000, with its complement of artillery-stores, artificers, &c., landed somewhere on the shore of Kent or Essex—as near the capital as possible—from the very ships which blockade the Thames. There is nothing to oppose them—a rich country and an unarmed population is before them—plenty to eat and to drink—plenty of plunder—for there are no mountains to flee to, and no strongholds;—for a free united people in an impregnable country, never, for 700 years and more, invaded, where would be the use of such things?—so that unless every thing were actually destroyed before the invaders, as by the Russians in 1812, they would riot in abundance. We need pursue the imaginary case no further. No doubt a levy *en masse* of Englishmen, even void of military skill and conduct, would in time force the enemy to retreat upon their steps, unless circumstances should lead them to intrench themselves, in communication with the fleet, in which case an intrenched camp might prove an awkward object of attack, and occasion enormous loss to unpractised men. In this case what loss, what misery, what devastation would ensue! What would become of our commercial supremacy—of that financial superiority which made "London the centre and metropolis of the world of wealth—round which the nations revolved," to draw their streams of capital, and to return them with increase into her treasures? and all from the want of an adequate protecting force in the shape of a standing army—for be it remembered, that during the 700 years of exemption from foreign attack, to which our author so triumphantly appeals to prove the absurdity of alarm on the score of foreign invasion, the country never was in the helpless condition he proposes to place her in; the nation was, in fact, a military one,

having at all times fleets and armies, with plenty of warlike skill and spirit to defend itself—rather a terror to others than having reason to dread them. What would have been the condition of Great Britain, during the career of Napoleon, without navy or army? Let it not be replied, that, had we not interfered with revolutionary France, Napoleon would never have dreamed of invading England. How can we tell that? Why did he seek for universal continental conquest? Would not the riches of England alone have rendered her an object for attack?—not permanent conquest. Why did Alexander invade Persia, Bactria, India? Who shall set bounds to the ambition or folly of man? At the best, we should have been forced to arm in self-defence; and who, in these or any days, can set limits to the operations of war?

The author is fond of contrasting the cautious and home-keeping policy of America with the more intermeddling system of this country, and of eulogizing the wisdom of the former. No doubt America is wise in this respect; but it would be a far more signal departure from the dictates of common-sense and prudence, were she to attempt such interference, than it is an effort of wisdom in her to refrain from it. What comparison can exist between the positions of Great Britain and America? The latter, a vigorous unfettered new state, removed by three thousand miles of ocean from any part of the European continent—what connexion, except that of commerce, could it possibly have hitherto had with the old world—or what object could any European power have for molesting her? Her ships come and go, bring her commodities, and carry away those of other nations, paying as they go; and who but pirates ever molest the vessels of powers not at war with themselves—and what cause of war was likely to arise with America?

With Great Britain how wide is the difference! Separated but by a strait, which a bridge might almost span, from the whole of turbulent Europe, how close does she lie to the

crater of the volcano? It is vain to say she should hold aloof like America. The evil, if evil it be, is of old standing. England had not, in those days, received the lesson by which America has profited. It is not ourselves, nor our fathers, nor fathers' fathers, that first mixed up the affairs of England with continental policy. Witness our ancient wars in France, and the triumphs of our Edwards and our Henrys. Our continental connexion, be it for good or for evil, is a hereditary bequest of long standing, from which it is impossible to free ourselves entirely; and were it practicable even now to withdraw, we should have to do so, keeping the means of defence in our hands. It would necessarily be, and must continue, an *armed* neutrality on our part.

Alike delusive is the reasoning that would teach us to rely on the prudence of nations, or their rulers, for refraining from inflicting injuries on powerful states while in a state of repose, from dread of future retribution. "The elephant is not always brandishing his trunk—the lion closes his mouth and conceals his claws—and the deadly dart of the reptile is only protruded when the animal is enraged; yet we do not find that the weaker tribes—the goats, the deer, or the foxes—are given to assaulting these masters of the forests in their peaceful moods."—(Page 49). Is not all history conclusive against the existence of such prudence in man, whatever may be the case with the brutes? Is not the boldness or foolhardiness that arises from retribution deferred proverbial? And—can there be a case more in point?—do we not *now* see Russia daily trenching on the bounds of that prudence, and insulting England by detaining and confiscating her trading vessels, and making encroachments on nations with whom she has declared herself to be in close alliance, whose integrity it is well known she desires should be maintained? If such be the case when England is known to be armed and able to punish injury, what would it be were she as notoriously unarmed and unprepared?

WHAT HAVE THE MINISTRY DONE ?

THE commencement of a new reign is always popular, and the popularity is naturally increased when the Sovereign is a Queen. The English respect for the sex may not be quite so flattering as amongst our lively neighbours on the other side of the British Channel, but it is sound and sincere. We may not dance and sing quite so much on the occasion, but we feel not the less good-will ; and if the Queen is content with honest homage, she will have nothing to complain of in the feelings exhibited by the British people. Her being young and innocent, is certainly no drawback on the popular reverence, and the national wish is clearly, that Victoria, the first of the name, may have a long and happy reign. The popular disturbances, the bitterness of partisanship, and the republican tendencies of the time, have certainly not penetrated to the loyalty of the people. No cloud of vulgar passion has risen high enough to dim the lustre of the throne, and no vulgar hand has been daring enough to snatch a single gem from the diadem. All this shows that the national heart is still unimpaired, that the empire is determined to give its young Sovereign a fair opportunity of showing her qualities, and no less determined to give her credit already for every quality that can do honour to her high station. Her reception on all public occasions has been ardent. On her journey from Windsor to Brighton, she was received with an animation unequalled since the good old times of George III. Her entry into Brighton was triumphal. For some days or weeks before, that handsome town, perhaps the handsomest in Europe, was busy in all quarters in preparations for the first visit of the Queen. Ornamental arches were raised along the road, loyal addresses were presented by the different establishments of the town, a showy amphitheatre was erected at the gates of the Palace, where the authorities of Brighton, and the chief persons of the surrounding counties—and they are among the most opulent and noble of England—attended to receive her. At night the principal streets were illuminated, and all was glitter and gaiety.

On the days when her Majesty drove out, she was followed by the universal eye ; the most continued, yet the most respectful attentions were paid to her, and even the license of public opinion in a great town, scarcely recovering from a violently contested election, never trespassed on the deference due to the Sovereign of the empire.

The Royal visit to the City was one which still further exhibited the unchanged loyalty of the people. Though Radicalism has had the effrontery to rank her Majesty as one of its partisans, this is only the Radicalism of the hustings, a trick of mountebanks advertising their booths as the Theatre-Royal. Radicalism hates the throne as much as the highwayman hates the magistrate, and if it had dared, would have insulted the Queen in her progress through the streets ; but it dared not. The loyal formed so countless a majority that the insult would have been at its own peril, and the Revolutionist of the mire would have received the only lesson which he ever ought to receive, or which he ever can feel—the lesson of the scourge and of the dungeon.

The details of this showy day have been already given at length in all the journals, but no details can express too strongly the universal feeling of the people. The Royal progress was followed by one continual cheer ; not merely the streets and windows, but the roofs of the houses, and every spot from which a view could be obtained, were crowded ; and among that almost incalculable multitude, not one voice of riot, not one sound of disapprobation, not one gesture of discontent was discoverable. And this was not through any unreasoning idolatry of the Royal presence. Those who know the English character best, best know how little inclined it is to adulation. And those who have seen the Royal processions in late reigns, can remember how expressively the people could mark their disapprobation. If there ever was a monarch formed for personal popularity, that monarch was George IV. ; showy in his habits, and elegant in his manners, the consciousness of the highest rank had only made him the first gentleman of Eng-

land. A man of talents unusual on a throne, a man of accomplishment, handsome in his person, and polished in his tastes, he had every qualification for popularity. In early life, popularity too had been his object even to an extreme; on the throne, popularity was his idol, and none had higher faculties for its shrine. Still George IV. was not popular; and it should be an important lesson to future sovereigns, that he failed in his pursuit, solely because he failed in the possession of more solid qualities. The excesses of his private life, which had lost him the respect of the higher orders of minds, actually extinguished the respect of the vulgar. His errors were sacrifices to the populace, which even the populace disdained; and the ardour with which the lowest multitude took up the cause of his wretched wife, showed how little disposed even the rabble of England are to give their plaudits to the mere pomp of the throne.

William IV. courted popularity, and though from the time of his accession his personal life was blameless, he had not the art of obtaining the public applause. In England, however it may commence, it is never continued, except to the union of dignity and discretion, to manly principle sustained by sound practice, to vigour, perseverance, and fortitude. The valuable character of his Queen saved him from sinking in the national estimation, but he never rose. Disgusted with faction, he suffered himself to be the prey of faction; convinced of the hazards of his throne, he left it at the mercy of an Administration whom he despised, and with innumerable proofs of the loyalty of the empire, he shrunk from putting himself at its head, and resisting the clamours of a political rabble. Thus he made his reign a blank, his throne merely the central point in the balance of parties, adding nothing to the weight on either side, and his name a warning to his successors against the weakness of attempting to govern a great empire by good intentions.

We must now go no further—all henceforth is future. The Queen has before her all the materials of establishing a supremacy more valuable than that of her sceptre. Generosity, sincerity, and virtue, will give her the command of every heart in the empire; and she must be the Queen of a nation,

not of a party. She must forget what German quarterings she may reckon in her escutcheon, or from what remote fount of Gothic chivalry her blood may be drawn. A Queen of England must not lean on the broken reed of ancestry. It will be well if she shall forget the Leopolds and the D'Estes altogether, and think only that she has had George III., the good and pious, for her grandfather; Elizabeth, the magnanimous and Protestant, for her example; and England, with its hundred and fifty millions of people, and its dominions spreading over every quarter of the globe, for her empire—the most magnificent domain that was ever given to the authority of a human being.

On Monday the 19th, the Queen went in state to open the Session. Her Majesty is fortunate in her choice of fine days. The sun shone out for the first time in the month, and for the last.

“It clarior dies,
Et soles melius nitent.”

The parks and streets were crowded with spectators, and the royal cortège was every where received with acclamation. The Queen's Speech was of course the speech of the Ministers, and we may therefore deal with it with the slight degree of ceremony due to the gravest production of Lords Melbourne and John Russell. The purport of all those Cabinet manifestoes, is to say nothing, with the appearance of telling every thing. The Ministers actually estimate their own skill on this occasion as the juggler values himself on his dexterity. All is sleight of hand; and though the produce of the trick is waste paper, the cabinet juggler has gained all his objects, if he has exhibited that to the eye which never can be felt by the touch. The Speech ran through the usual topics, the Quadruple Treaty, the Canada Squabbles, the Civil List, the Irish Poor-laws, the Irish Tithe Bill, and the Irish Municipal Bill. Upon all these subjects it threw that haze of verbiage, in which every thing seems to be discovered, but through which nothing is to be seen. That Ireland will provide employment for the whole year's legislation, is the only semblance of a fact visible through the Ministerial gauze. We do not complain of the veiling of truth on

this occasion. The Duke of Sussex and his speech, however, gave some interest to a debate, which without them both would have fallen into the hands of the Premier and his assistants; and as no man can be great twice on the same night, would have been as flat as the Speech.

We have no desire to enter into the Royal Duke's motive for coming forward in this unusual manner. It is enough, that he has proclaimed himself by it, a menial of the Ministers. There can be no doubt, however, that our moderation on this subject has not followed the public example. Fame, with that baser trumpet which she sometimes uses in spreading the sinister renown of public characters, has not hesitated to send her blast loudly through the land. It is only doing justice to the Duke's knowledge of the world, and to the world's knowledge of the Duke, to believe that his Royal Highness did not venture so far from his sofa and his meerschau, his domestic society and his arm-chair, at his time of life, for the simple pleasure of making a speech to their lordships. If the long gratification of hearing his own oratory in every tavern, from Hackney to Hammersmith, could have satisfied a man not born to shine, his Royal Highness ought to have been satisfied. His history has been unfortunate. Ungifted by nature with any faculty for public life, his Royal Highness's talents and virtues, such as they were, have hitherto wisely sought the shade. The possession of £18,000 a-year, apartments in a royal palace, a royal knighthood, and a royal title, were certainly national donatives, quite sufficient at once to repay the services of the illustrious Duke to the state, and to reconciling him to the simple but essential duties of eating, drinking, and sleeping, unnoticed and unknown. In this philosophical obscurity, worthy of the self-denial of a Diogenes, his Royal Highness lived on, from day to day, year to year, and cycle to cycle. Never employed in any public service under all the changes of all the Ministries that have passed over the surface of English affairs, for what reason is best known to the Ministers themselves; neither shunned nor followed, neither loved nor hated, neither charged with perfidy, nor treated with confidence, the philosopher of Kensington quietly slept on

"the noiseless tenor of his way!" He has been charged with a dereliction of personal principle in avowing himself a Whig. We think the charge unfair. Necessity is a plea that carries every thing before it. If he was not a Whig, what else could he be? With no capacity to conceive, and no power to execute, willing to be thought active, and determined to do nothing, his Royal Highness was stamped Whig by nature. Toryism might have demanded from him some public sacrifice, some display of personal independence, or some effort of personal duty. Whiggism requires none of those things, but takes the word for the deed, the promise for the performance, and the affectation of public virtue for its practical reality. We must believe that in his politics his Royal Highness has been as rational and as sincere as Lord Grey, but he certainly has not been in some points so fortunate. We do not know that he has added to his emoluments, nor enabled himself in any lucky moment of influence to provide for the exigencies of any number of obscure dependents. This plunge into politics, however, has plunged the Duke beyond his depth; where he has never been able to float, it is impossible that at his time of life he should be able to make way. He has already sunk from the public eye, and nothing but the most miscalculating ambition on his part, or the most remorseless spirit of ridicule on the part of his advisers, can ever bring him from his fire-side again. In the mean-time, desperate attempts are made to libel the King of Hanover. All the Radical organs have raised one hue and cry against him. Every invention of a profligate fancy is busy in discovering new crimes to heap upon his head. Every long convicted libel is brought back to bury him under accumulated obloquy. Some of the journals have had the insolence to talk of impeaching him, leaving his crime to be found out by others. Some have had even the atrocious daring to talk of the scaffold: and for what conceivable object is all this? We shall certainly not give utterance to the design that is openly said to prompt this atrocious nonsense among the instigators of the rabble. It is enough to notice it as one of the signs of a time which, between ambition and absurdity, spares no man. The King

of Hanover probably despises the licentious libel, as much as he would the ragged libeller. It is certainly neither in his nature, nor worth his while, to retaliate. No man has borne similar injuries to a greater extent, nor for a longer period. He has left the falsehood to defeat itself, and the calumny to find its refutation in his conduct. Even in the suicide of the wretched Sellis, with all the virulence of low malignity pointing its venom at him, the Royal Duke remained for twenty years with the affidavits in his hands which would have enabled him to give the fullest contradiction to every charge. Disdaining to defend himself from so unworthy an insult, he never even complained to the courts of law, and it was not till a few years since, that at a coroner's inquest on a frantic German in his service, who had drowned himself in the Thames, he incidentally produced the documents, which, twenty years before, would have shamed, though, perhaps, not silenced all his accusers.

The Duke's recent conduct in Hanover has furnished the pretext of violent animadversion. If the Duke, at the present period, had all the virtues of a Nerva or a Trajan, he would be equally the subject of insult. But the Constitution of Hanover cannot be of much importance to Englishmen, let their party be what it may; and while the King of Hanover continues a Protestant, is the enemy of revolution, and has the remotest chance of succession to the British Crown, he will be vilified if he had ten times the virtue that ever fell to the lot of man. It appears that this Hanoverian Constitution had a Jacobin taint, that it was forced upon the country by a faction in the time of the general disturbance of Germany a few years ago, and that it was obnoxious to the nobility and all the respectable portion of the country. If our Government weakly acquiesces in changes, born of popular excitement; and profitable only to unprincipled faction, this folly constitutes no reason for other governments; and if the King of Hanover has checked an insolent work of partisanship in his country, the example should be followed, not vilified in ours.

We come to matters more immediately pressing on ourselves. On the

28th of November, the Earl of Roden called the attention of the House to the state of Ireland. He first directed the clerk to read the following paragraph of her Majesty's speech:—"My lords and gentlemen, the external peace and domestic tranquillity, which at present happily prevail, are very favourable for the consideration of such measures of reformation and amendment as may be necessary or expedient." His lordship then proceeded to state the present condition of Ireland. Those who are acquainted with the personal character of Lord Roden, will know that there is not a man in Ireland more qualified by position, or by principle, to give a faithful account of its condition. Possessed of a large property, zealous for the country, taking an active interest in all its improvements, and a high minded Protestant, he has, without a passion for public life, or the ambition of taking a lead, been placed by public feeling at the head of Irish Protestantism. In this capacity he has not shrunk from the duties becoming either his personal rank, or his public character. Constantly living in Ireland, he has the best opportunities of local knowledge, and his representations to the Legislature are attended with all the weight which belongs to sense and principle, combined with exactness of information. He commenced by stating, that he had abstained from all remark on the night of the address, to avoid what he should have almost considered the indelicacy of raising a debate on the day of her Majesty's first coming to the House. But now the time was arrived for examining the assertions of Ministers, peculiarly with respect to Ireland, and he found it impossible for him to assent to the doctrine, that there tranquillity prevailed. In fact, said the noble lord, "my firm belief is, that so far from its being in a state of increasing tranquillity, at no period, and I shall hardly except those when the country was in a state of open insurrection, has property, has life, has the exercise of the Protestant religion in Ireland, been in greater danger than at the present moment." He proceeded to say, that in making this charge against the noble earl, Lord Mulgrave, it was right for him to express his opinion that to the acts of that noble lord he largely attributed the melancholy state

of things that now existed in Ireland. He came furnished with facts to support this opinion. He stood on firm ground. Ministers had no right to make the tranquillity of Ireland a part of their Speech. One observation he must make, that he was not to be answered by the authority of the judges or of the assistant barristers as delivered in their courts. He knew that this might be offered, because he saw it written in the organs of her Majesty's Ministers, that the judges of assize had expressed their congratulations to the grand juries on the smallness of the calendars; but against those must be shown the proclamations of the Government, and the statements of actual crime, which would prove that if the calendars were small, the reason was, because the law was inefficient; that though the crimes were committed, the culprits were at large, and that the more atrocious the crime, the more was the difficulty of finding either a witness or a prosecutor. Thus the calendars were small, because the law was paralysed. He then proceeded to give the details, and they were most astounding.

We do not hesitate to say, that not all Europe besides, nay, that the most savage district of the earth from England to the Antipodes, neither African nor Tartar, neither Arab nor Indian, could show such a catalogue of atrocities within any one province of the size of Ireland. The Earl of Mulgrave's own proclamations were the evidence. From those it appears, that no less than thirty murders had been committed in Ireland during the last six weeks. Houses are attacked for arms, attempts made at assassination, people desperately beaten, and robberies and violences of every kind committed. In twenty-nine counties out of the thirty-two those atrocious acts are of constant occurrence. This state of things is the result, not of the personal necessity, nor even of the personal vices of the people. It is the result of the attempts to stimulate the country by political agitation. It is robbery and murder on system, crime by conspiracy. Assuming at different times different names, Ribbonmen, Whitefeet, and White Boys, the object in all, is one and the same, bloodshed and robbery, for the purposes of political disturbance. Gangs of marauders go through the country

by night collecting arms and money, burning and murdering, sometimes wreaking their vengeance on the peaceable part of the Roman Catholics who refuse to join them, but in all instances their notorious object is the extinction of Protestant property, Protestant life, and the Protestant religion in Ireland. The existence of this conspiracy has been acknowledged even by O'Connell. In a speech on the 6th of November, addressing the populace, he said, "What I wish to address you upon, is the violent combination that now exists in Ireland. It has existed five or six times before, but I was enabled to put a stop to it. I put a stop to forty or forty-five of these associations in Meath. They call themselves exclusively Catholics, but they don't spare Catholics." The Ribbonmen have an oath of conspiracy; they are sworn to be secret, and to be ready to turn out, when called, to help Mr O'Connell in obtaining justice for Ireland. This conspiracy is increasing. Within this year it has extended throughout almost the whole of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. There exists no doubt whatever that it is the result, and for the objects, of political agitation. This outrage has been the old way of seconding political objects amongst the Irish peasantry. The Duke of Wellington, in the course of the debate, declared this to have been the opinion of the Marquis Wellesley, and read from a despatch, written in his Viceroyalty, the words, "I cannot sufficiently express my solicitude as to the intimate connexion between this system of agitation and its inevitable consequences, violence and outrage. They are always to each other as cause and effect, and I cannot separate the one from the other." But there is one remarkable circumstance which we should lay to Mr O'Connell's conscience, if he had any. In the early part of 1836 there were some rumours of a change in the Ministry, a change which always sets Mr O'Connell on the *qui vive*, inasmuch as it would greatly derange his system of patronage. On this occasion he made a harangue at the Association, in which he predicted, that, if the change took place, there would be a brutal and bloody rebellion in Ireland. It is a certain fact, that, whatever was the stimulant, from that hour Ribbon-

ism spread like wildfire all over Ireland; and so rapid was its spread, that the great exertion of the party ever since has been to prevent its explosion. One of the most singular circumstances in this hideous state of affairs is the suddenness with which portions of the country, till then peaceful, are thrown into the most frightful disturbance. They could scarcely be more sacked by the invasion of a hostile army, or thrown into a state of greater terror by the plague. For instance, the county of Sligo. This is a remarkably beautiful and secluded portion of Ireland, lying in the mountainous country on the edge of the Atlantic, and distinguished not more for the beauty of its landscape than for the orderly character of its peasantry. The secret anathema was issued against it a few months ago, and it was suddenly filled with riot, terror, and rapine. In the words of Lord Roden, "until about a year ago, it was as desirable a part of the world to reside in as any province of her Majesty's dominions; but since a system of intimidation had reached that country, it was no longer a place in which any quiet person would wish to live. It is now a scene of distress, misery, and wretchedness."

But to pass to particulars. The case of the two Protestants, Mackenzie and Allen, has already excited the astonishment of the public. It being known that they intended to give their vote to the Protestant candidate, they were seized by a mob on the road, beaten violently, bound with cords, and, being first sent to an outhouse in one of the villages, where sacks were bound over their eyes, were carried thus blindfold to the mountains. There they were treated with savage cruelty, beaten with bludgeons, left bound and blindfolded, and without food. After six days' and nights' confinement, they found their way back to the house of Mackenzie, and next morning Allen died. A coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "Murder." Whatever was the sympathy of the Government on the occasion, it certainly was not shown in the magnitude of the reward for the apprehension of the offenders, for that reward was only L.50. Let another case be given—here the sufferer was a Roman Catholic. A poor blacksmith of the name of Devaney had received a peremptory order from those

midnight masters of the land, that he should not dare to shoe the horse of any Hanoverian, the new names for Protestants. He was, however, tempted, unluckily for himself, to do so, in consequence of which sentence was passed against him. A large party rushed into his cottage, and commenced beating him violently with bludgeons. His wife threw herself over him to protect him; but the executioners had their order, and both wife and husband were left dreadfully cut. The husband lingered under his sufferings till about a fortnight since, when he died. The wife was so much injured, that it is supposed she cannot long survive. The daughter, a girl of seventeen, who had hid herself while this tragedy was going on, venturing to look out of the window as the ruffians were going away, one of them fired at her, and lodged several shots in her face.

To take another case. A respectable Protestant farmer, named Fairbanks, on the morning of the 10th of November last, left his home to take his barley to Sligo market. On his way he called at the house of a Roman Catholic neighbour. Within twenty minutes after, he was found a corpse on the road-side near his cart, with two coils of rope round his middle, and his brains beaten out with stones. But it is not merely in the remote districts of the country that those horrid outrages occur. On the 1st of last October, a respectable Protestant, named Andrew Ganley, was murdered in the streets of Dublin, in the very heart of the city. Though many persons were sufficiently near him to hear not merely his cries, but the very blows he received, not one ventured or chose to interfere. Such is the system of terror. His crime was that of being a stanch and loyal Protestant, and not ashamed to avow it. And why was this individual murdered? For no discoverable reason, except that he had a brother in a remote part of Ireland, who was charged with having killed a man in a riot. The charge failed, the witnesses being proved to have perjured themselves; and, apparently to revenge the escape of one innocent man in Longford, another innocent man, his brother, was murdered in Dublin. Such are the ramifications of the Ribbon system. One of the peculiarities of these violences is, that the perpetrators are sel-

dom to be identified, as a part of the Ribbon system is to bring their robbers and assassins from other counties, that they may not be known. As to the peace and purity of the elections, let one example be given. Mr O'Connell cries out against intimidation, and demands the ballot to prevent influence. But who are the intimidators? At the late election for the county of Tipperary, the following condition of things occurred:—The gentlemen and farmers in the barony of Upper Ormond, in going to the election, were obliged to proceed in a kind of caravan, armed, to resist the violence under which they would have probably perished, and certainly never reached the hustings but for those precautions. In Lord Roden's very able detail of the existing state of Ireland, he read a letter from one of the gentlemen who travelled with that caravan. The letter stated, that at every village or cross-road they were assailed with shouts and imprecations. As they approached Cashel, a principal town, the rabble cried after them to "wait till they went there, and they would get what they deserved." Ten miles from the town a pit had been dug in the road, and covered with bushes and earth, for a trap. Into this pit the first car that came up with the voters was precipitated. As they got nearer the town, the fences on both sides of the road were completely levelled and brought into the centre of the road for a considerable distance. The heights were covered with hundreds of people with stones. They had an escort of the Queen's Bays, and some infantry and police. The party being divided in consequence of the encumbered state of the road, and the cavalry moving on rapidly in front, the populace flung a tree across the road, and attacked with showers of stones those who were coming on. Many of them were severely cut, and but for their firing some shots, which kept the assailants at bay, they must have been all destroyed. The soldiery and police amounted to thirty-eight, with a stipendiary and a local magistrate. —Notwithstanding this considerable force, neither were the country people deterred, nor did the magistrates venture to arrest one of their pursuers. Finally, the party were left at six in the evening, with tired horses, a mile outside Cashel, by the dragoons and

police, to get to the place of election, Clonmel, thirteen miles further, and with a knowledge, too, that a mob were already on the road to intercept them. They did not reach Clonmel till eleven at night, and might thank the darkness for their safety. Even at Clonmel, at the door of the Inn, an attack was made upon them, and a man had his skull fractured by a blow from the mob. As they passed a national school on the road, the boys and girls pelted them with stones from the chapel-yard. Of course, while things remain in this state, election is a farce. Let another case be taken,—the instance of an atrocious murder which occurred the 12th of November in the same county. This shows the systematic atrocity, the almost fiendish wickedness, to which this conspiracy of bigotry and blood stimulates the Popish peasantry. The name of the unfortunate man was Murphy, a comfortable farmer who lived near the village of Bansha. Between seven and eight in the evening a gang of assassins, doubtless appointed for the purpose, five armed men, went to his door, and asked if he was at home. He happened to be out, but they not believing his wife who told them so, searched the house. As he was not to be found, they went to the back of the house to wait for his return. The terrified wife, apprehending the real object of the ruffians, attempted to make her escape from the window to meet her husband, and warn him of his danger, but she was seized in the attempt by one of them, who presented a blunderbuss at her, pushed her back, and stood guard. It was two hours before Murphy returned, totally unconscious of the horrid fate that awaited him. During all this time his murderers waited coolly to effect the purpose for which they were sent; but what must have been the sufferings of the wretched wife during those two hours with her ten children round her, expecting every moment to see her husband murdered, and her children left fatherless, if not butchered along with him! At length he returned—he was seized and murdered in the presence of his wife and children—and, as if this was not horrid enough, in a savage spirit which would shame even the wilderness, they dragged his dead body to the door of his house, and there mutilated it, still

before the eyes of his wife and children.

What can exceed this? What animals of national barbarity even in times of the wildest excitement, or the darkest ignorance, ever surpassed deeds like these, which are acting in the face of day, and every day? We should not have been surprised if the whole House of Lords had raised one cry of indignation at this dreadful system of organized murder, and of not less indignation at the insolent hypocrisy which dared to call it peace and good order. As for the trifling person who, as if in ridicule of all government, is placed in the government of Ireland, he probably has no more the faculty to feel than the decision to punish. His ringlets and romances are fittest to fill up his mind; but England has other duties, and there can be but one sentiment in any just, vigorous, or honourable mind, of the conduct that ought to be pursued, to both those who perpetrate such horrors, and those who suffer them to be done with impunity. We should also have expected to see the especial guardians of religion in the House of Lords showing what they too felt as the successive murders were exposed before their eyes. It would have been worthy of the sacred humanity and dignified courage which we have a right to expect from the heads of the Protestant Church, to have protested with one voice against a system which must have struck them with shame and sorrow for human nature. Their Lordships may be assured that something more than silent disapprobation was expected of them. They are not placed in the Legislature simply to listen when such things are told.

But if any circumstance could add surprise to the general feeling, it was the defence which was attempted to be set up against this overwhelming charge. It consisted of a confused and rambling mixture of police returns, magisterial reports, and though last not least, the conceptions of Mr O'Connell's viceroy. All the world knows the compass of Lord Mulgrave's mind. He is a frivolous man of fashion. Lord Durham drew his picture when he spoke of "a pretty gentleman who sings pretty songs, and writes pretty verses." The Frenchman described at once his success and his merits, when he said "Ce jeune

homme ira loin, car il danse parfaitement bien." But he has gone too far, even for so perfect a dancer. He should have been left to the triumphs of Bond Street. Thrown into Ireland, he is thrown into a light where his natural feebleness of character is seen through by every eye; and the man who might have been clever in a carnival, or respectable among the *familiers* of a *soirée* in May-fair, becomes ridiculous as the depository of power in a distracted country. What is to be expected, with conspiracy in the streets, and coxcombry on the throne? The whole weight of his defence rested upon the single plea, that Ireland was not more torn by popular violence last year than in the six that preceded it, since the passing of the Popish bill in 1829. We shall see hereafter how completely that plea was swept from under his feet. But is this the main argument after all, that though Ireland is covered with assassination and incendiarism, though murder stalks abroad, and conspiracy, in contempt of all check, scoffs at the laws, all this is not worse than it has been! But what were we told when the Popish bill was forced upon the empire? We had Mr O'Connell and his tribe swearing by all the gods they acknowledged, and pledging all the conscience that they had, to the promise that emancipation would be the signal of universal tranquillity. The whole body of the priesthood pledged themselves at their altars to answer for the whole body of the people, that peace would thenceforth be established in Ireland. Their delegates in Dublin entered into the same bond; their members in London took a solemn oath, on entering the legislature, to the peace of the country, included in the most total conscientious and religious abstinence from all injury to the property of the Protestant establishment of the realm. And now, a trifler comes forward with the plea that things are not changed for the worse! But have we not a right to say that the whole compact is broken, the national hope disappointed, the national credulity imposed on, and the national honour insulted by the avowed continuance of those wasting and desperate outrages which we made such hazardous sacrifices to extinguish? To the utmost peril of all the interests of England, for it is to the utmost pe-

ril of Protestantism, we have suffered Papists to enter the British legislature; with a fatal neglect of the lessons of experience, we have allowed Papists to make laws for Protestants; in almost direct defiance of Scripture, we have placed in power a religion which that Scripture denounces as a corruption, and which never used power but to crush alike civil and religious freedom. We have already made the formidable discovery, that we have raised a spirit which, even though scarcely yet embodied amongst us, too keen for vigilance, and too violent for our strength, defies the national will, and usurps the national empire. But we have no hesitation in saying, that not merely is this plea shallow, but that the continuance of those acts is the result of a regular determination to disturb the country, and disturb it for purposes at once of private malice, of private avarice, and of private lust of power. It is notorious that the conspiracy is under rule, that it widens or narrows, maddens or subsides, by command; that the beacon lighted at the centre of revolt is instantly answered by a thousand fires in every haunt of rebellion throughout the land, and that at the extinction of the central signal, all is dark again. At the great day of reckoning what show-ers of blood will not the heart be answerable for which stimulates, guides, and creates this unspeakable system. But long before that day comes, it is our solemn trust that the eye which sees the death of the just, and hears the cry of his blood from the ground, will avenge the majesty of justice, and disburthen the empire of the criminals whose impunity arraigns the land before Heaven.

The Duke of Wellington's investigation of the viceroy's defence decided the question at once. None of the parliamentary efforts of this illustrious person ever exhibited more of that clear and profound discernment which distinguishes perhaps the most powerful mind now in existence. When our generation has passed away, and the petty passions of our time passed with it, the future men of England will treasure those expressions of an unrivalled understanding, and form themselves on the model of its force of thoughts and noble simplicity of phrase. The Duke of Wellington said that he had felt it his duty to look

into documents, and those having made an impression on his mind, he now felt it his duty to state that impression. The noble earl, Lord Mulgrave, had told the House that the tranquillity mentioned in her Majesty's speech was not meant to imply judicial or agrarian tranquillity, but political. Now, what was the sort of political tranquillity existing in Ireland? The Duke here adverted to the low trick which had been played in dissolving the rebel association in Ireland, a few days before the Speech, evidently for the mere purpose of allowing this topic of tranquillity to be inserted—an association which was declared at the moment, and which every one knows to be capable of being revived within the next four-and-twenty hours. "But even at that time," said the Duke, "her Majesty was given to understand that her ministers must be selected by the gentleman who was the head of that association. To talk, therefore, of political tranquillity, in any part of that country, looking at the situation in which it was placed, was vague and idle. One of the greatest authorities that had appeared in that country, a noble relative of his own, had pronounced that the agrarian disturbances are to be attributed to the political agitation. A noble earl, Lord Grey, had agreed in that opinion; and not only had he (Lord Grey) expressed, in the strongest language, his acquiescence, but the noble and learned lord (Brougham), who then sat upon the woolsack, had pronounced his agreement in that conviction. Nay, the noble earl (Mulgrave) had over and over again admitted it in his speech to-night; nay, more, had clearly proved the fact, in his own quotations from his own reports. But then the noble lord said that it had been always so in Ireland. Undoubtedly it had been so, when he (the Duke of Wellington) filled the office of chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, now some thirty years ago, and this state of things had continued in a great degree ever since. But what was the difference between the conduct of Government then and now? The former Governments came down to Parliament and admitted that there were disturbances, and called for extraordinary powers. They did not speak of tranquillity, as the speeches

in 1836 and the present year had done. After some expressions on the imperfect state of their reports, submitted to the House, he called their attention to the state of crime in Ireland, as it appeared on the face of the inspector's reports. He found that in the year 1836 there were committed to prison for offences, 23,891 persons. Now, he remembered that year was the first in which 'general tranquillity' was made matter of boast in a speech from the throne, at the end of the session. (Hear, hear.) He (the Duke of Wellington) had taken the trouble to look back at the returns of previous years, and he found a great increase of crime in the very year of tranquillity, 1836, which was specially mentioned to the consideration of this and the other House of Parliament, and in that year the number committed for offences was, as he had stated, 23,891 persons. From a similar return made for the year 1835, it appeared that the numbers were 21,265, or 2000 less than the year of tranquillity. He had gone back to the year 1828, and he found the returns were as follows:—In the year 1828, the number of committals for offences was 14,683; in 1829, 15,271; in 1830, 15,794; in 1831, 16,192; in 1832, 16,002; in 1833, 17,819; in 1834, after the passing of the Coercion Bill, 21,381; in the year 1835, 21,265; and the year 1836, 23,891. Now this was what was called tranquillity (hear, and laughter). These returns showed that the number of committals, which in 1828 amounted, as he had stated, to 14,653, had increased in the course of eight years up to 23,891, and then Parliament was told that Ireland was in a remarkable state of tranquillity (hear, and laughter)."

The Duke then adverted to the clap-trap which the theatrical viceroy had contrived for popularity. "The noble earl," said he, with due scorn, "made his tour through Ireland, and crime having increased, as it was stated, he had actually thought proper to exercise his authority to the extent of pardoning not less than about thirteen hundred persons (hear, hear). This accounted for the boasts of tranquillity. But there was not any man who had property or connexion with Ireland, who did not feel that there was a total absence of security for life as well as for property. Nay,

that one description of property had been altogether done away with."

Now, what are Englishmen to think of this result of Emancipation and Reform together? The highest authorities in the country are convened to decide on the state of the second great portion of the empire. That portion is proved, on the documents of the Cabinet itself, to be in a state of the most dreadful outrage; that outrage to be the direct result of a vast combination against all order, with secret oaths, and signs of conspiracy; that conspiracy to be wholly the work of a bigoted and blood-thirsty faction, maddening the passions of the populace for the purpose of extinguishing Protestantism in the empire, whether by the corruption of British council or the outbreak of Irish rebellion. And still the men who openly pronounce themselves the leaders of that faction, who openly insult the laws, taunt the feelings, and denounce the authority of England, do all this without being thwarted in their course! If such men proclaim themselves the abettors of a British Cabinet, it must be only because they expect to degrade that Cabinet into tools, or have already enlisted them as partisans. Where the hand is that of a ruffian, and the head that of a dupe, what must be the condition of the body? Where men are content to drag on a temporary existence in power, while every moment is purchased with a new plague-spot, what must be the final putrefaction? Where a government announces at once its want of strength, and its want of steadiness, by suffering itself to be carried on the shoulders of the first brawny ruffian that will take it in charge, what can England expect from it except passive submission to the wildest or the most wicked career? We again call upon the people of England to consider the position in which they now stand. The struggle is infinitely more desperate, hazardous, and determined than any conflict of party that they have ever seen. If the prostitution of patronage, contempt of public feeling, insult to public justice, and ravage of life and property were tenfold what they are, they are nothing to the havoc of Popish ascendancy. These would be but the mere scorie and ashes of that vast furnace which burns deep be-

low—the mere defacers and burdens of the surface, turning it into sterility, and making it repulsive to the eye of man; but still only the slight and every-day offspring of the principle of conflagration, which eats away the bowels of the land, and shakes it from hour to hour with menaces of insecurity. It is neither the foolish Viceroy nor the criminal Agitator,—the brutal peasant, sent forth to midnight murder, nor the sullen priest, raving against the Scriptures which denounce him,—neither the blind nor the blind leader,—that constitutes the true peril of the time. That peril is the *ascendency of Popery* in the realm. The mere struggle of party is laughed at by the superior fiend; the peasant, whether slaughtering or slaughtered, is only a cipher in the great account; the existence of the Agitator himself is but as a grain of dust; the infirmity of the Cabinet is but as the passing wind; all are regarded as only a prelude to that tremendous dissonance, that roar of triumphant rebellion with which all the voices of persecution and infidelity, ferocious bigotry and frantic revolt, are to be raised over the scaffold of the Protestant religion. The Duke of Wellington's exposure of the nature of those crimes exhibited them in a still more startling light. Of the enormous number of 23,891 in one year, the offences against the person amounted to 7769, and of these not less than 843 were either cases of murder, or conspiracies to murder, or manslaughter, more than at the rate of two a-day. There were not less than five hundred cases of malicious offences—of burning, destroying, and attacking property; and forty-four robberies of arms. By the returns from the county-officers there were, in 1836, 14,000 more criminals to be added to the 23,891 already given in the inspector's reports. In allusion to Lord Mulgrave's silly pursuit of popularity, he asked, "Had he never pardoned people who ought to have had the law carried into execution upon them? Had there not been some seeking of popular applause besides that which ought to result from the performance of great duties which he was called on, as the highest magistrate in that country, to administer? He really thought the British House of Lords was entitled to have those

matters satisfactorily accounted for." The Duke then declared "that even the police returns seemed singularly confused. Formerly they were correct in a very striking degree. What he demanded was returns which would acquaint their Lordships with the *real* state of Ireland. From all that he heard, and all that he knew, the state of crime was any thing but diminished in the last year. There was one point also which the noble Lord had lost sight of, and that was, that armed bands were in the habit of passing through the country unprevented by the magistrates or any one else. Under those circumstances, it was ridiculous to use the word tranquillity."

Will it be believed that any man of common sense would have made the answer which Lord Melbourne made to this clear and forcible appeal? It was, "That it was not to Ireland, any more than as Ireland was a part of the whole empire, that the word tranquillity was applied; and that he spoke of the general tranquillity of the British empire." Was there ever logic like this? A great island, half the size of Britain, is in a state of disorganization at least,—thirty thousand acts of atrocity are committed in the course of a year,—murders and manslaughters are frequent,—a furious conspiracy is notoriously fermenting through the land,—and yet the Minister asserts all to be tranquil, because the larger of the two islands is undisturbed. By the same mode of reasoning, if a rebellion were raging in Yorkshire, while Middlesex and Essex remained loyal, Lord Melbourne would be entitled to declaim on the tranquillity of Great Britain. But let us hear another of his arguments, equally extraordinary. In reference to the Duke of Wellington's statement that armed bands were in the habit of passing through the country, and that strong measures were required to put them down, "Why," said Lord Melbourne, "strong measures have been already demanded and given. But what has been the result? The Arms Act itself had proved quite fruitless, and he did not believe it *possible* to frame laws which could effectually get the arms out of the hands of the people." Let the Protestants of Ireland, and of England too, hear this

declaration. What does it amount to but an absolute declaration of the inefficiency of the laws, or of the impotence of the Government? What would common sense say? If your laws are not sufficient to put down rebels in arms, make stronger; for the rebels must be put down, or the state is surrendered. If you have a government either too foolish to conceive protective measures, too feeble to enforce them, or too factious to resist faction, then cast off that government at once, and choose men fitted to defend the state, for without such men all must be ruined. Let us hear Lord Melbourne again in his confession of Cabinet impotence. "He had formerly been for extraordinary measures, but he was not for them now, for he did not think they gave a government any strength." And for what possible reason is it to be conceived that the Minister abandons this power of sustaining good, and extinguishing evil? "He thinks," forsooth, "that they bring odium and obloquy on a government, and thus weaken rather than strengthen it." But must not any man of understanding ask, Whose odium and obloquy do they bring on Government? Certainly not the odium or obloquy of the honest part of the community, whom they defend; nor of the wise, who see their necessity. They are obnoxious only to villains and traitors. But what is the use of laws unless they can protect us against villains and traitors? And what more contemptuous stigma can be branded on the imbecility of a government, than that they are unable to adopt the defence of the state, or that because they cannot do all, they are determined to do nothing?

But we have to mark another point of this O'Connell legislation. Lord Roden had expressed the alarm which Irish Protestantism naturally felt at seeing offices in Ireland rapidly filling with Papist functionaries. For not merely have the high situations, which might be considered objects of intelligent ambition, been filled up by Roman Catholics, but a habit of putting them into all the local and minor situations of authority was charged on the Government. This evil the Irish Protestant dreaded most of all. The appointment of Papists to the higher offices, would be at once a

grievance and a danger. How is it possible to doubt the danger of choosing Popish counsellors for a Protestant Government—counsellors whose religious belief, if they have any at all, must prompt them to denounce Protestantism as a "damnable heresy," to thwart all Protestant councils, and to triumph in all Protestant overthrow? How is it possible to doubt, that in a Government whose religious interests are not merely in frequent discussion, but are the essential topics, mingling of necessity with all deliberations, and often paramount to all the political opinion of a Papist, must not be singularly liable to corruption by his religious bias? If an infidel, he must be unsafe, from his general want of the only great bond of human fidelity. If a Papist, he must be unsafe, from the pressure of the Romish principle of destroying every faith repugnant to Rome. If ambition of a more adventurous class inflame him, and he thinks of the supremacy of Popery as a step to his aim, what formidable advantages for national disturbance must not be in the hands of a confidential adviser of the Crown, with a fribble like Lord Mulgrave in his power; constantly suggesting measures of mischief, which the well-dressed simpleton at his side mistakes for lures to popularity; and employing all his means to perplex better councils, awake latent animosities, and alienate the known friends of English connexion! What is to hinder a Papist from going to the last extent of that atrocious treachery, which Popery pronounces righteous zeal, and betraying the most private councils of the state? Who are pledged to their undoing? At this moment some of the most confidential law officers of the Irish Government are Papists, and violent ones; bitter haranguers against Protestant feelings in and out of the Legislature. Chosen by Mr O'Connell's express desire, who can doubt the purpose for which they were chosen? With what eyes must not Protestants regard their condition? On this side of the Irish Channel sits the Cabinet, listening with feigned civility and real fear to the Agitator; on the other side sits the Viceroy between a pair of Papists placed in authority over him, at once for their virulence and their subserviency. The British Cabinet, like a debtor with the bailiffs at his

heels ; the gentle Viceroy, like a maiden with a pair of Duennas beside her, ordering the management of her pulses and her purse, and dictating every syllable of a soul destined to leading-strings by nature. And, while all this absurdity affronts the common sense of the land, is there no darker hazard ? Do the conspirators spend all their gunpowder in fireworks ? While money is to be made by official routine, the lawyers may be satisfied to follow the routine ; while the collision is yet in the preparative state, public officers may not choose to involve themselves in the hazards of too hasty change ; so long as the appearance of impartiality costs them nothing, they may perform their functions without chicanery, and even respect their oaths. But we shall have yet to think of trying times, and when those times shall occur, what is to become of neutrality ? What *Papist* duties will not be demanded of every Papist, by the faction which has erected him into power ? The individuals in question may resist. But let the conduct of the thirty-five Papists, members of the last Parliament, give the general reply. Let their injuries and insults to the Protestant Church show how far the body can respect the most solemn obligations before man and heaven. Let the recollection of the conduct of the whole *Popish cabal*, from their prelates down to their peasantry, prove the utter impossibility of binding the Papist by any bond capable of being devised by the authority, or broken by the falsehood of man.

But the glaring evil becomes still more glaring when it descends into the lower grades. Every man knows what vexations may be practised by a fool or a knave in the magistracy ; how often a single blunderer can disturb a whole county ; and how long a litigious and petulant upstart on the bench can insult his betters. But add sectarian bitterness, and a craving for popularity to insolence of nature, and how deeply does the power of the magistracy make men loathe the office. Is not the history of the Rebellion of 1641 before us still ? Do we not see there written in letters of blood the desperate folly of trusting the police of a Protestant Government to hostile hands. In those days, the policy had been all submission, confidence, reli-

ance on the Papist, the whole farce and tragedy of conciliation in one terrible drama. Massacre was the result. May God avert the amen ; but if it is to be averted, it will not be for the indolent or the headstrong. Vigilance is the only sound policy where perfidy exists. England must exert the power given to her by the Constitution, and by flinging overboard the Cabinet which has brought the pestilence into the ship, extinguish the contagion. What are we to hope from Lord Melbourne ? Let him answer. " The noble Lord (Roden) has requested of his noble friend (Mulgrave) *not* to appoint to offices persons, who by their *principles* would be incapacitated from performing the duties of those offices." We cannot conceive a more justifiable request, or a more essential policy. But what *does* Lord Melbourne say. " Now he would take it upon himself to affirm that the course which his noble friend would consider it his *duty* to pursue, was *not* to consider what might be or might not be, the opinions of persons appointed to any office, but what was their conduct and the manner in which they discharged the duties of the situation in which they were placed." Now, if this were not said in palpable mockery, in what spirit could it be said ? What is the source of any man's conduct but his opinions ? On Lord Melbourne's maxim, principles seem to be wholly out of the question, and the only impulse of man is his pay. But whatever may be Lord Melbourne's personal practice on such occasions, we shall tell him that opinions are the only guides of conduct, and that none but a fool or a knave would entrust men with power before some knowledge of their principles is obtained as a guide to their use of it. It is true, that the Papist policeman *may* do his duty decently where his bigotry does not interfere ; but let the time of trouble come, let him be told by his fellow constables that " seven millions " out of the eight are sworn to revolt. The priest harangues him to " fight for the good of his soul," as the priest orders his rabble to vote at elections ; and let some ruffian agitator halloo his infuriated rabble, " Down with the Sasenagh," we shall then see whether Papist opinions have nothing to do with Papist conduct. The unchained

furies of rapine and massacre will rebuke the indolent folly and the insane sophism of the minister.

Another topic of great importance was brought forward on the 7th of December in the House of Commons. Mr O'Brien, the member for Limerick, moved for a Committee to proceed against the election fund. The history of this fund has been so largely before the public, that we shall merely advert to its outline. The conduct of the Irish elections had been so gross, such acknowledged bribery, and such open intimidation had taken place, that no less than *fourteen* petitions were announced immediately. But, as it was well known that many of the candidates were men who had either exhausted their means by former elections, or were unable to sustain the expense of maintaining their seats, with all the justice on their side, it was, proposed by the friends of justice and the Constitution that a fund should be raised to the petitioners in such cases as, after a full examination by the society, were matters of unquestionable right. This proceeding greatly alarmed O'Connell and his faction. His borough-mongering was threatened with a *revision*, which by no means suited his ideas of trade; and he, of course, declaimed against it furiously. All his creatures were in a state of astonished virtue, which astonished nobody else; and the "free and independent members" whom he drags at his hinder parts, were loud in their wrath at this stigma on their political purity. Mr O'Brien, fortunately for himself, is the very reverse of an orator, and the labour which it costs this free and independent joint of the tail to speak three consecutive sentences, will save him, we presume, the trouble of making the painful experiment for all time to come. Mr E. L. Bulwer seconded him.

Sir William Follett then rose, and demolished mover, seconder, and motion, with the most amusing facility. He began by flinging the charge of illegality back in the teeth of the honourable members. "It has been stated," said Sir William, "that persons not connected with the constituency of the particular borough of Limerick, or other places petitioned against, are, by the act of subscribing,

guilty of a breach of privilege. I demand, will this doctrine be supported by any Minister, or by any law officer of the Crown? If it shall, I at once deny it. I protest against the doctrine. When, I would ask, has the noble Lord (Russell), or the Attorney-General discovered this illegality? I cannot help thinking that there is something peculiar in the conduct of the Government in this time of the nice balance of their power. I have a latent suspicion that Ministers have found infirmities in the titles of some of their supporters, when they now begin to discover that custom illegal which has existed as long as Parliament itself."—(Hear, hear.) He then dissected the absurd argument, that persons who were not constituents had no right to interfere. "I plainly ask the honourable member," said he, "is he not when in the House as much a representative of the people of England, as any member elected in this country?"—(Loud cheers from the Opposition.) Sir William then proceeded to fling his lance successively at the sturdiest patriots who had exhibited their sudden indignation on the subject. "I have never known," said he, "a time of party excitement, when similar subscriptions were not entered into. I shall therefore never subscribe to the opinion, that the Association is unconstitutional. What was the case of the Dorset election in 1831, when my noble friend Lord Ashley was returned? A committee in London, instantly published placards, calling on all Reformers to subscribe to unseat the noble lord, and a petition was presented, though the cause was altogether unfounded. I now ask, who composed that committee? Is the noble Lord the member for North Devon (Lord Ebrington) in the House? Will he say, whether the same men were not judges and jurors?—(Hear, hear.) Is the member for Bridport (Mr Warburton) in the House?—(Hear, hear.) He can tell whence the funds were derived, and whether any foreign potentates had subscribed.—(Cheers and laughter.) Are the honourable members for Cornwall, Chester, and Wiltshire in the House (Lord Grosvenor, Mr Bennett, and Mr Pendarves)?—(Loud cheers from the Opposition.) I ask

the honourable member for Bridport if he was not present at the ballot for the committee on the petition against Lord Ashley? I ask the honourable members for Cornwall, Devonshire, and Wiltshire, did they think it necessary to be absent on the occasion? — (Great cheering.) The honourable member for Lincoln (Bulwer), has been very eloquent about the impropriety of the honourable baronet (Sir F. Burdett) having subscribed L.20. I ask, has that honourable member never subscribed to an election fund himself? He then read an extract from the *Globe*, March 1835, stating that Mr Villiers would be sure to unseat his antagonist on petition, but that the expenses being too much for him, it would be a shame if the Reformers of England should leave the subscribers to his petition unaided. We perceive, said the *Globe*, in the list of subscribers for conducting Mr Villiers' petition against the return of Mr Lushington, the name of Mr Edward Lytton Bulwer for L.5, 5s. — (Great laughter.) This Mr Bulwer denied, and denied that he had ever subscribed to any election fund. Of course we cannot press it upon the recollection of Mr Bulwer after this, but it may fairly be a matter of surprise that *no* contradiction was ever given to so public a statement before. He then proceeded to the general question, after having thus cut up, one after the other, the purists on the opposite side of the House.

"It has been said that the election fund is for the purpose of putting down the Roman Catholics exclusively. That is a calumny. I have reason to believe, that many of the elections in Ireland have been carried either by intimidation or by unqualified votes, and there can be no doubt that elections in Ireland are gained by fictitious votes to an extent unknown in this country. It has been said that this Association has generated the petitions; that is a mistake. In a Dublin paper of the 18th of last August, petitions were announced from fourteen places to unseat twenty-six members. It was not till the 30th of August, twelve days after, that the first meeting of the Association took place. So much for this charge. What is the nature of this Association as stated in its own resolutions? It has never been their purpose to originate or under-

take the presentation of election petitions from Ireland, nor to interfere with their management when presented. They merely propose to make grants of money in aid of the necessary expenses, in such cases as seemed to them to be of a just and deserving character, and in which the parties promoting them were really in need of the support of the public. — (Loud cries of hear, hear, from the Opposition.) I shall read one more of their resolutions. 'They will therefore require in all cases in which their assistance is asked, to be satisfied that there are good grounds for the prosecution of petitions; that they have not been presented for the purpose of causing vexation to the opposite party, and that the inhabitants of the county or borough in Ireland so applying for aid, have done all in their power to raise the necessary funds themselves, and still stand in need of assistance.'"

All this was triumphant and unanswerable, and no attempt was made at giving any thing that deserved the name of an answer. The debate concluded by the rejection of the motion against the Association, by 331 against 121, a majority of 210; and an amendment by Whittle Harvey for a committee to consider the best means for reducing the expenses at elections was also thrown out by 389 against 91, a majority of 298.

We have adverted to this subject, with the more minuteness, from its being beyond all comparison the most important that has come before Parliament since the Reform Bill. We regard it as the first remedial step against the evil working of that most rash, unprincipled, and violent measure. No man can venture now to repeat the absurd promise of its working well. Where are its abettors now to be found? The Conservatives stigmatize it as a trick of political swindlers for their own aggrandizement. The Whigs disclaim it as useless to their possession of power, the only object which they ever had in view; and the Radicals trample it under their feet, as an impudent mockery, a broken trap for popularity, a fraudulent pretence to re-establish the character of an expiring faction. Mr Hume pronounces that it is nothing, if it does not advance. Where his advance would stop, we

leave to be discovered in the recesses of as sullen a heart, and as perplexed an understanding, as any in the lowest dens of Radicalism. Mr Grote pronounces, that since the Reform Bill, corruption has increased beyond all count, and brings forward his witnesses to prove that bribery, treating, and intimidation, *swamp* the elections to a degree of which the periods most charged with political vileness afford no example. The cry of all is against it, contempt in one party, disappointment in another, furious disgust in the third. Let Lord Grey now look on his handiwork and rejoice; let that superannuated figure of decayed politics bend over the offspring of his old age, and feel such enjoyment as he can in the proof that his bitter spirit has found its punishment in the loss of the last remnant of his political reputation; that the child to which he looked for the continuance of his name, has only lived long enough to blight his character, and that the only question now is, whether its frame exhibited more folly or mischief; or its universal rejection more disgust for itself, or disdain for its fabrication.

But it is in Ireland that the evil of the Reform Bill has exhibited its fullest rancour. That with the fatal act of 1829 in existence, the mind of any statesman on earth, excepting the senility of Lord Grey, should not have seen at a glance the infinite hazard of adding the Reform Bill to the working of Popish passion; that he should not have dreaded the mingling of those two elements of combustion in the vessel of wrath put into the hands of a people violent in every thing, and as blindly devoted to their superstition as rashly discontented with English government; that when the voice of the Popish Bill had in an evil hour summoned the passions and hatreds of the populace from the sullen bed in which, like Milton's fallen spirits, they had lain unconscious since their overthrow; the hand of a still more frantic legislation should lead on its way to national ruin. What the Emancipation Bill could only awaken, the Reform Bill urged, embodied, and marshalled. It placed the ruffians who were content to wade alike through mire or through blood, in sight of power; it gave them a vast populace alike fierce in their old pre-

judices and open to new delusion; it generated in that populace themselves the belief that they had only to declare their will to be obeyed; only to demand public subversion to see life and property submitted to their grasp; and only to throng the hustings by day, and fill the land with burning and plunder by night, to see England shrink from the ineffectual struggle, and Ireland and Protestantism flung at their mercy. The cry of the priest now is, "Down with the heretics, and vote for your God!" The public cry of the whole conspiracy is, "Hurrah for Repeal."

Yet this is but the vulgar cry for the vulgar. A deeper curse lurks within. Ireland is not the ambition of the actual leaders of this conspiracy. They will not be content with the tillage of a sterile and secondary portion, while the fertility, breadth, and opulence of England spread out before them. The Dane or the Norman pirate might have been as well content with the plunder of the Orcaes, while the cities of the South were open to their invasion. The continued temptation of power and plunder has fixed the eye of the Irish Papist on England, and from England he will never retire, to indulge in the feeble fruition of the sister country. Rebellion will never be content with an island, when it may possess itself of an empire. To corrupt the *English* representation, to extinguish the voice of England, to overawe and outvote the voice of England, are the true objects of the conspiracy. If repeal were granted tomorrow, the shouts of the Irish rabble would find no echo in their leaders. The Goth and the Vandal rioting in the fields of Italy would as soon have returned to their Scythian wilderness or their frozen seas. The scene of the contest is wholly changed with the prize of victory. The revolter of the marsh and the mountain is now in the land of the palace and the temple. The fall of the Irish Church would be a poor triumph to the overthrow of Protestantism in England, itself the inevitable forerunner of the fall of Protestantism throughout Europe. To say, that the Irish elections have nothing to do with us, is therefore not merely a fraud on our confidence, but an insult to our understanding. They are vitally important to every interest of England. It is the primary duty

of every English Protestant, whether Churchman or Sectarian; it is the duty even of every Englishman, whether Protestant or Papist, who loves his liberty and hates oppression, to resist to the utmost of his means the conspiracy which would plant temporal and spiritual tyranny in the place of national freedom. Parliament has now openly sanctioned the fund for securing purity of election. The nation has adopted only that expedient for the good cause which had been adopted before its eyes for the furtherance of the bad. It is not two years since an O'Connell fund was raised among the Radicals of *England*, with the politic, patriotic, and economical Mr Hume at its head; L.8000 was given to the Agitator, and for what? Was it to sustain a right, or to do a wrong? The Parliamentary tribunal decided that Mr O'Connell was unjustifiably chosen, and that the seat belonged to his antagonists. That trial cost these honest antagonists no less than L.20,000! Are we to hesitate whether those gentlemen are to be again rejected from the representation which is their right, or to be kept out of Parliament till they are mulcted of another L.20,000 for their patriotism? That the party who promoted the O'Connell subscription should cry out against the election fund, is at once ridiculous and natural; ridiculous, that they should exclaim against what they had themselves been doing but the moment before, and natural, because no man is more indignant at detection than the criminal. But those things are for our warning. Again we say, that if the battle is to be fought at the hustings, the victory is to be won only in Parliament. That this is the *crisis*, and that the expulsion of a few profligate partisans, and their replacement by a few honest men, may make this session the beginning of a boundless triumph to England and Protestantism. Every man in the empire who has a pound ought to give a shilling of it to this just, patriotic, and necessary subscription.

We proceed, however, with the detail of the doings of the Session, from which this diversion to the working of the Reform Bill upon the combustible elements furnished by Ireland, has for a moment withdrawn our attention.

If, in the discussion upon the Irish election petitions, the Ministry had

placed themselves in the absurd situation of vehemently denouncing as illegal what was proved to have been the daily practice of half the individuals of which that Ministry was composed, and of *threatening* an enquiry in the first instance, against which they were ultimately *compelled to vote*, what shall we say both of the absurdity and the moral degradation of their position in regard to the next question which occupied the attention of Parliament?

If the only matter connected with the conduct of the Ministry on this question were the abstract propriety of granting or refusing at the present day an enquiry into pre-existing pensions—however clear we might hold the negative of that question to be, and however unequitable and unworthy of the Ministers of the Crown the proposition which they have not only sanctioned, but brought forward,—we might merely have alluded to this as one of the numerous, or rather numberless instances in which, for the sake of a limited and ephemeral popularity, they have lent their sanction to measures which, both as men and Ministers, they must have felt to be indefensible. We might have passed over the subject with the simple expression of our regret, that in an English House of Commons there should be found any body of individuals, high in station, and laying claim to character and honourable feelings—above all, the official organs of the Crown and the natural guardians of its dignity—who could descend to avail themselves of a technical point of law, upon a question involving the interests of private justice and national honour. But as affects the Ministry, this question involved much more than the equity or injustice of the proposed measure. It involved the farther enquiry—What had been the line taken by the Ministry upon the subject, up to the moment when Mr Spring Rice submitted to the House his proposal for a committee of enquiry? If that previous line of conduct and opinion was in direct contradiction to the course now adopted, what explanation could be given of the grounds of the alteration? Or if no such explanation *was given or attempted*, what opinion was to be formed of a Ministry, maintaining within a twelvemonth opinions absolutely contradictory of each other, and that, be it observed (as Sir Robert Peel remarked, when disposing of a

subterfuge to which, he imagined, they might attempt to resort), not upon a question of expediency, which might possibly vary with the varying contingencies of affairs, but upon a question of justice, which necessarily remained the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Let it be kept in view that the whole amount of the Pension List which is to form the subject of enquiry is L.150,000; that it embraces 383 pensions, some of them as low as L.48, or L.50; that of the whole 383, only 58 pensions have been granted by any Minister now alive, while even of these, 19 were granted by Lord Sidmouth thirty-three years ago; and consequently that six-sevenths then of the whole pensions now to be enquired into were pensions granted from 1769, down to the commencement of the present century, by Ministers now mouldering in their graves, and unable personally to explain or justify the grounds on which the pension was given.

No one disputed the mere technical plea, that the Pension List might, on the death of the Sovereign, legally be enquired into by Parliament. As charged upon the Civil List, it nominally fell by the demise of the Crown; but the true question, as every one felt, was not, whether it was strictly legal, but whether it was just and honourable for Parliament to avail itself of this technical opening for enquiry, or whether long usage, and reliance on that usage, had not given *the force of law* to the previous practice, and entitled the holders of pensions to view them as annuities, dependent only on their own lives, and not on the life of the Sovereign. On this point the case, as put by Sir Robert Peel, in a speech which, but for the noble and feeling supplement made to it by Lord Stanley, we should have said exhausted the question, was conclusive, if any facts and reasoning could, in the present House of Commons, be regarded as such. From the days of James II., the pensions granted by preceding sovereigns had been uniformly respected. When, in 1780, Mr Burke, to whose authority Mr Spring Rice with matchless intrepidity had appealed, proposed his reform of the Civil List, and the limitation of the right of granting pensions in future to cases of services rendered, or of distress, he had in the strongest terms reprobated the idea of interfering with pensions previously

granted. "Those places, and others of the same kind, that are held for life, are considered as property. They have been given as a provision for children. They have been the subject of family settlements; they have been the security of creditors. What the law respects shall be sacred to me. If the barriers of law should be broken down upon ideas of convenience, we shall have no longer any thing certain among us."—"The mere sum of the reform is by no means worth the sacrifice of a principle of law. Individuals pass like shadows, but the commonwealth is fixed and stable. The difference, therefore, of to-day and to-morrow, which to private people is immense, to the State is nothing; at any rate it is better to reconcile our economy with our laws, than to set them at variance—a quarrel which in the end must be destructive to both." Such was the opinion of that great statesman as to the past, even while proposing a limitation of the prerogative as to the future.

How, then, did the Reform Ministry, the predecessors of the present Ministers, act when, by the death of George IV. and the accession of the late sovereign, the question of the Pension List came before them? The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had resigned office, because they had opposed, without success, the motion for a committee on the Civil List. The Ministry of Earl Grey and Lord Spencer had succeeded, "with every motive," as Sir R. Peel observed, "to take up this subject as a matter of private interest: a Ministry who had not granted the pensions, and might have naturally wished to throw discredit upon them." The Reform Ministry, of which Lord John Russell and Mr Spring Rice formed a part, entering upon office pledged to retrenchment and to enquiry, and embarrassed by no difficulties arising from their having themselves granted the pensions upon the list, firmly and honourably refused to sanction that enquiry which the present Reform Ministry have been the first to propose. The committee, of which Lord Althorp as Chancellor of the Exchequer was chairman, reported, that "pensions on the Civil List have always hitherto been considered as granted for life; and, in fact, no instance has occurred where a pension on the Civil List granted by one sovereign has been discontinued on the

accession of his successor." After noticing the reliance placed by individuals on this invariable custom, they proceeded—"Adverting to all the circumstances of the case; considering that no material relief to the finances of the country could be derived from the *most rigid measures* of retrenchment applied to the Pension List; that in many cases severe distress, in some actual injustice, would arise to individuals from the general discontinuance of pensions; that such discontinuance on his Majesty's accession would be a departure from an usage invariably observed on the accession of his Majesty's predecessors, your committee do not think it advisable to withdraw from the Crown those funds which may enable the Crown, if it shall so think fit, to continue the pensions on the Civil List of his late Majesty."

But if the report expressed the decided opinion of the Ministry, as a body, on the injustice of the proposed enquiry into the Pension List, the opinions of individual members of the Ministry were expressed in still stronger terms. Lord Althorp knew that, by granting the enquiry, he might gain a fleeting mob popularity: he was warned by Mr Portman that, by opposing it, he might "lose the countenance of those who had hitherto supported him;" but he had the manliness to prefer the right to the expedient, and the permanent reputation of an honourable Minister to the worthless support of those who were inclined to violate the long-established rules of justice. We willingly consign to our pages that declaration, of which Sir Robert Peel most justly remarked that it was one "so noble and high-minded," that it might well "form a subject of boasting and congratulation to his family." "I can never conceive it is my duty as a Minister of this country, or of the House, as a part of the legislature, to take advantage of a technical point of law, in order to do *what in my conscience I believe to be unjust*. It is undoubtedly true that, by taking advantage of a technical point of law, those pensions might be made to expire on the demise. There would be a strict *legal* justification for making them so expire; but I put it to the House, I put it to the country, whether it would be a *worthy* course for Government to take advantage of that circumstance, and whether the relief which

would be thereby obtained could be put in competition with the *discredit* of such a proceeding. Having said this, I have only to add, that I await the decision of the Committee and the House with the deference and respect to which it is entitled, and that it is my most earnest wish that I may be able to comply with any alterations or modifications which may be suggested. At the same time I must observe, that I can never consider myself as bound to submit to the decision of any Committee, or of the House itself, or of any other power whatever, if that decision should involve in it what I deem to be an act of injustice."

Lord Spencer, and we regret it, has ceased to be a member of the House of Commons; but had he still remained in office, and a member of that House, we cannot persuade ourselves that, under any pressure, either from without or from within, he would have swerved from the declaration thus solemnly made, and lent his approbation and aid to the very enquiry which he thus earnestly and even eloquently—for there is an eloquence in the very simplicity of this appeal—deprecated as "unjust," "discreditable," and "unworthy of any government." We cannot persuade ourselves that he who despised the implied threat of the member for Dorchester, would have yielded to the dictation of the member for Southwark. The authority of Lord Althorp, however, and the principles of the Reform Ministry of Earl Grey, we are aware, are now of small weight under the Administration of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell. But at least Lord John Russell's sayings and doings in 1837 might be supposed to have some resemblance to his speeches and his conduct in 1836; and Mr Spring Rice, however he may disregard the opinions of Lord Althorp, might be presumed to have some respect for the recorded opinions of Mr Spring Rice on the question.

How, then, stands the question as to the previously expressed opinions of these honourable individuals? In April 1836, Lord John Russell, alluding to the proposed enquiry, stated that the question was, whether the House were to enter upon an examination of the Pension List, and to go through it "name after name, and person after person, in order to hunt out some circumstance to show that, at the time the pension was

granted, it was not granted for meritorious services." And he thus proceeded to characterise the proposal,—“Could any proposal be more *odious and degrading*? Could any proposition be better calculated, by taking up the personal affairs of individuals, to gratify *private animosity and malignity*?” After contrasting the great reduction made in departments where they were entitled legitimately to reduce, with the miserable saving which could by possibility be effected from a revival of the Pension List, “let that diminution,” continued the noble Secretary for the Home Department, “be compared with the small diminution that alone could be hoped for by acquiescing in the honourable and learned member’s *petty and unjust proposition*. The one had the features of wise, great, and national retrenchment; the other assumed the appearance of *private pique and miserable malice*!”

Did the honourable Chancellor of Exchequer differ from the Secretary in opinion as to this question? On the contrary, their unanimity was wonderful. There seemed to be a contest between them which should apply to the proposed enquiry the strongest and severest epithets. “You passed those acts,” said Mr Rice, “with your eyes open; and why should the House of Commons now be called upon, at the suggestion of the honourable member for Colchester (now the member for Southwark), to go into the most *fruitless*, the most *painful*, the most *disgusting* enquiry?”

“Odious and degrading,” “petty and unjust,” “a measure of private pique and miserable malice,” an enquiry “most fruitless, most odious, most disgusting;” these were the terms of just and indignant condemnation applied by Lord John Russell and Mr Spring Rice (*arcades ambo*) to Mr Harvey’s motion for an enquiry into the Civil List in 1836.

We have certainly witnessed many strange revolutions of opinion on the part of the present Ministry—many degrading concessions to that faction by which they are supported—many compromises of principle—many direct violations of good faith; but was it possible, even in the whole catalogue of contingencies, to imagine that the very same individuals who, in 1836, had thus characterised the motion of Mr Harvey, and recorded their conviction of

its atrocious injustice, should, in 1837, themselves introduce and support the very same motion in the very same words? Is it possible to go beyond this in fathoming the depths of political degradation?

Humiliating as the position of Ministers has been for some time past, this last display was still wanting to satisfy the country to what desperate shifts, and to what abandonment of principle, and of their recorded opinions, they could and would descend, in order to purchase a few months’ additional tenure of office. The common feeling of the House of Commons during the debate was, that never did men present so contemptible, so ludicrous an aspect as these Cabinet Ministers when writhing under the quotations from their own speeches made by Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel. Had the Conservatives been allowed to select the very mode by which their opponents should most effectually cover themselves with absurdity and disgrace, they could have devised none so effective as Ministers have imagined for themselves in their conduct on the Pension List.

There was not even an attempt made (how indeed could there be?) to account for the change of opinion, or to reconcile the conduct and opinions of Ministers in 1836, with their conduct and opinions in 1837. There was no pretext of *increased* popular clamour on the subject; not even any one of the usual discreditable excuses and subterfuges, of which on other occasions they have availed themselves, in order to cover their retreat. For the notable plea of Lord Ebrington, viz., that the question of the Pension List was now in a different position, in consequence of the principles which had been recognised by the New Poor Law bill—(a matter with which it has much the same connexion as Tenterden Steeple with Goodwin Sands!)—even this hollow and miserable support was struck from under them by Lord Stanley, who showed that when Ministers and Lord Ebrington himself had made these declarations condemnatory of enquiry, the Poor Law bill *had* passed, and Lord John Russell had, in 1836, actually replied, and triumphantly, as might be expected where the answer was so obvious and so conclusive, to the analogy founded on this very Poor Law bill. In fact, the Ministers attempted no reply, no explanation; the

line of defence was simply this,—“If the proposal be right in itself, the House has nothing to do with the previous declarations of Ministers; we may be inconsistent, and politically dishonest, but *our* inconsistency, *our* political profligacy does not affect the merits of the question.” Such is, in a sentence, the substance of Lord John Russell’s speech, and Mr Spring Rice’s reply.

On the merits of the question we do not intend to add any thing to the few observations we have already made, with the exception of the strong consideration suggested by Sir Robert Peel on the resolutions submitted by him to the House:—“That it appears to this House that the course advisedly taken on the accession of his late Majesty by the Crown and Parliament was calculated to justify increased confidence in the continuance of the then existing pensions, and in the permanence of ‘family settlements and arrangements of various kinds,’ made by parties ‘relying on the adherence of invariable custom;’ and that whatever harshness or injustice there might have been, on the accession of his late Majesty, in overlooking on that occasion the uniform preceding usage, would on the present occasion be greatly aggravated, not only by the lapse of time, and the intervention of a whole reign, but by the direct sanction given in 1831 by the Crown and Parliament to an expectation that the principles then acted on, so far as applicable to the then existing pensions, would be thereafter adhered to.”

On the merits of the speeches of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley we might say much, were we not satisfied that they are already felt and appreciated, not only by the Conservative part of the House, but perhaps as strongly by those upon whom they inflicted such deserved and bitter chastisement. Sir Robert Peel’s speech placed the Conservative view of the question upon an unanswerable footing in point of argument; while its dignified tone and spirit rendered it in the highest degree impressive and effective. Much, however, as we admire it as a masterly argument in defence of the just interests of individuals, and the still more important interests connected with national honour and the preservation of national faith, we are almost disposed to give the preference on this

occasion to the speech of Lord Stanley, who, rising after the discussion was apparently exhausted by Sir Robert Peel, yet succeeded in imparting to it an original and deeply interesting character, by the feeling and force which he threw into his appeal to the right-minded and right-hearted gentlemen of the House of Commons; by his picture of the painful and disgusting features of the enquiry which was pointed at, and the cruelty of speculating upon and turning to account even that delicate and honourable feeling of reluctance to boast of one’s own services, which prevails most in the most generous and the most deserving, or that unwillingness to expose to public view cases of family distress and embarrassment, which would unquestionably induce many rather to forego the pittance derived from the bounty of their sovereign, valuable, and in some cases vital as it might be to their comfort—almost to their existence—and to “fling themselves back upon a not disgraceful poverty, rather than submit to such an enquiry.” The conclusion of this speech was impressive and dignified in no common degree.

“You,” continued the noble lord, addressing himself to the occupants of the Treasury Bench, “will give this committee. On you be the responsibility of adopting the course which every member of Lord Grey’s Government deprecated and abjured. Had I consented to this motion, had I given even a silent vote upon it, I feel that I should have been a party to the guilt—I say it with regret—which her Majesty’s Government are now contracting. And let not honourable gentlemen fear the reproach of unpopularity. Popularity, in its strongest and most legitimate sense, is but a poor stimulus, and a still poorer guide, to the ambition of a statesman. But although you who conscientiously prefer the public interest to popular favour, though you may expect, I will not say fear, the disapprobation of those whose judgment is regulated by the indications of popular caprice—although you may stand low in the estimation of such acute and logical reasoners, doubt not, that in a short time you will be released from that very unpopularity. But among those who will take the trouble to weigh the actions and look into the motives of

men—among those who can perceive that we can have no motives but those of regard for public justice—among those to whom you can show, that in an adherence to the faith of Parliament you have only ratified appointments which have been bound by the sanction of the law—among those to whom you can prove, that while this has been done, a check has been placed upon future abuse—among those you may trust to obtain a favourable verdict. You may rely on the sound sense of the enlightened and respectable portion of the community, and do not fear, even with reference to popularity, that you will have to regret the vote which you are about to give."

These are the words, not of eloquence only, but of wisdom; of enlarged political forecast; of truth and soberness. Not even in the poorest and most limited sense will the Ministry acquire popularity by this last and meanest act of self-abasement. The faction to whom the concession has been made know that the enquiry has been given grudgingly and of necessity; that it is intended as a mere sop, to soothe them after the insults heaped upon them at the opening of the session; not more in the rejection of their favourite measures, than in the contemptuous manner of that rejection; that while Government go through the farce of suggesting enquiry, they will probably do what is in their power practically to neutralize their own motion; and hence, while the base abandonment of character and principle thus exhibited on the part of Ministers, makes their Radical opponents only despise them the more, they hate them not one jot the less. "*Oderint dum metuant*," said Caligula; and there might be a species of consolation in that consciousness. It is hard, however, to be at once hated and despised; and yet such is the position in which the Ministry have placed themselves. "I have sounded the base string of humility," said Prince Henry after his interview with the drawers in Eastcheap. The observation of the heir-apparent was premature; for he had not witnessed the appearance of Lord John Russell and Mr Spring Rice in the House of Commons upon the motion for an enquiry into the PENSION LIST.

Look at the manner in which Mr Harvey, now paying back with interest

the long arrear of contemptuous treatment which he owes the Ministry, disposes of the protest by Mr Spring Rice; that in going into committee, he understood the House would do so on the principle of presuming every thing in favour of the pensioner, throwing the *onus* of proving a case against him on the objector; and striking off no pensions, except when a strong cause of objection had been strongly made out. To this limitation of the enquiry Mr Harvey decidedly objected, plainly intimating, and in the most sarcastic manner, that his view of the principle of the enquiry was quite the reverse, and that the pensioner should be struck off, wherever, from reluctance to appear, or from any other cause, no sufficient ground for the granting of the pension was made to appear to the committee. Thus the Minister of the Crown expressly announces that he proposes the Committee upon an understanding which his Radical allies tell him to his face that they reprobate and disclaim;—and this is the popularity which is obtained by perhaps the most flagrant breach of political faith, and the deepest instance of Ministerial humiliation, which the English annals have to record.

We cannot close this melancholy picture of the proceedings of an English Government without adverting to one or two instances, as proving that the ignorance and incompetency of Ministers for the discharge of the most ordinary acts of legislation are on a level with their disregard to every principle by which honourable men have hitherto been guided. Look, for instance, at the long-considered and much-talked-of Bill of the Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, for the Abolition of Imprisonment. We pass over at present the dangerous and mistaken principle of the bill—though the statement made by Lord Lyndhurst, and not contradicted in the House of Lords by the friends of the bill—viz. that the number of petitions against it far exceeded those in its favour—is pretty decisive (considering the clap-trap character of the measure) to show that public opinion is decidedly opposed to it. But we shall assume, for argument's sake, the principle of the bill to be quite right. What, then, shall be said to the gross blunders by which it is deformed

throughout, and which even Lord Brougham could not venture to defend? In order to avoid technicalities, we select only one out of numerous instances pointed out by Lord Lyndhurst. If a defendant is imprisoned for costs of suit, the bill affords him the means of liberation. But a plaintiff is sometimes in the wrong, and is sometimes subjected in costs of suit. He, too, is liable to imprisonment. What remedy does the proposed bill afford him? *None whatever.* The case, though of constant probable occurrence, is left totally unprovided for by this remedial measure. Well might Lord Abinger remark, that whatever hopes he might entertain of improving the bill in committee, it did not, as it stood, contain a single clause that met with his approbation.

One other instance of this blundering of the ordinary and daily business of Ministers, and we have done. We allude to the arrangements for securing the proposed addition to the income of the Duchess of Kent. All parties were agreed that the income of that illustrious personage should be raised to L.30,000. The question was, how that apparently very simple object should be carried into effect. It so happens that of the existing allowance of L.22,000, L.12,000 had been granted on the ground of the expense imposed upon the Duchess by the education of her daughter and her residence with her Royal Highness; and accordingly it was obvious that, by simply voting (as the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed) an addition of L.8000 to the *income* of the Duchess, he left open the perplexing question, what was that income? L.10,000 or L.22,000? Had the right to the additional L.12,000 not determined when the Duchess was no longer burdened with those additional expenses connected with the education and residence of her daughter, to defray which it had unquestionably been granted? At all events, to the extent of L.6000 of the L.12,000, which was *expressly dependent on the life of the Queen*, must not that sum fall in the event of her death?

That such questions, if left open, would, with the present temper of the House of Commons, have been stirred at no distant period, we think no one can seriously doubt. The Ministers themselves cannot suppose that there

will ever be wanting Humes and Harveys in abundance to lay hold of so obvious a handle for cavil; so safe and sure an item to be paraded in a speech about economy and reduction. All this, if not obvious to the Ministers, was so to the Conservatives, who, feeling and admitting to the fullest extent the propriety of the grant, were anxious that it should be placed upon a safer footing than that on which it was likely to be rested by the Ministers who introduced it. Before the bill, then, was introduced, Mr Herries warned them of the embarrassment likely to arise, unless care were taken to remove the chance of these ulterior questions being raised, by voting anew the £12,000, or at least the £6000, part of the former £22,000, separate and apart from the proposed addition of £8000 to the grant; or rather at once, as the simplest mode, fixing the annuity at £30,000. Ministers disregarded his friendly caution. They proceeded with their bill; read it a first time on Wednesday 13th, a second time on Thursday 14th, and fixed it for committee on Friday 15th, on which day, as there was a press of prior business, it did not come on. We find it impossible to present the further result in shorter compass, or in a more striking form, than in the summary of this piece of Ministerial bungling given by the *Times*:—

“Indications had appeared which showed that the grant was not a very popular one, and any new resolution voting, not L.8000, but L.30,000, and requiring a good deal of discussion and explanation, might, perchance, have put the whole in hazard; so it was found expedient, in postponing the commitment of the bill, for which, as every body had foreseen, the other business of the House left no time on Friday, to appoint the committee for Saturday—a day on which, as members in general expect no sitting of the House, the Government might reasonably calculate upon a thin attendance, and, consequently, upon a safe and easy passage of the bill through this its most difficult and critical stage—the stage in which the blank for the sum of money was to be filled up. But, unfortunately for this ingenious calculation, Mr Goulburn and Sir E. Sugden were in their places. They exposed the whole matter in detail; and at last, after

some uneasy demonstrations from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord John Russell, the Ministers were compelled to admit their blunder, and *withdrew the bill!* It must now, therefore, be begun anew, and passed again through all its stages, just as if nothing had been done; which is not, however, exactly the case, because something has been done which is rather worse than nothing. The Ministers, however, have exhibited, in the strongest light, one, though we are not quite sure which of the two qualities, which most recommend them to the favour of their own supporters—the firmness which disdains to correct an error, or the cunning which rejoices to smuggle an enactment—*Tam Marte, quam Mercurio.*”

Such may, indeed, be assumed as the motto of the Ministry, a body of public men equally destitute of the high-minded courage and resolution which would enable them to choose and steadfastly adhere to the right, and of the ability and adroitness which would enable them to make the most of the wrong; blundering business with the same fatal facility and apparent unconsciousness of exposure with which they violate principle, and trample consistency under foot. Never, we suppose, since the British Parliament had an existence, have scenes at once so ludicrous, yet so melancholy, been performed within its walls. The spectator scarcely knows, indeed, whether to yield to the ludicrous emotions excited by the contemptible appearance of Ministers, or to lament the majesty of England degraded in their persons. In the Commons, we have the twice-played farce of the resolutions on the Irish Election Fund, in which, “*solvuntur risu tabulæ*,” after all the idle boasting and vapouring, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to which Lord John Russell has lent his sanction: we have mistakes in technical matters of Parliamentary legislation, of which we think a tyro in a

solicitor's office might be ashamed,—we have the crowning and unparalleled exposure upon the Pension List. In the Lords, we have Lord Brougham assailing Lord Cottenham (the Chancellor of England!) as displaying “the grossest mistake of facts—the most entire want of recollection of dates—the most crassid and dark ignorance of every one particular which occurred during the first five months of the year”—in other words, not to speak it profanely, giving the House of Lords distinctly to understand that the Lord Chancellor had publicly stated a falsehood to the House in attributing the delay in proceeding with the Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt to the expectation of Lord Brougham's being able to take part in the discussion, inasmuch as the said Chancellor was perfectly aware that Lord Brougham was not to be in the House of Lords, “either before Easter or after Easter.” (Vide *Spectator*, 25th November, 1837.)—We have the latest, though probably not the last, scene of recrimination and courtly Billingsgate between the Ex-Chancellor and the Prime Minister of England, each accusing the other of flattering, fawning, glozing and bending the knee with suppleness and success when it suited his purposes. Where the truth lies in this last instance, we shall not pretend to conjecture; possibly, as Sir Roger cautiously observed, much might be said on both sides. We are rather disposed to imitate the example of Franklin. Two disputants, who had been pouring out upon each other a long catalogue of odious accusations, with all the copiousness and expressiveness of diction which American slang could supply, referred the question to Franklin's decision. “Gentlemen,” said he, “you must excuse me. I do not pretend to decide which of you is in the right; but you seem to know each other.”

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RAUPACH'S HOHENSTAUFFEN.

THE EMPEROR HENRY VI. PART II. HENRY'S DEATH.

THE appearance of this cyclüs of historical plays, from the pen of one of the ablest and decidedly the most popular of the modern German dramatists, induces us to resume those notices of the German drama which of late have been somewhat interrupted. The condition of the German theatre has, indeed, for some time past resembled our own; there has been a profusion of dramatic productions, but an extreme penury of high or original talent; translations from the French, and chiefly of the light vaudevilles of Scribe, or the wild melodramatic extravagances of Hugo and Dumas, have formed the chief resource of the German playwrights; or if occasionally a man of genius ventured to cast aside these foreign models, and to think for himself, it has too generally happened that, instead of an acting play, he has produced nothing more than a series of dialogues, abounding, no doubt, in lyrical beauties, and prodigal of imagery and illustration, but sadly deficient in the simple expression of passion, in logical connexion with each other, and in direct movement towards the catastrophe. Even in the earlier productions of Raupach himself, before his extensive acquaintance with stage effect, and deeper study of the principles on which tragedy must be founded had been acquired, there was decidedly too strong a leaning towards

the lyrical. His early leaning towards the Spanish poets with their orientalism of style, and his wonderful command of versification and fertility of imagery, perpetually tempted him to deviate from the purpose in hand, and to substitute mere musical or picturesque versification for the language suitable to dramatic action. This was particularly observable in his "Daughter of the Air," a German version of Calderon's "*Hija del Ayre*," where, amidst all the sparkling brilliancy and apparent fire of the versification, the general effect was yet felt to be cold and uninteresting; and the same fault more or less characterises his "Darkness, or The Venetian Conspiracy," his "Isidor and Olga," "The Princes Chawansky," "The Bondsmen," "The Queens," and, in fact, all his earlier productions. Two of his later dramas, however, are almost entirely free of any such defect; we allude to "The Miller and his Child," a play of great pathos, simplicity, and power; and his "Death of Tasso," in which, taking up the subject where Goethe had left it, he exhibits the captivity of the poet, the gloomy wanderings of his imagination, and his death—in a dramatic picture combining the softening graces of poetry with that reality which is necessary to move the feelings of the spectator.

It has long been the object of Rau-

Die Hohenstauffen. Ein cyclüs historischer Dramen. Von Ernst Raupach. 7 Bde. 1837.

* Vide Blackwood's Magazine. Vol. VIII. p. 384.

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pach's ambition to perform, in some degree, for Germany the service which Shakspeare has done to England by his historical plays; to form a great national picture-gallery of dramatic scenes, from the earlier days of German history: a series of poetical chronicles embodied in that shape which appeals most directly to the popular mind, and fixes itself, by the aid of scenery and action, the most firmly in the recollections of a people.

"It would be a fine national custom," says Coleridge, speaking of Shakspeare's historical plays, "to act such a series of dramatic histories in orderly succession in the yearly Christmas holidays, and could not but tend to counteract that mock cosmopolitanism, which, under a positive term, really implies nothing but a negation of, or indifference to, the love of our country." We should indeed rejoice to see the practice adopted; it could not fail to awaken and keep alive among us generous and ennobling recollections;—but, in the mean-time, it is much for Great Britain to possess, even for the closet, a series of dramas embracing at once the darkest and the most brilliant periods of its history, and which, by their masterly union of the most popular elements of tragic effect with the most subtle and profound, please alike the cultivated and the uncultivated taste.

"The theatre," says Raupach in his preface, "even when regarded as a mere illusion, has yet a decided influence upon the spirit of the people; it seems to me, therefore, desirable that it should be regarded and treated as a school of popular education. This would undoubtedly be most effectually attained by making the traditions and the history of that people the subject of the drama, for to the individual the past in his own life is always the best instructor, and the past of a people is its history. It was so with the Greeks, and therefore the Greeks alone have possessed a true national theatre, for Shakspeare's noble example has found no imitators. If we Germans could bring upon the stage, in seventy or eighty dramas, our great national history,—which, unlike the French and English history of the middle ages, is not the history of one nation, but of the world,—from Henry I. down to the peace of Westphalia, we should possess a national theatre such as no other people could

boast of; and perhaps a bulwark against that tendency to every thing foreign (*Ausländerei*), under which we at present labour. These views led me to the choice of a subject, for which, even from my schoolboy days, I had felt a preference—the history of the Emperors of the Swabian House; a history so full of tragic interest, that I never (while public lecturer on history) could relate it without emotion."

It certainly would not be easy to point out any section of history better adapted to dramatic purposes, so far as regards striking events or strongly marked and contrasted characters, than that of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, from the accession of that Frederick Barbarossa, whose fame has penetrated even through the cloud which overhangs the early history of Germany, down to the time when the last of the Hohenstauffen, the youthful and gallant Conradin, flings his glove among the crowd from a Neapolitan scaffold, desiring some one to bear it to his cousin, Pedro of Arragon, with the message that he should avenge his early and unmerited death. The incessant and never-dying contest for supremacy between the spiritual power of the church, as represented by such men as Gregory VII., Innocent III., and the temporal power of such Emperors as Frederick I., Frederick II., and Henry VI.; the first dawn of the republican spirit among the Italian cities of the empire; the strange reverses of fortune which the house of Hohenstauffen experienced; at one time fixed, as if immovably, on the Imperial throne, at another deposed and stript of its domains, only to be again as suddenly and unaccountably restored to its former supremacy—these afford materials which, combining with the simple and undisguised exhibitions of character to which those times gave birth, must form, in the hands of a dramatist like Raupach, combining a clear and logical understanding with a strong sensibility to poetry and perfect knowledge of stage effect, a striking dramatic whole.

In the treatment of this vast subject Raupach has judiciously preferred the preservation of the truth of history to any advantages in point of dramatic completeness or unity which might have been gained by allowing himself greater latitude either as to characters or events. Of course this adherence

to history does not go so far as to preclude the author from condensation of events, or omission of such as are unimportant, nor from filling up in his pictures of character traits as to which history is silent. In any other point of view the result would be, not a drama but a mere chronicle. The historic drama is correctly defined, we think by Coleridge, "a collection of events borrowed from history, but connected together, in respect of cause and time, poetically and by dramatic fiction." The connexion is not that of mere sequence, but of poetical affinity; and hence only the marking and leading events require to be exhibited to give to the whole a sufficient dramatic unity; the absence of the others is unperceived. "The events selected in such a case," says Coleridge, "are like stars in the sky; whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us, and remain in the eye little modified by the difference of dates."

But beyond this poetical juxtaposition of events, separated in fact by time, and this filling up of doubtful outlines of character, Raupach rejects on system all attempts to make the truth of history subservient to mere dramatic effect. "What should we say," he enquires, "of such falsifications were they interwoven with the history of an individual who was alive? And is history, which is the life of mankind, less sacred than the life of an individual? The worst of all falsifications appears to me to be the arbitrary alteration of character; the conversion of the virtuous man into a villain, the wise man into a fool, or *vice versa*. Shall this be conceded to the dramatist, because the hero of his tragedy has been dead for centuries? He who has obtained a name in history is not dead; he lives on, and has an enduring right to the love and esteem of mankind, or to their aversion and contempt; to deprive him of the one, to withdraw him from the other, seems to me to be equally unavoidable and dishonest. Let the poet either give us history without falsification, or cease to deck out his inventions with historical names."

To the principle thus laid down Raupach has adhered with surprising fidelity; and we should say, judging from the impression of life and reality which these dramas have left upon our minds, with corresponding success.

To say that this cyclur of plays will bear a comparison with Shakspeare's historical plays from English history, would, of course, be mere exaggeration; but they do possess much of that strong air of historical truth; that spirited, easy, life-like movement; that absence of exaggeration, both in character and expression; that masculine, nervous, and dignified dialogue which constitutes so much of the charm of Shakspeare, and that interest which the exhibition of great historical events, connected with great names, and raised by genius into the sphere of poetry, never fails to produce upon the stage. One advantage, which, more or less, every writer possesses who adapts history to dramatic purposes on the principles which Raupach has applied, is this—that instead of engaging our sympathies entirely on one side, and throwing every one into the shade who interferes with the supremacy of the tragic hero, as is too apt to be the case in subjects of pure invention, all sides are here fairly represented; the most opposite opinions find their advocates; we see on the stage, as in human life, that none is absolutely in the right, none completely in the wrong, and our sympathies, instead of attaching themselves to a single individual, are allowed to oscillate between many, as they do in the actual world about us. How strongly, for instance, are we made to feel this in Shakspeare's pictures of the Wars of the Roses, where, notwithstanding his Lancastrian tendencies, the crimes of both the contending parties, and their redeeming virtues, are both brought out with such impartiality;—in which each maintains his own pretensions with the full assurance of legal right; and the reader, like one listening to an ingenious pleading by two orators on opposite sides, can scarcely satisfy his mind with what party the justice of the case lies. The same impartial spirit of delineation is visible in these tragedies of Raupach. We may instance, as a proof of this, the manner in which he represents the contest between the temporal and spiritual power. Each pursues its course with a proud and lofty consciousness of right upon its side; each places its motives before us in the most dignified and persuasive form; each has strong grounds on which its policy and course of action are justified, and hence even in a series of plays, of which the Ho-

henstauffen are the heroes, Pope Alexander divides our sympathies with the ambitious and over-reaching Barbarossa. The other features of the society of the time are also brought forth with no ordinary truth; parental authority pushed to excess; the submission of the wife to the husband; the boldness with which the powerful vassal addresses his sovereign; the strong influence of religious feeling in softening the violence of passion; the openness with which the characters avow the impulses, good or bad, by which they are actuated, and the strange mixture of cruelty or rapacious ambition with deeds of high honour or generosity, which so commonly chequers even the brightest days of chivalry.

There is also a singular interest felt in these plays as in Shakspeare's, in watching the changes of character which take place from youth to manhood. The being who in one play is represented as a generous enthusiastic youth, a dreaming lover, or an adventurous knight of chivalry, is seen in another, matured into the grave and serious man—perhaps perverted into the cold-hearted politician or the heartless and unrelenting tyrant; his love exchanged for avarice, his enthusiasm for calculation; and yet all this taking place by such natural shades and gradations, that, like the changes produced by years in countenances with which we are familiar, they never startle us;

and the personages themselves still appear to exhibit the old familiar faces, changed as their lineaments may be by the influence of time and the troubles of life.

The first four dramas, or rather four parts of one drama, are devoted to the history of Frederick Barbarossa, from the diet held on the plain of Roncaglia, down to his departure for the Holy Land [1159 to 1189]. The first part, entitled "Frederick and Milan," represents his triumph over that haughty city, which had dared to defy his power and to trample his mandate under foot; the second, "Frederick and Alexander," embraces his contest with the Pope; the third, "Frederick and Henry the Lion,"—the striking and affecting incidents connected with the revolt and humiliation of the Duke of Saxony; and the last, entitled "Frederick's Departure," conducts us to the point where the aged Emperor, in the full and peaceful possession of that imperial crown for which he had struggled so long and so nobly, again buckles his armour on, and embarks for Palestine at the news that Jerusalem had fallen before the arms of Saladin. There is something singularly soothing, and yet dignified and imposing, in this close of the long, brilliant, and busy pageant of Frederick's life, reminding us of the fine comparison put into the mouth of Veldeck (Act I. Scene 1)—Frederick the First, Part IV.

Till now his life

Has been but as a wild autumnal day,
Where scarce a gleam of sunshine interrupted
The muster and the motion of the storms.
But now with Evening from the west uprolls
The cloudy curtain; royally comes forth
On the free golden marge of heaven the sun,
Shoots a last glance from his empurpled eye
Over the hushed and silent earth; then shuts,
In fullest majesty, the gates of day.

The serene wisdom and good sense, mingled with poetry, in the Emperor's concluding address to his sons before embarkation, reminds us in many passages of Shakspeare. How good, for instance, is the following:—

A people's growth is like the growth of man,
And with the growth, the garb must alter too.
Where the necessity of change is clear,
Stand not, through foolish fondness for the old,
In fruitless opposition. Change, thyself,
For from above, not from beneath, must spring
All change that brings prosperity to man.
It is the light that cometh from above;
The sunbeam, that dispenses light and warmth,
And all that cheers the heart, or cherishes
The frame, descends upon us from on high:

But when, from underneath, the fiery flood
 Bursts through earth's crust, destruction rises with it
 From the abyss, and lava-billows make
 The land around a scorched wilderness.

ACT. V. SC. 1.

We pass, however, to the drama, of which we propose to exhibit an outline; and here, in order to render our translated specimens intelligible (which we may be allowed to observe, are rendered line for line), it is only necessary to observe, that Henry VI., the successor of Barbarossa, was, in right of his wife Constance, the daughter of Roger, King of Sicily, entitled to that kingdom. On the death of Roger, however, it had been seized on by his illegitimate son Tancred; and Constance, who had fallen into his hands, was only liberated, after a long imprisonment, from the apprehension that any attempt against the life of King Roger's daughter would be fatal to his own popularity with the Sicilians. The ample employment which Henry found at home in reducing the turbulent vassals of the empire to subjection, had for a long time prevented his attempting to recover

his lost domains in Sicily, and the firmness and ability of Tancred, which had won over to him the hearts of the Sicilians, naturally jealous of a German yoke, seemed to render the prospect of reuniting Sicily to the empire all but hopeless. At the commencement of the first part of the play, entitled Henry and the Guelphs, we find him placed in circumstances of the most trying kind: Many of the imperial vassals are still in a state of revolt; the Queen is a prisoner; Apulia in the hands of Tancred; his treasury is exhausted; the prospect around him, in short, is so gloomy, that his uncle, the Palatine Conrad, strongly urges upon him the necessity of caution and leniency, rather than severity and determination. But with all the pride, and obstinacy, and self-reliance of a Hohenstauffen, he laughs this advice to scorn, and answers—

Not fearfully, but firmly, will I tread
 With iron footstep as beseems an Emperor,
 Though I were beggar'd to my humblest castle,
 Stripped both of wealth and lands; shorn of my troops
 To the last man, still I should be EMPEROR!
 Still Sovereign Lord of Christendom, and bearer
 Of majesty that cannot pass away.
 That which the bounded mind of man invents
 Must be the prey of time; but majesty
 Is daughter to necessity itself,
 And therefore said to flow from God's own grace,
 Because God's work is this necessity.
 And shall heaven's daughter condescend to sue
 To children of the dust for that submission
 Which God hath given her warrant to demand?
 Frederick is dead. True. But the Emperor lives;
 One brother fails me.

[Pointing to his brother.

Thou wilt fill his room.

Apulia still is in the dastard's hand—
 Well, and what then? Must that which is to-day
 Be still the same next day, next month, next year?
 I have squandered treasure—Has not the old Guef,
 My grand-uncle, in happy hour departed,
 And the rich heritage, which once my father
 Paid him, bequeathed with interest to me?
 An army has been sacrificed. Fear ye
 I shall not find another! Fear not that
 Where gold is rife, there men are never wanting;
 For where the carcass is, the eagles gather.
 The Empress lies within the foeman's power.
 And what of evil has King Roger's daughter
 Within King Roger's own domain to fear?
 No—not on these accounts am I disposed
 To bate one jot of all the hopes I cherished,

As Emperor, from the future. Let us emulate
The courage of the fortunate—perchance
We then may realize their fortune too.

His determination produces the hoped-for result. He suppresses rebellion in Germany; the Empress is liberated by Tancred from the apprehension he entertains of attempting any thing against her life, and the anxiety to remove the legitimate descendant of the last king from the eyes of the Sicilians; all other obstacles gradually give way before him, and at the close of the first part we find his authority completely established over Germany. At this moment the intelligence reaches him that Tancred is dead, and that upon his death his

widow, the bold and ambitious Sibylla, had caused his son William, a mere boy, to be proclaimed, in whose name she herself in fact governed Sicily. No sooner does the Emperor perceive the opening afforded to him by the minority of a boyish king, than he invades Italy, and, partly by the terror of his arms, partly by the treachery or indecision of Sibylla's supporters, soon succeeds in subjecting the island to his power. The second part of the drama, entitled Henry's death, opens with his triumphant appearance in Messina.

Messina. An open hall in the Royal Palace, looking out upon Ætna.

The EMPEROR on the throne; beside him, from right to left, Duke PHILIP, Count PETER of Celano, MARKWART, and other Apulian Barons, German, Genoese, and Pisan officers; opposite, on the left, the Heads of the Council of Messina, Syracuse, and Catanea, each with two attendants, and the keys of their cities upon cushions.

Emperor. Thus, we have entered Sicily, and thus,
As Emperor of Rome and Germany,
And Lord of Christendom, by the grace of God
We take possession of this isle, as husband
Of the land's heiress, and as Emperor
And Suzerain of every Christian realm.
We count on such submission as of yore
We met with in Apulia; to the humble
We promise pardon; to resisting rebels
Disgrace and doom. To you, my brave commanders,
And you, the skilful leaders of my fleets,
Pisan and Genoese, the Emperor
Proffers his warmest thanks. For to your courage,
And your fidelity, he feels is due
The triumph which, in fifty days, has brought him
Even from Apulia's frontiers to Messina.

[Pointing to the Deputies from the towns.]

Who are these men? what is their errand hither?

Markwart. Already is your Majesty aware
Messina willingly unfolded to us
Its gates—the gates of Sicily itself:
These are the deputies the town has sent
To lay its keys before your royal feet.

[He makes a sign to the Messinese to advance; they approach, kneel before the throne, and lay down the keys.]

Emperor. Arise, and doubt not our continued favour.

Messina. Exalted Emperor, lord of Christendom,
And rightful monarch of our lovely land!
Even as a faithful dog, which from his master
Some thief has stolen, and to secure his prize
Has laid in heavy chains, if once he hears
His rightful master's voice, scorns the rich bait
With which the thief would win him to his chains,
And, at the risk of strangling and of death,
Bursts at a bound his fetters, overleaps
With bold and sudden spring his prison-wall,

And flies to crouch him at his master's feet ;
 Even so did we, when your imperial call
 Rung in our ear, despite the extorted oath
 That bound us like a chain to Tancred's house ;
 Even so did we, despite the dangers which
 Would light inevitably on our heads,
 If fortune ever should forsake your banners.

Emperor (with impatience). Ye chose as duty and as prudence counselled ;
 And therefore to this city I confirm
 Its ancient rights ; nay, more, intend to grace it
 With newer and with higher privileges.

Messina. The poles shall sooner alter than Messina

Be faithless to the gracious master who

With such excess—— [*The Emperor motions to them, on which they retire.*]

Markwart. Here are the envoys too

From Syracuse and from Catanea.

Laying the city's keys before your feet,

They pray for pardon, seeing that they yielded

To nothing but the stern constraint of arms.

[*Upon a sign from him the Syracusan and Catanean Deputies advance, and imitate the example of the Messinese*]

Emperor. What palliation can rebellion plead ?

Syracuse (kneeling). Hear us, great Source of Majesty and Mercy !

The stars show fairly in the darksome night,

They gem, like flowers, the carpet of the sky,

They point the steersman's doubtful course, they drop

Into the thirsty earth refreshing dews :

Still lovelier shines the many-faced moon,—

She makes the heavy yoke of night less weary,

She lights the lated wanderer on his way,

And leads him safely past the precipice ;

Her changes send us fruitful rains, and rouse

The healthful storms, that scare the pestilence.

But what are all beside the kingly sun ?

He guides the year, he makes the harvest ripe,

He clothes the orange with its coat of gold,

He swells with sweets the clusters of the vine,

He makes the world around a house of life,

A cheerful dwelling for the race of man.

And as the sun above the moon and stars,

So bright above all other kingly graces

Is mercy : but could mercy here be shown,

Were there no errors to require forbearance ?

Emperor (interrupting him). Have ye forgotten how Salerno fell,

That town which traitorously yielded up

The Empress to her enemies ; and conscious

Of its deep guilt, sought refuge in rebellion ?

It is no more. The smoke of its remains,

Mixed with the reek of blood, hangs round the hills,

Or floats in heavy columns o'er the sea.

You have deserved no less ; but Justice shall

For once to Mercy yield ; your cities shall not

Vanish from off the earth. A thousand ounces

Of gold shall make atonement for your crime.

Syracuse. O ! gracious lord——

Emperor (sternly). The Emperor hath spoken.

You are dismissed. Let each prepare himself

With speed for his appointed task. Obedience

Alone need hope for grace. Beware ; be wise ;

In duty's course alone your safety lies :

[*Exeunt the Deputies with their attendants.*]

This scene introduces us with live- and unrelenting character of the Em-
 piness and dramatic truth to the stern peror. Boundless ambition ; the high-

est and most kingly consciousness of the Imperial dignity ; the determination to extend its sway over Christendom, and to humble the papal authority ; a calm, cold, reflecting tyranny, which does not commit crimes needlessly, but startles at none where interest or ambition prompt them ; a contempt for mere military renown, and for enthusiastic feeling of every kind, are his characteristics. In early life he has sacrificed a youthful passion to the dictates of ambition, and at the command of his father, and still more, perhaps, on the suggestions of his own worldly and grasping disposition, abandoned the object of his first attachment, the lovely and amiable Countess of Andechs, to espouse the heiress of the Sicilian throne, a woman older than himself, and without any of the mild and feminine qualities likely to soften his moody, selfish, and unrelenting character. From that moment, all generous feeling seems to be extinguished in him. Even in the

first portion of the play, we see the germ of a cold, impassive, able, and rapacious tyrant, and are prepared for the still darker aspect which his character assumes in the second.

The scene shifts to Palermo, after the audience of the ambassadors.

Some scenes of stormy discussion follow between Sibylla and her adherents as to the course to be pursued, which end in her resolution to quit Palermo, and take refuge with her son, the boy-King, William, in the castle of Calata. Their departure concludes the first act.

The second opens in the Castle of Calata, in which Sibylla has long been vainly expecting the approach of the friendly army of her brother. The gloomy aspect of her fortunes will be gathered from the opening of the scene, in which she communicates her fears and doubts to Irene, the widow of Tancred's eldest son Roger, who has taken refuge with her in the same fortress.

SIBYLLA, seated at a window upon the left.

Sibylla (turning to the window). All silent, motionless as death itself.

The cloudy shadows only, as they sail
Skyward, bring show of life into the scene. [*IRENE enters gently from the right.*
Ah, will the jaws of these dark fastnesses
Never unclose, and give the army birth
That is to bear me from this living grave?
They never will. The powers of evil claim
Those whom, like me, Heaven has forgotten.

Irene (who has advanced nearer). No.
Not so—dear mother, no.

Sibylla. You here, Irene!

Irene. I meant not to disturb you when I heard you
Thus commune with yourself.

Sibylla. Foolish, indeed,
To talk my sorrows o'er to one who could not
Give in return one word of consolation.

Irene. You seem to me to-day more sad than wont ;
And yet the colour of our destiny,
For aught I see, remains the same.

Sibylla. The patient
Grows worse who does not mend. O, though my tears
Should swell to torrents, though my loud complaints
Should overtop the storm and roaring sea ;
Though on the wind my hair should float dishevelled ;
Though mine own hands with mine own blood were died ;
None would condemn me, if they knew my state.
Dark clouds alone stood low'ring o'er my head
When I came here ; but night surrounds me now.
Palermo, with its hypocritic priesthood,
Who, to the very hour of my departure,
Still feigned fidelity to me—have greeted
My foe with festivals and shouts of triumph.
The great, who should have reinforced my army,
Have flocked to swell the Emperor's might, and knelt
In dust before his plundered throne, as if

Contending for the prize of treachery.
 My brother's little band is scattered wide,
 Swift as the pigeon's timorous brood disperses
 That spies the hawk, dark on the distant sky ;
 Himself proscribed, has with the Saracens
 A shelter sought, behind the mountain wall.
 The ships that should have borne supplies, ill-fortune,
 If not the treachery of the admiral,
 Still holds detained ; Gaunt hunger now begins
 To haunt us from within, even as without
 The foe sits grim and low'ring on our threshold,
 As broods the tiger-cat before the cage.
 Who could believe such plenitude of ill
 Could in the space of one short month find room !

To her surprise the Archbishop of Salerno enters and announces that the Emperor proposes to treat with her, and that Count Peter of Celano is close at hand with powers from the Emperor to arrange the terms of the negotiation. His proposals are, that her son shall resign his pretensions to the throne, receiving in return the fiefs of Lecco and Tarentum, and that Sibylla shall surrender all the fortresses in her possession, with the royal treasure. She asks whether she herself is not still to retain the rank of Queen ; on this point Celano has no powers—he answers, evasively, he has no doubt that the Emperor will still permit her

to retain her title. She asks an hour for consideration, which is granted. The apprehension that treachery lurks under the proposals of the Emperor, that the whole is a snare to lure her from the security of her mountain fastnesses, occurs to her mind ; but all doubt and deliberation is put an end to by the sight of her children, half-famished, quarrelling for a morsel of bread, and complaining that they cannot sleep for hunger. She yields to the terms of Celano—though with an ominous presentiment of evil, and appears in the camp of the Emperor before Calata, accompanied by her children.

The EMPEROR and PHILIP. MARKWART enters, with nobles and officers, from the left. CELANO, with soldiers, from the right. The EMPEROR ascends the throne. The soldiers with CELANO form a line from the front of the stage, on the right, to the background. Enter WILLIAM, bearing the crown and royal mantle, followed by the Archbishop of Salerno ; then SIBYLLA, likewise in royal attire ; IRENE with ALBINA ; AJELLO, with Officers and Pages. SALERNO leads WILLIAM up to the EMPEROR's throne, makes him kneel down, and kneels himself at a little distance behind him.

Sibylla (at one side, while WILLIAM kneels)—O God in heaven, were I not a mother

I would entreat this hour of degradation

Might be the last of my existence.

[She kneels down.

William (taking off his crown and laying it on the steps of the throne)—

Here,

My lord and uncle, do I lay the crown

Which others placed, unjustly, on my head—

[He begins to weep.

Emperor. So ! the boy weeps—heaven meant him for a monk.

[SIBYLLA makes a gesture of uneasiness and alarm.

Emperor (to SALERNO). What means he, Bishop ? speak the speech for him Which he has learnt so ill.

Salerno.

He lays the crown,

In token that your Majesty's pretensions

Are just and valid, at your feet, submitting

Himself to you, as by the treaty bound,

As to his liege lord, and his rightful king ;

So do we all, who here with reverence

Thus bend the knee before the Emperor's throne.

[All kneel.

Emperor. Blood hath been shed ; cities have fallen, because

Ye chose so late to recognise your duty.

And mercy's self, perhaps, becomes injustice,

Which leaves injustice such as yours unpunished.
 See to what end infatuated pride
 And blindness on the other side have led ye !
 Ye thought to stay the lord of Christendom,
 And the end shows your thought was vanity.
 Let that reflection now confirm your faith.
 As every day comes only once in life,
 So is it with the day of mercy. Rise !

[*All stand up. SALERNO takes off the royal mantle from WILLIAM, and lays it beside the crown.*]

Sibylla. Our part in the agreement is performed.

I pray you now, my noble lord, fulfil
 Your portion. Grant my son the promised fiefs.

Emperor. They shall be his ; but the investiture
 None but the vassal of full age receives.

Sibylla (in an under tone). Hear'st thou Irene ? (*Aloud.*) We may hope at
 To be permitted, I and mine, to inhabit [least
 The castle of Lecco.

Emperor. No, the boy remains
 Under my charge. You too must, for the present,
 Continue at our court.

Sibylla (in an under tone). Hear'st thou, Irene ?
 (*Aloud*) And must I, midst my griefs, remain with foes,
 Or worse, endure the scorn of former friends ?

Emperor. The sufferings which your pride alone hath caused,
 Will shortly be forgotten, when you lay
 That pride aside, and wear no more this crown
 Or mantle. Wear them, then, no longer, Countess !

Sibylla. Whom call you Countess ?

Emperor. You ! Countess of Lecco.

Sibylla (starting). I am a Queen !

Emperor. Rebels they were that gave
 That title ; I have vanquished them, annulled
 Their acts, and stamped them with the brand of treason.

Sibylla. My lord, not as your subject, but your equal,
 Did I negotiate with you.

Emperor. I acknowledge
 No equal upon earth. 'Tis done. To-morrow
 We march toward Palermo. In Messina
 The Empress is already landed. We
 Must haste to meet her with a worthy greeting,
 Upon the threshold of her father's house—(*Taking up WILLIAM's crown.*)
 And with this costly heir-loom, which my sword
 Has won for her, again enwreath her brow.

[*He rises and gives the crown to CELANO, who at the same time takes up WILLIAM's mantle.*]

Let every one be ready for to-morrow.
 Time presses ; life has no securities,
 And many a duty on the Emperor lies.

[*He goes into the tent. CELANO follows. MARK-
 WART, with his followers, retire.*]

Sibylla. You hear ? Was this no snare ? Have we not been
 Betrayed ? Was this conditioned that we should
 Thus crawl like slaves before him in the dust ?
 Oh ! from the moment we forsook our stronghold
 I did forebode our coming degradation.
 Still worse awaits us,—to be led as captives
 In shameful triumph to Palermo back.
 O coward ! what is this that I have done ?
 Once mistress here, and now a prisoner !
 Once feared, and now myself the prey of fear !
 Once Queen, and now the scorn of foes ! O Heaven,
 Hast thou no lightnings to annihilate me ?

I dare not die, for earth's misdeeds are known
In heaven,—and in my Tancred's presence I
Must blush for mine through all eternity.

[*She goes out, followed by PHILIP, and IRENE and
SALERNO, with the children.*]

The third act opens strikingly in the royal burying vault in the cathedral;
and an interesting and characteristic scene follows:

ACT III. SCENE I.

Palermo. The royal burying vault in the Cathedral. The principal entrance in the foreground on the left. Opposite, a side entrance. Monuments along the sides and in the back ground. The vault very dark.

The EMPEROR, PHILIP, a Sacristan, an Officer, and Guards, some bearing torches, advance from the left.

Emperor. And this then is the royal burial vault?

Sacristan. It is, your Majesty.

Philip. What seek we here

Within death's dreary realms?—Seek we for proof
That even the mightiest of the earth must fall?

Emperor. I ask no proof to tell me that the sun
Will set to-night:—I know he will. (*Examining the monuments.*)

Here lies

Roger the first—whose powerful sword first wrested

This island from the brood of Mahomet;—

The second Roger—father of my wife,

First King in Sicily—a real King:—

Here the first William, petty in his virtues,

Nor great even in his vices. Next his son,

The second William, a sagacious ruler—

And yet so early here: and lastly, Tancred,

With his son Roger. Guards, advance and break

Open this grave for me:

Sacristan (Falling on his knees.) O Sire! desist.

Emperor. Are you afraid of spectres?—then begone.

Philip. O brother, would you break the rest of death?

Emperor. Not I—that were beyond the mightiest's powers.

Philip. I know it well. But then the dead are holy,

For they belong to God. The self-same awe

That stands as guardian o'er the sanctuary,

Keeps watch beside the grave, inspiring horror

In all that seek to violate the tomb.

Emperor. Rebels were Tancred and his son; and yet

They lie beneath, attired with kingly crowns,

They shall not thus, even in the grave, prolong

Rebellion; and with forged and borrowed splendour,

Make even the house of death a house of lies.

Quick, officer, uplift the stone from off

The grave. I will go down, remove their crowns,

And see if aught beside this vault contains.

[*The Officer is employed during what follows in raising the stone
from the grave of TANCRED. The Sacristan retires towards
the entrance on the left.*]

Philip. What but corruption can the grave contain?

Emperor. It hath been bruited to me, that a portion

Of the royal treasure lies within this vault

Concealed. What is mine own I hope to find.

Philip. Though all earth's treasures lay within, I could not

For paltry gold disturb the silent grave.

Emperor. For paltry gold! The word is meaningless,

Childish. It is the object stamps the deed.

'Tis nobleness of aim that separates

Earth's mightier spirits from the meaner herd,

Who covets gold but for the sake of gold,
Or vice or pleasure, is a slave by nature.
Gold is with me confederate of power ;
Useful where power would fail ; the sweet persuasive
That bends the stubborn wills of men to mine—
The purchase price of all the strength I wield.
You murmured when I made the King of England
Pay down his freedom's costly ransom : yet
That gold it was conquered Apulia for me.

Philip. When gold wins battles, what becomes of glory ?

Emperor. True fame depends upon the end's attainment.
The warrior's noisier fame I value not.
Within Byzantium's golden palaces
You will better learn to prize this paltry gold.

Officer. The stone is raised, my Lord.

Emperor. 'Tis said that gold
With death and darkness ever cradled lay.
Rich be the hoard, that shall our search repay.

[*He descends with the Officer into the grave. Guards with torches preceding, the rest following him.*]

Philip. Horror comes over me. I feel as if
The tombs about me should give up their dead
Upon the instant, and their pallid tenants
Should issue forth, in ire, to punish him
Who breaks the peace that God has given the grave.
I will not wait for this. Ah no ! I fear,—
With wild dishevelled hair he'll issue forth—
His eye reflecting all the sights of terror
Which he has witnessed ; spasms of silent madness
About his lips. Away from hence—away ! [*He hurries out rapidly on the left.*]
Sacristan. O all ye saints in heaven, can this be borne !

[*The door on the right opens with a crash.*
The very walls of the Cathedral shake. [*Drawing back into the left corner.*]

SIBYLLA, the Archbishop of Salerno, and a Monk, with an unlighted torch,
enter from the right.

Salerno. Thus happily and unperceived we have reached
Our destination. Light your torches. Lady,
Unwillingly have I accompanied you
Thus far,—for I must think the time ill-chosen.

Sibylla. Who in the day of need can choose his hour ?
What of this treasure may be hence transported,
I would remove : for flight is now to me
My thought by day, my only dream by night,
The power of gold will make it possible.
Here I am sick to death—my very couch
Feels like a rack of torture ; on my lips
The poisoned goblet hovers, since the Empress,
The haughty woman, is arrived, and I
Must bend with slavish reverence before her.
The tyranny of man I could have borne,
Like some sore evil, but a woman's pride,
Her haughty patronising glance I cannot.

Salerno. As yet you have escaped that last infliction.

Sibylla. But will the plea of sickness long avail me ?
This very day I am summoned to attend her ;
I know the reason—'Tis to make me kiss,
In proof of vassalage, her garment's hem.
She pants for this debasing kiss from me—
Slaves may perform such office—from a Queen,
Never shall service such as that be seen.

[*The Monk in the background has lighted the torch, and advances.*]

Salerno (*perceiving the Sacristan*). How! strangers here?

Sibylla (*looking round, and observing the open grave*). The grave of Tancred open!

Whose is the daring hand that hath done this? [*Advancing to the Sacristan*.
Speak, man. For whom hast thou unlocked the vault?

Sacristan. For th' Emperor, Lady.

Sibylla. And the Emperor made
This grave be forced?

Sacristan. Even he,—and has himself

Gone down into it.

Salerno. (*secretly to Sibylla*). Ah! some traitor has
Revealed to him—

Sibylla (*to the Sacristan, without listening to SALERNO*). What seeks he with
the dead?

Sacristan. He would—O! horrible—remove the crowns
From off the heads of the departed kings.

Sibylla. Accursed be the plunderer's hand that thus
Robs not the living only, but the dead!

Salerno. Haste, lady, let us flee. But you are silent!
O come, for dangerous would the meeting be.

Sibylla (*hurrying towards the entrance of the vault*). Come up, come up,
thou crowned sexton—nay,

Not sexton—for he builds the silent chambers

Where the dead rest. Come up, thou crowned hyæna,

That raven'st thus and revel'st in the grave.

Salerno (*laying hold of her, and exhibiting the cross upon his breast*). By
the cross, in which you trust, I do conjure you,

As servant of the cross, restrain this madness,
Which makes the sting that wounds us sharper still.

[*THE EMPEROR—The Officer, bearing two golden crowns, and
Guards, bearing chests, caskets, and bars of gold, ascend from
the vault.*

Emperor. I heard a call; who spoke?—

[*Perceiving SIBYLLA.*

You, Countess, here?

Did I not hear that you lay sick at home?

What seek you here?

Sibylla. You should not ask that question.

I am here at home. For here abides the half,

Ah me! the happier half of mine existence,

Which even when outraged thus, insulted, plundered,

Feels not its misery, nor its nakedness.

But I may ask—My Lord, What brings you here?

Emperor. You are bold, methinks, to question what the master
May choose to do within his heritage.

The Emperor is within his own domain,
Wherever he may be.

Sibylla. O great, I see,

And all-devouring is the Emperor's right;

He breaks into the grave and robs the dead

Of love's last gift—the gold that decks the shroud.

Emperor. Not love, but pride bestowed those crowns on them.

Sibylla. Is't not enough that you have wounded me

Unto the death, in all that yet survives?

Must I be tortured even in my dead?

Emperor. Woman will chide through very love of chiding.

Sibylla. Am I not kept imprisoned like a captive

Here with my children? Is my brother not

Outlawed, and made a mark for murderers?

Has the investiture my son was promised

Been given to him? have you replaced even one

Of all my faithful followers in their lands

And dignities; or have not till now

Laughed at the treaty and your plighted word?

Emperor. You question much; one answer must suffice.

Thank God I do not ask you: wherefore was
This treasure hid from me? was't not conditioned
The royal treasure should be yielded to me?
Why was it not? For what unhallowed end
Was all this gold concealed within these coffins?
Thus I might question—and perchance the answer
Might not allay the Emperor's wrath. I strive
To hush my just revenge to sleep. Beware
Lest your complaints arouse it from its lair.

[Exit on the left, following the Officer and Guards.

The stern and gloomy character of these scenes, between these ambitious and indomitable spirits, is somewhat relieved by the episode of the love of the Emperor's brother, Duke Philip, for Irene, whom he had conducted to the protection of the Empress Constance, and whose gentleness and beauty have captivated his heart during the journey. There is much beauty, we think, in the following dialogue:—

A Chamber in the apartments of the EMPRESS in the Royal Palace.

The centre-door opens. PHILIP enters, leading in IRENE and WILLIAM, followed by a Chamberlain, who goes out on the right hand.

Philip. Alas! our journey's o'er. I could have wished
The path that to the Empress led had lain
O'er boundless distance, so that moons at least
Had been the measure of the pilgrimage
On which I had the bliss to be your guide.

Irene. You have been kind, my lord, unto a poor—
What shall I say? Slave were the fittest word.

Philip. Why so depressed, sweet lady? so desponding?
What ails you now? what grieve you for? Not surely
The diadem which you have put away?
It did but hide the richer diadem
That heaven itself had wreathed around your head;
It but concealed the brow on which so brightly
The flowers of dignity and beauty bloomed.
O! fairer shows the kingly brow itself
That one that only bears a kingly crown.

Irene. Nay, not so, noble lord. I ever felt
My heart supported by your words of kindness.
So must the pilgrim feel, methinks, who, long
Perplexed in woody wilderness, has caught
Nought but the rush of mountain-streams and storms,
When first he hears the sound of human voices
That promise counsel, comfort, and protection.
O therefore do not flatter. Flattery
Scares confidence away. You are in truth
The only one to whom with hopeful trust
My eye can turn: on whom in all this court
Can I repose my hope, if not on you?

Philip. Were you a daughter of the west, you would not
See flattery in truth. Then you would know
The duties chivalry imposes, making
Service of ladies next to that of God.

Irene. I know it well. With glad surprise I made
Acquaintance with its creed; that woman's nature,
More tender and less earthly, is to heaven
Nearer and closer-linked, and so demanding
Devotion at man's hand. But this fair faith,
Methinks, is but the ornament of song,
And not the creature of reality.

Philip. But how, fair lady, could the two be severed?

Irene. The singer dreams: reality's awake.

Philip. Song flows not from a heart unmoved, and
Should a mere nothing move the poet's heart?

Irene. I know not that: here I have found it so.

Philip. Ay! here it may be: But beyond the Alps
You would not find it so. There life and song
Flow from the self-same spring. O noble lady,
You should—you should make Germany your home.
If flowers and forests flourish not as here,
There love and truth at least bloom fairer far;
And as the soil knows no internal fires,
No fierce volcanoes; so the storm of passion
Wakes not into wild waves the sea of life;
Its breath but ripples o'er the surface, so
That heaven can still behold itself therein.

Irene and William are received under the Empress' protection. A long and interesting scene follows between the Empress and her husband, in which she endeavours to convince him that policy as well as justice should dictate kindness and indulgence to the Sicilians rather than severity. She pleads, however, for her people in vain. He has discovered that Sybilla, enraged at the seizure of her treasure, and the degradation and captivity to which herself and her children are exposed, has entered into a conspiracy against his life. He breaks in upon the deliberations of the conspirators, and with their apprehension the third act closes. The prisoners are delivered over for trial, and the sentence proposed by the Emperor is, that Sibylla, with the monks engaged in the plot, shall be imprisoned for life; the Counts Agello and Contarbe, who had been its most active agents, beheaded; and the other nobles, with

the boy-King, William, deprived of their eyesight and imprisoned for life. Celano vainly endeavours to move the Emperor in behalf of William, by representing that this act of cruelty to a child will alienate from him all hearts, and startle even the judges themselves. He remains inexorable.

Mean-while Irene, who has heard of the discovery of the conspiracy, and trembles for its unknown consequences, enters the chamber of Sibylla in agitation, where she encounters Duke Philip. She asks, with apprehension, what is to be her fate. The Duke has little consolation to afford, so far as regards the fate of the conspirators. He fears that banishment and separation from her children and from Irene are the least that Sibylla has to expect at the Emperor's hands. But for Irene herself he brings a prospect of escape. He entreats that she will bestow upon him the right to be her protector.

Irene. Ah me! what right can I confer on you?

Philip. A right—O would that I might speak my meaning
Through my lute's chords, and needed not to use
The harsh the easily offensive word—
Since God has graced you with celestial beauty—

Irene. O noble sir!

Philip. No more then of your beauty.
But yours is woman's fairest virtue, mildness,
All-reconciling gentleness, which, like
The dove, bears nought of gall; which so envelopes
With folds of love the sharp hard edge of life,
That it can wound no longer—as the oyster
Encrusts the rude sand till it turns to pearl.
O! rightly you are named Irene; peace
Beams from your eyes, breathes from your lips, floats round you,
As fragrance round the flower, and he who makes
Approach respires an atmosphere of peace.

Irene. O spare me, noble Lord!

Philip. O let me speak
Before the courage to speak out be gone,

You are not angry, I can see; your being
Is clear, transparent as the ethereal sky,
And through the sky the eye with calm delight
Can trace the everlasting golden stars.
Since all things lovely must awaken love,
And all are yours, I love them all in you.

Irene. O heaven! how can you speak of love to me—
How suit such words with such a time of trouble!

Philip. As sportive ditties suit with funeral pomps,
As festive dances with a last farewell;
I feel it so. But now o'erpowering need
Tyrannic drives us o'er the pale of custom.
Save you I must and will; but cannot do so
Till I can lead you to my brother's presence,
And say to him, Behold she is my bride.

Irene. O God! I should become a loathed thing
If I thus selfishly could save myself,
Could separate, in such a time of tears,
My destiny from that of those I love.
No! that were treason 'gainst the Holiest.

Philip. If by your suffering you could hope to save them,
Or make their suffering less, that resolution
Would be another jewel justly added
To your soul's riches. But it cannot be.
They will not shed less scalding tears because
Two other eyes lament their fate beside them.
But if your own heart be averse—

Irene. O no,
Not so. Believe not that. You have indeed
Deserved the best and dearest at our hands.
You saw in us the sufferers, not the captives,
And strove with all your power and friendly care
To mitigate the harshness of our fate.
You realize in life the bright ideal
That fabling minstrels form of chivalry.
But ah! I fear 'twill be a fearful thing
To wear in such a time the bridal crown.

Philip. And who that knows your heart, and knowing loves it,
Would ask it of you? Pledge me but the word
That gives me right to combat in your cause,
That gives me hope in time to win your favour,
Be my probation then for moons or years,—
Scarce could I say which is the happier lot,
To sue in hope for such a heart as yours,
Or to possess it free of doubt and terror.

The conversation of the lovers is interrupted by the sudden entrance of Sibylla in a state of frantic agitation. She has heard the sentence pronounced against herself and her son, and she comes to implore Philip to conduct her to the Empress, in the hope that her interference—the only influence to which the Emperor has ever yielded—may be exerted in her behalf. The Empress has in the mean-time been informed of the sentence so far as regards Sibylla, the Archbishop of Salerno, and the Prior of San Eufe-

mio, but she knows not of the cruel determination to deprive William of his eyes. Even the punishment of the churchmen seems to her daring and sacrilegious; she fears that heaven will avenge this outrage to its servants, but expressed her hopelessness of changing any resolve to which her husband has come. While she is thus expressing her fears, and the efforts she had made to avert the catastrophe, Sibylla, with William, Philip, and Irene, rush into the apartment.

Constance. Sibylla!

Sibylla. Empress! Save us, save us! You

Are come of our own blood—of our own people.

O help, protect us from these foreign monsters!

Constance. So, then, you are recovered; and your knees
Are able now to bear you to your mistress?

Sibylla. Woe's me! here is but hate—no hope of grace!

Constance. The doom pronounced upon you is but justice.

Sibylla. But justice! Then it had been justice too,
If I had also doomed you to the scaffold

When fortune gave you to our hands.

Constance. It seemed

You wished to remedy that first omission

By grasping once again the murderer's dagger.

Sibylla. Who is to blame for all those deeds of darkness—

Who brought the tiger here among us?—You!

By your untimely longing for a husband.

Constance. Away—begone. Hence with the insolent!

Philip. O hear her, sister.

Irene. Hear her, noble lady.

O mother, you forget—

Sibylla. True—I forget.—(to CONSTANCE.)

You would crush me to the dust—well, then, look here.

[*She throws herself at her feet.*

You have your wish; now feast upon my anguish,

But O protect and save him!

[*She draws WILLIAM down on his knees beside her.*

Kneel down, William,

And pray to her.

William. Why should I pray to her?

Sibylla. Pray to her, child of sorrow, for thine eyesight,

Which they would quench with their infernal irons.

Constance, Philip, Irene. His eyesight!

[CONSTANCE draws back in consternation. IRENE, covering her face with her hands, leans on PHILIP for support.

William. I entreat you, gracious aunt—

Philip. It is not true!

Constance. No! no! it is not true.

Sibylla. It is! it is! O look into his eye,

So clear, so heavenly blue! preserve it to him.

Think only—if your own son's eyes were wanting,

If you could see your face no more within it,

If he could speak his joy through gleaming smiles

No more—no more through tears express his sorrows—

Constance. Peace, peace! O horrible. Why do you mingle

My child and my child's eyesight with these horrors!

Sibylla. How else am I to move you to compassion

Who hate me; and yet your compassion only

Can keep the monster's talons from his eyes!

[*The EMPEROR enters, followed by an officer. Guards remain at the door, which remains open.*

Emperor (On entering, to the Captain). Who has permitted this?

Captain. The Duke, your brother.

Emperor. Your head shall answer, if it happen twice.

Conduct her back.

[*Pointing to SIBYLLA.*

Constance (to the Captain, who has made a step forward). Nay, stay,

(To the EMPEROR.) First listen to me.

Is it the truth, or a calumnious falsehood,

That you would sacrifice this poor boy's eyesight?

Emperor. It is the sentence of the Court condemns him.

Constance. Why talk of sentence? You are master here.

Emperor. And I say, Be it so.

Constance. And I say, Never.

Sibylla. O mercy.

William.

Mercy.

Irene (*throwing herself down on the other side.*) Mercy, mighty Lord.

Emperor. I have already said; once only dawns

The day of mercy.

Philip.

Brother! Hohenstauffen!

Set not this brand upon our stainless shield!

Constance. 'Tis but a child; a child is never guilty.

Emperor. Peace; throng not thus to interrupt my path,

Or I will shake you off like poisonous vipers.

[*To the Officer and Guards.*

Quick! bear him hence.

[*The Officer and Guards advance; SIBYLLA starts up in agitation; IRENE is raised by PHILIP; CONSTANCE draws WILLIAM into her arms.*

Constance.

Hither—to me, my child!

Now we shall see what hand will have the boldness

To tear you from the Empress' arms.

Sibylla.

O now—

Now you are gracious; willingly I kiss

Your garment's hem.

Emperor (*to CONSTANCE*). Why rage and struggle for

This stranger brood?

Constance.

'Tis for a child, and I—

I—am a mother.

Emperor (*to the Officer*). Tear the child away.

Constance. What! shall polluting hands of slaves be laid

On me—the Empress?

Emperor.

A rebellious wife?

[*To the Officer and Guards.*

Tear the child from her! On your life I charge you!

[*The Officer and three of the Guards approach CONSTANCE; she lets go her hold of WILLIAM with a shudder. SIBYLLA hurries forward and pushes her back.*

Sibylla. Away, away, for you are not his mother.

[*Attempts to lay hold of her son. The Officer draws him away, and steps between them.*

Emperor (*to the Officer*). Hence with him.

William (*as he is borne out by the Guards*). Help, mother! help!

Constance. Oh! horrible!

Sibylla.

Sleepst thou ever, God in Heaven!

That demons thus can torture thy creation?

Awake, awake! if human beings still

Are to believe that thou controll'st the world,

Awake and save. Avenge upon this monster

These precious eyes! On him? No, that were mercy—

He has a child. Avenge me on the father;

Even the blood-thirsty tyrant loves his young.

Fulfil upon his son the curse I speak.

Constance. Relentless woman! would you curse my child?

Emperor. Away with her; away! [*Guards surround SIBYLLA.*

Sibylla.

I curse you all.

Lord! on this house let fearful judgments fall,

Upon their race let every sorrow sit,

All ills that blast the brain or break the heart;

Their end a warning to the nations stand,

Despised, disgraceful, by the hangman's hand!

[*She is dragged out by the Guards. CONSTANCE sits down, trembling and exhausted.*

Emperor (*to the Guard—pointing to IRENE*). Away with her too.

Philip (*to the Guard*). Stay. Know, brother, she

Is under my protection,—is my bride.

Emperor. Ha! are you then so much my foemen's friend

As for their sake to stain yourself with lies !

Philip. I speak the truth ; we have joined hands in pledge
Of future union.

Emperor. How ! without me—
Without the sanction of my royal word ?

I tell you she is not your bride. On pain
Of my displeasure, banish such a thought !

Philip. I heed it not. I am a Hohenstauffen—

The Emperor Frederick's son as well as you ;
As Duke, the Emperor's vassal, bound in fealty,
But mine own lord within the heart's domain.

Emperor. You are a traitor ; by her hand you hope
To smooth your passage to the throne of Greece !

Philip. No, by the living God ! I seek it not.

Irene. O leave me, noble Duke.

Philip. Be calm ! be calm !

A better hour will come to smooth the quarrel.

Emperor (to the Guards). Lead her away.

Philip (laying his hand upon his sword). Stand off, upon your lives !
I am no helpless child, no yielding wife.

Drive me not o'er my bounds. Let the sword's demon
Be once unfettered, and he *will* have blood.

(*To the EMPEROR.*) I will myself conduct her to her chambers.

(*To IRENE.*) My train shall be your guard ; rest there secure,

No more of outrage shall my bride endure.

[*He goes out with IRENE. A pause. The EMPEROR, after a
glance at CONSTANCE, who still remains as if sunk into herself,
motions to the Guards, who retire.*

[*He gazes on her for some time. She remains motionless and
melancholy.*

Emperor. Adieu.

Constance (starting up). Hear, hear me ! She has cursed my child.

The curse was just ; and when the curse is just,

Heaven registers the judgment and fulfils it.

O give the boy his freedom !

Emperor. Constance ! hear me.

I have but cut in twain rebellion's snake,

Not killed it ; it lives on, and moves, and genders,

While its head lives. So long as William lives

Still capable of reigning, will revolt—

Constance. Who is there to revolt ? Ah me ! so sternly

Has justice dealt its blows that none but children

Are left to raise the banner of rebellion.

O set the boy free, that she may recall

The curse from my child's head !

Emperor. That were indeed

The worst of curses for our son ; the crown

Would ever totter on his head, if near him

The son of Tancred as his rival stood.

Constance. The curse of Heaven would rest upon a crown

That with the blood from out a kinsman's eye

Was on his head cemented. O once more

Let the poor boy go free ! He is innocent,

And in *his* veins the royal blood of Hauteville

Flows as in mine.

Emperor. Nay, boast not of your blood ;

One drop within the veins engenders treason,

Else how have you gone over to my foes—

You, mine own wife, the mother of my son—

You, whom I have exalted so that queens

Themselves bow down before your majesty,

Upon whose head I have set five diadems ?—

Constance. I give you back these worthless splendours, only
The rights of my hereditary kingdom
Will I maintain. I will be mistress here
In mine own realm, my father's heritage.
I blush to think of what I was and am—
Only the foremost of your slaves—excluded
From all your counsels. In mine own domains
Your very servants have more power than I.
But, by the Eternal! this shall be no longer;
I will extort my right from foreign hands.
Here I am sovereign, and you are subject.

Emperor. Control the vain pretension; not to rule,
But serve, was woman by her God created.
You have no kingdom. You were not possessor,
But wearer only of the royal crown.
No more, then, of your kingdom.

Constance. Then once more,
For the last time, I say,—Set the boy free.

Emperor. For the last time I say,—His doom is spoken.

Constance. Send hence your German executioners.

Emperor. Where crime is rife, the doomster must remain.

Constance. Might makes you insolent; but there are powers
More mighty upon earth than power itself.
The hatred you have earned, at my first summons
Will range itself in shape of love to me;
Gladly, to 'scape a foreign yoke, the people
Will make alliance with King Roger's daughter;
Gladly the holy Pontiff will annul
A union which he never blessed, which none
Have blessed, save churchmen excommunicate;
A blessing in whose mouths became a curse.
The holy father speaks, and sceptres sink
Like withered willows when the streamlets shrink.
He bids heaven's lightning strike them, and with all
Their dark idolatry of power they fall.

Emperor. To-day, at least, to-morrow we are here;
When the third comes it may be time to fear.

[*Exeunt, rapidly*—*CONSTANCE on the right, the EMPEROR through the centre, while the curtain falls.*]

With the fifth act we find that the Emperor has been placed under the ban of the church: partly from having refused to do homage to the Papal throne for his possessions in Sicily, partly from the cruelties exercised against Sibylla and her children. The crimes of which he has been guilty are beginning to produce their consequences. Even the affections of the Empress have been alienated from him by this last atrocity against William; and her confessor Walter, who secretly hates the enemy of the church, uses every art of insinuation to increase the feeling of aversion with which she now begins to regard him. This is

raised to its utmost height by the disclosures of Celano, who reveals to her the secret that her husband, on pretence of sending her back to Germany to be present at the coronation of her son at Aix, has given secret orders for her imprisonment in a convent in Burgundy. Stunned by the disclosure of the treachery, and won over by the arts of the Confessor, who scruples not to employ the aid of religion for his purposes, the Empress is persuaded to countenance the designs of Walter and Celano, who determine to remove the Emperor by poison.

The scene then changes to the Harbour.

A flight of steps leading down to the sea. Two gondolas at the bottom. Ship in the background. In the foreground, on the left, an obelisk with steps.

Sailors. Officer and Guards. SIBYLLA, with WILLIAM (blind), and ALBINA, PHILIP, with IRENE, a Priest, a German Knight, and two women, advance from the right. Guards follow.

Sibylla. So, we have reached our parting place ; the hour is near when we must separate for ever.

Irene. No, no—O not for ever, dearest mother.

Philip. Not so, believe me. Leave to me to watch Over the future fate of you and yours,
And think you leave it in a friendly hand.

Sibylla. I know it, noble Duke. To you I owe
All mitigation of my lot ; to you
That they have left my son with me till now,
That I myself might tend his wounded eyes ;
That one humane and gentle is to be
His guide unto his dreary banishment.

[*Extending her hand to him.*

Take my warm thanks for all, and fare you well.

Philip. Heaven be with you too, Lady, and the angel
Of consolation ever by your side.

Sibylla (embracing IRENE). Farewell, Irene ! May the Almighty lay
All happiness that man can bear, upon
Your gentle head with this your bridal crown.
Amidst your joys think sometimes of my sorrows ;
But only so, as now and then to move
Your lord to deal with us in gentleness.

Irene. Will not the sufferings of the hearts I love
Be ever mine ? O God, I shame to think
That I am happy here, and faithless leave you
To wander through the wilderness alone.

Sibylla. Heaven's doom is just. It blesseth you because
You still were true to woman's true vocation.
In life you sought for nothing more than love,
And it bestows the blessing which you sought.
I sought for more, I sought for power and splendour,

[*Pointing to WILLIAM, and shuddering.*

And see what I have gained for my reward.
Farewell, farewell. Far from your brow may heaven
Remove the golden burden of a crown,
For joy of heart and peace of soul must be
The price at which the glittering weight is purchased.
And now once more farewell.

Irene (weeping). All peace go with you.

[*She takes leave of the children.*

Officer (approaching SIBYLLA). Haste, lady, haste, the Emperor will soon
Embark, and must not find you lingering here.

Sibylla. How fearfully the time flies past—and must I—
Ah ! yes, I now must take my last adieu. [*Embracing WILLIAM.*
My William, fare thee well. No, no—not so.
O God of heaven, look down upon this boy,
Who cannot look upon thy heaven. O let
One of thine angels take the form of man,
And guide him through the darkness of this world.
No human being hath a higher claim
Unto thy wonders than my poor blind child.

[*She clasps him with agitation in her arms.*

William. O if I could but see you once again !

Sibylla. See me ! me who deprived thee of thine eyes !
Forgive, forgive !

William. Ah ! mother speak not so.
I know it well : they blinded me because
I wrote those luckless words—Gulielmus Rex.
And yet I could not know it was so wrong.

Sibylla. O speak, my son. Say to me, I forgive thee.

William. Well—I forgive thee.

Sibylla. Now, you know not what

You have forgiven. When that time shall come,
Think of the words now spoken: "I forgive thee."

William. I will think of them then.

Sibylla.

Now come, Albina,

Bid farewell to your brother.

Albina (extending her hand to *WILLIAM*). Fare you well,
Dear *William*.

William. Farewell, dear *Albina*, and
Do not forget me.

Albina.

You will come again

To see us when your eyes have grown anow.

William. No, sister, no; my mother says my eyes
Will never grow again except in heaven.

Sibylla. Come, come, before my latest strength forsake me.

[*She takes the children by the hand, and retires, accompanied
by PHILIP and IRENE, towards the background, when she
delivers WILLIAM to the Monk who is in waiting.*

Sibylla. Take him—the widow's last inheritance—
And O be kind and gentle with my child!

Philip. Fear not for that. I am his pledge. He is
A worthy servant of a gracious master.

[*The Monk prepares to lead WILLIAM down the steps.*

Sibylla. Stay; give me back my child once more. One thing
I had forgotten. (*She kisses him.*) Pray with earnestness,
My *William*, that within your soul may shine
That light that cannot enter through the eyes.
(*To the Monk.*) Myself will lead him. Even through blinding tears,
Sweet is the doing of a mother's office.

[*She descends the steps with WILLIAM and ALBINA. The Monk,
the Knight, follow. The first ascends the Gondola on the left
with WILLIAM; the latter, with SIBYLLA and ALBINA, the
Gondola on the right. The vessels glide out on different sides.
IRENE throws herself on PHILIP's breast, who leads her out.*

Celano enters in conversation with
a Saracen servant, to whom he gives
instructions as to the manner in which
the poisoned draught is to be adminis-

tered. Their conversation is inter-
rupted by the arrival of the Emperor,
who comes to witness the embarkation
of *Constance* for Germany.

*Guards appear from the right. Then the EMPEROR and CONSTANCE, PHILIP,
and IRENE. Several ladies. Sicilian and German nobles: Then WALTER,
Pages, Attendants, and Guards.*

Emperor (to *CELANO*). So! you are here. Is every thing prepared?

Celano. Nothing is wanting, sire.

Emperor.

Where is the bark

That is to bear the Empress?

Celano.

It approaches.

[*During what follows, two barks appear from the left: a smaller, in
which are CELANO's servants, and a larger, with a purple canopy.
Both remain at the bottom of the steps.*

Emperor. To you we now intrust the dearest thing
That we possess on earth—our Empress. Strive
By watchful zeal for her, to show you merit
The favour shown.

Celano.

Sire! Let my humblest thanks

Speak forth my gratitude for this distinction
That raises me above the rest. May only
My trusty service with my noble mistress
Find favour and acceptance.

Constance.

Doubt not that.

Emperor. Unmoor without delay. The wind sets fair,
It blows from *Afric*, right for fair *Provence*.
Constance, farewell. God be your journey's guide!

Constance. May heaven protect you, too, my lord and husband,
As you deserve, and may you still!—

[*She is about to go—but lingers as if undetermined.*

Emperor. You are loth,
Methinks, to go.

Constance. And is that wonderful?
I thought—I fondly thought, I should abide
For ever in my father's lovely land:

Now I must forth,—once more must wander forth,
Into a foreign land. And who can tell
If he shall look again on that he leaves?

And yet it must be done. Farewell, farewell. [*She is going.*

Emperor (to CONSTANCE). Pledge we the parting cup, then, as of wont.

(To CELANO). Count, do your office. Bring four goblets hither.

[*CELANO retires to the background.*

Emperor (to CONSTANCE). And call you Germany a foreign land,
Whose crown even now adorns your forehead?

Constance. Princes
Have many heritages, but *one* home.

Emperor. You then are happy among princes, since
Your home and your inheritance are one.

Constance. You did not always think so, good my Lord.

[*CELANO returns with three servants, bearing four goblets. He delivers two of them, kneeling, to the EMPEROR and EMPRESS, the attendants deliver the two others to PHILIP and IRENE.*

Emperor. A happy passage!

Philip. And a joyful meeting.

Irene. Such is my wish too.

Constance (to the EMPEROR). Thanks—and now farewell.

[*They drink and return the cups to the servants, who retire.*

The Emperor (to CONSTANCE). When next we meet, 'twill be to grace you with
The crown that speaks you Empress of the East.

Constance (Aside). God save me from such crown as you would bring!

MARKWART enters from the right and approaches the Emperor.

Markwart. Ill news, my Lord, have come from Germany.

Emperor. Why, what has happened—who has next revolted?

Markwart. Would it were only that! Your brother Conrad,
The noble Duke of Swabia, is no more.

Emperor. My brother dead?

Markwart. I have said it.

Philip. O my brother!

So rich in courage, spirit, and affection!

Emperor. What fearful instrument hath death employed
To fell so young and flourishing a tree?

Markwart. He lay encamped in arms against Zaringen,
Who had refused his aid in the crusade;
An arrow struck him in the eye, near Durlach,
And through the eye death pierced into the heart.

Philip. Another gone!—first Frederick; Conrad now.
How shall the stem of Hohenstauffen flourish,
When death dissevers thus its greenest boughs?

[*He turns with sorrow towards IRENE, who extends her arm to him compassionately.*

Emperor (aside, and with a look of melancholy). I' the eye—that's strange
—why must it be the eye,

Almost the very smallest spot in man?

I' the eye—so far, too, from the seat of life—

Whose was the hand that shot the fatal arrow?

[*He suddenly makes a gesture of terror and anxiety.*

Quick, quick, to sea—to house—for the Sirocco
Begins to blow.

Markwart. You are mistaken, sire,
The air is pure and cool.

Emperor. You do not feel
The glow that suffocates me.

Celano (*aside*). So it shall.

Emperor. If this be not Sirocco, it is death,
And death by treason—summon a physician.

Philip (*who has advanced to him*). O help in heaven!—the leech—the leech!
[*Some attendants go out.*]

Constance (*makes a movement as if to advance towards the Emperor, but pauses after the first step, aside*). I cannot.

Emperor. O frightful burning!

Philip (*with MARKWART supporting the Emperor*). Back into the palace.

Emperor. My knees refuse their office—place me yonder.

[*Pointing to the steps of the obelisk*]

Upon those steps let me sit down.

Philip (*while the EMPEROR is set down*). O haste!

Bring here a litter—summon the physician!

Emperor. He comes too late—unless he comes on wings.

Walter (*secretly to CONSTANCE*). The church's curse.

Constance (*interrupting him with agitation*). I will have blessing, blessing

Emperor. O wretched majesty! Ill fortune hast thou

With those that bear thine ensigns. Even death

Itself grows Popish, and conspires against thee.

Markwart. 'Tis treason: let the traitors be arrested.

Emperor. If God will but bestow the passing hour

That even now departs—obey my bidding.

O majesty, sole object of my life,

In death itself I still will act for thee.

Give me a banner.

[MARKWART takes the banner of the Empire from an Ensign, and gives it to the Emperor, who supports himself by it.]

Kneel down, brother Philip,

And you too, Marshal!

Emperor (*waving the banner over Philip, while he supports himself with his left hand against the obelisk*). Duke of Swabia

Provide for Germany—(*waving it over Markwart*)

Margrave of Ancona,

Be Italy your charge. To both I trust

My son; protect his crown, instruct him early,

The Hohenstauffen still through life must strain

To win the world, for monarchy again,

Freed from the priestly yoke—(*sinking down upon the banner with which he had supported himself*)—Let him, like me,

Tread firm, and his—the universe shall be.

[*He dies—a pause.*]

Philip. O wo! he hath departed.

Markwart. The world's light

Is quenched!

Constance (*aside*). Heaven be the judge 'twixt me and him!

[CELANO kneels before CONSTANCE; all the Sicilians do the same.]

Celano. Receive our homage, Empress Queen.

Constance. That homage

Is not for me; reserve it for my son.

Celano (*rising with the rest*). Long live King Frederick!

The others. Long live King Frederick!

Markwart (*to PHILIP*). Up, Duke! arise, and vengeance on the traitors,
For death like this was not the doom of God.

Philip (*with a glance and gesture directed towards CONSTANCE*). Peace! leave
it to the Lord to find a way.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE," saith he, "I WILL REPAY."

[*The curtain falls.*]

LEGENDARY LORE.

No. III.

THE SUIT OF ARMOUR AND THE SKELETON.

Armour. At last it is night, still night! The crowd who thronged the church during the day, and gazed at me as a toy for their idleness, are gone; and I am alone. Ah! I cannot weep, but it is a comfort to sigh, to speak. There are none to hear. The princely warriors who fought around me, are all with him who wore me, dead,—perished, with the eyes that were wont to admire me, and I am alone in the world. Ah!

Skeleton. Is it from yonder rusty armour that the voice comes? If so, I pray thee tell me how it befalls that thou hast the power of speech?

Arm. I know not what thou art that askest. But I will answer thee. The magic of the gnomes whom he that framed me called to his aid, gave me this mournful privilege. On this one night, during the year, I wake to consciousness and speech; and now my hour is come. But do thou, in turn, tell me what art thou?

Skel. I am the skeleton in the niche over against thee. This is the eve of the festival of St John, to whose honour I, or rather he that animated me, was especially devoted; and it is my destiny, for the years that must pass before I can entirely rest, to tingle on this one night with life, and listen, and speak. Wilt thou inform me what are the sorrows which thou so sorely bewailest?

Arm. Nay, tell me first, how it comes to pass that now, for the first time, I hear thee, though for fifty years I have held my present place?

Skel. I have been transferred hither but a few days since as the precious relics of a saint, and, clad in a monastic garb, am fixed in a shrine close to that marble tomb over which thou so grimly standest. Many miracles, of which I know nothing, are said to have attended my removal hither; for men, till they learn to wonder at and love truth, will exercise themselves in wondering at falsehood and loving it.

Arm. Thou art, then, after all, but the skeleton of some poor devout peasant. I am the armour of a Duke, and converse not on equal terms with such as thou.

Skel. Despise not what thou hast not well understood and seen through;

a precept which I suspect would much lessen the range of thy contempt. On equal terms indeed we converse not, for I at least was once alive—and thou—what art thou? a mass of steel and gold, framed for another's use, and in thyself but some few jots better than nothing.

Arm. I had power to daunt, by my aspect, many hearts in bosoms such as thine, and to protect one with which thou durst not have claimed kindred.

Skel. Where is that one now?

Arm. To thy thought it may be only dust. But it lives for ever in story as the heart of a wise, brave, and courteous knight and ruler.

Skel. It lives in story? Ay, so do the miracles they say I wrought on being removed hither.

Arm. Churl! Be gone, or be silent! Thou knowest well that thy proper place, whence thou hast been so ignorantly lifted, is many a lance's length from me.

Skel. Friend, be not wroth. Thy place would perhaps be, perhaps will be, a blacksmith's forge, where thou wilt be hammered into sickles for reapers, and shoes for pack-horses.

Arm. Peace, scoffer! I will not answer thy base ribaldry. And yet, peasant that thou art, thou speakest but as thou must needs think. I will discourse with thee on other matters, for so seldom comes the gift of speech, even to me, noble and time-honoured as I am, that it must not be suppressed, and there is none but thou to hear. Strange destiny! I that have blazed in the courts of kings, and been the morning-star of battles, am now lonely, empty, dimmed with dust, and must sigh over all that has been, and all that is, and be heard only by a thing like this. O! royal days of courtesy and valour! O, fervid life of enterprise and joy! how are ye buried under the slabs and tombs, and the clay of battle-fields, and I alone remain, to waste and sadden in a withered and dead world!

Skel. Dost thou then think, because thou art laid aside as a vain memorial, that all things else are rusted and abandoned? That the stars are clogged and ceasing in their courses, and the earth drying up and fail-

ing, because thy joints move no more, and thy vainer idea has waned into a shred? Dost thou fancy that mankind are now but lifeless images fixed to a wall, or that all succeeding generations must only pine and perish on the tomb of thy former wearer?

Arm. I will not answer thy ill-advised question, but in turn will enquire of thee—Dost thou not perceive what melancholy aspects of decay fill this old and stately building; how sadly, through these pale-faced, richly-vested shadows in the coloured windows, the moonbeams glance; how dark and spectral these vaults of the roof above; with how many epitaphs of death, and weary knees of penitents that pavement is worn away; how these pillars and buttresses stand like over-tired penal giants? The bells seem meant to utter nothing but a knell, and when they ring more cheerfully, it is but a mad helpless merriment. The voices of the priests sound like a witch's croak over her wretched sorcery. The people who frequent these aisles and chapels look and move as if they were a train of spectres trying to persuade themselves that in their religious offices is a respite for their doom in truth long since accomplished. The world which I see and hear of is all a tomb full of dust and darkness; and what passes for life is but the nightmare dream ruling over the endless sleep of death.

Shel. Thee, my friend, a nightmare must possess, else couldst thou not be thus deluded. Thy hour, indeed, of dignity and pomp has passed away, as the hour will doubtless pass of the hills and rocks, nay, even of the stars. These, like thee, will pass into new forms of being; but whatever is worth preserving, assuredly will remain and be immortal. Nothing that we know of is outwardly indestructible, but nothing is destitute of some principle within it that cannot perish. All, no doubt, that has been thrust out of its place into some unsuitable elevation, will hereafter sink, while all that has been unduly depressed will rise. But to waste words in lamenting over this righteous law, becomes only—excuse my abruptness—an empty head, or emptier iron head-piece.

Arm. Poor heap of dryness and desolation! In thy hollow bones and heartless ribs what life plays? Indeed, I am void and aimless, but I know

myself and my own misery. I am like all of fairest and best that is. I have been visited and filled and lifted up for a season, by a power that seemed to be great and lasting. It has passed away, and left me but a relic of what once I was, or was imagined to be. So is it with all things. All are but wrecks and memorials of delusions that once were bright, and now have vanished. Mythologies, and the sweet dreams of poets, and the flushing fancies of youthful hearts, heroic histories, and devout religions, all play their summer meteors across the sky for a moment, and then leave a deeper than the first blackness. So, too, the clouds that catch a rosy morning tinge, float away into mist and storm, and bequeath to the vapours of a new day the gaudy task of again cheating men's eyes with new images of worthless beauty. The mountains above which they hover seem to stand fast, but are for ever wearing down into the clay and ruins which their torrents carry to the sea. Cities and kingdoms are built up like rainbows, so to vanish; and the old oak, beneath which laws have been made and treaties sworn for centuries, is blown down and used for firewood to burn the statutes and leagues which it seemed to consecrate. Say no more. He who has seen the hard haggard old man stand between his own grave and the cradle of his grandchild, and watch the stormy wrinkles grow wet with tears at the thought of all the infant will first believe in and then unlearn—he knows enough of existence. After all thy years, only folly such as thine could dream of aught other than despair.

Shel. The old man weeps because he no longer enjoys his hopes as formerly, not because he no longer possesses them; that he can mourn over their faded colouring, obscure, perhaps, only to obscure eyes, shows how clear their forms and undying lineaments still are to his heart. Were it otherwise, were his existence devoid of all hope, he would not weep; he would sink down at once into a heap of clay, not such as the sexton buries, which still bears witness of what it has enfolded, but such as that which he turns up with his shovel, and again with his shovel replaces. When that hour of burial comes, hymns, and prayers, and reverential thoughts and looks attest how solemn and precious to man, how far from empty and insignificant, is all

that has even borne the aspect of a man, and been called by a man's name. Men deal with mere lies, as what they are, and cast away to rot their worn-out gloves and tattered masks and cowls. But because they know their lives are not lies, not insane fancies, or mere slimy bubbles, they treat with holy regard and piety whatever their lives have animated, even though it be but a hideous corpse.

Arm. Speak as thou wilt out of thy school-primer, even thou wilt hardly say that amid these aisles, and tombs, and priestly mummeries, thy existence is serene and joyous. What then must mine be? For I have always, brooding in my hollow darkness, the remembrance of what once I was, and of all that then surrounded me. Whatever has been beautiful and majestic on earth, appears to me a train, such as I once headed, of princely panoplies, with plumes mighty as the wings of eagles, and banners fit to gather and impassion kingdoms. Taller, and stronger, and far fairer than the crowd of men whom they sway and dazzle, they move over the ground in morning light to the measures of trumpet music, and earth sounds prouder at their tread. Heroes, kings, and gods, —valour, courtesy, wisdom, eloquence, what are they all but mailed and radiant images that march over the world and pass away into darkness? Mankind, indeed, remain, but they are a heap of strewn and withered leaves torn from the stately branches on which they once grew. Even now, methinks, could I open to thee a way below these charnel vaults, we might at last emerge into a rocky plain, lighted only by the clear moon, and behold, seated on their marble chairs, the gold, and steel, and bronze figures, gigantic, silent, awful with severe immortal pride, and exempt from pain or decay. But, alas! if, as I would fain believe, these any where exist, it is in a world apart, and of their own. They have been seen for some scanty hours, by a race too mean for them; have founded kingdoms, freed or conquered nations; as momentary sunbright apparitions, have turned battles, or quelled the fears of wavering councils by one pealing utterance of disdain. But they are gone for ever. This earth could not detain them, for it was not worthy of them; and now nothing remains but to groan, and when groans are spent, be silent.

Skel. Thou at least seemest to find a better use for thy iron lips than merely groaning. Thy words sound as if thou hadst a pleasure in being listened to, which thy vanity, aping pride, leads thee to disclaim. But be it so. I am well pleased that thou art more humane and kindly than thou pretendest, and I can forgive the boyish folly of thy affected haughty indifference.

Arm. Were I not nailed here, like Prometheus to his rock, I would soon avenge thy insults.

Skel. Wert thou not nailed there, like a kite on a barn-door, thou wouldst not have been rhapsodizing thy sickly fancies for the last half-hour. Neither in that case should I have been thinking what insane mouthing quakeries one may persuade oneself, and fancy one persuades others, are the strains of a peculiar and supreme wisdom. Permit me, therefore, to observe, that all you have been saying is, as might have been expected, mere worthless absurdity, a thumping together of fine words, in hopes that some of them may stick to each other, and fit, and so turn out intelligible. The amount of meaning is about equal to that of thread in the hastily stitched, tawdry patchwork of a masquerade dress, and barely serves the same purpose of seeming to hold together the ill-assorted scraps and glaring colours. Yet a thread of meaning there is, and on this let me hang some words of answer. Do you in truth fancy that the life of the human race, of which one slight impulse is now strangely lingering in your frame and mind, exists only to produce some few enormous glittering shapes of strength and subtlety? Or are not men, even the meanest and most wretched, could we look into them and read their whole story and destination, all the true-born children of the infinite One, and each, more or less, a conscious image of the great whole, and of Him whom it visibly reflects? Who dares say that life is given but to spend itself in those blazing bursts, and amid those stormy quivering peaks which alone thou pretendest to honour? In the millions of dark huts, and among the countless, daily, sordid cares of all generations, Heaven works unseen beneath, and bends above; and man is in himself greater than all the outward liveries in which he can clothe his lot. Often,

how often! he makes himself little in striving to be falsely great. He lays waste the garden in which he might live a free demigod, and shovels and piles the soil into a tomb-like pyramid, to stand on its narrow peak alone, an imprisoned, idle, ape-like dwarf. And what is true of man, is true of all things and powers. In its right place, and for its true purpose, every thing is good, precious, holy. Only let all lies be boldly unsaid, and faithfully suffered for; all perversions, even at the cost of much writhing, be patiently turned inside out, and so restored to their true state. Courage, friend, courage! After sufficient wasting and hammering, thou thyself mayst come, at last, to be an honest, serviceable plough-share.

Arm. Rather, ten thousand times rather, would I sink into utter nothingness.

Shel. Pshaw! I have an ear for music and rational discourse, but none for the clang and clatter of old iron, unless, indeed, it helped to make the bees swarm. The sense, too, of a simmering-pot, or of the sound of an axe, I can understand. But when I see any thing that strives to be more than it can be, I know there is something that will soon become less than it is. We may, however, know more of each other and of the truth in these matters, if thou wilt tell me some chief passages from the history of him whose tomb thou adornest.

Arm. That will I do right willingly, and so shalt thou see and own how vain and ill-considered have thy scoffs been. Duke Eberhard, whose effigy lies below me carved in stone, with an eagle on his helmet, and a bear at his feet, was the lord of five great castles, and three hundred knights followed him to battle. Never pilgrim passed his gates without receiving a meal of venison, and a draught of wine from a golden cup. Never minstrel sang within his hall, and wanted the guerdon of four golden pieces, and a mantle edged with fur. The burghers of twelve towns did homage to him, and from each town he received yearly twelve casks of wine and a golden chain. The man was bold who dared do aught but bless Duke Eberhard within three long days' ride of the borders of his land. Noble horses of Flanders, brave armours from Italy, keen dogs, fair hawks, many a sweet voiced min-

strel, and a storming train of riders, were gathered daily round the Duke, and he himself was of all the stateliest sight to see. One town there was within the circuit of his domains that ever refused to yield him homage. Its minstrels sang no songs in his honour; and its burghers rendered him neither casks of wine nor golden chains, but rather, cold looks and haughty pretensions, talking of I know not what old privileges and claims to freedom. Nay, when, to do them honour, arrayed in steel, and followed by fifty knights and all their squires and pages, he approached their walls to brighten their high feast with his presence, they closed the gates against him. A crack-voiced harper on a tower drawled a scurvy ballad in mockery, as the Duke in high wrath turned bridle, and, biting his lip and shaking his plumed head, rode back ten leagues from the gates of Rothburg to his castle of Falkesheim. Now, thou must know that the Duke of Bavaria's daughter had chosen Eberhard for her champion when he joust-ed at Augsburg, and she was the fairest woman, save one peasant girl, I ever looked upon. But she would not give him any token of her favour to wear, till he should be able to show it on entering the gates of that rebellious town. Judge, then, of my noble master's rightful anger when these base burghers opposed his sovereign will, and darkened the smiles of so admirable a lady. Not long could their insolence avail. He sent squires, pilgrims, minstrels, merchants of his followers into the city with store of gold and jewels. More than one rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed damsel of France and Italy were found to do his bidding, and win the younger burghers to his will. The chief of all these sullen citizens was an old, hard-browed, stiff-necked man, to whom wealth and pleasure were as dew-drops on a rock. Him five knights lay in wait for near the walls. They sent to tell him that a palmer who brought news of his only son from beyond the seas was under a vow not to enter any town, and waited for him at the edge of the forest. The lure succeeded, and ere morning he was hanging, forty feet high, on a pine-tree before the drawbridge of Falkesheim. Courage, and policy, and a liberal hand, soon taught the citizens in whose power lay true honour and lasting

safety ; and a solemn deputation came to the castle to entreat my Lord that of his great goodness he would receive the fealty of his poor servants. He was pleased to be entreated, and smiled on them graciously, nothing reproaching them with their former manifold arrogances. On the third day after, the Duke, clad in the complete mail that now hangs over his tomb, and wearing on his arm the scarf of the Lady Matilda of Bavaria, entered, at the head of his retainers, the gate from which he had been driven with shame but eight months before. The train of Barons and Knights that followed him would have befitted the Emperor ; and of the armours which flashed affright that day into the eyes of the ignorant and rascal citizens, was none so rich and perfect as that of Duke Eberhard. At the high feast which celebrated his entry, ten minstrels sang his praises from the gallery of the hall, on each of whom the town was fain to bestow great largess. The railer who had once jeered from their walls was led by them, for so the Duke required, before the dais, with his hands tied behind him, and was then scourged by the grooms beyond the gates, and his harp broken and cast into the river. Of many goodly solemnities which I might recount, this one was, methinks, for a chivalrous and loyal spirit, the sweetest and most joyous. Every nobly-born guest was gay and festal ; and it added to the pleasure of all to see the sad and writhing looks of the cowed citizens. Canst thou wonder that when I think of these things, and of him who now lies in dust below, I say the world has but sparkled up for some rare moments into a generous flame, and is now sunk for ever into mouldering dismal darkness ? O, Eberhard ! how little could the crowd of mortals comprehend thy mighty and indomitable soul, ever swelling to embrace a larger compass of action and glory, ever looking with a stern and just disdain on the meaner throng that pressed like emmets round thy strong gigantic footsteps !

Skel. Dost thou remember the name of the peasant girl whose beauty thou spakest of ?

Arm. If I remember, she was called Agnes. But why askest thou ? Didst thou know aught of her ?

Skel. There was a maiden of that

name, daughter to a poor labourer, his only child, and without a mother. A great Lord on whose domains they lived cast on her the eyes of unlawful affection when she was still almost a child. Ere long he commanded her father to send her to his castle, that she might attend on the wife of one of his Squires, for he was himself unmarried. It was well known what household he kept, and what mind was his towards the beautiful woman that approached his path. So her father refused the honour that was designed for him. Next day a man-at-arms, riding along the road close by the field where he wrought, shot at him, as if in sport, with his cross-bow, and sent the bolt through his arm. He knew that he dared no longer abide there, and at nightfall he left his cottage, and with his daughter fled into the heart of the forest, where he lived under the trees till he could build himself a hut of branches. Here they dwelt for many weeks, and the fair girl never murmured at her lot, but was peaceful and joyous to be with her father, and to do his will. Sometimes at night he returned to his former village, many leagues away, and obtained some help of food and clothing from his neighbours. On one of these occasions he was seen by some of the foresters, pursued, and led before the Lord, who commanded him to discover the retreat of the runaway vassal, his daughter. He refused, and was cast into a prison below the castle, which looked out from the rock over the plain and river, and from which he could see his native village and his former home. Here for weeks he lay without tidings of his child, and could only gaze at the dark edge of the forest in which he had left her, or look away to the deserted cottage where she had been born, and where he had lived with her mother. He never heard the horn blown and the tramp and clash of the hunting train, and saw them wind down the hill and cross the river to hunt in the woods, but it seemed to him that they needs must find there a human prey for which they sought not. At last his fears came true. He heard the varied cries, and the shouts, and the baying of dogs, and all the tumult of the returning chase ; and soon a young girl ran faltering from amid the trees, and hurried towards the well-known cottage. A moment after,

the Duke appeared on horseback with many riders around him. Guiding the pursuit, he sent them in different directions, and made straight on himself. When she reached the cottage, she found a huntsman waiting there to seize her, and turned away to the river. The Duke was close behind. The captive heard the distant shriek—"Father, I come! I come!"—and saw her leap from the cliff into the stream. That night the father was less strictly watched, and escaped from his prison. He wandered along the banks of the river, till on a little beach of sand he saw, glimmering through the dark, a white heap, which was his daughter's body. He sat upon the sand till dawn, holding the corpse in his arms, and when light began to break, carried it into the woods, and so, alternately resting and journeying all day, he reached at last his hut, dug a grave under the fallen leaves, and there buried his child. Thenceforth he never left the deep wood, nor heard tidings of man, till a horseman rode furiously through the thicket, and the horse stumbled and fell at the threshold of the hut. The rider was Duke Eberhard. He had been set upon when hunting in the forest by a band of his feudal enemies, and was desperately wounded. The recluse lifted him up, laid him on his own bed of leaves, and did what he could to revive him, so that when he opened his eyes, the face that he saw bending over him was that of his former prisoner and vassal. Many were the strange and fearful words of rage and misery that the dying man uttered. He shrank and trembled when his new attendant spoke to him, and he asked, "Wilt thou then not murder me?" It seemed, from his language, that the fair, pale image of Agnes had pursued him ever since her death, and frightened him forth often at midnight into the lonely forest. The phantom, he said, had driven him on to the spot where his enemies lay in wait for him, and when he was flying from them, and looked back to see if they were near, the only figure he discerned was that of the maiden running with her long hair fallen about her, as when in life she ran before him, and pointing at him a drawn sword. The childless father spoke to him of peace and pardon, but the Duke looked at him with fierce

eyes, and groaning, "This from thee!" with one long breath expired. The peasant gave notice of the place and manner of Eberhard's death, and so his own abode became known to many. He began to be regarded as a holy hermit. The country people told, after his death, of miracles wrought beside his grave, and at last his name was canonized, and his bones were transferred to this great Abbey Church. But now for thee and me this time of preternatural awakening is wellnigh over. The life in each is but a weak spark of that which glowed in Eberhard and his vassal. In each of us doubtless it lingers for some reasonable purpose, whether one day to be re-united to its ampler source, or to take new shapes, and work for other than human ends in some different region of existence. Of this much be thou sure, that life is more and worthier than its outward agitations and clamours; the sea larger and more stable than its bubbles. There are millions of connected, concentric realities ever revolving and unfolding themselves, which must each do steadily its own work, not dashing and exploding into the track of its neighbour. All these may, by the nobler intelligences, be studied and understood, if love, and faith, and patience be not wanting. But it is the prerogative of folly to fancy that revolt, display, noise, subjugation, can be profitable for any thing, and that when these are impossible existence stagnates. Writhing is not the truest grace, nor roaring the sweetest music of nature. The mad lightning-flash may deem that, as it bursts and passes, the stars too vanish with it. But they survive unchanged, and smile out calmly when the storm has raged itself away.

Arm. Would that the dust of Eberhard could awaken, and with one blast of his horn dash to pieces these gloomy vaults, and for ever silence beneath the ruins thy foolish prate.

Shel. Even thy ravings are doubtless explicable, from the idea of a higher order than mortals can measure, which includes and justifies all things. But it is plain that thou hast not yet learnt thy destination or that of the world; and much wilt thou have to endure in attaining to that knowledge.

NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

OLD Catherine, the watchman's wife, at nine o'clock on New Year's eve opened her little window, and put out her head to see if it was fair. The snow was falling in silent heavy flakes upon the street. She observed crowds of people hurrying to and fro, pouring out of the various inns and coffee-houses, and going to the dances and other entertainments with which it is customary to welcome in the year. But when a huge flake or two had lighted on her nose she drew back her head, closed the window, and said to her good man, "Gottlieb, stay at home, and let Philip watch for you to-night; for the snow will be a foot deep ere long, and you know the cold does your old bones no good. The streets will be alive all night. There seems dancing and feasting in every house. Masqueraders are going about, and Philip will enjoy the fun."

Old Gottlieb nodded his assent.

"My barometer," he said, "the old wound above my knee, has given me warning all day of a change of weather. It is only right that the son should help me in the duty, since he is to be my successor in it."

We must give the reader to understand, that old Gottlieb had been a gallant servant of his king and country; had been the first to mount the wall of a hostile fort, and had been wounded by a musket-bullet in the thigh. The officer who commanded the attack gained rank and honours in consequence of its success; while Gottlieb was fain to creep homewards on a pair of crutches. After supporting himself by keeping a school, he had been promoted to the post of watchman, with the reversion of it to his son Philip, who had in the mean-time bound himself to a gardener. It was only the good housewifery of Catherine, and the extreme moderation of old Gottlieb, that enabled them to live on the scanty pittance they possessed. Philip gave his services to the gardener for his board and lodging, and had nothing but what he occasionally received when he carried home flowers to the rich people of the town. He was a fresh, handsome young fellow,

of five-and-twenty, and perhaps it was on account of his good looks, as well as his taking manners, that he received sundry extra dollars from ladies of a botanical turn of mind. The good old mother had already put on her cloak to go to the gardener's house to fetch her son, when he entered the little apartment.

"Father," said the young man, giving a hand each to the old couple, "'tis snowing, and the snow won't do much good to your rheumatism. I'll take the watch to-night, and you can get comfortably to bed."

"You're a good boy," said old Gottlieb.

"And then I've been thinking," continued Philip, "that as to-morrow is New-year's day, I may come and spend it with you. Mother perhaps has no joint in the larder, and so"—

"No," interrupted the mother, "we've not exactly any joint, but then we have the rest of that pound of venison; and that, let me tell you, with roast potatoes for a relish, and a little rice (with laurel leaves, by way of an ornament), will make a very comfortable meal. Next week we may do better, for the New-year's gifts will be coming in, and Gottlieb's share will be something; but still, venison, roast potatoes, rice"—

"Not to mention laurel-leaves, mother"—

"And a flask or two of beer will be entertainment fit for a prince."

"And so it will, dear mother," said Philip; "but have you paid the rent of the cottage yet?"

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders.

Philip laid a purse upon the table.

"There are two-and-twenty dollars that I have gathered. I can do very well without them; take them for a New-year's gift, and then we can all three enter on the new year without a debt or a care. God grant you may both be happy in this year, and see many more. For every thing else we must trust to the goodness of heaven!"

Tears came into the mother's eyes as she kissed her son; old Gottlieb

said solemnly, "Philip, you are the prop and stay of our old age. God will reward you. Continue to be honest and good, and to love your parents, so will a blessing rest on you. I can give you nothing for a New-year's gift, but a prayer that you may keep your heart pure and true—then you will be rich enough—for a clear conscience is the only wealth worth having."

So said old Gottlieb, with his hand laid on the head of Philip, who had bent down to receive his blessing;—and then he wrote down in an account-book that lay by his side, the sum of two-and-twenty dollars that his son had given him.

"All the cost of your keep and education is now nearly paid up. Your savings amount to three hundred and seventeen dollars, for which I have given you my receipt."

"Three hundred and seventeen dollars!" cried the old mother, in the extremity of amazement—and then turning to Philip with a voice full of tenderness, "Ah, Philip," she said, "you grieve me. Yes, indeed you do. If you had saved that money for yourself, you might have bought some land with it, and started as gardener on your own account, and married Rose. *Now* that is impossible. But take comfort, Philip. We are old and feeble, and you will not have to support us long."

"Mother," exclaimed Philip, and he frowned a little; "what are you thinking of? Rose is dear to me as my life, but I would give up a hundred Reses rather than desert you and my father, or wish your lives shortened by an hour."

"You are right, Philip," said Gott

lieb; "loving and marrying are not in the commandments—but to honour your father and mother is a duty enjoined on you by God. To give up your own wishes to your parents is the truest gratitude of a son. It will gain you the blessing from above:—it will make you rich in your own heart."

"If it were only not too long for Rose to wait," said Catherine, sadly; "or if you could give up the engagement altogether! For Rose is a pretty girl, that can't be denied; and though she be poor, there would be no want of wooers. She is as good as beautiful, and understands housekeeping as well as"—

"Never fear, mother," replied Philip; "Rose has solemnly sworn to marry no man but me; and that is sufficient. Her mother has nothing to object to me. And if I had money enough to keep a wife with, Rose would be mine to-morrow. The only hardship is, that her mother will not let us meet so often as we wish. She says frequent meetings do no good; but I differ from her, and so does Rose—for we think meeting often does us both a great deal of good. And so we have agreed to meet to-night, at twelve o'clock, at the great door of St Gregory's church, for Rose is bringing in the year at a friend's house in the neighbourhood; and then I will take her home."

In the midst of such conversation the clock struck three quarters, and Philip took his father's great-coat from the warm corner where Catherine had carefully hung it, wrapt himself in it, and taking the lanthorn and staff, and wishing his parents good-night, proceeded to his post.

CHAPTER II.

Philip stalked majestically through the snow-covered streets, where as many people were still visible as in the middle of the day. Carriages were rattling in all directions, the houses were all brilliantly lighted. Philip enjoyed the scene, he sang his verses at ten o'clock, and blew his horn lustily in the neighbourhood of St Gregory's church, with many a thought on Rose. "Now she hears me," he said to himself; "now she thinks on me, and forgets the scene around her. She won't

fail me at twelve o'clock at the church-door." And when he had gone his round, he always returned to the house again, and looked at the window. Sometimes he saw female figures at it, and his heart beat quick at the sight; sometimes he fancied he saw Rose herself; and sometimes he studied the shadows thrown on the window-blind, to discover which of them was Rose's, and to fancy what she was doing. It was certainly not a very pleasant employment to stand in frost

and snow and look up at a window-curtain; but what care lovers for frost and snow? And watchmen are as fiery and romantic lovers as ever were the knights and paladins of ancient ballads.

He only felt the effects of the cold when, at eleven o'clock, he had to set out upon his round. His teeth chattered; he could scarcely call the hour or sound his horn. He would fain have slipped into some tavern to have warmed himself at the fire. As he was pacing through a lonely by-street an extraordinary figure met him; a man with a black half-mask on his face, enveloped in a fire-coloured silken mantle, and wearing on his head a magnificent hat turned up at one side, and ornamented with a number of high and waving plumes.

Philip endeavoured to escape the mask, but in vain. The stranger blocked up his path, and said—"Ha! you're a jolly fellow; you are, my buck, and I like your phizim—phizmig—confound the word!—I like your phizhominy amazingly. Where are you going, eh?"

"To Mary Street," replied Philip. "I am going to call the hour there."

"Good!" answered the mask. "I'll hear you do it; I'll go with you. Calling hours must be capital fun—no such jolly luck in the daytime. Come, tip us the stave, and do it well; for, mark you, I'm a judge of music. Do you sing well?"

Philip saw that his companion was in a humour for a joke, and answered—"I sing better over a cup of ale in a chimney-corner than up to the knees in snow."

They had now reached Mary Street, and Philip sang, and blew the horn.

"Ha! that's but a poor performance," exclaimed the mask. "Give me the horn! I'll witch you with such a stave! you'll half die with delight."

Philip yielded to the mask's wishes, and let him sing the verses and blow. For four or five times all was done as if the stranger had been a watchman all his life. He dilated most eloquently on the joys of such an occupation, and made Philip laugh at the extravagance of his praises. His spi-

rits had evidently owed no small share of their elevation to an extra quantity of Champagne, and Philip was hardly surprised at his next proposal.

"I'll tell you what, my friend, I've a great fancy to be a watchman myself for an hour or two. Give me your great-coat and wide-brimmed hat, and take my domino. Go into an inn and take a bottle at my expense; and when you have finished it, come again and give me back my masking-gear. You shall have a couple of dollars for your trouble. Come."

But Philip would not consent. At last, however, at the solicitations of the mask, he entered into terms. He agreed for one half-hour to give up his watchmanship, which would be till half-past eleven. Exactly at that time the stranger was to come to the great door of St Gregory's, and give back the great-coat, horn, and staff, taking back his own silk mantle, hat, and domino. Philip also told him the streets in which he was to call the hour. And in a dark part of the town the exchange was effected. The mask looked a watchman to the life, while Philip was completely disguised with the half-mask tied over his face, the bonnet, ornamented with a buckle of brilliants, on his head, and the red silk mantle thrown gracefully round him. When he saw his companion commence his walk, he began to fear he had gone too far in consenting to his wish. He therefore addressed him once more.

"I hope, sir, you'll be very steady while you fill my place, for if you go beyond my bounds, or misbehave in any way, it may cost me the situation."

"Hallo!" answered the stranger. "What's the meaning of that? Do you think I don't know my duty? Off with you this moment, or I'll put you into the cage. Pretty fellow, giving advice to a watchman—Off, I say!"

The new guardian of the streets walked onward with all the dignity becoming his office, while Philip pursued his way to a tavern, where he intended to regale himself, and thaw his half-frozen limbs over a glass of ale.

CHAPTER III.

As he was passing the door of a splendid palace, he was laid hold of by a person in a mask who had alighted from a carriage. Philip turned round, and in a low whispering voice asked what the stranger wanted.

"My gracious lord," answered the mask, "in your reverie you have passed the door. Will your royal highness"—

"What? royal highness?" said Philip, laughing. "I am no highness. You are mistaken!"

The mask bowed respectfully, and pointed to the brilliant buckle in Philip's hat. "I ask your pardon if I trench on your disguise. But, in whatever character you assume, your noble bearing will betray you. Will you condescend to lead the way into the palace? Does your highness intend to dance?"

"I? To dance?" replied Philip, somewhat bewildered. "No—you see I have boots on."

"To play, then?" enquired the mask.

"Still less. I have brought no money with me," said the assistant watchman.

"My heaven!" exclaimed the stranger. "Command my purse—all that I possess is at your service!" Saying this, he forced a full purse into Philip's hand.

"But do you know who I am?" enquired Philip, and rejected the purse.

The mask whispered, with a bow of profound obeisance—"Your Royal Highness, there is no mistaking Prince Julian."

At this moment Philip heard his deputy in an adjoining street calling the hour, and he now became aware of his metamorphosis. Prince Julian, who was well known in the capital as a lively, wild, and good-hearted young man, had been the person with whom he had changed his clothes. "Now, then," thought Philip, "as he enacts the watchman so well, I'll see if, for one half hour, I can't be the prince. If I make any mistake, he has himself to blame for it." He wrapped the red silken mantle closer round him, took the offered purse, put it in his pocket, and said,—“Who are you, mask? I will return your gold to-morrow.”

"I am the Chamberlain Pilzou."

"Good—lead the way—I'll follow."

The chamberlain obeyed, and tript up the marble stairs, Philip coming close behind him. They entered a magnificent hall illuminated with a thousand candles and dazzling chandeliers. A confused crowd of maskers jostled each other, sultans, Bavarian broom-girls, knights in armour, nuns, magicians, goddesses, satyrs, monks, Jews, Medes, and Persians. Philip for a while was abashed and blinded. Such splendour he had never dreamt of. In the middle of the hall the dance was carried on by those who preferred that amusement to the music of a full band. Philip, whom the heat of the apartment recovered from his frozen state, was so bewildered with the scene that he could do little more than nod his head to the various addresses made to him.

"Will you go to the hazard table," whispered the Chamberlain, who stood beside him, and whom Philip now saw to be dressed as a Brahmin.

"Let me get unthawed first," answered Philip; "I am an icicle at present."

"A glass of mulled claret?" enquired the Chamberlain, and led him into the refreshment-room. The pseudo-prince did justice to the invitation. One glass after another was emptied. The wine was splendid, and it spread its genial warmth through Philip's veins.

"How is it you don't dance to-night, Chamberlain?" he asked of his companion, when they returned into the hall. The Brahmin sighed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no pleasure now in the dance. Gaiety is distasteful to me. The only person I cared for—the Countess Bonau—I thought she loved me; our families offered no objection—but all at once she broke with me." His voice trembled as he spoke.

"How?" said Philip, "I never heard of such a thing."

"You never heard of it?" repeated the other, "the whole city rings with it. The quarrel happened a fortnight ago—she has never given me the least explanation. She has sent back three letters I wrote to her, unopened. She is a declared enemy of the Baroness

Reizenthal, and had made me promise to drop her acquaintance. But, think how unfortunate it was! When the Queen-mother made the hunting party to Freudenwald, she appointed me cavalier to the Baroness. What could I do? It was impossible to refuse. On the very birthday of the adorable Bonau I was forced to set out. She only heard who was my companion—but she did not know my heart!"

"Well, then," said Philip, touched with the Chamberlain's distress, "take advantage of the present joyous season. The new year makes up all quarrels. Is the Countess here?"

"That is she," replied the Brahmin; "the Carmelite on the left of the third pillar beside the two black dominos. She has laid aside her mask. Ah, Prince! your Highness' intercession would"—

Philip gave him no time to finish the sentence—the claret had inspired him. He walked directly to the Carmelite. The Countess Bonau looked at him for some time with a cold eye and flushed cheek, when he placed himself beside her. She was a beautiful creature; yet Philip remained persuaded that Rose was a thousand times more beautiful.

"Countess," he said,—and became embarrassed when he met her clear bright eye fixed on him.

"Prince," said the Countess, "an hour ago you were somewhat too bold."

"Fair Countess, I am therefore at this present moment the more quiet."

"So much the better, then. I shall be safe from your attacks."

"Fair lady, allow me to ask one question. Have you put on this Carmelite mantle to do penance for your sins?"

"I have nothing to do penance for."

"What, Countess!—your cruelties—your injustice to the poor Brahmin yonder, who seems neglected by all the world?"

The beautiful Carmelite cast down her eyes and appeared uneasy.

"And do you know, fair Countess, that in the Freudenwald affair the Chamberlain is as innocent as I am?"

"As you, Prince?" said the Countess, and bent her brows a little—"why did you not tell me that an hour ago?"

"You are right, dear Countess, I was too bold. You yourself have said so. But now I declare to you the Chamberlain was *forced* to go to Freudenwald by command of the Queen—against his will was *forced* to be cavalier to the hated Reizenthal"—

"Hated—by him?"—interrupted the Countess with a bitter laugh—"well—go on."

"Yes—he hates,—he despises the Baroness. He has given up all acquaintance with her—and treated her with marked neglect—and all this for your sake. You are the only person he loves—to you he offers his hand—his heart—and you!—you reject them!"

"How comes it, Prince, that you intercede so warmly for Pilzou? You did not do so once."

"That was because I did not know him, and still less the wretchedness your behaviour caused him. I swear to you he is innocent—you have nothing to forgive in him—he has much to forgive in you."

"Hush!" whispered the Carmelite, "we are watched here; come from this." She replaced her mask and stood up. Placing her arm within Philip's, they crossed the hall and entered a side-room. The Countess uttered many complaints against the Chamberlain, but they were the complaints of jealous love. The Brahmin soon after came timidly into the apartment. There was a deep silence among the three, and the Countess dashed away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. Philip, not knowing how to conclude his intercession better, led the Brahmin to the Carmelite, and joined their hands together, without saying a word, and left them to themselves. He himself returned into the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

Here he was addressed hastily by a Mameluke—"I'm glad I have met you, Domino. Is the Rose-girl in the side-room?" Without waiting for an answer, the Mameluke rushed into it, but returned, evidently disappointed.

"One word with you, Domino," he said, and led Philip into a retired window in a recess of the hall.

"What do you want?" asked Philip, surprised.

"I beseech you," replied the Mame-

luke, with subdued yet resolute voice, "where is the Rose-girl?"

"What is the Rose-girl to me?"

"But to me she is every thing!" answered the other, whose suppressed voice and agitated demeanour showed that a fearful struggle was carrying on within. "To me she is every thing. She is my wife. You will make me wretched. Prince! I conjure you drive me not to madness. Think of my wife no more?"

"With all my heart," answered Philip, drily; "what have I to do with your wife?"

"Oh, Prince, Prince!" exclaimed the Mameluke, "I am resolved on my conduct, if it should cost me my life. Dissemble with me no longer. I have discovered every thing. Here! look at this! 'tis the letter my false wife slipt into your hand. Without having had time to open it, you dropt it in the crowd."

Philip took the note. 'Twas written in pencil—"Change your mask. Every body knows you. My husband watches you. He does not know me. If you obey me, you know your reward."

"Hem!" muttered Philip. "As I live, this was not written to me. I don't trouble my head about your wife."

"Hell and fury, Prince! drive me not mad! Do you know who it is that speaks to you! I am the Marshal Blankenswerd. Your advances to my wife are not unknown to me, ever since the last rout at the palace."

"My Lord Marshal," answered Philip quietly, "excuse me for saying that jealousy has blinded you. If you knew me well, you would never suspect me of such proceedings. I give you my word of honour I will never trouble your wife."

"Are you in earnest, Prince?"

"Entirely."

"Will you give me a proof?"

"Whatever you require."

"You have hindered her up to this time from going to visit her relations in Poland. Will you recommend her to do so now?"

"Delighted; if you desire it."

"Do it! do it, your Royal Highness! you will prevent incalculable misery."

The Mameluke continued for some time, sometimes begging and praying, and sometimes threatening so furiously, that Philip feared he might lay violent

hands on him before the whole assembly. He therefore took an opportunity of quitting him as soon as he could. Scarcely had he lost himself in the crowd, when a female, closely enveloped in widow's weeds, tapped him familiarly on the arm, and said,

"Butterfly, whither away? Have you not one word of consolation for the disconsolate Widow?"

Philip answered very politely, "Beautiful widows find no lack of comforters. May I venture to include myself in the number?"

"Why are you so disobedient? and why haven't you changed your mask?" said the Widow, while she led him aside from the crowd. "Do you really fancy, Prince, that every one here does not know who you are?"

"They are very much mistaken in me, I assure you," replied Philip.

"Not at all," answered the Widow, "they know you very well, and if you don't instantly change your mask, I shan't speak to you again the whole evening; I have no desire to give my husband an opportunity of making a scene."

By this Philip discovered who his companion was. "You were the beautiful Rose-girl; are your roses withered so soon?"

"What is there that does not wither? not the constancy of man! I saw you when you slipt off with the Carmelite. Confess your inconstancy—you can deceive no longer."

"Hem,"—answered Philip coldly, "accuse me as you will, I can return the accusation."

"How,—in what respect?"

"Why, for instance there is not a more constant man alive than the Marshal."

"There is not indeed!—and I am wrong, very wrong to have listened to you so long. But my remorse is unavailing; he has discovered our flirtation."

"Since the last rout at the palace, fair Widow"—

"Where you were so unguarded and particular—wicked Prince!"

"Let us repair the mischief. Let us part. I honour the Marshal, and, for my part, should be ashamed to do him wrong."

The Widow looked at him for some time in speechless amazement.

"If you have indeed any regard for me," continued Philip, "you will go

instantly into Poland to visit your relations. 'Tis better that we do not meet. A beautiful woman is beautiful—but a pure and virtuous woman is more beautiful still."

"Prince!" cried the astonished Widow, "are you really in earnest? Have you ever loved me, or have you all along deceived?"

"Look you," answered Philip, "I am a tempter of a peculiar kind. I search constantly among women to find truth and virtue, and, alas! 'tis but seldom I encounter them. Only the true and virtuous can keep me constant—therefore I am true to none; but no!—there is one that keeps me in her chains—I am sorry, fair Widow, that that one is—not you!"

"You are in a strange mood to-night, Prince," answered the Widow, and the trembling of her voice and heaving of her bosom showed the effect the conversation had on her.

"No," answered Philip, "I am in as rational a mood to-night as I ever was in my life. I wish only to repair an injury; I have promised to your husband to do so."

"How!" exclaimed the Widow, in a voice of terror, "you have told every thing to the Marshal?"

"Not every thing," answered Philip, "only what I knew."

The Widow wrang her hands in the extremity of agitation, and at last said, "Where is my husband?"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who at this moment approached them.

"Prince," said the Widow, in a tone of inexpressible rage and hatred,—"Prince,—but you are unworthy of a thought. I never dreamt that any one could be capable of such ungentlemanly, such unmanly behaviour—you are an impostor! My husband in the dress of a barbarian is a prince; you in the dress of a prince are a barbarian. In this world you see me no more—go, sir!"

With these words she turned proudly away from him, and going up to

the Mameluke, accompanied him from the hall in deep and earnest conversation. Philip laughed quietly at the result of his advice, and said to himself, "My substitute, the watchman, will be somewhat astonished at all this; as for me, I think I make a very decent sort of a prince; I only hope when he returns he will proceed as I have begun."

He went up to the dancers, and was delighted to see the beautiful Carmelite standing up in a set with the Brahmin. No sooner did the latter perceive him, than he kissed his hand to him, and in dumb show gave him to understand that the reconciliation was complete. Philip thought 'tis a pity I am not to be prince all my life-time. How the people would rejoice: to be a prince is the easiest thing in the world. He can do more with a single word than a barrister with a three hours' speech. Yes! if I were a prince, my beautiful Rose would be—lost to me for ever. After all, I think I don't wish to be a prince." He now looked at the clock, and saw 'twas half-past eleven. The Mameluke hurried up to him and gave him a paper. "Prince," he exclaimed, "I could fall at your feet and thank you on my knees; I am reconciled to my wife. You have broken her heart; but she will yet learn to thank you for it. We travel to Poland this very night, and there we shall fix our home. Farewell, Prince! I shall be ready, whenever your Royal Highness requires me, to pour out my last drop of blood in your service. My gratitude is eternal. Farewell!"

"Stay!" said Philip, "what am I to do with this paper?"

"Oh, that,—'tis the amount of my loss to your Highness last week at hazard. I had nearly forgotten it; but before my departure, I must clear my debts of honour. Again and again, Heaven bless you, and farewell."

With these words the Marshal disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

Philip opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket, and thought, "Well 'twould be very pleasant to be a prince." While musing on the difference between five thousand dollars

at play, and his own board and lodging at the gardener's, a voice whispered in his ear,

"Please your Royal Highness, we are both discovered; I shall blow my brains out."

Philip turned round in amazement, and saw a Negro at his side.

"What do you want, my friend?" he asked, in an unconcerned tone.

"I am Colonel Kalt," whispered the Negro. "The Marshal's wife has been chattering to Duke Herman, and he has been breathing fire and fury against us both."

"He is quite welcome," answered Philip.

"But the King knows all," sighed the negro. "This very night I may be arrested and carried to the castle; I'll sooner hang myself."

"No need for that," said Philip.

"What! am I to be made infamous for my whole life? I am lost, I tell you. The Duke will demand satisfaction. His back is black and blue yet with the marks of the cudgelling I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter too! I'll jump from the bridge and drown myself at once!"

"God forbid!" answered Philip; "what have you and the baker's daughter to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness banters me, and I am in despair!—I humbly beseech you to give me two minutes' private conversation."

Philip followed the Negro into a small boudoir, imperfectly lighted. The Negro threw himself on a sofa, and sighed and groaned aloud. Philip found some sandwiches and wine on the table, and helped himself with the utmost composure.

"I wonder your Royal Highness can be so d—d apathetic at what I have told you. If the Neapolitan that acted the conjurer were here, he might save us by some contrivance. As it is, he has slipt out of the scrape, and left us to"—

"So much the better," interrupted Philip, replenishing his glass; "since he has got out of the way, we can throw all the blame on his shoulders."

"How can we do that? The Duke, I tell you, knows that you, and I, and the Marshal's wife, and the baker's daughter, were all in the plot together, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that it was you that engaged Salmoni to play the conjurer; that it was I that instructed the baker's daughter (with whom he is in love) how to inveigle him into the snare; that it was I that enacted the ghost, that knocked him down, and cudgelled him till he roared again. If I had

only not carried the joke too far, but I wished to cool his love a little for my sweetheart. 'Twas an infernal business. I'll swallow a pound of arsenic."

"Rather swallow a glass of wine—'tis delicious tippie," said Philip, and filled up a bumper at the same time, by way of good example. "For to tell you the truth, my friend, I think you are rather a fainthearted sort of fellow for a colonel, to think of hanging, drowning, shooting and poisoning yourself about such a ridiculous story as that. One of them would be too much, but as to all the four—poh, man—nonsense—fill your glass. I tell you that at this moment I don't know what to make out of your account."

"Your Royal Highness, have pity on me, my brain is turned. The Duke's page, a particular friend of mine, has told me this very moment, that the Marshal's wife, inspired by the devil, went up to the Duke, and told him that the trick played on him at the baker's house was planned by Prince Julian, who opposed his marriage with his sister; that the spirit he saw was myself, sent by the Princess to be a witness of his superstition; that your Highness has the written promise that we got from him, to make the baker's daughter his mistress immediately after the marriage; and that these were the reasons his suit had failed;—and now your Royal Highness is in possession of every thing."

"And a pretty story it is," said Philip; "why, behaviour like that would be a disgrace to the meanest and vilest of the people."

"It would indeed. 'Tis impossible to behave more meanly and vulgarly than the Marshal's lady. The woman must be a fury. My gracious Prince, you must save me from destruction."

"Where is the Duke?" asked Philip.

"The page told me he started up on hearing the story, and only asked where the King was."

"Is the King here, then?"

"Oh yes, he is at play in the next room with the Archbishop and the Minister of Police."

Philip walked with long steps through the boudoir. The case required consideration.

"Please your Royal Highness to

protect me. Your own honour is at stake. You can easily make all straight; otherwise I am all prepared, and ready at the first intimation of danger to fly across the border. To-

morrow I shall expect your commands as to what I have to look for."

With these words the Negro took his leave.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is high time I were watchman again," thought Philip. "I am getting both myself and my substitute into scrapes he will find it hard to get out of. But lord, lord, what a lot of things are done in courts and palaces that never enter into one's head with a lanthorn and staff, or working with spade and hoe." But his reverie was interrupted by a whisper.

"So lonely, Prince! I feel happy to have an opportunity of a minute's conversation with your Royal Highness."

Philip looked at the speaker; he was a Miner, covered over with gold and jewels.

"But one instant," said the mask.

"The business is pressing, and deeply concerns you."

"Who are you?" enquired Philip.

"Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, at your Highness's service," answered the Miner, and lifted his mask.

"Well then, my lord, what are your commands?"

"May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honour of an audience; and yet, Heaven is my witness, no man in all this court has a deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Philip; "but what is your business just now? Be as short as you can."

"May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi?"

"As much as you like."

"They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars they advanced to your Royal Highness, and threaten to apply to the King. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts."

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the Brothers, goldsmiths, who demand their seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all one to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must" —

"No hasty resolution, I beg. I have it in my power to make every thing comfortable, if" —

"Well, if what?"

"If you will honour me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in covering all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four times higher. By giving Abraham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged. The house erases your debt, and pays off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the goldsmiths, and I give you over the receipts. But every thing depends on my continuing for another year at the head of the finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry, I am incapacitated from serving your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained. For me, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether I remain in office or not. I sigh for repose. But for your Royal Highness, it is a matter of great moment. If I have not the mixing of the pack, I lose the game."

Philip for some time did not know what answer to make to the proposal. At last, while the Finance Minister, in expectation of his reply, took a pinch out of his snuff-box set with jewels, Philip said,

"If I rightly understand you, Count, you would starve the country a little in order to pay my debts. Consider, sir, what misery you will cause. And will the King consent to it?"

"If I remain in office, I will answer for all. When the price of corn rises, the King will, of course, think of permitting importation. The permission to do so is given to the house of Abraham Levi, and they introduce as little as they choose. But as I said before, all this depends on my remaining in office. If Griefensack came into power, for the first year he would

be obliged to attend strictly to his duty, in order to be able afterwards to feather his nest at the expense both of King and country. He must first make sure of his ground."

"A pretty project," answered Philip; "and how long do you think a finance minister must be in office before he can lay his shears on the flock to get wool enough for himself and me?"

"O, if he has his wits about him, he may manage it in a year."

"Then the King ought to change his finance minister every twelve months, if he wishes to be faithfully and honourably served."

"I hope, please your Royal Highness, that since I have had the Exchequer, the King and court have been faithfully and honourably served."

"I believe you, Count, and the poor people believe you still more. Even already they scarcely know how to pay their rates and taxes. You should treat us with a little more consideration, Count."

"Us!—Your Royal Highness—don't I do every thing for the Court?"

"The people, I mean. You should have a little more consideration for the people."

"Your Royal Highness speaks in ignorance of your own rights. This is no limited monarchy, with houses of Lords and Commons. The people I serve is the King and the court. The country is his private property, and the people are only useful to him as increasing the value of his land. But this is no time to discuss the interests of the people. I beg your Royal Highness's answer to my propositions. Shall I have the honour to discharge your Royal Highness's debts on the above specified conditions?"

"Answer,—no—never, never! at

the expense of hundreds and thousands of starving families."

"But, your Royal Highness, if in addition to the clearance of your debts, the house of Abraham Levi presents you with fifty thousand dollars in hard cash? I think it may afford you that sum. The house will gain so much by the operation, that"—

"Perhaps it may be able to give you also a mark of its regard."

"Your Highness is pleased to jest with me. I gain nothing by the affair. My whole object is to obtain the protection of your Royal Highness."

"You are very polite."

"I may hope then, Prince?"

"Count, I will do my duty, do you yours."

"My duty is to be of service to you. To-morrow I shall send for Abraham, and conclude the arrangement with him. I shall have the honour to present your Royal Highness with the receipt for all your debts, besides the small gift of fifty thousand dollars."

"Go—I can't hear of it."

"And your Royal Highness will honour me with your favour? For unless I am in the Ministry it is impossible for me to deal with Abraham Levi so as"—

"I wish to Heaven you and your ministry and Abraham Levi were all three at the devil! I tell you what, unless you lower the price of corn,—take away the monopoly from that infernal Jew, and add no new burdens to the people, I'll go this moment and reveal your villany to the King, and get you and Abraham Levi banished from the country. Lo, see to it—I'll keep my word!" Philip turned away in a rage, and proceeded into the dancing-room, leaving the Minister of Finance motionless as a mummy and petrified with amazement.

CHAP. VII.

"When does your Royal Highness require the carriage?" These words were addressed to Philip as he threaded his way through the crowd, by a punchy little figure dressed as a Dutchman.

"Not at all," answered Philip.

"'Tis half-past eleven, and the beautiful singer expects you. She will tire of waiting."

"Let her sing something to cheer her."

"How, Prince? Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollina in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been sighing for for months? The letter you sent to-day, enclosing the diamond bauble, did its work marvelously. She surrenders at such a sum-

mons. Then why are you now so cold? What is the cause of the change?"

"That is my business, not yours," said Philip.

"But I had your orders to join you at half-past eleven. Perhaps you have other engagements?"

"Perhaps."

"A *petit souper* with the Countess Born? She is not present here; at least among all the masks I can't trace her out. I should know her among a thousand by her graceful walk, and the bend—just so—so pensive and elegant, you know—of her head—eh, Prince?"

"Well, but if it were so, there would be no necessity for making you my confidant, would there?"

"Oh, blows the wind in that quarter? I take the hint. Mum!—But won't you at any rate send to the Signora to let her know you are not coming?"

"If I have sighed for her for two months, she had better sigh a month or two for herself. I shan't go near her."

"Will you break with her entirely?"

"There is nothing between us to break that I know of."

"Well, then, since you speak so plainly, I may tell you something. Your love to the Signora has hitherto kept me silent, but now that you have altered your mind about her, I can no longer keep the secret from you. You are deceived."

"By whom?"

"By the artful singer. She divides her heart between your Royal Highness and a Jew."

"A Jew?"

"The son of Abraham Levi. I only regret to think it."

"O, don't mention that. I don't regret it at all."

"The jade deserves the tread-mill," said the Dutchman.

"Few people meet their deserts," answered Philip.

"Too true, too true, your Royal Highness. For instance, I have discovered a girl—oh Prince, there is not such another in the world! She is totally unknown—beautiful as an angel—eyes like stars—hair like sunbeams—in short, the sweetest creature I ever beheld. A Venus condemned to the obscurity of a cottage—a peasant girl—Your Highness, we must give her chase."

"A peasant girl?"—

"A mere grisette; but then you must see her yourself, description can do nothing. What words could describe her artlessness, her untaught grace, her bashful innocence? But the difficulty is to catch sight of her. She never leaves her mother for a moment. I know her seat in church, and have watched her for many Sundays past. I have seen a young fellow, a gardener, he is making court to her. He can't marry her, they are both so poor. The mother is the widow of a poor weaver—a simple, honest woman, who"—

"And the mother's name is?"

"Widow Bittsier, in Milk Street, and the daughter, fairest of flowers, is called Rose."

At sound of the one-loved name Philip started back. His first inclination was to knock the communicative Dutchman down. He restrained himself, however, and only asked,

"Are you the devil himself?"

"Your Highness flatters me. I have taken some steps in the matter already, but you must see her first. But perhaps such a pearl of price has not altogether escaped your Royal observation? Do you know her?"

"Intimately."

"So much the better. Have I been too lavish of my praises? You confess their truth? She shan't escape us. We must go together to the widow; you must be the mild philanthropist, the man of goodness and charity. You have heard of their distress, and must insist on relieving it. You take an interest in the poor widow; enter into her misfortunes; leave a small present at each visit, and by this means become acquainted with the daughter. The rest follows of course. The gardener is too much occupied at his trade to give us much disturbance, or perhaps a dozen or two dollars slipped quietly into his hand may"—

Philip's rage broke forth.

"I'll throttle you you d—d!"—

"Ha! If I don't keep the gardener from spoiling your sport? Leave me to settle that matter. I'll get him kidnapped and sent to the army to fight like an honest man for his king and country. In the mean-time you get possession of the field, for the girl, saucy jade, is immensely attached to the rascal. However, I will take her in hand, and give her some lessons of life and manners, and then"—

"I'll knock your head off."

"Your Highness is too good. A word from you would get me the Chamberlain's key, and I shall be amply paid for my services to your Highness. May I hope for your recommendation to the post?"

"The post you deserve is the"——

"Oh, don't flatter me, your Highness. Had I only known you thought as I do about the beauty of the wench, she should have been yours long ago."

"Not a word more, or"——

"You'll think me a babbler? No, there will be no more words. Deeds shall show my sincerity. I take charge of the gardener, and must manage somehow or other to get the mother out of the way, and then, your Highness—you have nothing to do but revel in the delights of love. She is certainly the sweetest creature I have ever run down for your Royal Highness."

"Sir, if you venture"——

"To speak on my own account, you'll refuse me the Chamberlain's key? Can your Highness suspect me of any thing so dishonourable?"

Philip with great difficulty refrained from open violence. He clutched the arm of the Dutchman with the force

of a vice, and said in a compressed voice——

"If you venture to go near that girl, I demolish every bone in your body."

"Good, good," screamed the Dutchman, in intense pain, for Philip's grasp seemed to grow tighter and tighter.

"Only let go my arm."

"If I find you within half a mile of Milk Street, I'll dash your miserable brains out before you can shout for mercy."

The Dutchman stood writhing with pain.

"May it please your Highness, I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do."

"I love her! I will own it before the whole world!"

"And are loved in return?"

"That's none of your business. Never mention her name to me again. Leave her undisturbed. Now you know what I think. Be off!"

Philip twirled the unfortunate Dutchman half way round as he let go his arm, and that worthy gentleman, abashed and crest-fallen, slunk noiselessly out of the hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the mean-time Philip's substitute supported his character of watchman on the snow-covered streets. For the first quarter of an hour he attended to the directions left by Philip, and went his rounds, and called the hour with great decorum, except that instead of the usual watchman's verses he favoured the public with rhymes of his own. He was cogitating a new stanza with which to illuminate the people, when the door of a house beside him opened, and a well wrapped-up girl beckoned to him, and sank into the shadow of the house.

The Prince left his stanza half finished and followed the apparition. A soft hand grasped his in the darkness, and a voice whispered——

"How dy'e do, dear Philip? speak low that nobody may hear us. I have only got away from the company for one moment, to speak to you as you passed. Are you happy to see me?"

"Blest as the immortal gods, my angel;—who could be otherwise than happy by the side of such a goddess?"

"Ah! I've some good news for you, Philip. You must dine at our house to-morrow. My mother has allowed me to ask you. You'll come?"

"For the whole day, and as much longer as you wish. Would we might be together till the end of the world! 'Twould be a life fit for gods!"

"Listen, Philip; in half an hour I shall be at St Gregory's. I shall expect you there. You won't fail me? Don't keep me waiting long—we shall have a walk together. Go now—we may be discovered." She tried to go, but Julian held her back and threw his arms round her.

"What, will you leave me so coldly?" he said, and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had never ventured such a liberty before. She struggled to free herself, but Julian held her firm, till at last she had to buy her liberty by submitting to the

kiss, and begged him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What! go?—and such a creature here beside me? I'm not such an idiot—no—no."

"But then it isn't right, Philip."

"Not right? why not, my beauty? there's nothing against kissing in the ten commandments."

"You must have been drinking, Philip. You know very well we can't marry, and"—

"Not marry? why not? I'll marry you to-morrow, to-night—this very hour!—not marry, indeed!"

"Philip! Philip!—why will you talk such folly? Ah, Philip, I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"You had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, all filled with flowers and such famous cabbages and cauliflowers—such a fortune it would have been! And when I awoke, Philip, I felt so wretched—I wished I had not dreamed such a happy dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip, have you? Have you really won any thing? The drawing took place to-day."

"How much must I have gained to win you too?"

"Ah, Philip, if you had only gained a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden!"

"A thousand dollars? And what if it were more?"

"Ah, Philip—what? is it true? is it really? Don't deceive me! 'twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won! tell me, tell me!"

"All you can wish for."

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and resisted no longer when he printed the second kiss upon her cheek.

"All that I wished for? the thousand dollars? and will they pay you the whole sum at once? Answer me, answer me!" she added, for the Prince was so astonished at the turn affairs had taken, that he scarcely knew what to say.

"Will they pay the thousand dollars all in gold, Philip?"

"They've done it already—and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What! have you got it with you?"

The Prince took out his purse, which he had filled with money in expectation of some play.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," he said, placing it in her hand and kissing her again. "This, then, makes you mine!"

"Oh not *this*—nor all the gold in the world, if you were not my own, my dear, dear Philip!"

"And how if I had given you all this money, and yet were not your own, your dear, dear Philip?"

"I would fling the purse at your feet, and make you a curtsy as I rushed away from you," said Rose, overjoyed, and little suspecting that Philip was out of hearing.

A door now opened; the light streamed out, and the voices of the party within were heard. Rose slipped noiselessly away, whispering,

"In half an hour, dear Philip, at St Gregory's." She tript up the steps, leaving the Prince in the darkness. Disconcerted by the suddenness of the parting, and his curiosity excited by his ignorance of the name of his new acquaintance, and not even having had a full view of her face, he consoled himself with the rendezvous at St Gregory's church-door. This he resolved to keep, though it was evident that all the tenderness which had been bestowed on him was intended for his friend the watchman.

CHAP. IX.

The interview with Rose, or the coldness of the night, increased the effect of the wine to such an extent, that the hilarity of the young Prince broke out in a way very unbecoming the solemnity of the office he had assumed. Standing amidst a crowd of people, in the middle of the street, he blew so lustily on his horn that the

neighbouring windows were soon crowded with terrified women, who expected no less than that the city had been taken by assault. He then shouted, at the full pitch of his lungs—

"The trade in our beloved city
Is at a stand-still, more's the pity.
Our very girls, both dark and pale,
Can now no longer find a sale;

They furbish up their charms with care,
But no one buys the brittle ware !”

“ Shame ! shame ! ” cried several female voices at the end of this complimentary effusion, which, however, was rewarded with a loud laugh from the men. “ Bravo, watchman,” cried some ; “ encore ! encore ! ” shouted others. “ How dare you, you insolent fellow, to insult the ladies in the open street ? ” growled a young lieutenant, angrily,—with a young lady on his arm.

“ Mr Lieutenant,” answered a jolly miller, “ the watchman sings nothing but the truth—and the lady at your side is a proof of it. Ha ! young minx, do you know me ? do you know who I am ? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be wandering o’ nights about the streets with other men ? To-morrow your mother shall hear of this. I’ll have nothing more to do with you—and that’s plump ! ”

The girl hid her face, and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant, like a brave soldier, scorned to retreat from the miller, and determined to keep the field. With many mutual extracts from the polite vocabulary, the quarrel grew hotter and hotter. At last, however, two stout townsmen lifted their huge cudgels above the head of the wrathful son of Mars, while one of them cried —“ Don’t make any more fuss about the piece of goods beside you—she ain’t worth it. The miller’s a good fellow ; and the watchman’s song was as true as gospel. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to marry now ; the women’s heads are all turned by the soldiers. There is no chance for any of us when a red-coat comes in the way : Down with the lazy varmin’ts.” But the officer was soon joined by some of his companions, and there seemed manifest symptoms of a row. The boys, by way of a prelude to the engagement, amused themselves by firing volleys of snow-balls on both the contending parties. One of these missiles hit the irate lieutenant with the force of a twelve-pounder on the nose, and he, considering this the commencement of active operations, lost no time in bestowing a token of affection, in the shape of his doubled fist, on the right eye of the miller ; and in a few moments the battle became general.

The Prince, who had laughed amazingly at the first commencement of the uproar, had betaken himself to another region before it actually came to blows. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, with whom, as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the Prince was not on the best terms. The Countess had a party. Julian, whose poetical fervour was still in full force, planted himself opposite the windows, and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen, astonished at the noise, opened the windows, and listened to what he should say.

“ Watchman,” cried one of them, “ troll out your Christmas verses, and a dollar is your reward.”

This invitation brought a fresh accession of the Countess’s party to the windows. Julian called the hour in the true watchman’s voice, and sang, loud and clear enough to be distinctly heard inside—

‘ Ye who are sunk in poor estate,
And fear the needy bankrupt’s fate,
Pray to your patron saint, St Francis,
To make you chief of the finances;
Then may you make your country groan,
And rob its purse to fill your own ! ’

“ Intolerable ! ” screamed the lady of the Minister—“ who is the insolent varlet that dares such an insult ? ”

“ May it please your exshellenshy,” answered Julian, imitating a Jew in voice and manner, “ I wash only intendsh to shing you a pretty shong. I am de Shew Abraham Levi, well known at dish court. Your ladyship knowsh me ver’ well.”

“ How dare you tell such a lie, you villain ? ” exclaimed a voice, trembling with rage, at one of the windows—“ how dare you say you are Abraham Levi ? I am Abraham Levi ! You are a cheat ! ”

“ Call the police ! ” cried the Countess. “ Let the ruffian be arrested ! ”

At these words the party confusedly withdrew from the windows. Nor did Julian remain where he was ; he slipped quietly off, and effected his escape through a cross street, down which he was unpursued. A crowd of servants rushed out of the Finance Minister’s palace, and laid hold of the real guardian of the night, who was carefully perambulating his beat, unconscious of any offence he had committed. In spite of all he could say, he was car-

ried off to the head police-office, and charged with causing a disturbance by singing libellous songs. The officer of the police shook his head at the unaccountable event, and said,—“We have already one watchman in custody, whose abominable verses caused a very serious affray between the town's people and the garrison. The devil fly away with all poets.”

The prisoner would confess to nothing, but swore prodigiously at the rascality of a set of footmen, headed by a butler and two fat cooks, that disturbed him in his peaceful perambulations, and accused him of singing insults against noble ladies whose names he had never heard. While the examination was going on, and one of the secretaries of the Finance Minister began to be doubtful whether the poor watchman was really in fault or not, an uproar was heard outside, and loud cries of, “Watch! Watch!”

The policemen rushed out, and in a few minutes the Field-Marshal entered the office, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and the captain of the guards on duty. “Bring in the scoundrel!” said the Marshal, pointing to the door—and two soldiers brought in a watchman, whom they held close prisoner, and whom they had disarmed of his staff and horn.

“Are the watchmen gone all mad to-night?” exclaimed the chief of police.

“I'll have the rascal punished for his infamous verses,” said the Marshal, storming with anger.

“Your excellency,” exclaimed the watchman, terrified at the passion of the great man, “Heaven is my witness I never made a verse in my born days.”

“Silence, villain,” roared the Marshal. “I'll have you hanged for them! And if you contradict me again, I'll cut you to pieces on the spot.”

The police officer respectfully observed to the Field-Marshal, that there must be some poetical epidemic among the watchmen, for three had been brought before him within the last quarter of an hour, accused of the same offence.

“Gentlemen,” said the Marshal to the officers who had accompanied him, “since this scoundrel refuses to confess, it will be necessary to take down, from your remembrance, the words of his atrocious libel. Let them be writ-

ten down while you still recollect them. Come, who can say them?”

The officer of police wrote to the dictation of the gentlemen, who remembered the whole verses between them:—

‘O'er empty head a feather swaling,
Adown the back a long cue trailing;
Slim waist and padded breast to charm ye,
These are the merits of the army!
Cards, fiddling, flirting, and so on,
By these the marshal's staff is won.’

“Do you deny, you rascal,” cried the Field-Marshal, to the terrified watchman—“Do you deny that you sang these infamous lines as I was coming out of my house?”

“I assure your worship's honour, I know nothing at all about the lines.”

“Why did you run away, then, when you saw me?”

“I did not run away.”

“What?” said the two officers who had accompanied the Marshal—“not run away? Were you not out of breath when at last we laid hold of you?”

“Yes, but it was with fright at being so ferociously attacked. I am trembling yet in every limb.”

“Lock the obstinate villain up till the morning”—said the Marshal—“he will come to his senses by that time!” With these words, the wrathful dignitary went away. These incidents had set the whole police force of the city on the watch. In the next ten minutes two more astonished watchmen were brought to the office on similar charges with the others. One was accused of singing a libel under the window of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which it was insinuated that there were no affairs to which he was more foreign than those of his own department. The other had sung some verses before the door of the Papal Legate, informing him that the “lights of the church” were by no means deficient in tallow, but gave a great deal more smoke than illumination. The Prince, who had wrought the poor watchman all this wo, was always lucky enough to escape, and grew bolder and bolder with every new attempt. The affair was talked of every where. The Minister of Police, who was at cards with the King, was informed of the insurrection among the watchmen, and as a proof of it, some of the verses

were given to him in writing. His Majesty laughed very heartily at the doggrel, and ordered the next poetical watchman who should be taken to be

brought before him. He broke up the card-table, for he saw that the Minister of Police had lost his good-humour.

CHAPTER X.

In the dancing-hall next to the card-room, Philip had looked at his watch, and discovered that the time of his rendezvous with Rose at St Gregory's was nearly come. He was by no means sorry at the thoughts of giving back his silk mantle and plumed bonnet to his substitute, for he began to find high life not quite to his taste. As he was going to the door, the Negro once more came up to him, and whispered, "Please your Highness, Duke Herrman is seeking for you every where."—Philip took no notice, but hurried out, followed by the Negro. When they got into the lobby, the Negro cried out in alarm, "By Heaven, here comes the Duke!"—and slipped back into the hall.

A tall black mask walked fiercely up to Philip, and said, "Stay a moment, sir—I've a word or two to say to you—I've been seeking for you long."

"Quick then," said Philip, "for I have no time to lose."

"I would not waste a moment, sir—I brook no delay; you owe me satisfaction, you have injured me infinitely."

"Not that I am aware of."

"You don't know me, perhaps," said the Duke, lifting up his mask,— "now that you see me, your own conscience will save me any more words. I demand satisfaction! You and the cursed Neapolitan Salmoni have deceived me!"

"I know nothing about it," said Philip.

"You got up that shameful scene in the cellar of the baker's daughter. It was at your instigation that Colonel Kalt made an assault on me with a cudgel."

"No such thing—I deny it."

"What?—you deny it? The Lady Blankensward, the Marshal's lady, was an eyewitness of it all, and she has told me every circumstance."

"She has told your grace a cock and a bull story—I have had nothing to do with it—if you had ridiculous

scenes in a baker's cellar, that was your own fault."

"I ask, once more, will you give me satisfaction? If not, I will expose you. Follow me instantly to the King. You shall either have to do with me, or with his majesty."

Philip became perplexed. "Your grace," he said, "I have no wish either to fight with you, or to go to the King."

This was indeed the truth, for he was afraid he should be discovered and punished, of course, for the part he had played. He therefore tried to get off by every means, and watched the door to seize a favourable moment for effecting his escape. The Duke, on the other hand, observed the uneasiness of the prince (as he believed him), and waxed more valorous every minute. At last he seized poor Philip by the arm, and was dragging him into the hall.

"What do you want with me?" said Philip, sorely frightened, and shook off the Duke.

"You shall come with me to the King. He shall hear how shamefully you insult a stranger at his court."

"Very good," replied Philip, who saw no hope of escape, except by continuing the character of the Prince:—"Very good. Come along then. By good luck I happen to have the agreement with me between you and the baker's daughter, in which you promise"—

"Nonsense! folly!" answered the Duke, "that was only a piece of fun, that one may be allowed surely with a baker's daughter. Show it if you like, I will explain all that."

But it appeared that the Duke was not quite sure of the explanation. He pressed Philip no more to go before the King. He, however, insisted more earnestly than ever on getting into his carriage, and going that moment to decide the matter with sword and pistol. Philip pointed out the danger of such a proceeding, but the Duke overruled all objections. He had

made every preparation, and there could be no chance of their being interrupted.

"If you are not the greatest coward in Europe, you will follow me to the carriage—Prince!"

"I—am—no—prince,"—at last stuttered Philip, now driven to extremities.

"You are—you are!—I know you by your hat and mantle. You shan't escape me."

Philip lifted up his mask, and showed the Duke his face.

"Now, then, am I a prince?"

Duke Herrman, when he saw the countenance of a man he had never seen before, started back, and stood gazing as if he had been petrified. To have revealed his secrets to a perfect stranger! 'Twas horrible beyond conception!—But before he had recovered from his surprise, Philip had opened the door, and effected his escape.

CHAPTER XI.

The moment he found himself at liberty he took off his hat and feathers, and wrapping them in his silken mantle, rushed through the streets towards St Gregory's, carrying them under his arm. There stood Rose already, in a corner of the church door, expecting his arrival.

"Ah Philip, dear Philip," she said, "how happy you have made me! how lucky we are! I have been waiting here this quarter of an hour, but never cared for the frost and snow—my happiness was so great: I am so glad you're come back."

"And I too, dear Rose. Devil take all the trinkum-trankums of the great, say I. But I'll tell you some other time of the scenes I've had.—Tell me now, my darling, how you are, and whether you love me still!"

"Ah! Philip, you've become a great man now, and it would be better to ask if you still care any thing for me."

"And how do you know, dear Rose, that I've become a great man—eh?"

"Why you told me yourself. Ah! Philip, Philip, I only hope you won't be proud, now that you've grown so rich. I am but a poor girl, and not good enough for you now—and I have been thinking, Philip, if you forsake me, I would rather have had you continue a poor gardener. I could not survive it, dear Philip. Indeed I could not!"

"What are you talking about, Rose? 'Tis true that for one half hour I have been a prince, but that was nothing but fun. Now I am a watchman again, and as poor as ever. To be sure I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, that I got from a Mameluke—that would make us rich, no

doubt—but, alas! they don't belong to me!"

"You're speaking nonsense, Philip," said Rose, giving him the purse of gold that Julian had given her—"Here, take back your money, 'tis too heavy for my pocket."

"What should I do with all this gold? Where did you get it, Rose?"

"You won it in the lottery, Philip."

"What! have I won? and they told me at the office my number was a blank! Hurrah! Hurrah! I've won! I've won! Now I'll buy old Nothman's garden, and marry you, dear, dear Rose! How much is it?"

"Are you crazy, Philip, or have you drunk too much? You must know better than I can tell you how much it is. I only looked at it quietly under the table at my friend's, and was frightened to see so many glittering coins, all of gold, Philip. Ah! then I thought, no wonder Philip was so forward—for, you know, you were very forward, Philip,—but I can't blame you for it. O, I could throw my own arms round your neck and cry for joy."

"If you insist on doing so, of course I won't object. But here's some misunderstanding here. Who was it that gave you this money, and told you it was my prize in the lottery? I have my ticket safe in my drawer at home, and nobody has asked me for it."

"Ah! Philip, don't play off your jokes on me! you yourself told me it half an hour ago, and gave me the purse with your own hand."

"Rose—try to recollect yourself. This morning I saw you at mass, and we agreed to meet here to-night, but since that time I have not seen you for an instant."

"No, except half an hour ago, when I saw you at Steinman's door.—But what is that bundle under your arm? why are you without a hat? Philip! Philip! be careful. All that gold may turn your brain.—You've been in some tavern, Philip, and have drunk more than you should. But tell me, what is in the bundle? Why—here's

a woman's silk gown.—Philip—Philip, where have you been?"

"Certainly not with you half an hour ago; you want to play tricks on me, I fancy;—where have you got that money, I should like to know?"

"Answer me first, Philip, where you got that woman's gown. Where have you been, sir?"

CHAPTER XII.

But as this was a lover's quarrel, it ended as lovers' quarrels invariably do. When Rose took out her white pocket-handkerchief and put it to her beautiful eyes, and wiped away her tears, that sole argument proved instantly that she was in the right, and Philip decidedly in the wrong. He confessed he was to blame for every thing, and told her that he had been for half-an-hour at a masked ball, and that his bundle was not a silk-gown, but a man's mantle and a hat and feathers. Rose at first could scarcely believe the story of the exchange between him and Prince Julian, but Philip begged her to wait, and she would see his Royal Highness come to that very place to give up his watchman's great-coat, and reclaim his own attire.

Rose, in return, related all her adventure; but when she came to the incident of the kiss—

"Hold there!" cried Philip; "I didn't kiss you, nor, I am sure, did you kiss me in return."

"I am sure 'twas *intended* for you, then," replied Rose, in a tone that disarmed the jealousy of her lover.

But as she went on in her story a light seemed to break in on her, and she exclaimed, "And after all, I do believe it was Prince Julian in your coat!"

The stories he had heard at the masquerade came into Philip's head. He asked if any body had called at her mother's to offer her money—if any gentleman was much about Milk Street; if she saw any one watching her at church; but to all his questions her answers were so satisfactory, that it was impossible to doubt of her total ignorance of all the machinations of the rascally courtiers. He warned her against all the advances of philanthropical and compassionate princes—and as every thing was now forgiven, in consideration of the kiss not having

been wilfully bestowed, he was on the point of claiming for himself the one of which he had been defrauded, when his operations were interrupted by an unexpected incident. A man out of breath with his rapid flight, rushed against them. By the great-coat, staff, and horn Philip recognised his deputy. He, on the other hand, snatched at the silk cloak and hat. "Ah! sir," said Philip, "here are your things. I wouldn't change places with you again; I should be no gainer by the exchange."

"Quick! quick!" cried the Prince; and in an instant the transformation was complete. Philip was again the watchman; while Rose cowered in a corner, frightened at the Prince's presence. "I promised you a tip, my boy," said the Prince, "but, by Jupiter, I haven't my purse with me."

"I've got it here," said Philip, and held it out to him. "You gave it to my bride there; but, please your Highness, I must forbid all presents in that quarter."

"My good fellow, keep what you've got, and be off as quick as you can. You are not safe here."

The Prince was flying off as he spoke, but Philip held him by the mantle.

"One thing, my Lord, we have to settle"—

"Run! run! I tell you. They're in search of you."

"I have nothing to run for. But your purse, here"—

"Keep it, I tell you. Fly! for your life!"

"And a billet of Marshal Blankensword's for five thousand dollars"—

"Ha! What the devil do you know about Marshal Blankensword?"

"He said it was a gambling debt he owed you. He and his lady start to-night for their estates in Poland."

"Are you mad? how do you know

that? Who gave you the message for me?"

"And, your Highness, the Minister of Finance will pay all your debts to Abraham Levi and others if you will use your influence with the king to keep him in office."

"Watchman! you've been tampering with the devil."

"But I rejected the offer."

"You rejected the offer of the Minister?"

"Yes, your Highness. And, moreover, I have entirely reconciled the Baroness Bonau with the Chamberlain Pilzou."

"Which of us two is mad or dreaming?"

"Another thing, your Highness, Signora Rollina is a perfect jade—I therefore thought her not worthy of your attentions, and put off the meeting to-night at her house."

"Signora Rollina! how, in the devil's name, did you come to hear of her?"

"Another thing—Duke Herrman

is terribly enraged about that business in the cellar. He is going to complain of you to the King."

"The Duke? Who told you all that?"

"Himself. You are not secure yet—but I don't think he'll go to the King, for I threatened him with his agreement with the baker's daughter. But he wants to fight you; be on your guard."

"Once for all—do you know how the Duke was informed of all this?"

"Through the Marshal's wife. She told all, and confessed she had acted the witch in the ghost-raising."

The Prince took Philip by the arm. "My good fellow," he said, "you are not a watchman." He drew him close to a lamp, and started when he saw the face of a man unknown to him.

"Who are you?" he enquired in a conciliatory tone, for he felt himself in the stranger's power.

"I am Philip Stark, the gardener, son of old Philip Stark, the watchman," said Philip, quietly.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Lay hold on him! That's the man!" cried many voices, and Philip, Rose, and Julian saw themselves surrounded by half a score of the police. Rose screamed, and Philip took her hand, and told her not to be alarmed. The Prince laid his hand on Philip's shoulder—

"'Tis a bad business," he said, "and you should have escaped when I told you. But don't be frightened—I will answer for you. There shall no harm befall you."

"That's to be seen," said one of the captors. "In the mean-time he must come along with us."

"Where to?" enquired Philip; "I am doing my duty. I am watchman of this beat."

"That's the reason we take you—Come."

The Prince stepped forward. "Let the man go, good people," he said, and searched in all his pockets for his purse. As he found it no where, he was going to whisper to Philip to give it him—but the police kept them separate.

"Keep them apart," shouted the sergeant of the party. "The masked fellow must go with us too—forward! March!"

"Not so," exclaimed Philip, "you are in search of the watchman. Here

I am. This gentleman has nothing to do with it."

"We don't want any lessons from you in our duty," replied the sergeant; "bring them on."

"The girl too?" asked Philip, "you don't want her surely?"

"No, she may go; but we must see her face, and take down her name and residence."

"She is the daughter of widow Bittsier," said Philip; and was not a little enraged when the whole party took Rose to a lamp, and gaped and gazed at her beautiful face, all covered with tears and blushes.

"Go home, Rose, and don't be alarmed on my account," said Philip, trying to comfort her, "my conscience is clear."

But Rose sobbed so as to move even the policemen to pity her. The Prince, availing himself of the opportunity, attempted to spring out of his captors' hands, but was held fast.

"Hallo!" cried the sergeant, "this fellow's conscience is not quite clear—hold him firm—march!"

"Whither?" said the Prince.

"To the Minister of Police."

"Listen, good people," said Julian, who did not like the turn affairs were taking, as he was anxious to keep his

watchman-frolic concealed. "I have nothing to do with this business. I belong to the court. If you force me against my will, you shall repent of it. I will get every one of you imprisoned, and you will do penance for your insolence on bread and water."

"For heaven's sake, let the gentleman go," cried Philip; "I give you my word he is a great lord, and will make you repent your conduct. He is!"

"Hash," interrupted Julian, "tell no human being who I am. Whatever happens, keep my name a secret."

"We do our duty," said the sergeant, "and nobody can punish us for that—we have often had fellows speak as high, and threaten as fiercely; but such tricks won't do—forward!"

While the contest about the Prince went on, a carriage with eight horses, with outriders bearing flambeaux, drove past the church.

"Stop!" said a voice from the carriage, as it was passing the crowd of policemen, who had the Prince in custody.

The carriage stopt. The door flew open, and a gentleman jumped out, with a brilliant star on the breast of his surtout. He pushed through the party, and examined the Prince from head to foot.

"I thought," he said, "I knew the bird by his feathers. Mask, who are you?"

Julian was taken by surprise, for in the enquirer he recognised Duke Herrman.

"Answer me," roared Herrman, in a voice of thunder.

Julian made signs to the Duke to desist, but he pressed the question more vigorously, being determined to find out who it was he had spoken to at the masquerade. He asked the policemen—they stood with heads uncovered, and told him they had orders to bring the watchman instantly before the Minister of Police. That the person in the mask had given himself out as some great lord of the court, but that they believed that to be a false representation, and had taken him into custody.

"The man is not of the court," answered the Duke, "take my word for that. He most unjustifiably made his way into the ball, and passed himself off for Prince Julian. I forced him to unmask, and detected the impostor. I have informed the Lord Chamberlain of his audacity—off with him, he is legal prize!"

With these words the Duke stalked back to his carriage, and once more recommending them not to let the villain escape, gave orders to drive on.

The Prince saw no chance left. To reveal himself now, would be to make his night's adventures the talk of the whole city. He thought it better to disclose his incognito to the Chamberlain, or the Minister of Police. "Since it must be so, come on then," he said; and the party marched forward, keeping a firm hand on the two prisoners.

CHAPTER XIV.

Philip was not sure whether he was bewitched, or whether the whole business was not a dream. He had nothing to blame himself for, except that he had changed clothes with the Prince, and then, whether he would or no, been forced to support his character. When they came to the palace of the Police Minister he felt more reassured. Julian spoke a few words to a young nobleman, and immediately the policemen were sent away; the Prince ascended the stairs, and Philip had to follow.

"Fear nothing," said Julian, and left him. Philip was taken to a little anteroom, where he had to wait a good while. At last one of the royal pages came to him, and said, "Come this way, the King will see you."

Philip was distracted with fear. His knees shook so that he could hardly walk. He was led into a splendid chamber. The old King was sitting at a table, and laughing long and loud; near him stood Julian without a mask. Besides these there was nobody in the room.

The King looked at Philip, who had laid off his great-coat, with a good humoured expression. "Tell me all—without missing a syllable—that you have done to-night."

Philip took courage from the condescending goodness of the old King, and told the whole story from beginning to end. He had the good sense, however, to conceal all he had heard among the courtiers that could turn to the prejudice of the Prince. The King

laughed again and again, and at last took two gold pieces from his pocket, and gave them to Philip; "Here, my friend, take these, but say not a word of your night's adventures. No harm shall come of it to you. Now go, my friend, and remember what I have told you."

Philip knelt down at the King's feet and kissed his hand. When he stood up and was leaving the room, Prince Julian said, "I humbly beseech your Majesty to allow the young man to wait a few minutes outside. I have some compensation to make to him for the inconvenience he has suffered."

The King nodded his smiling assent, and Philip left the apartment.

"Prince!" said the King, holding up his fore-finger in a threatening manner to his son, "'tis well for you you told me nothing but the truth. For this time I must pardon your wildness, but if such a thing happens again you will offend me seriously. I must take Duke Herrman in hand myself. I shall not be sorry if we can get quit of him. As to the Ministers of Finance and Police, I must have farther proofs of what you say. Go now, and give some present to the

gardener. He has shown more discretion in your character than you have in his."

The Prince took leave of the King, and having carried Philip home with him, made him go over—word for word—every thing that had occurred. When Philip had finished his narrative, the Prince clapt him on the shoulder and said,

"You've acted *my* part famously. All that you have done I highly approve of; and ratify every arrangement you have made, as if I myself had entered into it. But, on the other hand, *you* must take all the blame of my doings with the horn and staff. As a punishment for your verses, you shall lose your office of watchman. You shall be my head-gardener from this date; and have charge of my two gardens at Heimleben and Quellenthal. The money I gave your bride she shall keep as her marriage-portion,—and I give you the order of Marshal Blankenswerd for five thousand dollars as a mark of my regard. Go now; be faithful and true. The adventures of the New-year's night have made Prince Julian your friend."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

CHAPTER I.

Among the fables of the East there is a story which runs thus. A certain young man inherited from his forefathers a very wonderful lamp, which for generations had been the ornament of his family, and from which he now derived his livelihood, as they, in former times, had done. Its virtues were of such a nature that, while by its means all his reasonable wants were supplied, a check was, at the same time, imposed upon any extravagant exercise of its beneficence. Once a day, and no oftener, might its services be called into requisition. It consisted of twelve branches, and as soon as these were lighted, twelve dervishes appeared, each of whom, after performing sundry circumvolutions, threw him a small piece of money, and vanished. Thus was the young man provided every day with means sufficient for his daily subsistence; and his desires being moderate, he for a long time considered this a bountiful provision,

and remained satisfied with the good which he enjoyed upon such easy terms.

By degrees, however, when he reflected upon his situation, his heart became disturbed by the stirrings of avarice and ambition, and a restless desire to know more of the extraordinary source from whence his comforts flowed. He was unwilling to die, like his ancestors, and transmit the lamp to his posterity, without at least making the attempt to probe his way into its profounder mysteries. He suspected that he was merely skimming the surface of a sea of inexhaustible riches, the depths of which he was sure the lamp might be made to open up to him, if he but understood, and could give full effect to the secret of its working. And then, if this discovery were made, what earthly potentate would be able to vie with him in magnificence and power!

Accordingly, being filled with these

aspiring thoughts, and eager to learn, if possible, the whole secret of the lamp, he repaired with it to the abode of a magician, who was famous for all kinds of recondite knowledge. The old man, when he beheld the lamp, perceived at a glance its surprising virtues, and his eyes sparkled at the sight. But when again he turned to the young man, his looks became suddenly overcast, and he thus cautioned him in the words of long experienced wisdom. "Be contented with thy lot, my son," said he, "and with the good thou now enjoyest. The ordinary favours of the lamp enable thee to live in comfort, and to discharge correctly all the duties of thy station. What more wouldst thou have? Take it, therefore, home with thee again, and employ it as heretofore. But seek not to call forth, or pry into its more extraordinary properties, lest some evil befall thee, and the attempt be for ever fatal to thy peace."

But the young man would not be thwarted in his project. The counsel of the magician only served to whet his curiosity by showing it to be not unfounded, and to confirm him in his determination to unravel, if possible, and at whatever hazard, the mysterious powers of his treasure. The old man, therefore, finding that he would not be gainsaid, at length yielded to his entreaties, and by his art compelled the lamp to render up the deeper secrets of its nature. The twelve branches being lighted, the twelve dervishes made their appearance, and commenced their usual gyrations, which, however, were speedily cut short by the magician, who, seizing his staff, smote them to the earth, where they instantly became transformed into heaps of gold and silver, and rubies and diamonds. The young man gazed on the spectacle with bewilderment, which soon settled into delight. Now, thought he, I am rich beyond the wealth of kings; there is not a desire of my heart which may not now be gratified. Eager, therefore, to experiment at home, he hastily seized the lamp, and bade adieu to the magician, who, turning from him with the simple word "beware," left him to his fate.

No sooner was he alone, than he lighted the lamp, and repeated what he believed to be the other steps of the process he had just witnessed; but,

lo! with what a different result. He had not remarked that the magician held his staff in his *left hand* when he smote the genii; and as he naturally made use of his right, the effect produced was by no means the same. On the contrary, instead of being changed into heaps of treasure beneath his strokes, the dervishes became transformed into vindictive demons, and handled the incautious experimenter so roughly, that they left him lying half dead on the ground, with the lamp in fragments by his side.

Reader! This lamp is typical of thy natural understanding. Thou hast a light within thee sufficient to enlighten thy path in all the avocations of thy daily life, and to supply thee with every thing needful to thy welfare and success upon earth. Therefore be not too inquisitive about it. Whatever thy calling be, whether lofty or low, tend thy lamp with care and moderation, and it will never fail thee. It is a sacred thing; and perhaps thy wisest part is to let it shine unquestioned.

Take example from the tranquil on-goings of creation. There is no self-interrogation here: and yet how glorious and manifold are the results. There is no reflex process passing within the trees of the forest, when, drinking in life at their hidden roots, they dazzle thine eyes with beauty elaborated in darkness. Is this because there is no reason spread abroad through the kingdoms of nature? If thou thinkest so, go and be convinced of the contrary by beholding the geometry of the bee when she builds her honied cells. Here is reason, but reason going at once to its point, reason working out its end in a natural and straightforward line. It turns not back to question, and ask the meaning of itself. It entangles its employer in no perplexities; it weaves for him no web of matted sophistries, but how peaceful are its operations, and how perfect are its effects! Go thou, and do likewise.

Next turn to those who, thwarting the natural evolution of their powers, have turned round upon themselves, and questioned the light by which their spirits saw, and what a different spectacle is presented to thee here. What ravelled crossings, and what a breaking up of the easy and natural mechanism of thought! For them the holy fire of their early inspiration is

burnt out; and what is on the altar in its place? Perhaps a fire holier and more precious than the first; the light of an unconsuming and unlimited freedom, self-achieved, and higher than that which man was born to. But more probably the altar is overthrown, and the phantoms of scepticism, fatalism, materialism, or idealism, are hunting the ground whereon it stood, while the man lies prostrate beneath their blows. Wilt thou not take warning from his fate?

Thou, like other created things, wert born a child of nature, and for long her inevitable instincts were thy only guides. Art thou willing to remain still under her fostering care; wilt thou, for ever, derive all thy inspiration from her; and be quickened by her breath, as the budding woods are quickened by the breath of spring? Be so, and in thy choice be active, be contented, and be happy.

But, art thou one who believes that thy true strength consists, in every instance, in being a rebel against the bondage of nature; that all her fetters, however flowery, must be broken asunder; and that all her lessons, however pleasing, must be scattered to the winds, if man would be emphatically man? Then thou art already a philosopher indeed, and all these words are vain as addressed to thee. Thou hast now found thy true self, where alone it is to be found, in opposition to the dominion and the dictates of nature, and thou wilt own her guardianship no more. Her laws and thy laws now no longer agree, but stand opposed to each other in direct and irreconcilable hostility. Nature works beautifully, but blindly and without reflection. Thou must work, it may be with pain and difficulty, but, at the same time, with a seeing soul, and

a full consciousness of what thou art about. Nature fills thy heart with passions, and tells it to find its happiness in giving way to them. But, out of consciousness, conscience has germinated; and thou sayest unto thyself, that passion is to be trodden under foot. In the midst of thy afflictions, nature lends thee no support, no comfort except the advice that thou shouldst yield to them. Obey her dictates, and thou shalt sink into the dust; but listen to thyself, and even in the heart of suffering, thou shalt rise up into higher action. Further, art thou determined to follow out this opposition between nature and thyself, and, for practical as well as speculative ends, to look down into the foundations on which it rests? Then it will be idle to seek any longer to deter thee from penetrating into the "obscure cave of old philosophy," to have thine eyes unscaled, and the innermost mysteries of thy "lamp" revealed to thee. Thou hast chosen thy part; and, for the chance of freedom and enlightenment, art willing to run the risk of having thy soul shaken, and thy peace overthrown, by the creations of thy own understanding, which may possibly be transmuted into phantom-demons to bewilder and confound thee. Still pause for a moment at the threshold, and before entering carry with thee this reflection; that thy only chance of safety lies in the *faithfulness and completeness* of thy observations. Think of the fate of the young man who observed imperfectly, and dreading an analogous doom, pass over no fact which philosophy may set before thee, however trivial and insignificant it may, at first sight, appear. Do thou note well and remember in *which hand* the magician holds his staff.

CHAPTER II.

In resorting to philosophy, therefore, there is no safety except in the closeness and completeness of our observations; and let it be added, that there is no danger except in the reverse. Push speculation to its uttermost limits, and error is impossible, if we have attended rigidly to the facts which philosophy reveals to us: overlook perhaps but a single fact, and our reason, otherwise our faithful mi-

nister, and truly a heap of untold treasure, may be converted into a brood of fiends to baffle and destroy us.

The whole history of science shows that it is inattention to the phenomena manifested, and nothing else, which, in all ages, has been the fruitful mother of errors in the philosophy of man. Entirely in consequence of this kind of neglect have philosophical

systems become vitiated. A taint enters into them by reason of the exclusion of certain essential particulars: and when the peccant humour breaks out, as it is sure to do sooner or later, it is strange that this incipient symptom of a cure is often mistaken for the worst form of the disease. Never was such a taint more conspicuously brought to light, never was such a mistake as to its nature more strikingly illustrated, than in the instances of Locke and Hume. Locke, founding on the partial principle of an older philosophy, "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*," banished all original notions from the mind. Hume, following in the footsteps of the approved doctrine, took up the notion of cause and effect, and demonstrated that this relation could not be perceived by sense, that it never was in sense, and that consequently the notion of it could not possibly have any place in intelligence. In fact, he proved the notion of cause and effect to be a nonentity. But all moral reasoning, or reasoning respecting matters of fact, rests upon the notion of cause and effect; therefore all moral reasoning rests upon a notion which is a nonentity; and by the same consequence is a nonentity itself. Thus Hume, following fairly out the premises of Locke, struck a blow which paralyzed man's nature in its most vital function. Like Sampson carrying the gates of Gaza, he lifted human reason absolutely off its hinges; and who is there that shall put it on again upon the principles of the then dominant philosophy?

But what was the issue of all this; what was the good consequence that ensued from it? Was it that the conclusion of Hume was true? Far from it. Hume himself never dreamt it to be so, never wished that it should be thought so. Such an intention would have been at variance with the whole spirit of his philosophy—the object of which was to expose, in all its magnitude, the vice of the prevailing doctrines of his times. Is this, says he, your boasted philosophy? Behold, then, what its consequences amount to! And his *reductio*, designed, as it was, to act back upon this philosophy, and to confound it, was certainly most triumphant. If Hume did not rectify the errors of his predecessors, he at any rate brought them clearly to light;

and these errors consisted in the omission of certain phenomena, by which man was curtailed of his real proportions, and emptied of his true self. Take another instance. What has involved the doctrine of perception in so much perplexity, except the uncertainty and fluctuation which prevail respecting its *facts*? Without speculating one word on the subject, let us look for a moment to the *facts* of the question, let us see in what a state they stand, and how they have been dealt with by two of our most illustrious philosophers. At the time of Hume three facts were admitted in the prevailing doctrine of perception, and understood to stand exactly upon the same level with regard to their certainty. First, the object (*i.e.* the external world perceived). Second, the image, impression, representation, or whatever else it may be called, of this. Third, the subject (*i.e.* the mind of man perceiving). Hume embraced the second of these as a fact immediately given; but displaced the other two as mediate and hypothetical. Reid, on the other hand, rejected the second as mediate and hypothetical, and maintained the first and third to be facts immediately given. So that between the two philosophers the whole three were at once admitted as facts, and rejected as hypotheses. Which is right and which is wrong cannot be decided here. Probably Hume is not so much in the wrong, nor Reid so much in the right, as they are generally imagined to be; for it is certain that common sense repudiates the conclusion of the latter, just as much as it does that of the former. The subject and object, mind and matter, supposing them to exist, are certainly given in one indivisible simultaneous fact constituting immediate perception. This is what the natural understanding maintains. This is the fact of representation, the second in our series:—a synthesis perhaps of the other two facts; but nevertheless, according to the testimony of common sense, a distinct and undeniable fact, just as much as they are distinct and undeniable facts. This is the fact which Hume admits, and which Reid, however, rejects—his rejection of it being indeed the very lever by which he imagines himself at once to have replaced the other two facts in their original position, and to have displaced

the conclusions by means of which Hume was supposed to have dislodged them. Common sense, therefore, is not more enlisted on the side of Reid, than on the side of Hume; and the truth is, the question remains as much open to question as ever. But the issue to which these philosophers have brought it, prove that there must have been some flaw in the original observation of the facts of perception. The great discrepancy between them, and the fact that neither of them has brought the question to any satisfactory termination, notwithstanding the thorough and sifting manner in which they have discussed and exhausted all the materials before them, can only be accounted for upon this ground. They have certainly made it apparent that the phenomena of perception have never been correctly observed, or faithfully stated: and that is the good which they have done.

But the danger accruing from inattention, on the part of man, to the facts revealed to him in the study of himself, is to be seen in its strongest light when reflected from the surface of his moral and practical life. Man takes to pieces only to reconstruct; and he can only reconstruct a thing out of the materials into which he has analyzed it. When, therefore, after having analyzed himself, he seeks to build himself up again (such a task is self-education), he can only work with the divided elements which he has found. He has nothing else under his hand. Therefore, when any element has escaped him in the analysis, it will also escape him, and not be combined, in the synthesis: and so far he will go forth into the world again shorn of a portion of himself—and if the neglect has involved any important ingredient of his constitution, he will go forth a mutilated skeleton. Such things have often happened in the history of mankind. Speculative enquirers, who, in analyzing man (*i. e.* themselves), or man's actions (*i. e.* their own), have found no morality, no honour, no religion therein, have seldom, in putting the same together again, placed any of these elements in their own breasts as practical men. And after a time, it is the tendency of these omissions, and of this influence of theory upon practice, to operate on a wider scale, and pervade the heart of the whole people, among whom such things occur, par-

ticularly among its well educated ranks—witness France towards the end of the last century, with its host of economists, calculators, and atheists, who emptied the universe of morality, and set up expediency in its stead.

"Arouse man," says Schelling, "to the consciousness of what he *is*, and he will soon learn to be what he *ought*." It may be added, teach him to think himself something which he is *not*, and no power in heaven or in earth will long keep him from framing himself practically in conformity with his theoretical pattern, or from becoming that which he ought *not* to be. Speculative opinion always acts vitally upon practical character, particularly when it acts upon masses of men, and long generations. Theory is the source out of which practice flows. The Hindoo beholds himself, as he conceives, whirling, with all other things, within the eddies of a gigantic fatalism. So far he is a speculator merely. But trace out his philosophy into his actual life, and see how supine he is in conduct and in soul. All his activities are dead. His very personality is really gone, because he looks upon it as gone. He has really no freedom of action, because he believes himself to have none. He views himself but as "dust in the wind," and viewing himself thus, he becomes, in practice, the worthless thing which in theory he dreams himself to be. Fatalism, too, has ever been the creed of usurpers; and they have ever made it their apology, also, in their strivings after more tyrannical rule. Did conscience for a moment cross the path of these scourges of the earth, it was brushed aside with the salving dogma that man is but a machine in the hands of a higher power. Napoleon, in his own eyes, was but a phantom of terror shaped on the battle-field, by the winds of circumstance, out of the thunder-smoke of his own desolating wars; and, with this reflection, his enslaving arm was loosed more fiercely than before. Finally, through inattention to the true phenomena of man, we may be misled into all the errors of Rochefoucault. And here our errors will not stop at their theoretical stage. In order to prove our creed to be correct, we must, and will ere long make our own characters correspond with his model of man, believing it to be the true one.

Such and so great is the peril to which we are exposed in our practical characters, as well as in our speculative beliefs, from any oversight committed in studying the phenomena of ourselves. There is no call upon any man to observe these phenomena. Sufficient, in general, for his day are the troubles thereof, without this additional source of perplexity. But if he must study them, let him study them faithfully, and without curtailment. If he will bring himself before the judgment-seat of his own soul, he is bound to bring himself thither unmulatied and entire, in order that he may depart from thence greater and better, and not less perfect than he

came. He is not entitled to pass over without notice any fact which may be exhibited to him there, for he cannot tell how much may depend upon it, and whether consequences, mighty to change the whole aspect of his future self, may not be slumbering unsuspected in this insignificant germ. Let him note all things faithfully; for although, like the young man in the fable of the lamp, he may be unable to divine at first the great results which are dependent on the minutest facts, he may, at any rate, take a lesson from his fate, and when studying at the feet of philosophy may observe correctly in which hand that magician holds his staff.

CHAPTER III.

But, inasmuch as our observation must not be put forth vaguely or at random, but must be directed by some principle of method, the question comes to be,—In what way are the true facts of man's being to be sought for and obtained? There is a science called the "science of the human mind," the object of which is to collect and systematize the phenomena of man's moral and intellectual nature. If this science accomplishes the end proposed, its method must be the very one which we ought to make use of. But if it should appear that this science carries in its very conception such a radical defect that all the true and distinctive phenomena of man necessarily elude its grasp, and that it is for ever doomed to fall short of the end it designs to compass—then our adoption of its method could only lead us to the poorest and most unsatisfactory results. That such is its real character will, it is believed, become apparent as we proceed.

The human mind, not to speak it profanely, is like the goose that laid golden eggs. The metaphysician resembles the analytic poulterer who slew it to get at them in a lump, and found *nothing* for his pains. Leave the mind to its own natural workings, as manifested in the imagination of the poet, the fire and rapid combinations of the orator, the memory of the mathematician, the gigantic activities and never-failing resources of the warrior and statesman, or even the manifold powers put forth in every-day

life by the most ordinary of men;—and what can be more wonderful and precious than its productions? Cut into it metaphysically, with a view of grasping the embryo truth, and of ascertaining the process by which all these bright results are elaborated in the womb, and every trace of "what has been" vanishes beneath the knife;—the breathing realities are dead, and lifeless abstractions are in their place; the divinity has left its shrine, and the devotee worships at a deserted altar; the fire from heaven is lost in chaotic darkness, and the godlike is nothing but an empty name. Look at thought, and feeling, and passion, as they glow on the pages of Shakspeare. Golden eggs, indeed! Look at the same as they stagnate on the dissecting-table of Dr Brown, and marvel at the change. Behold how shapeless and extinct they have become!

Man is a "living soul;" but science has been trained among the *dead*. Man is a free agent; but science has taken her lessons from dependent things—the inheritors and transmitters of an activity—gigantic indeed, but which is not their own. What then will she do, when brought face to face with such a novelty, such an anomaly as he? Instead of conforming herself to him, she will naturally seek to bend him down in obedience to the early principles she has imbibed. She has subdued all things to herself; and now she will endeavour to end by putting man, too, under her feet. Like a treacherous warrior, who, after having

conquered the whole world in his country's cause, returns to enslave the land that gave him birth, Science, coming home laden with the spoils of the universe, will turn her arms against him whose banner she bore, and in whose service she fought and triumphed. By benumbing a vitality she cannot grasp, and by denying or passing by, blindly or in perplexity, a freedom she can neither realize nor explain, she will do her best to bring him under the dominion of the well-known laws which the rest of the universe obeys. But all her efforts ever have been, and ever shall be, unavailing. She may indeed play with words, and pass before us a plausible rotation of "faculties." She may introduce the causal *nexus* into thought, and call the result "association." But the man himself is not to be found in this "calculating machine." He, with all his true phenomena, has burst alive from under her petrific hand, and leaves her grasping "airy nothings," not even the shadow of that which she is striving to comprehend; for, though she can soar the solar height, and gaze unblinded on the stars, man soars higher still, and, in his lofty region, she has got waxen wings, that fall to pieces in the blaze of the brighter sun of human freedom.

These things are spoken of physical sciences; but they apply equally to the science of the human mind, because this science is truly and strictly physical in its method and conditions, and, to express it in general terms, in the tone it assumes, and the position it occupies, when looking at the phenomena of man. As has been already hinted, it is not wonderful that man, when endeavouring to comprehend and take the measure of himself, should, in the first instance at least, have adopted the tone and method of the physical sciences, and occupied a position analogous to that in which they stand. The great spectacle of the universe is the first to attract the awakening intelligence of man; and hence the earliest speculators were naturalists merely. And what is here true in the history of the race, is true also in the history of the individual. Every man looks at nature, and, consciously or unconsciously, registers her appearances long before he turns his eyes upon himself. Thus a certain method, and certain conditions, of enquiry, are fixed; what is considered the proper

and pertinent business of science is determined, before man turns his attention to himself. And when he does thus turn it, nothing can be more natural, or indeed inevitable, than that he should look at the new object altogether by the light of the old method, and of his previously-acquired conceptions of science. But man not having been taken into account when these conceptions were first formed, and when this method was fixed, the question comes to be—how does this application of them answer when *man* forms the object of research? For it is at least possible, that, in his case, the usual mode of scientific procedure may misgive.

It is unfair to condemn any thing unheard. It is idle and unreasonable to charge any science with futility without at least endeavouring to substantiate the charge, and to point out the causes of its failure. Let us, then, run a parallel between the procedure of science as applied to nature, and the procedure of science as applied to man, and see whether, in the latter case, science does not occupy a position of such a nature, that if she maintains it, all the true phenomena for which she is looking necessarily become invisible; and if she deserts it, she foregoes her own existence. For, be it observed, that the "science of the human mind" claims to be a science only in so far as it can follow the analogy of the natural sciences, and, consequently, if its inability to do this to any real purpose be proved, it must relinquish all pretensions to the name.

In the first place, then, what is the proper business and procedure of the natural sciences? This may be stated almost in one word. It is to mark, register, and classify the changes which take place among the objects constituting the material universe. These objects *change*, and they do *nothing more*.

In the second place, what is the proper business and procedure of science in its application to man? Here science adopts precisely the same views, and follows precisely the same method. Man *objectifies* himself as "the human mind," and declares that the *only* fact, or at least that the sum-total of *all* the facts appertaining to this object, is that it is visited by certain changes constituting its varieties of "feeling," "passion," "states of mind," or by whatever other name they may be called, and that the only *logiti*,

mate business of science here is to observe these changes and classify them.

This makes the matter very simple. The analogy between mind and matter seems to be as complete as could be wished, and nothing appears to stand in the way of the establishment of kindred sciences of the two founded upon this analogy. But let us look into the subject a little more closely; and not to rush hastily into any difficulties without a clue, let us commence with certain curious verbal or grammatical considerations which lie on the very surface of the exposition given of the usual scientific procedure, as applied both to nature and to man. A phenomenon breaking through the surface of language, and startling our opinions out of their very slumbers, makes its appearance, we may be sure, not without authentic credentials from some deeper source; and if we attend to them we may be assisted in rectifying our hasty views of truth, or

in correcting errors that we may have overlooked by reason of the very obviousness and boldness with which they came before us. First, however, it is to be premised, that the reader must suppose himself in the situation of one who can extract no more from language than what the words, of themselves, that is, taken irrespectively of any previously acquired knowledge on his part, afford to him. He must bring no supplementary thought of his own to eke out explanations which the words do not supply him with. He must not bridge or fill up with a sense born of his own mind, hiatuses which the language leaves gaping. It is only upon such conditions as these that the question upon which we are entering can be fairly canvassed; it is only upon these conditions that we can fairly test the "science of the human mind," and ascertain, as we are about to do from its verbal bearings, whether it be a valid or a nugatory research.

CHAPTER IV.

In order, therefore, to make sure that the requisitions demanded in the preceding chapter are complied with, let us suppose the following dialogue to take place between an "enquirer" into "the human mind," and an inhabitant of some planet different from ours; a person who can bring to the

discussion neither ignorant prejudices nor learned prepossessions, and whose information respecting the subject in hand does not outrun the language in which it is conveyed.

The universe, commences the metaphysician,* is divided into two distinct orders of existence, mind and

* In order to show that the accompanying dialogue is not directed against imaginary errors in science, and also with the view of rendering the scope of our observations more obvious and clear, we will quote one or two specimens of the current metaphysical language of the day. The whole substance of Dr Brown's philosophy and scientific method is contained in the following passage.—"That which perceives," says he (namely, mind), "is a part of nature as truly as the objects of perception which act on it, and as a part of nature is itself an *object* of investigation purely physical. It is known to us *only* in the successive changes which constitute the variety of our feelings; but the regular sequence of these changes admits of being traced, like the regularity which we are capable of discovering in the successive organic changes of our *bodily frame*." (*Physiology of the Mind*, p. 1, 2). "There is," says Dr Cook of St Andrews, "a *mental constitution*, through which we communicate with the world around us." (*Synopsis of Lectures*, p. 4). We could quote a hundred other instances of this kind of language, but these two are sufficient for our purpose. Now, what is the obvious and irresistible inference which such language as this forces upon us, or, rather, what is the plain meaning of the words we have quoted? It is this,—that we possess a mind just as we possess a body, that is to say, that man consists of *three* elements, mind, body, and *himself* possessing both. This view of the subject may be disclaimed and protested against in words, but still it continues virtually to form the leading idea of the whole of our popular psychology. We may, indeed, be told, that "mind" and ourselves are identical, but this statement is never acted upon to any real purpose, this fact is never sifted with any degree of attention. If it were, then "mind" would be altogether annihilated as an *object* of investigation. This is what we have endeavoured to make out in the chapter which this note accompanies.

matter. Matter is known by its changes alone, mind also is known *only* by its changes. Thus, continues he, for all scientific purposes, the analogy between the two is complete, and science in both cases is practicable only by noting these changes and the order in which they recur.

"But may I ask," interposes the foreign interlocutor, "to *whom* these changes are known?"

"To me, the enquirer, to be sure!" answers the metaphysician.

"Then," rejoins the other, "ought you not, logically speaking, to say that your universe resolves itself into *three* distinct orders of existence: 1st, Mind; 2d, Matter; and 3d, This which you call 'me,' to whom the *changes* of the other two are known; and when sciences of the first and second are complete, does not a science, or some knowledge, at least, of the third still remain a *desideratum*?"

"Not at all," replies the enquirer, "for 'I' and 'mind' are identical. The observed and the observer, the knowing subject and the known object are here one and the same: and whatever is a science of the one is a science of the other also."

"Then you get out of one error only to be convicted of another. You set out with saying that mind, like matter, was visited by various changes, and that this *was all*; you said that changing was its *only* fact, or was, at least, the general complementary expression of the *whole* of its facts. So far I perfectly understood the analogy between mind and matter, and considered it complete. I also saw plainly that any principles of science applicable to the one object would likewise be applicable to the other. But when you are questioned as to *whom* these changes are known, you answer 'to me.' When further interrogated, you will not admit this 'me' to be a third existence different from the other two, but you identify it with mind, that is to say, you make mind take cognizance of its own changes. And in doing this, you depart entirely from your first position, which was, that mind did *nothing more* than change. You now, in contradiction to your first statement, tell me that this is *not all*. You tell me that moreover it is *aware* of its own changes—and in telling me this, you bring forward a fact connected with mind altogether new. For to change and to be cognizant of change;

for a thing to *be* in a particular state, and to be *aware* that it is in this state, is surely not one and the same fact, but two totally distinct and separate facts. In proof of which witness the case of matter;—or perhaps matter also does something *more* than change; perhaps matter too has a 'me,' which is identical with *it*, and cognizant of *its* changes. Has it so? Do you identify your 'me' with matter likewise, and do you make matter take notice of its own changes? And do you thus still preserve entire the analogy between mind and matter?"

"No."

"Then the parallel is at an end. So far as the mere fact of change in either case is concerned, this parallel remains perfect, and if you confine your attention to this fact, it is not to be denied that analogous sciences of the two objects may be established upon exactly the same principles. But when you depart from this fact, as you have been forced to do by a criticism which goes no deeper than the mere surface of the language you make use of; and when you take your stand upon *another* fact which is to be found in the one object, while the opposite of it is to be found in the other object, the analogy between them becomes, in that point, completely violated. And this violation carries along with it, as shall be shown, the total subversion of any similarity between the two methods of enquiry which might have resulted from it, supposing it to have been preserved unbroken. You have been brought, by the very language you employ, to signalize a most important distinction between mind and matter. You inform me that both of them change; but that while one of them takes *no* cognizance of its changes, the other does. You tell me that in the case of matter the object known is *different* from the subject knowing, but that in the case of mind the object known is the *same* as the subject knowing. Disregarding, then, the fact of change as it takes place in either object, let us attend a little more minutely to this latter fact. It is carelessly slurred over in ordinary metaphysics; but, it is certain, that our attention as psychologists ought to be chiefly directed, if not exclusively confined to it, inasmuch as a true knowledge of any object is to be obtained by marking the point in which it differs from other things, and not the point in

which it agrees with them. We have found in mind a fact which is *peculiar* to it; and this is, not that it changes, but that it *takes cognizance* of its changes. It now remains to be seen what effect this new fact will have upon your 'science of the human mind.'

"First of all," says the metaphysical enquirer, "allow me to make one remark. I neglected to mention that mind is essentially rational. It is endowed with reason or intelligence. Now, does not this endowment necessarily imply that mind must be conscious of its various changes, and may not the matter in this way be relieved of every difficulty?"

"To expose fully," replies the other disputant, "the insufficiency of this view, would require a separate discussion, involving the real, and not the mere logical bearings of the question. This is what we are not at liberty to go into at present. We are confining ourselves as much as possible to the mere language of metaphysical enquiry—I, therefore, content myself with answering, that if by reason is meant conscious or reflective reason, and if this is held to be identical with mind, of course, in that case, mind is necessarily conscious of its own changes. But such reason is not one phenomenon but two phenomena, which admit of very easy discrimination, and which are often to be found actually discriminated both in ourselves and in the universe around us. Reason, taken singly, and viewed by its own light, is a mere 'state of mind' in which there is nothing, any more than there is in the 'states of matter,' to countenance the presumption that it should take cognizance of its own operation; *a priori*, there is no more ground for supposing that 'reason,' 'feeling,' 'passion,' and 'states of mind' whatsoever, should be conscious of themselves, than that thunder and lightning, and all the changes of the atmosphere should. Mind, endow it with as much reason as you please, is still perfectly conceivable as existing in all its varying moods, without being, at the same time, at all conscious of them. Many creatures are rational without being conscious—therefore human consciousness can never be explained out of human reason."

"All I suppose, then, that can be said about the matter," replies the enquirer, "is that human consciousness is a fact known from experience."

"Exactly so," rejoins the other; "and now we have reached the point of the question, and I wish you to observe particularly the effect which this *fact* has upon 'the human mind,' and the 'science of the human mind.' The results of our arguments shall be summed up and concluded in a few words."

"Matter is not 'I.' I know it only by its changes. It is an object to me. *Objicitur mihi*. This is intelligible enough, or is at least known from experience, and a science of it is perfectly practicable, because it is *really* an object to me. Suppose, then, that 'mind' also is not I, but that I have some mode of becoming acquainted with its phenomena or changes just as I have of becoming acquainted with those of matter. This, too, is perfectly conceivable. Here also I have an object. *Aliquod objicitur mihi*: and of this I can frame a science upon intelligible grounds. But I can attribute no consciousness to this object. The consciousness is in myself. But suppose I vest myself in this object. I thus identify myself with mind, and realize consciousness as a fact of mind, but in the mean-time what becomes of mind as an *object*.* It has vanished in the process. An object can be conceived only as that which may possibly become an object to something else. Now what can mind become an object to? Not to me, for I am it, and not something else. Not to something else without being again denuded of consciousness; for this other being could only mark its changes as I did, and not endow it with consciousness without vesting in it its own personality, as I had done. Perhaps you imagine that the synthesis of 'I' and 'mind' may be resolved; and that thus the latter may again be made the *object* of your research. Do you maintain that the synthesis may be resolved in the first place *really*? Then you adopt our first supposition when we supposed that 'mind' was not 'I.' In this case 'mind' is left with all its changing phenomena, its emotions, passions, &c. and the consciousness of them remains vested in that which is

* Of course it is not merely meant that mind is not an object of sense. Far more than this; it is altogether inconceivable as an object of thought,

called 'I,' and thus 'mind' is divested of its most important fact; or, in the second place, do you suppose the synthesis resolved *ideally*? But, in this case too, it will be found that the fact of consciousness clings on the side of the enquiring subject ('I'), and cannot be conceived on the side of the object enquired into ('mind'), unless the synthesis of the subject and object which was ideally resolved be again ideally restored. The conclusion of this is, that if the synthesis of 'I' and 'mind' be resolved either really or ideally, consciousness vanishes from 'mind,' and if it be maintained entire, 'mind' becomes inconceivable as an *object* of research. Finally, are you driven to the admission that mind is an object, only in a fictitious sense; then here indeed you speak the truth. That which is called 'I' is a living reality, and though mind were annihilated, it would remain a repository of given facts. But that which is called mind is truly an object only in a fictitious sense, and being so, is, therefore, only a fictitious object, and consequently the science of it is also a fiction and an imposture."

"How, then, do you propose to establish a science of ourselves?"

"In the first place, by brushing away the human mind, with all its rubbish of states, faculties, &c. for ever, from between ourselves and the universe around us: and then by confining our attention exclusively to the given fact of consciousness. Dr Reid

was supposed to have done philosophy considerable service by exploding the old doctrine of ideas. By removing them he cut down an hypothesis, and brought 'mind' into immediate contact with external things. But he left the roots of the evil flourishing as vigorously as ever. He indeed lopped no more than a very insignificant twig from a tree of ignorance and error, which darkened, and still darkens, both the heavens and the earth. Until the same office which he performed towards ideas be performed towards 'mind' itself, there can be neither truth, soundness, nor satisfaction in psychological research. For 'the human mind' stands between *the man himself* and the universe around him, playing precisely, only to a greater and more detrimental extent, the part of that hypothetical medium which ideas before the time of Dr Reid played between *it* and outward objects. And the writer who could make this apparent, and succeed in getting it banished from the vocabulary of philosophy, and confined to common language as the word *ideas* now is, would render the greatest possible service to the cause of truth. Is it not enough for a man that he is *himself*? There can be no dispute about that. *I am*—what more would I have? what more would I be? why would I be 'mind'? what do I know about it? what is it to me, or I to it? *I am myself*, therefore let it perish."

CHAPTER V.

In the foregoing dialogue it was shown that language itself, and consequently that the very nature of thought, render impracticable anything like a true and real science of the human mind. It appeared that if mind be conceived of as an *object* of research, its vital distinguishing and fundamental phenomenon, namely, consciousness, necessarily becomes invisible, inasmuch as it adheres tenaciously to the side of the enquiring subject; and that if it be again invested with this phenomenon, it becomes from that moment inconceivable as an *object*. In the first case, a science of it is nugatory, because it cannot see or lay hold of its principal and peculiar phenomenon. In the second case, it is impossible, because it has no *object* to

work upon. We are now going to tread still more deeply into the *realities* of the subject.

In the preceding chapter the question was put, whether reason or intelligence, considered as the essential endowment of mind, was not sufficient to explain away every difficulty involved in the consideration, that while one kind of existence (matter) changed, without being aware of its changes, another kind of existence (mind), also changed; and, moreover, took account to itself of its changes, or was cognizant of them. In virtue of what does this difference exist between them? In virtue of what does this cognizance take place in the one case and not in the other? It is answered, in virtue of reason present in the one

instance, and absent in the other. But this is not so plain, so simple, or so sure as it appears. We now address ourselves to the examination of this question and answer; as the subject we had in hand in the foregoing chapter did not permit us to discuss them fully in that place.

Leaving man out of the survey, let us look abroad into the universe around us, and consider what is presented to us there. In mineral, in vegetable, and in animal nature, we behold life in the greatest possible vigour and variety. Active processes are every where going on; and throughout the length and the breadth of creation there is a constant succession of changes. The whole earth is, indeed, teeming with every form and every colour of existence, and that enjoyment is there, too, who can doubt when spring is in the air, and the lark singing in the cloud?

Here, then, we have a creation brimful of activity and life, and no pause in all its vigorous and multifarious goings. What is there, then, in man which is not to be found here also, and even in greater and more perfect abundance? Is it intelligence? Is it reason? You answer that it is. But, if by reason is meant (and nothing else can be meant by it) the power of adapting means to the production of ends, skill and success in scientific contrivances, or in the beautiful creations of art, then the exclusive appropriation of reason to man is at once negatived and put to shame by the facts which nature displays. For how far is human intelligence left behind in many things by the sagacity of brutes, and by the works which they accomplish. What human geometer can build like a bird its airy cradle, or like the bee, her waxen cells? And in exquisite workmanship, how much do natures still more inanimate than these transcend all that can be accomplished even by the wisest of men? "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet *Solomon in all his glory* was not arrayed like one of them." Perhaps you may say that these things are entirely passive and unintelligent in themselves, and that in reality it is not they but the creator who brings about all the wonders we behold; that the presiding and directing reason is not in them, but in him. And this may readily be admitted;—

but, in return, it may be asked *home*: Is man's reason vested in the Creator too?

Do you answer yes? then look what the consequences are. You still leave man a being fearfully and wonderfully made. He may still be something more than what many of his species at this moment are, mere hewers of wood, and drawers of water. He may still be a scientific builder of houses, and of ships—a builder and a destroyer of cities. He may still subdue to his dominion the beasts of the field, and raise himself to be a ruler over his fellowmen. The reason within him is not his own, yet in virtue of it he may perform works inconceivably wonderful and great. But, with all this, what is he, and what sort of activity is his? Truly the activity of a spoke in an unresting wheel. Nothing connected with him is really his. His actions are not his own. Another power lives and works within him, and he is its machine. You have placed man completely within nature's domain, and embraced him under the law of causality. Hence his freedom is gone, together with all the works of freedom: and, in freedom's train, morality and responsibility are also fled.

Do you answer No, to the question just put? Do you say that man's reason is his own, and is not to be referred to any other being? Then I ask you *why*, and *on what grounds* do you make this answer? Why, in one instance, do you assign away the reason from the immediate agent, the animal, and fix it upon the creator, and why in another instance do you confine and attribute it to the immediate agent, the man? Why should the engineer have the absolute credit of his work; and why should not the beaver and the bee? Do you answer that man exhibits reason in a higher, and animals in a lower degree; and that *therefore* his reason is really his own? But what sort of an answer, what sort of an inference is this? Is it more intelligible that the reason of any being should be its own absolutely, when manifested in a high degree, than when manifested in a low degree? or is the converse not much the more intelligible proposition? If one man has a hundred thousand pounds in his coffers, and another a hundred pence, would you conclude that the former sum was the man's own, because it was

so large, and that the latter sum was not the man's own, because it was so small; or would you not be disposed to draw the very opposite conclusion? Besides, the question is not one of degree at all. We ask, why is the reason of man said to belong to him absolutely as his own, and why is the reason put forth by animals not said to belong to them in the least?

As it is vain, then, to attempt to answer this question by attending to the manifestations of reason itself, as displayed either in man or in the other objects of the universe, we must leave the fact of reason altogether, it being a property possessed in common, both by him and by them, and one which carries in it intrinsically no evidence to proclaim the very different features by which it is held in the one case, and in the other; and we must look out for some other fact which is the peculiar possession of man: some fact which may be shown to fall in with his reason, and give it a different turn from the course which it takes in its progress through the other creatures of the universe, thus making it attributable to himself, and thereby rendering him a free, a moral, and an accountable agent. If we can discover such a fact as this, we shall be able, out of it, to answer the question with which we are engaged. Let us, then, look abroad into the universe once more, and there, throughout "all that it inherit," mark, if we can, the *absence* of some fact which is to be found conspicuously present in man.

Continuing, then, our survey of the universe, we behold works of all kinds, and of surpassing beauty, carried on. Mighty machinery is every where at work; and on all sides we witness marvellous manifestations of life, of power, and of reason. The sun performs his revolution in the sky, and keeps his appointed pathway with unwearied and unerring foot, while the seasons depend upon his shining. The ant builds her populous cities among the fallen forest-leaves, collects her stores, and fills her granaries with incomparable foresight. Each living creature guards itself from danger, and provides for its wants with infallible certainty and skill. They can foresee the very secrets of the heavens,

and betake themselves to places of shelter with the thunder in their quaking hearts long before the bolt falls which shatters the green palaces of the woods. But still "verily there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. The depth saith it is not in me; and the sea saith it is not in me."* And this path which is "kept close from the fowls of the air," and, with one exception, from the "eyes of all living," is no other than the path of *consciousness*.

What effect has the absence of consciousness upon the universe? Does it empty the universe of existence? Far from it. Nature is still thriving, and overflowing with life throughout all her kingdoms. Does it empty the universe of intelligence? Far from it. The same exquisite adaptation of means to ends is to be witnessed as heretofore, the same well regulated processes, the same infallible results, and the same unerring sagacities. But still, with all this, it is what may be termed but a one-sided universe; under one view it is filled to the brim with life and light. Under another view it is lying within the very blackest shadow of darkness and of death. The first view is a true one, because all the creatures it contains are, indeed, alive, and revelling in existence, put forth the most wonderful manifestations of reason. The second view is also a true one, because none of these creatures (man excepted) *know* that they exist, no notion of themselves accompanies their existence and its various changes, neither do they take any account to themselves of the reason which is operating within them—it is reserved for man to live this *double* life. To exist, and to be *conscious* of existence; to be rational, and to *know* that he is so.

But what do we mean precisely by the word *consciousness*, and upon what ground do we refuse to attribute consciousness to the animal creation? In the first place, by consciousness we mean the notion of self—that notion of self, and that self-reference, which in man generally, though by no means invariably, accompanies his sen-

* Job, xxviii, 7.

sations, passions, emotions, play of reason, or states of mind whatsoever. In the second place, how is it known that animals do not possess this consciousness? This is chiefly known from the fact that certain results or effects in man may be distinctly observed and traced growing out of this consciousness or self reference on his part, and these results not making their appearance in the animal creation, it is fairly to be inferred that the root out of which they spring is wanting in the animal creation too. The most important of these are conscience, morality, and responsibility, which may be shown to be based in consciousness, and necessary sequents thereof. It will be admitted that animals have no conscience or moral sense, therefore if it can be shown that this has its distinct origin in consciousness; that consciousness in its simplest act, contains the seeds of a nascent morality, which must come to maturity; it must also be concluded that animals have no consciousness either. Or if they have, deep and dreadful, indeed, is the condemnation they merit, having the foundation laid, and yet no superstructure erected thereupon; the seed sown, and yet the field altogether barren. Wherever we behold corn growing, we conclude that corn has been planted; and wherever we behold none, we are entitled to infer that the conditions upon which corn grows have been wanting—namely, that the sowing of it has never taken place. There are other reasons besides these; but as it will probably be universally admitted that animals do not possess the notion of self, and are incapable of any sort of self reference, it seems unnecessary to argue this point at any greater length.

We have found, then, the fact of consciousness prominently visible in man, and nowhere apparent in any other being inhabiting the universe around him. Let us now pause upon this fact, and, availing ourselves of its assistance, let us sum up very shortly the results to which it has conducted us. The first question put was, whether man, being endowed with reason, is not, on that account, necessarily cognizant of his own powers; whether in virtue of it he does not necessarily form the notion of self, and become capable of self-reference; and, in short, whether reason ought not to be regarded as the essential and cha-

racteristic property by which he may be best discriminated from the other occupants of the earth. A review of the universe around us then showed us that other creatures besides man were endowed with copious stores of reason, and that their works were as rational and as wonderful as his. So far, therefore, as mere reason on either side was concerned, they and he were found to stand exactly upon the same footing. The facts themselves forbade that he should appropriate it exclusively to himself. But here the argument was interrupted by the statement that the reason of animals is not their own. This was rebutted by the question: Is man's reason, then, his own? Was the answer no? then freedom, morality, and responsibility were struck dead, and other consequences followed, too appalling to be thought of. Was the answer yes? then some reason for this answer was demanded, and must be given, for it contradicts the other statement with regard to the reason of animals, in which it was declared that this power was *not* their own. To find, then, a satisfactory reason *offact* for this answer, we again looked forth over the life-fraught fields of creation. We there still beheld reason operating on a great and marvellous scale, and yet at the same time we found no consciousness thereof. This, then, plainly proved that the presence of reason, by no means necessarily implied a cognizance of reason in the creature manifesting it. It proved that man, like other beings, might easily have been endowed with reason, without at the same time becoming aware of his endowment, or blending with it the notion of himself. The first question, then, is completely answered. It does not follow that man must necessarily take cognizance of his operations, and refer his actions to himself *because* he is rational, for all the other creatures around are also rational, without taking any such cognizance, or making any such reference—neither can reason be pointed out as his peculiar or distinguishing characteristic, for it is manifested by all other beings as well as by him.

But when we turned from the universe to man, we found in him, besides reason, another fact, a phenomenon *peculiarly* his own,—namely, the fact of consciousness. This, and this alone, is the fact which marks

man off from all other things with a line of distinct and deep-drawn demarcation. This is the fact, out of which the second question which occupied us is to be answered. This is the fact, which reason falling in with, and doubling upon in man, becomes from that moment absolutely his own. This is the fact which bears us out in attributing our reason and all our actions to ourselves. By means of it we absolutely create for ourselves a personality to which we justly refer, and for which we lawfully claim, all our faculties, and all our doings. It is upon this fact, and not upon the fact of his reason, that civilized man has built himself up to be all that we now know, and behold him to be. Freedom, law, morality, and religion have all their origin in this fact. In a word, it is in virtue of it that we are free, moral, social, and responsible beings.

On the other hand, look at the effect which the absence of this fact has upon the animal creation. Reason enters into the creatures there, just as it does into man, but not meeting with this fact, it merely impels them to accomplish their ends under the law of causality, and then running out, it leaves them just as it found them. They cannot detain it, or profit by its presence, or claim it as their own, indeed their reason cannot be their own, because wanting this fact, they also necessarily want, and cannot create for themselves, a personality to which to refer it. In fine, because the fact of consciousness is not present within them, they continue for ever to be the mere machines they were born, without freedom, without morality, without law, and without responsibility.

Our present limits compel us to be satisfied with having briefly indicated these consequences, which result from the fact of consciousness; but we shall treat more fully of them here-

after. Our first and great aim has been to signalize and bring prominently forward this fact, as *παρ' ἑαυτον*, the psychological fact, the human phenomenon, neglecting the objects of it, namely the passions, emotions, and all the other paraphernalia of "the human mind," which, if they are psychological facts at all, are so only in a very secondary and indirect manner. And now, to round this part of our discussion back to the allegory with which we commenced it, let us remark, in conclusion, that this is the fact, upon an attentive observation of which our whole safety and success as philosophers hinge; and from a neglect of which, consequences most fatal to our intellectual peace may ensue. This is that minute and apparently unimportant fact upon which the most awful and momentous results are dependent. To pass it by carelessly (and thus it is too frequently passed by), is to mistake the left hand of the magician for the right; and to bring down upon our heads evils analogous to those which befell the unfortunate experimentalist who committed this error. To note it well is to observe faithfully in which hand the staff of the magician is held, and to realize glorious consequences similar to those which would have been the fortune of the young man, had his observations of the facts connected with his lamp been correct and complete. Let us, therefore, confine our attention to this fact, and examine it with care. Thus we shall be led into extensive fields of novelty and truth; and shall escape from the censorious imputation of the Roman satirist, who exclaims, in words that at once point out the true method of psychological research, and stigmatize the dreary and intolerable *mill-round* monotony of customary metaphysics, "Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo!

Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo."

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.—BY MR PRICE OF HEREFORD.

ERE I begin my strain, first would I pray
 The Muses' choir from Helicon descend,
 To inspire the song wherewith 'tis mine intent
 To fill my tablets—'tis a tale of strife
 Immense; a deed of war-engendering Mars.

Oh! could I sing in every mortal ear
 How o'er the vanquished frogs the victor mice
 Triumphed, as erst the giants' earth-born race
 Gave them ensample—such was the report
 'Mong men at least—but thus the strife arose:

It chanced one day, a mouse who had just escaped
 The deadly dangerous talons of the cat,
 Dipped in a limpid pool his downy chin,
 To taste the cooling waters; him beheld
 One of the noblest of the noble race
 Who dwell beneath the wave, and thus address:

“Who art thou, stranger? Whence to this our shore
 Hast come? declare thy parentage, and speak
 The truth—detection follows falsehood here.

If I perceive thee worthy of regard,
 I to my halls will lead thee, and present
 With pledges fair of hospitality—
 I am King Puffcheek—and throughout the pool
 Am held in awe as ruler of the frogs.
 Me to King Mudlark on Eridanus' banks
 My mother, hight the Queen of Waters, bare;
 But the fair form and noble mien alike
 Bespeak thee sceptred King and warrior bold.
 Then come, the glories of thy line declare.”

He ceased. Crumboner heard, and thus replied:
 “Wouldst learn my lineage, friend? 'Tis known to all;
 To gods and men, and all the fowls of Heaven.
 Crumboner I, of great-heart Gnawbread born,
 And gentle Lickmeal, King Hamnibbler's child:
 Me in her hole she bare, and broken bits,
 And figs, and nuts, and every kind of cates,
 To pamper my young taste her care supplied.
 But how can we be friends, in nought alike?
 Thy dwelling is the wave—but I partake
 Man's viands ever—me no canister
 From bread of flour thrice sifted made, debars,
 Her paste-clad cake of cheese and sesame,
 Nor slice of ham; nor liver delicate;
 Nor cheese new pressed from curd of sweetest milk,
 Nor honey-cake, which gods themselves desire.
 In short, whene'er the cook for mortal feast
 With dainties rare of choicest savour crowns
 His pots and pans, he makes a meal for me.
 Thou called'st me Warrior—well—I never fled,
 Recreant, the battle's din—but in the charge
 Aye in the foremost ranks I take my stand.
 Nor fear I man, how great soe'er his bulk;
 I mount his bed, and gnaw his finger tips,
 And pinch his haunch, yet never feels he pain;
 Nor do his slumbers vanish at my bite.
 Of all created beings, too, alone

I dread the hawk and cat ; they work me wo.
 Nor like I traps, where death in ambush lurks ;
 But most of all, far most, the cat I dread :
 For though I get me to my secret hole,
 Her searching ken detects me even there.
 Cabbage alike and pumpkin I abhor ;
 Nor verdant leek, nor parsley suit my taste,
 Whereon ye feed who dwell beneath the wave."

He ceased ; and Puffcheek, smiling, answer made :—
 " Thou lovest thy belly passing well, my friend !
 But many a wondrous sight we, too, behold,
 In field as well as flood ; for mighty Jove
 Hath made the frogs a race amphibious,
 And given us pow'r to skip along on earth,
 Or hide our forms at pleasure 'neath the wave.
 But wouldst thou know the truth ? 'Tis easy known :
 Here, mount my back, and hold on for thy life,
 And soon with joy shalt thou behold my home."

He spake, and offer'd, courtier-like, his back ;
 Then on his tender neck the mouse laid hands,
 And, nimbly vaulting, leapt into his seat.
 And joy was his while yet the bank was nigh,
 And Puffcheek's swimming fill'd him with delight.
 But o'er him dash'd anon the dark-green wave.
 O ! then he wept, and blam'd the love of change,
 That brought him thus to peril, tore his hair,
 And close beneath his belly drew his feet.
 At his new danger trembling seized his heart,
 And much he long'd to stand on earth again,—
 And, struck with icy terror, sore he groan'd.
 First on the waters he unroll'd his tail,
 And like a rudder let it drag behind,
 And earnest pray'd the gods to land him safe.
 While o'er him broke the pitiless drenching waves,
 Aloud he cried, and thus complain'd aloud :—

" Not thus the bull his lovely burden bare,
 When through the waters, on his back, to Crete
 Europa rode, as to his mansion now
 This frog upon his cold back hurries me."

Full short he stopp'd ; for, sight of dread to both !
 Sudden a writhing water-snake appear'd,
 With grisly throat, erect above the stream.
 Down at the sight dived Puffcheek, pausing not
 To think to doom how dread he left his friend.
 Down to the bottom of the pool he dived,
 Avoiding fate ; but his support withdrawn,
 The mouse fell headlong right into the wave,
 And wrung his paws, and squeak'd in agony.
 Ofttimes he sunk beneath the treacherous surge,
 And oft, by dint of kicking, rose again.
 But fate had fix'd his doom ; the mouse must die ;
 And now his heavy-drench'd fur weigh'd him down :
 Yet, ere he died, he utter'd these last words :—
 " Revenge shall reach thee, O perfidious frog !
 Who from thy slimy back, as from a rock,
 Hast thrown me shipwreck'd—basest of the base !
 No match wert thou for me on land, nor daredst
 Contend in boxing, wrestling, or the race ;
 But thou must, traitor-like, into the flood
 Inveigle me to cast me off. The gods
 Have eyes to vengeance. To the warrior mice
 Shalt thou the fullest satisfaction make."

He spake, and breathed his last ; but him beheld
Licktrencher, seated on the mossy bank,
Who, deeply groaning, ran and told the mice.

His story heard, deep indignation seized
All hearts. At once their heralds they enjoin'd
To summon all the mice to meet at dawn
At Gnawbread's hall in council. He was sire
To that ill-fated youth, Crumboner, who
Now floated on the pool, a corse supine.

But when at dawn the dread assembly met,
Wroth for his son rose Gnawbread—and thus he spake :—
“ My friends, though chief of all on me doth press
This deadly deed the frogs have done, yet still
Our universal nation suffers wrong.
Pity a wretched father : three good sons
Were mine ; but now, alas ! no son have I.
My eldest born, our bitterest foe, the cat,
Dragg'd from his secret hole, and piecemeal tore.
My second, man, un pitying man, betray'd,
And by a new device of murder slew ;
They call the engine ‘ trap.’ The mouse's grave.
A third yet lived, his mother's joy and mine—
Him now hath Puffcheek smothered in the deep.
Then haste—to arms ! to arms ! array our hosts,
And, clad in harness, let us to the field.”

He spake ; and every mouse his armour donned.
First on their legs they bound protecting greaves,
Of green split peascods, admirably wrought,
Which they by night had nibbled from the stem.
Breastplates they wore of woven reeds, throughout
With downy fur of skinned grimalkin lined.
To each a lantern's boss supplied a shield—
And every warrior brandished high his spear,
A long sharp needle, weapon fit for Mars,
And every brow a nut-shell helmet pressed.
Thus stood the mice in arms ; but when the frogs
Perceived them, from the water straight they rose,
And in one place collected, council held
Of war ; but while in doubt they yet remained
What meant the threatening concourse and array—
Baton in hand a herald's form drew nigh,
Hight Panexplorer, great Hipcheese's son ;
And thus he gave the warlike challenge forth :

“ Ye frogs ! the mice defy you—me they send
To bid you arm for battle—they have seen
Crumboner's dripping corse, whom Puffcheek slew,
Your King—then haste—array you for the strife,
Ye chiefs who rule the race of frogs supreme.”

He ceased, and vanished. But the souls of all
The haughty Frogs his words with trouble smote—
And, for they chid him, Puffcheek rose and said :
“ Frogs ! subjects ! friends ! I slew not, I, the mouse,
Nor saw him perish. Of his own accord,
Envyng the frogs their pow'r, he strove to swim,
And in the trial sunk to rise no more.
Yet me, all blameless, now these wretches blame.
But come, my friends, take counsel. Let us quite
Exterminate this faithless race of mice.
Give ear to me while I propose a plan.
Take we, in panoply complete, our stand
Close on the brink of some deep precipice,
And wait the onset. When they make their charge

Let every frog a mouse's helmet seize,
 And hurl its wearer headlong in the pool.
 So shall their whole host perish in the wave,
 Unskilled to swim ; and we upon the spot
 Will raise a trophy o'er the slaughtered mice."
 Thus spake the King ; and all the nation armed.
 The mallow leaf supplied their legs with greaves ;
 The flat green leaves of beet their breastplates were ;
 A spear of sharpened reed each warrior bore,
 And snail-shell helmets glistened on their brows.
 Thus, cased in mail, upon the lofty bank
 They took their stand—their long spears brandishing,
 And fiery courage blazed in every breast.

Jove to his starry halls mean-time had called
 The gods ; and, pointing out the multitude
 For war arrayed, and all the mighty band
 Of stalwart heroes, armed with spear and shield,
 Dread as the centaurs or the giants' host,
 Smiling a sweet unusual smile, enquired
 If any god would go to aid the frogs,
 Or injured mice—and thus addressed his child :—

" My Pallas, wilt not thou defend the mice ?
 About thine altars evermore they skip,
 And share thy fat and sacrificial cakes."

Thus Jove besought—Minerva thus replied :—
 " My sire ! no aid these injured mice shall have
 From me—first let them cease to do me wrong ;
 Nibbling my chaplets, licking up the oil
 Out of my lamps—but deeper far than all,
 Their last ill-doing eats into my heart ;
 They gnawed my last new robe, which late I wrought
 Of subtlest woof, and warp of finished thread,
 Till it was all in holes—moreover, now
 The tailor who repaired it duns me sore ;
 Have I not cause then for exceeding wrath ?
 I wove my robe on trust, and cannot pay.

" Nor will I give my succour to the frogs—
 They are demented all. Not long ago
 As I returned from battle, overborne
 With dire fatigue, I laid me down to sleep—
 But from their ceaseless croaking all night long
 I never closed my eyes ; but sleepless lay
 With aching head 'till cock-crow. But, ye gods !
 Beware, I rede ye, how ye mell among
 These hosts—their darts are sharp, and ye may hap
 To get a wound—or some audacious chief
 With sword or pointed lance may strike you down—
 For hand to hand they'll fight with e'en a god.
 Then sit we here at ease, and view the strife."

She spake ; and all the other gods agreed,
 And sate them down together in a knot.

Then upon mighty trumpets certain gnats
 Sounded the charge ; at whose dread braying, Jove
 Thundered from heav'n a signal for the fight.

First Croaker smote the Licker with his spear,
 Ranged in the foremost ranks, and drove the barb
 Right through his belly to the liver's core.
 Headlong he fell—and in the dust defiled
 His hairy coat so sleek—then Crannipeer
 Wounded King Mudlark's son—and in his chest
 Deep fixed the massy javelin—down he fell,
 And black death seized him, and his spirit fled.

Beetlover then through Panexplorer's heart
 An arrow drove. Breadeater hand to hand
 Smote in the belly Evercroak—on earth
 Headlong he fell and stretched his lifeless limbs.
 But Gracelake saw the fall of Evercroak,
 And raising high a mighty stone, in bulk
 Vast as a mill-stone, on the mid o' the neck
 Smote Crannipeer, and darkness dimmed his eyes.
 But full at him the Licker hurled his spear,
 And missed him not, but pierced his liver through.
 Which deed perceiving, Cabbageater fled,
 And o'er the precipice toppled in his flight;
 Yet 'scaped he not e'en so the Licker's force,
 Who still pursued and smote him—down he sank
 And rose no more; but with his purple blood
 Tintured the pool, and stiffened nigh the bank.
 On that same bank Cheeseater of his spoil
 Was stripped. Anon Mintnoser, seeing approach
 Hamborer, took to flight, and trembling leaped
 Into the pool, and cast away his shield.
 Drinkwater then illustrious Lieithemud
 Smote on the forehead with a vasty rock,
 And through his nostrils gushed the battered brain,
 And all the ground was sprinkled with his gore.
 Then with his spear Licktrencher smote and slew
 Great Lieithemud, and darkness dimmed his eyes.
 Next by the foot and by the nape of the neck
 Leekeater seized, and 'neath the waters plunged
 Reekhunter till he perished. Then arose,
 His slaughtered brethren's corpses to defend,
 Crumbsteal, and smote Leekeater to the death,
 Ere yet he reached the land—before his eyes
 He sunk, and to the shades his spirit sped.
 Claygrubber saw it, and a handful threw
 Of mud at him, and sore bedaubed his face,
 And for a while deprived his eyes of sight;
 But he was wroth, and with his broad right hand
 Seized a huge stone that lay upon the plain,
 And with it smote his foe below the knee,
 And his right leg was shattered, and he fell
 Prone in the dust. But Roughcroak to defend
 His brothers came, and rushed upon the mouse,
 And in the belly smote him, burying deep
 His sharp spear-head—but when he drew it back,
 The entrails followed, and besmeared the ground.
 High on the bank o' the pool sate Nibblegrain,
 And viewed the deeds of war—and limping off,
 For he was lame, escaped in sore affright
 The scene of bloodshed—into a ditch he dropped,
 And crouching there, secured himself from death.
 Now Gnawbread wounded Puffcheek on the foot;
 And Loveleek, seeing his prostrate king half dead,
 Rushed from the first ranks, and at Gnawbread hurled
 His barbed reed—yet harmed him not, for well
 His good shield warded off the weapon's point.
 But at a blow his fourfold helmet clove
 Divine Hipmarjoram, peer to Mars himself,
 The sole strong hope of all the race of Frogs.
 Him charged the mice—he saw, nor dared abide
 The fierce onslaught—but sunk beneath the wave.
 Among the foremost warriors of the mice
 There was a youth in prowess passing all,

The great Breadlover's son, Scrapeboner hight,
Whom in the field not Mars himself outshone.
Beside the pool he stood elate of heart,
Far from the rest, on glorious purpose bent,
To exterminate the race of warlike frogs.
And now had he succeeded, but the sire
Of gods and men perceived his dread intent ;
And mighty Jove with pitying eye beheld
The perishing frogs ; and shook his head, and spake :—

“ Ye gods ! a wondrous portent meets mine eye ;
Scrapeboner with no slight amaze hath struck
My soul—see there, beside the pool he stands,
And threatens extirpation to the frogs.
Now straightway send we Pallas forth and Mars
To check his rage, and foil his dire device.”

Thus spake the King of Heaven, but Mars replied :—
“ Of none avail were Pallas' power, or mine,
O, sire, to save the race of frogs from death.
Then haste we all to aid them—and do thou
Discharge the bolt wherewith you bowed to earth
The Titans, most illustrious race, and slew
The stalwart hero Capaneus, and bound
Enceladus, and all the giant tribe—

Thus may we check his force—and thus alone.”

He spake ; and Jove discharged the roaring bolt :
First at its thunder all Olympus quaked ;
Weapon of dread, anon the lightning's flash
Rushed dazzling forth, hurled by the Thunderer's hand ;
And trembling fell alike on frogs and mice.
Still the victorious mice ceased not ; but strove
The more intent to extirpate the frogs.
And so it had been—had not Olympian Jove
In pity sent the frogs effectual aid.

Sudden a race unknown among them melled,
With backs like anvils ; claws at angles set ;
Of gait oblique and tortuous ; sickle-mouthed
Testaceous ; bony ; broad-backed ; shining bright
About their shoulders ; with distorted feet ;
Long-handed ; in their chests their eyes were fixed.
Eight footed ; double headed ; full of hands ;
Men call them crabs—now with their mouths they nipped
The tails, and legs, and shoulders of the mice :
And snapped their spears asunder. Terror seized
The vanquished mice ; nor dared they keep the field ;
But took to flight. Anon the sun went down ;
And so this one day's war was brought to end.

ONE HEART FOR TWO LOVES.

BY JULES JANIN.

M. JANIN is one of the most popular among the many caterers to the amusement of the French reading public. His romances and tales:—*Le Chemin de Traverse*, *L'Anc Mort*, *et La femme guillotinee*, *Barnave*, and the volume under our review, with numerous spirited essays in the periodical publications of Paris, have gained him a literary reputation, almost as bright as it is in its nature ephemeral. A fame more enduring, however, than this, it is hardly possible to acquire in the present light literature of France; for, if we mistake not, it is of too gossamer a texture to bear the weight of any solid merit. We cannot perhaps better introduce M. Janin to our readers, than by making good this assertion, of which all his works exemplify the truth; and to do this it may be deemed sufficient, that we compare the French with the English literature of this description, at least as far as a few hints upon the subject will reach.

With us, then, it is certain, that the lightest novel that ever finds a publisher or circulation, must give evidence of some power of reflection on real life; its characters and its plot must be in keeping with probability, and the ingenuity and fancy of the author must be shown, not in imagining extravagancies and impossibilities, but in building up his fiction out of the incidents and situations which frequent experience supplies. Even works which have no higher apparent aim than to raise a laugh, are in this country the fruit of the diligent gleanings of observation. Such productions are, therefore, truly *studies* of human nature. But in France, the observant spirit which we deem so es-

sential to successful authorship, is not valued; and if we may be permitted so to express ourselves, we will say, in order to illustrate the distinction which offers itself to our notice, that Englishmen derive even the imaginative character of their minds from the Baconian principle of induction, whilst Frenchmen draw theirs from the Cartesian propensity to spin fancies and theories in empty space. Our strong bias is to observe, to scrutinize, to analyze men and things as they appear and are in this every day world of ours; all our emotions arise from our mother earth. The creations of our imagination are all flesh and blood creations; or if we now and then shape a monster, a Caliban, or a delicate spirit of the air—an Ariel, even these have so much of common human unexaggerated passion and feeling in them, that they are really much less strange, and more natural than the beings which are presented to us by French poets and romancers for men and women. And why is this? Simply because men of letters in France have ever overlooked, as beneath their attentive regard, the real picture of life spread before them by society,* and have disdained, as authors, to be moved by the sympathies and influences which affect the multitude. They have always sought their inspiration from foreign sources; it has never been native and spontaneous. First, they were formed by an academy and classic models, under which their literature reached its maturity of stunted excellence; and from the artificial taste thus produced, they have lately been hurried, by the law of reaction, into the opposite extreme—into all the insanities of German mys-

* We do not mean, of course, to deny that French authors, from De la Bruyere and Moliere down to Paul de Koch, have been eminently successful in describing *manners*. But they have never gone deeper. They have never opened any of those secret springs of character which take their rise in the inward closeted movements of the heart. Hence there has resulted a real superficiality in the affections of Frenchmen. Their character and their hearts are *now* truly and fully expressed in light sketches and comic scenes of *manners*. They appear to have no *inner* man, but to exist altogether externally, socially, and artificially, so much so, that some one has no less acutely than wittily observed, that French nature, and human nature, are very different things.

ticism. Actually the Hugos, the De Balzacs, the Dudevants, the most remarkable of the new growth of French *literati*, seem to think that genius consists in a wild and unearthly clamour of sentiments and fantasies, which not only overtop, but abjure the modesty of nature. Their productions, indeed, put us in mind of a story we have heard of some celebrated artist, who would sometimes eat pork nearly raw for his supper, that he might have dreams of horrors, and transports transcending all daylight waking conceptions. To some such process as this, Frenchmen seem to subject their minds as soon as they become candidates for literary popularity. From that moment they abandon themselves to visions and ecstasies, and renounce realities. It is true, nevertheless, that the saner gentlemen of the French press raise a loud outcry against the modern school of poetry and romance; yet the very exaggeration which they blame, they emulate, for what else can they do? To revive the old classical style, so as to gain to themselves admiration and celebrity, they must surpass their predecessors of the last century, which is not within their competence, and originality in that track is totally out of the question. They must therefore (the perennialities of a genuine love, and study of nature, and of humanity, never having been opened to them) be resigned either to shine palely, and with ever increasing paleness, under the reflex borrowed lights of imitation, or seek in the marvellous, which, since the fabulous and the chivalric in all but historic fiction has ceased, is the fantastic, an escape from insipidity. They have chosen, of course, the latter, if choice there can be said to be under such circumstances; and hence there springs up every season in Paris multitudes of popular works, which seem to vie with each other in monstrous invention; and which, therefore, though they frequently abound with indications of considerable talent and eloquence, every sound judgment and healthy heart must pronounce to be as hollow of all true beauty and merit, as they are glaring in false pretensions to an eccentric originality.

The brief remarks which we have made above, may be applied generally

to the *Belles Lettres* of France and England, which include the light literature of the two countries, and will be found to have a special reference to the work before us, to which we now turn.

We cannot give our readers a better idea of the strangeness of this production, than by informing them at the outset, that its heroines or heroine, are, or is a monster; two girls joined together by a ligament of flesh projecting from the side of each of them. They are thus completely two, and completely one, like the Siamese twins, and their minds are represented as having the same quality, and the same unity as their bodies. The other personages of the book are a Spaniard and his cloak, and a Russian prince, who is as much a *lusus nature* as the beings with whom he is associated. Of these interesting individuals we will first bring forward the Spaniard and his cloak, as it is from him that the wild tale which follows is said to proceed. The author imagines himself to have met this singular person at a menagerie of monsters, and being struck with his appearance, follows him, and gets from him his history.

“The man who had so much raised my curiosity, had in his dress and manners neither pretension nor negligence. He was young; his black eye was full of fire, but his noble countenance had such a settled tranquillity, that its expression of profound emotion escaped common observers. His cloak hung in graceful folds around his vigorous form; it was evidently a Spanish cloak. The superb vestment, docile and supple, seemed spontaneously to obey the movements of its youthful wearer. But certainly a Spanish mantle is no common garment. What an assured strut of pride, what a lofty port it gives to the shirtless gentlemen of Spain! When enveloped in its voluminous drapery, they forget their real poverty, and, only recollecting their long pedigrees, become in imagination grondees of the first order. The cloak is to the Spaniard his second skin; his submissive and devoted slave; it protects its master in war, and defends him in love; it is his shield during the day, his lackey in the evening, and his bed at night. It is to him liberty, equality, and a constitution. Here, said I to myself, when following the stranger, is a double being before me, half man and half cloak, united to each other for life, inseparable, occupied night and day in the same loves and the same strifes; in fact,

twins. The cloak of this man has been doubtless his cradle; he has been wrapped in it in his infancy; he has draped it gallantly around him to sing serenades under his mistress's window; and when he comes to die, the same swaddling cloth, this brave attire of the lover, will surely be his shroud."

We have quoted the above passage, because it appears to afford a good specimen of what may be called the *flimsy* style in writing. We believe that this style owes its origin to the necessity which authors feel themselves at present under of book-making for the market. In order to furnish a certain number of pages or volumes to their publishers within a limited time, for a certain sum of money, they are obliged to *spin out* (that is the term) as much as they can, and this spinning out consists in making, as they call it, the most of an idea, beating it out into a tenuity almost evanescent, ringing changes upon it, and considering it as a mere thread on which to string as many glittering words and phrases as it can be strained to bear. Spun-out passages, however, which make up at least the half of most modern French works of amusement, do not want a certain charm. Although they contain but just sense enough to escape being nonsense, they entertain agreeably the eye and the ear. They form a tissue, if we may so speak, of colours and sounds which please at a first glance, and on a first hearing; and as they are never intended to be read a second time, they answer their purpose sufficiently well. It is the duty, nevertheless, of critics sedulously and perseveringly to excise from literature this species of unmeaning eloquence, not so much because it is in itself worthless, as because it is a parasite plant whose nature it is to spread and to overrun, and to strangle under its rank luxuriant growth, under its waste fertility, all the vigorous shoots of thought, fancy, and feeling. Very different from this is that spontaneous elocution of the tongue-tipped pen, which does not spin out, but *pours out* in fervid verbosity the first warm unpremeditated conceptions of the mind, and, as it glowingly proceeds, starts at every step new coveys and flights of images and ideas; yet it is to imitate this rare faculty of extemporizing on paper, which, coming from the abundance of the heart, is always full

of matter and of delight, that the spinners-out aim in their counterfeit rhapsodies.

Having now in some measure satisfied our critical conscience by entering our protest against flimsiness in the guise of enthusiasm, we return to our Spaniard. He tells his story to his pursuer. He had purchased, at a sale of wild beasts and monsters, the two infant girls we have spoken of above. Under his fostering care and protection they grow up into marvellous beauty, and exhibit a mental phenomenon still more wonderful than the junction of their bodies. But we will let the Spaniard speak.

"My first care was to put my children into a bath, and then to give them a good long sleep. Gradually the blood returned to their cheeks, suppleness to their members, grace to their movements, and smiles and colour to their lips. It was delightful to look into their four beautiful eyes, dried from tears, and filled with a transparent pearly dew, and to regard their beautiful tresses of hair, intermingled but distinct, auburn and black, streaming in wavy ringlets, sometimes on the one head and sometimes on the other, like the Rhine and the Saone, whose waters, green and yellow, meeting and flowing together, preserve through many a long lapse and patient wind their discriminate hues. The mind of my two dear charges put on beauty with their bodies. Their hearts, so long humbled and abased, awoke to hope and love. As health circulated again through their veins, intelligence lit up their sweet countenances. They were at last free, they were happy. They had the air, the earth, the sky, the waters, the grass and the sun for their senses and for their souls: prayer, alms, friendship, gratitude, the love of their fellow-creatures, pity, and infinite desires and aspirations stretching into futurity. In a word, my two children, from being monsters, had become two children again."

The inseparable girls are baptized, and christened Louisa and Anna. Baptism is described in the following passage:—

"The waters of baptism flow in streams for all the children of the world. The dew of the morning, the dew of the evening, the rose washed by a shower, the lily whose cup is full; the sonorous river, the murmuring rivulet, the shell upon the shore, and the vast sea, the spring-tide rain, and the storms of winter,—all these streams, murmurs, rains, waves, and dews, is the baptismal fount to infants."

We beg leave, in this place, to inform our readers, that M. Janin is a Roman Catholic literary religionist of the Chateaubriand school. The lines, therefore, which we have just translated are not to be considered as exhibiting a mere freak of wanton absurdity, but as exemplifying, in a very striking manner, into what vapid, mawkish sentimentalities all the rites and doctrines of Christianity are attenuated by this description of persons.

We should like to see the sentimental profanations of the gospel, which these men delight in, held up to the public execration, and by some strong hand scourged, if possible, out of them. The above sentence is, to be sure, almost as innocent as nonsense can make it, but there are others written in the same spirit in the volume before us, which are more shocking to the Christian mind than the open blasphemies of a Carlisle. We must now give a picture more at length of M. Janin's marvellous heroines.

"To give you a just idea of the mental phenomenon which my two charming daughters presented," continued the Spaniard, "I must again draw their portrait. You know already that Anna was fair, and that Louisa, the eldest by one hour, had hair as black as her black eyes. Anna was the child of the two sisters, Louisa was the woman. Anna was the caprice of their conjoint existence, Louisa was its will; Anna had smiles and tears, Louisa the glance and the regard of enthusiasm and of genius. Anna was desire, Louisa was passion. Anna was ringletted, rosy, and full of mirth; the hair of her sister parted gravely and plainly over her beautiful oval head, yet her eyes were so soft that their expression seemed to be caught from Anna. Have you them now before you thus together intertwined, talking to each other, Anna full of gaiety, Louisa wrapt in contemplation? Or do you see Anna leaning her little head on the beautiful shoulders of her sister, or her sister resting her swan-like neck on the budding breasts of Anna? See how their glances mingle, how their smiles blend! How varied and how graceful are their attitudes! Sometimes Louisa would carry Anna in her arms as a mother bears her child; but the laughing, joyous Anna and the pensive, reflective Louisa, would both on their knees, at the close of the day, bow their heads together under the same streak of moonlight, under the same thought of God."

Before we proceed, we must bespeak the patience of the perusers of this paper,

for we have yet more superfine exquisite fooleries, *COULEUR DE ROSE*, silken and scented to display. The Spaniard tells wonderfully of the different tastes and dispositions of his two adopted daughters; how they felt and conceived distinctly yet jointly, and how being two they were one. By virtue of this double identity, their progress in all knowledge is stupendous.

"All the arts were soon mastered by their intelligence. The most illustrious professors were absolutely frightened at their progress. As soon as they touched a pencil they knew how to draw. Painting came to them in the same manner, by intuition, yet the science of colours is the greatest of sciences, or, rather, colouring is not a science, but, like poetry, it is the gift of heaven. Dear children! they were so happy to project their soul into the creations of their palette, so happy and so proud! They rapidly accomplished master-pieces worthy of the greatest artists of the Italian school. Till now they had been double. Henceforward they had but one body and one mind, divided, and yet forming but one whole between them. What the eye of Louisa saw, the hand of Anna copied. Anna might be seen seated under a shade on the terrace with her sister standing beside her, contemplating the heavens and the earth. Louisa's dilated glance followed the light in its infinite harmonies, whilst Anna, looking passively on the canvass before her, would impress upon it glowingly all which the enraptured vision of her sister saw.

"Every year, every month, every day had its particular study, its particular delight. Never did my children return to the studies they most loved, never did they read the same book twice, never repeated a second time the same verses. Thus they soon exhausted all subjects, science, religion, the fine arts, poetry, and philosophy; they devoured works of all kinds without measure and without rest. They continued to go rapidly forward, as if the intellectual world could never fail them! But this world of thought, so vast for an individual, that no single man has ever travelled round its circumference, is traversed, as it were, in three bounds, by two intelligences are united, two intellects; which are separated neither night nor day, and exchange opinions and knowledge with each other without ceasing. Thus Anna and Louisa went on discovering all the discoverable secrets of the universe. How ineffable was my terror when I saw them heaping together in their minds all the facts, all the epochs, all the men,

all the arts, all the progress, all the calculations, all the revolutions, which the accumulated experience of ages has garnered up for the instruction of mankind. Oh, how great was my horror to see these two young girls, not yet twenty years of age, who had still the look, the voice, the gestures, the supple body, the transparent skin, the lily and the rose of children in their cheeks, address themselves with a confidence in their own powers worthy of a Newton, or a Raphael, or a Corneille, or a Mozart, to all that is most difficult in science, painting, poetry, and music! Nothing astonished them;—nothing stopped them, nothing satisfied them, nothing fatigued them. Sometimes I endeavoured to arrest their progress by depriving them of books; the effort was a vain one. They advanced, in spite of every obstruction I could throw before them, with the same rapid solemn pace, piling ideas upon ideas, and discovery upon discovery. The knowledge of each succeeding day doubled that of the day preceding. Their intellectual attainments grew daily with an increasing ratio of speed, just as gigantic fortunes are amassed by capital growing out of compound interest. Science acquires science as gold acquires gold; great gains double themselves, and go on doubling themselves till their amount becomes incalculable. It is first a spring dew, then an autumn rain, then a winter inundation, then a limitless deluge. Thus thought engenders thought, knowledge engenders knowledge, and thus my dear children were attracted, urged, surrounded, and inundated, by the things which they had learned in all languages, of all times, in all books, with an activity which knew no intermission, no repose. While the one sister slept the other waked, and the studies of the waking sister were shared by the sleeping one, so perfectly had they their being in common; and the balm of sleep which the one tasted, refreshed equally the spirit of her mate.

"Perceiving at last all my endeavours to check their astonishing advance in every species of science to be futile, I abandoned them despairingly to their fate. The torrent followed its course, and I shut my eyes that I might not see my children fall into the abyss. I recollect one day when they seemed to be more calm than usual, I began to hope that they would return to the modest pleasures, and the simple life they had before enjoyed. They were this day in the park. Louisa was seated on the grass; she contemplated the little blue flowers with an infantine smile which I had hitherto only seen on the lips of Anna. Anna was at the same time on her knees by the side of her sister, in the attitude of

the most profound reflection, with her regard fixed upon the sky. Her aspect was pensive, and there was such an intense meaning in the expression of her face, that her eyes were nearly black with gathered overcharged emotion, and one might have mistaken her for Louisa, but Louisa with fair hair.

" 'What are you doing there?' said I to Louisa; 'why are you examining those little flowers so intently?'

" 'I am studying the sky,' she replied gravely.

" 'And you, Anna,' I continued, 'why do you regard so raptly the heavens?'

" 'Do you see, Martin,' she answered, 'this beautiful little blue flower which is smiling at me in the grass?'

" 'Alas! Alas! how unhappy I was! The soul of these enchanting creatures, endowed with a double intelligence, saw with the eyes of either body indifferently. Louisa used the eyes of Anna to contemplate the stars of the firmament, and Anna the eyes of Louisa to admire the flowers of the field.'

At last the imagined maidens fall into a deep melancholy. Having nothing more to learn, they have nothing more to enjoy. The limit of science to which they attain becomes to them the limit of hope. The universe appears to them to be a pulseless pageant, and vanities scribbled upon vanities, treacherous seemings constitute all its store. A leaden apathy and indifference to all things seize upon them. Their despondency drives the poor Spaniard almost to despair, and in the extremity of his distress he consults with a Russian prince, as to what is to be done to rouse his angelic monsters into a feeling of interest in life. The Russian councils love as a sure remedy to their disease, and invites the wondrous twins to a splendid fête, where he becomes enamoured of Anna, and the Spaniard follows his example by becoming desperately captivated by her sister; their passion, too, is returned, but this only serves to bring to light another phenomenon: both the sisters love both their suitors equally and reciprocally. After a very tender and enthusiastic love-scene, the Spaniard says—

" 'I took the hand of Louisa, and felt her little fingers return the pressure of mine; her beautiful head inclined towards mine, her forehead was already on my forehead, and I felt for one second my happiness to be complete; but, alas! a second after I felt another hand press my hand, another

forehead on my forehead, another love upon my love! Judge of my despair. Anna loved me even as I loved Louisa, and Louisa me."

Again—

"When the Russian Prince took leave of Anna, he kissed her hand, and I felt the hand of Louisa, which I held in mine, tremble under the kiss which her sister had received. From that moment, I perceived that they had but one heart between them—one heart for two loves."

Terminating here our extracts from the volume before us, we beg to observe, that the exaggerated fiction, and the preposterous sentiments they exhibit, have been spun out of the addled brain of the author for the edification and entertainment of the common herd of readers. M. Janin writes for circulating libraries, and adapts his productions to the taste of the multitude. He is, therefore, extremely popular, and his popularity has been increased by the romance under our notice. This fact gives importance to his inane trash, more especially when we know that he is only one of a host of writers, who regale the French public all the year round, acquiring thereby a reputation for superior talent, with such crazy stuff as we have here set forth from this volume on our table.

In the observations with which we opened this paper, we have endeavoured to account partially, not completely, for the extravagances of fancy in which French authors at present delight. Perhaps, however, they have not been driven into these extravagances so much by the causes we have already mentioned, as by the diseased impulses of wonder and of satiety. The natural emotions of Frenchmen seem to be worn out, or at least for a season fatigued and exhausted, by the violent elevations and depressions which for more than the last half century have kept them in a state of demoralizing agitation. There has arisen, consequently, that craving for over-wrought excitement, to which they have been so long habituated, and which the feverish restlessness and

weakness in which their minds are now left demand. Stimulants and opiates constitute, therefore, the only intellectual diet which they relish; and thus we find, that for a work to be sought after in France, it must be plentifully spiced and drugged with portents and marvels. And this is less strange than it may at first appear. For, after the visions of transcendental perfection which the great Revolution unfolded, after its horrors, which make even the Miltonian imagination of hell comparatively, in some respects, but a faint and feeble conception;* after the comet-like career of Napoleon, full of a lurid glory, astonishment, and dread; after the wonderful achievements, exceeding all previous anticipation, and the wonderful reverses, withering those achievements into dust, which the French nation, even its living generation, has experienced; it is no matter of surprise that the ordinary realities of life, however artistically combined, however sweet, refreshing, touching, or passionate, should cease to move. To be roused into admiration, the French people must be astonished, and in literature, the vulgar mind can only be thus affected by enormous exaggerations. Add to this, that the irreligion of Frenchmen begets a proneness to mysticism, and we shall understand how it comes to pass that that species of fiction which belongs to the world of shadows and abstractions, which to us is the most distasteful, which we reluctantly admire, even when glowing with the genius of a Goethe or a Byron, and which never obtains favour with our reading populace, should form the daily mental aliment, the staple commodity of the literary market supplied by the small fry of the press to our French neighbours.

It may be as well to add, that the taste for the abstruse and the supernatural in literature, which prevails in Germany, is, in many respects, distinguished from the same propensity in the French school on which we have been commenting. In Germany, this taste may be traced to the fact, that in that country society has neither

* What a grand diabolic glory would Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, with other chiefs of the Reign of Terror, have in a picture of Pandemonium! and how mightily would the previous real existence of such beings have assisted the imagination of our great poet in conceiving fit inhabitants for hell!

movement enough, nor prospective hope in precinct enough, either to provoke effort or to inspire interest. Its authors are thrown, therefore, back upon the far-away past, or forward on the distant future. The *near* of both looks too like the present to affect them. This present appears to be but an unchanging picture of the past, stripped of the illusions which distance imparts, and the future, as far as it can be soberly anticipated, but an iron continuance of the present. There is, indeed, a surprising immovability in the history of that nation. Though continually the theatre of war, it has never known revolution; and the middle ages, in all their grand outlines, at least, may be said still to survive within its territory. At the same time, all objects, practical and political, are proscribed topics to German writers, to intermeddle with which would not only be contrary to the genius of the paternal despotism under which they live, but almost an act of treason against the happy quietude of their country. The stillness and passiveness of the social state in which they vegetate consists, nevertheless, with a wonderful activity of intellect; and this contrast, in the same people, of the most prolific and enthusiastic mental energies with a civil supineness nearly absolute—a phenomenon which the world has never before witnessed—shows strikingly that both the poetic and philosophic aspect and character

of life in Germany lies deep beneath its surface. It thus happens that men of letters in that land become, from the very nature of their position, immersed in moods of metaphysical and fantastic abstraction. Thought and fancy in them have no reference or application to material or practical realities, simply because, not deriving their inspiration from the actual world, they feel, as a consequence, that they can exert no influence upon it.

It may be thought, perhaps, that the volume which has provoked the foregoing observations hardly merits the attention we have bestowed upon it. We think, however, differently. The most unexceptionable examples of a national feeling in literature are not to be found in authors and books of great celebrity and merit, but rather in the common productions of a popular mediocrity. Inferior works, at least, can alone show the *extent* to which any depravity of intellect among a people is carried. Works of genius may often be regarded as deviations from the prevailing taste. But novels, romances, tales, and light fictions, designed merely to amuse, form a criterion to judge by in this matter which can lead to no mistake; and it is therefore that we have devoted so much space to the insane rhapsodies of M. Janin, which, considered under any other point of view than the one we have adopted, would be utterly beneath contempt.

A SKETCH OF THE CANADAS.

We now propose to give, from the works of Montgomery Martin, and McGregor, and from other sources, a brief sketch of those great provinces, or rather empires, which England, after having conquered by her arms, and attempted to conquer by her civilisation, must now conquer still more thoroughly by her laws, by her habits, and, above all, by the language and religion of England.

The surface of Lower Canada is about a quarter of a million of square miles, or a hundred and sixty millions of acres. But from this we must exclude a surface of three thousand two hundred square miles, covered by the lakes and rivers of the province, and fifty-two thousand covered by the St Lawrence and part of the Gulf.

Commencing our view of the pro-

vince with the sea-coast, the first land which is seen is mountainous, and covered with forests to the very banks of the river. On the north side, the mountains run up as far as Quebec; on the left, the range, at sixty miles distance from Quebec, runs to the south, and enters the United States, where they form the Alleghanies, the well-known mountains which, rising from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, divide the Atlantic coast from the valley of the Ohio. The country between those two ranges of mountains is now the seat of war. The whole portion of the banks of the St Lawrence, from the coast to the boundary of Upper Canada, is divided into three portions, the first part swampy, wild, and but thinly inhabited, the second more fertile and

better peopled, with a picturesque landscape, and many fine rivers; the third and most important portion lies between the St Maurice river and the Ottawa, where the provinces join. The country from five to fifteen miles from the river is slightly elevated into table ridges. The St Lawrence in this portion contains the three islands of Montreal, Jesus, and Perrot. Montreal is a fine island, thirty-two miles long by five broad; the isle Jesus is twenty-one miles long by six broad, is level and fertile. Isle Perrot, lying near Montreal, is seven miles long by three broad, level, but sandy. The southern side of the St Lawrence forms a vast province, in some parts ninety miles wide, and with the sea-coast extending three hundred and fifty miles. This territory is but little peopled and little known. It is, however, ascertained to be deeply wooded, and capable of singular fertility.

The third section of Lower Canada on this side is a fine district, having in its front the St Lawrence, and having in its rear the high lands of Connecticut, and the boundary which divides Lower Canada from the United States. A portion of the country along the banks is remarkably bold, as at Quebec and Point Levi. But higher up the river the shore sinks into the plain. On the advance towards Montreal the southern side exhibits new figures of beauty, and its pastoral loveliness emulates the finest scenes of England, with the still superior effect to be derived from a back ground of noble mountains.

But the great canal, artery, and life-giver of the country is the St Lawrence itself, a river which throws all our European conceptions into the background, nearly equalling in point of length, and surpassing in point of magnificence and picturesque beauty, perhaps every other river in the world, with an entrance extending from Nova Scotia to Labrador, 106 leagues, running a course of nearly *three thousand miles*, varying from one to ninety miles broad, 2000 of those miles navigable by large ships, and the rest by vessels up to sixty tons burden.

But it has the still more characteristic features of forming a succession of the largest and most important lakes in the world, a chain of fresh water seas passing through the north and west of the mighty region, which, unless the evil fates of England pre-

dominate, will yet form the noblest appanage of the British empire. This noble river frequently changes its name. From the sea to Montreal it is called the St Lawrence; thence to Kingston in Upper Canada the *Catawagui*, or *Troquois*; between lake Ontario and Erie the *Niagara*; between lakes Erie and St Clair the *Detroit*; between lakes St Clair and Huron the *St Clair*; and between lakes Huron and Superior the distance is called the *Narrows*, or falls of *St Mary*.

The scenery of this river from its mouth to Quebec is unrivalled in the whole Western Continent. From the high grounds above the river, the landscape expands in sudden bursts of the most singular beauty, a succession of deep bays, bold headlands, pastoral settlements, rocky islets, powerful rivers, some gliding through the valleys in broad and quiet channels, some rolling over precipices, some bursting through perpendicular chasms in the granite chain, as if an earthquake had but just cleft the mountain; and moving in broad and quiet grandeur through the centre of this fine view, the St Lawrence, covered with ships of war and trade, foreign commerce, and the active and animated navigation of the country.

As the voyager ascends the river he sees the land thoroughly take the shape of a lofty promontory, and the river narrow to little more than a thousand yards. Here the scene becomes more imposing. On the left, Point Levi, with its romantic church and cottages; on the right the isle of Orleans, strongly resembling the coast of Devonshire. Beyond this the mainland opens to view, and the falls of Montmorency are seen, a cataract two hundred and fifty feet high; again, beyond this, a country rising amphitheatrically, with the battlements of Quebec cresting the ridge of Cape Diamond, and looking down on a vast extent of country, the natural capital of a transatlantic empire. And in front of Quebec the grand basin formed by the St Charles river, between three and four miles long, and two broad. The population of Quebec, in 1831, was 25,916. Quebec has been pronounced impregnable, the Gibraltar of the New World, and if defended by British troops, and sufficiently provisioned, would probably be equal to resist the assault of any transatlantic army. The citadel stands

on an eminence 350 feet high, and with its strongly constructed works, extends over an area of forty acres. The approach to it from the lower town is steep, and enfiladed by heavy cannon. A redoubt of great strength commands the harbour. The works altogether are of the most massive order, and seem calculated to bid defiance to all regular attack, yet no fortress, however powerful, is proof against surprise.

The United States, always thirsting for new territory in addition to the almost boundless realm of which they have never been able to people a thousandth part, and which they will be unable to people for a thousand years to come, have accustomed themselves to look with an eye of rapine towards Canada. A want of vigilance on the part of the garrison, or want of common-sense in the Government at home, might leave it destitute in the commencement of a new war, and a rapid rush even of thirty or forty thousand of the American militia, might achieve an enterprise which European discipline might attempt in vain.

Beyond Quebec, the St Lawrence widens again, and the scenery on the right hand, the Quebec side of the river, is finely varied with groves, orchards, and corn fields, for nearly fifty miles. From this point to Montreal, nearly 100 miles, the general landscape owes little to the hand of man, yet some parts are highly cultivated, and in some portions the villages are so numerous, as apparently to form one continued mass of population. Montreal at length bursts upon the eye in the southernmost point of its island. The island is level, with the exception of one fine feature, which instantly strikes the eye, and gives the whole an air of magnificence; an isolated hill on its western extremity, rising 800 feet above the level of the river, and covered with the gardens, orchards, and villas, of the opulent citizens. Montreal is French in its buildings, in its fashions, and in its finery. In all matters of display, and even of trade and population, it exceeds the acknowledged metropolis. It has increased greatly in opulence since the war. Its population in 1825, was 22,000. Since then it has increased upwards of fifty per cent, and is now at least 35,000.

One of the most striking natural

features of this fine country is the Cataract of the Montmorency. The river, about the breadth of the Thames at Windsor, rushes over a marble ridge, a hundred feet higher than the great Niagara fall. A slight declination of the bed of the river before it reaches the precipice, gives a great velocity to the stream, which plunges from that vast height in an extended sheet of foam. A perpetual spray rises from the bottom, displaying all the variety of the prismatic colours, and, when the sun shines strongly, completing the various beauties of this most picturesque of waterfalls. One of the most singular rivers of the Continent, and tributary to the St Lawrence, is the Saguenay. Its course is interrupted by rocks, through which it foams with irresistible violence. The depth at its mouth has never yet been ascertained; it is probably the deepest of rivers. It has been tried in vain with 330 fathoms of line. Two miles higher, the soundings have been 140 fathoms. The height of the banks is as extraordinary as the depth of the stream, rising from 200 to 2000 feet high.

Lower Canada is a vast province, and if fully peopled, will be equal to the largest European empire, excepting Russia. No country in the world would be a finer deposit for population, or afford more adequate means for putting the whole of its surface at the disposal of its population. Extending for nearly 1000 miles along the St Lawrence, it has that vast river for its central communication for bringing down the wealth of Upper Canada and the American Continent, and by its sea-coast opening to the ocean and the commerce of Europe. The only drawback upon this facility of communication is the freezing of the St Lawrence in the winter; but this, though an obstacle to a communication with Europe, would probably impede but little the internal communication of an active, commercial, and fully peopled country. In Russia, winter is the chief period of intercourse between the remote provinces. Lower Canada abounds with rivers in magnitude and number altogether unequalled by the general irrigation of Europe. Those rivers which in summer are canals, in winter would be high-roads, and unless popular convulsion should destroy the prosperity of this great settlement, the

next quarter of a century would probably see the colonists achieving every thing that can be accomplished by vivid and vigorous enterprise. The extent of solid soil, even within the boundaries of the province, is immense, upwards of 200,000 square miles, about three times and a half the size of Great Britain; but to the north extends a territory which may literally be called boundless, a region wild and wintry, but capable of supporting life, and offering to the energies of Englishmen a noble space for that industry and intelligence which are made to master the difficulties of Nature.

Upper Canada, which is more completely in the hands of British settlers, is also a province of great promise, nearly twice the size of Great Britain; in its inhabited parts along the river chiefly level, finely undulated, and towards the North rising into ranges of mountains. Beyond its northern boundary, this country, too, is unlimited, or limited only by the Polar Ocean. Upper Canada, though receiving perpetual accessions from England, is still but beginning to be peopled. Vast districts are still a wilderness, yet the soil is singularly fertile, the climate comparatively mild. Villages are rapidly planting where but a few years since was forest; schools, mills, and churches, a sure sign of civilisation, are erecting; villages are growing into towns; the Colonists are branching out in all directions; and the foundation is already laid of permanent empire.

But the most extraordinary feature of Upper Canada is the chain of lakes. In this it differs altogether from any European country. It is scarcely going too far to assert, that the lakes exhibit a peculiar provision of nature, for the double purpose of tempering the severity of the climate, and of securing general communication. The great unbroken mass of North America, scarcely penetrated in any part by the ocean, would be almost, wholly destitute of inland navigation except for those great lakes. Of course, we speak of inland navigation on a large scale, as the smaller rivers amply supply the communication between the several districts of each province; but the great lakes supply this communication to a vast and unexampled extent.

Following the course of the St Lawrence

upwards, we first come to Lake Ontario, a magnificent sheet of water, nearly five hundred miles in circumference. The shores of this noble lake exhibit great diversity; on the north, bold, on the American shore, low, on the Canada side, well wooded, with thriving settlements, and with the picturesque town of Toronto overhanging the waters. Still ascending the stream, where it changes its name to the Niagara, we meet the famous cataract, too famous for any description here, or for any other mention than as the great outlet of the upper lakes, discharging at the rate of a hundred and two million tons of water in the hour. Still ascending, we come to Lake Erie, about six hundred and fifty-eight miles in circumference. The southern shore of the lake, which belongs to the United States, is low; the northern shore, which belongs to Canada, is generally abrupt and bold; but the Erie is still more remarkable as forming the head of the most extensive navigation in the world, and enabling vessels to visit the Atlantic, north and south. The great American Erie Canal connects the waters of the lake with those of the Hudson; this is an achievement of which human industry may be proud. It is three hundred and sixty-three miles long, and occupied eight years in making, at a cost, including the Champlain Canal, of eleven millions of dollars. Its annual tolls are now upwards of a million of dollars. Another great canal, the Aswego, connects the Erie canal with Lake Ontario. Other canals, more obscure, yet scarcely less important, connect the principal lakes and rivers, and, within a short period, it is expected that the steam-boats from New Orleans will reach the lake. On the British side, the efforts are scarcely less vigorous. The ships from Quebec will soon pass into Erie through Ontario; thence the Ohio and Pennsylvania canals will open a communication through the Ohio river to the Mississippi, and even the Gulf of Mexico will be reached by the way of the upper lakes. In fact, the whole country lies open, a great theatre for all the triumphs of inland navigation; and it is remarked, that as in the Alps, a person without changing place, may drink of water which flows into the Mediterranean, the Rhine, and the German Ocean; so the point will proba-

bly yet be fixed in this region, from which the individual may find his way, either by canal or by river, to the Atlantic, to the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific, or to Hudson's Bay.

Still ascending the St Lawrence, which now takes the name of the Detroit River, we reach Lake St Clair, the smallest of the lakes, oval, and rather less than a hundred miles in circumference. Passing the lake, we again reach the St Lawrence, under the name of the St Clair, and enter the Lake Huron; its shape irregular, its length two hundred and fifty miles long, by a hundred and ninety miles broad, and covering an area of five million acres. Still passing upwards from the head of the Huron, where the river takes the name of the St Mary's Strait, the great rapids are entered, a low cataract, three-quarters of a mile long, by half a mile broad, where the water rushes down with prodigious velocity from slope to slope, till it enters the Huron. We then approach the greatest of all the lakes, Lake Superior, an irregular oblong of about 1255 miles in circumference, and with an average depth of 1000 feet, its waters extremely cold, and singularly pure, but exposed to storms, and rising into waves that rival those of the ocean. This may be fairly called a fresh water Mediterranean, its Canadian coast being estimated at 1200 miles long. One remarkable peculiarity in the chief lakes is their extreme depth, and the probable object in this seems to be, that at no future period those lakes should cease to exist. It is the opinion of the engineers who have examined the face of the country, that there is a gradual diminution of the waters of all the lakes, from the widening of their outlets into the St Lawrence, and from the St Lawrence into the ocean. As the lakes are on a succession of plateaus constantly ascending, until the surface of the Lake Superior is 617 feet above the surface of the Atlantic, the consequence if they were shallow would be, that they would be all drained into the ocean in process of time. But this is guarded against in the instance of Lake Superior, by its bed being certainly more than 500 feet below the level of the Atlantic, and it is remarkable, that the lakes, as they descend in succession, are not merely successively of smaller dimensions, but of inferior depth, the extreme depth becoming less

necessary as the plateaus descend nearer to the ocean.

We shall now give a general sketch of the history of this great country. The name of Canada itself has been long a matter of dispute among the etymologists. It has been supposed to have arisen from an exclamation of some of the early Portuguese navigators, who, observing the desolation of the country, either cried out or wrote on their maps, *Aca-Nada*—*aca-Nada*. It has also been supposed to have taken its name from the Spanish, Canada, a canal, from the shape of the country, forming the blank banks of the St Lawrence, but the more received explanation is the Indian one, *Canata*, a collection of huts.

The splendid discoveries of the Spaniards in equinoctial America had turned the attention of the European sovereigns to the west. England, though scarcely recovered from the wars of the Roses, followed the general track, but the grand object of discovery in that age was less the New World than the Old, less the fertility and beauty of the Western Continent, than the opulence of India. The voyage of Columbus himself was to find a way across the ocean to India. When it was ascertained that the New World lay in the path, the object was to discover a north-west passage. Henry VII. in 1497, sent out John Cabot, the Italian, with six ships to the north. Newfoundland was the first discovery, whence they reached the Gulf of St Lawrence, but returned to England, having formed no settlement. Some abortive attempts were subsequently made by English merchants to colonize, but the first actual fixture on the soil was made by France.

Francis I. of France sent out Giovanni Varazano, a Florentine, with an expedition, which discovered Florida, and thence sailing back to the 50° of latitude, took formal possession of the country, and called it *La Nouvelle France*. The battle of Pavia in 1525, and the capture of Francis, paralyzed French discovery, but the cod fishery at Newfoundland, which so early as 1517 had ships engaged in it from the chief naval powers of Europe, naturally fixed the European eye on the Canadian shore. Jacques Cartier, a fisherman of St Maloes, after traversing the Gulf of St Lawrence, returned in 1545 with a Royal commis-

sion, three large vessels, and a number of volunteers. He sailed up the St Lawrence, so called, from its being discovered on that Saint's day, the 10th of August, anchored off Quebec, then called Stada Cona. He then went up the river in his pinnace and boats, until, on the 3d of October, he reached the island, which, from its hill, he called Mont Royal, now Montreal. In 1540, the French sent out an expedition with the Signor de Robeval, commissioned by Francis as Viceroy in Canada. The French are bad colonists, and the chief result of their settlement on the coast was to teach the use of fire-arms to the Indians in the north,—a fatal present, which resulted in the almost total extinction of those unfortunate barbarians. Quebec was founded in 1608. In fourteen years after, its population had not amounted to fifty souls.

France has been alternately the support and the scourge of Rome. At this period she was governed by Richelieu. He formed a company of clergy and laity, called the Company, composed of a hundred partners. The leading object was the conversion of the Indians to Popery; the second the fur trade, and the old dream of a passage to China. This was the most liberal of all donatives, if the King had known what he was giving away; for it conveyed the soil of Canada, with the monopoly of its trade, to the Company, on the simple acknowledgment of fealty to the sovereign, and the presentation of a crown of gold at each new accession to the throne. Under the new system, the principles of Popery were exhibited to their usual extent, in the perpetual exclusion of *Protestants* and other heretics, and all Jews from the colony. By the peace of 1632 between England and France, a peace which as strongly marked British ignorance as French inactivity, the great provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, were ceded to France. In 1663, from the feebleness and misgovernment of the Company, the French King, by the advice of Colbert, erected the Canadas into a Royal Government, encouraged his disbanded soldiers to make settlements, and gave estates to their officers, with land under the feudal tenure to the soldiers, a form of property which still subsists. The cruelties perpetrated on the Indians, produced desperate retali-

ation; and to prevent surprises, the government ordered that the settlements should be concentrated; no lands being allowed to be cultivated, but such as were near each other. This accounts for the peculiar military style of the French Canadian townships, and is one of the causes why the south-west frontier has been nearly deserted, and as such constantly exposed to the encroachments of that most encroaching of all powers, the United States. In 1682, the Mississippi was descended to the sea by the French, who took nominal possession of all the countries watered by that great river, and in honour of Louis XIV., called it Louisiana. For half a century the jealousies of the French and English colonists produced frequent hostilities, hostilities as obscure as they were criminal, and as worthless as they were either. But it is remarkable, as an instance of the important consequences which may arise from slight events, that those attacks on the British produced the Convention at Albany, in July, 1754, when Franklin proposed a plan for the union of the States, and the levy of men and money to resist the French. This plan was finally the basis of the Federal Union. The Seven Years' War fixed the attention of Europe once more upon Canada. In 1756, the Marquis de Montcalm, a major-general in the service, and an officer of high character, was sent out with large reinforcements. He fell on the British forts, feebly garrisoned, and unprepared to resist so powerful a force. The troops and colonists were defeated, and they returned with nearly 2000 prisoners. The French can be remarkably courteous on occasion, yet no soldiery have ever exhibited more startling instances of a sudden change from courtesy to massacre. Whether Montcalm felt himself embarrassed by the number of his prisoners, or was determined to strike terror by bloody execution, he suffered his Indian allies to fall upon those brave men, unarmed as they were, and on the faith of capitulation. The whole 2000 were murdered in cold blood. Perhaps no act of national barbarity was ever unvisited by judicial vengeance. This act cost Montcalm his life; his army, the loss of their honour, and France the loss of the Canadas for ever.

Its first fruits were to direct the eye

of British Council to Canada, to rouse the national indignation to second the Government, and to enable the great Lord Chatham, then Prime Minister, to achieve the conquest of the whole of the French Colonies in North America.

In 1759, Canada was invaded in three quarters. Eight thousand men, destined for the attack on Quebec, were put under the command of the memorable Wolfe. Montcalm had about thirteen thousand men, including militia and Indians. The first attack of the British on his intrenchments at Montmorency failed, with the loss of upwards of six hundred men killed and wounded. The second daring attempt was to throw the army on the heights of Abraham above the city. The soldiers had to climb up the precipice by the shrubs and roots of trees growing amongst the rocks, and on the morning of the 13th of December, 1759, the French General was astonished by seeing the British line drawn up within sight of Quebec. Montcalm instantly advanced to the attack; he has been charged with rashness in encountering this hazard, but he was a brave soldier with a high reputation at stake, and it may be fairly questioned, if suffering himself to be enclosed within his own walls, and insulted by an inferior force, would not have tarnished his character with the suspicious and haughty Court of Versailles. He marched out instantly, without waiting for a corps of two thousand men which he had detached on observation. It is remarkable to us, who have lived in an age where artillery formed the great arm of war, that this battle was fought almost wholly without artillery, the French having but two guns, and the English but one of small calibre, which the sailors had dragged up the precipice with ropes. But the British weapon is the bayonet, and with that in their hands they never have been beaten on fair ground. Both generals exposed themselves gallantly, and both fell; Montcalm advancing at the head of a column; Wolfe advancing at the head of his grenadiers, receiving three successive wounds in the wrist, in the groin, and the mortal one in his breast. As he lay on the ground, he heard the cry, "they run, they run." "Who run?" he asked. "The French," was the answer. "Then I die contented," were his words as he expired. The

battle cost the English six hundred in killed and wounded, the French fifteen hundred. This victory was followed by the capitulation of Quebec. The Peace of 1763 extinguished all the pretensions of France to Canada and Nova Scotia.

The Government of the British Colonies and Conquests has always been gentle; every privilege consistent with public quiet has been uniformly granted, and large contributions from England, in support of the local expenditure, have habitually relieved the Colonists of the heavier taxation. But in Canada this lenity was pushed to a length which has finally resulted in alienation. The first policy of any country should be to make its conquests a part of itself, to put an end to all recollections of their former state, and to make them feel that they are to be separated no more; this effect is to be produced only by a connexion in language, religion, and constitution. The British Government neglected the whole three, and the Canadians remain, French, Papists, and feudalists, to this hour. By these means they have always continued a separate people, still regarding themselves as connected with the country of the original settlers, imbibing French politics from the cradle, and retaining the hereditary antipathy to England. Violence, of course, is bad policy. But it ought to have been the part of the British Government, at the period of their conquest, to have insisted on making British law, language, and religion, paramount in the country; and all this would have been accomplished within a generation by the simple adoption of our language in all public proceedings, encouraging its use among the rising population, planting Protestant churches in the principal districts, and enuring the people to the safe, clear, and powerful operation of British law.

The British conquest was of infinite importance to the Canadas. As in every country where Britain has obtained the unquestioned supremacy, commerce, cultivation, justice, and security followed. The Canadas, while under the French Government, had been proverbial for misfortune. Nothing prospered with them. France, harshly, haughtily, and ignorantly governed at home, was always the worst mother of colonies. Spain, though equally harsh, haughty, and ignorant,

in some degree corrected those vices by her indolence. "She left her colonies to a sleepy "Council of the Indies," who left the colonies to themselves, and requiring to know little of their condition further than they paid their annual tribute from their mines, suffered them to escape that most vexations of all public sufferings, the vexation of perpetual experiments. But, with France, all was pernicious activity. Every new reign produced a new Minister, who had a panacea for every State disease, who began by changing all that had been done before him, threw every thing into confusion, and left the confusion to be still more confused by his successor. One instance is equivalent to a volume. At the moment when common policy would have dictated to France the absolute necessity of supporting the credit of the colony, when the British troops were actually on their way to attack the Canadas, the provinces were left at the mercy of a Royal Intendant, named Bigot, who notoriously plundered them to the most astonishing amount; a plunder which the Court of Versailles, as if double insanity ruled the hour, actually retaliated by dishonouring the Intendant's bills, thus ruining the holders of the bills to the sum of half a million sterling, and also destroying the paper currency to the amount of four millions sterling, of which four per cent alone was ever recovered.

In 1775, a new era commenced. The American war broke out, in which the Canadas were suddenly involved. At the close of its first year, Montgomery, with a large body of the insurgents, invaded Lower Canada. The small towns, wholly unprotected and unprovided with means of defence, speedily fell into his hands, and Montreal was captured, with the chief stores and provisions of the province. A second division moved against Quebec, under Arnold. On the 8th of November he had reached Point Levi, opposite the town. If he had been enabled to cross the river in the first surprise, he must have overpowered the few troops there, and been master of Canada! But the British had, in the person of General Carleton the governor, one of those true military geniuses who are made to strike brilliant strokes in war. Carleton, while struggling with the American forces near Montreal, was informed of the extreme peril of Que-

bec. He knew that it was defenceless, and that the probability was that it would fall before his arrival. But he adopted the bold decision to save it if possible. He followed up the decision with masterly skill; deceived Montgomery by a movement to the rear; evaded Arnold's army, which had now passed the river; and, to the utter astonishment of the enemy and the joy of Quebec, entered the city without the loss of a man.

This exploit, and its consequences, deserve to be dwelt on as among the instances where gallantry compensates for want of force, and where the mightiest interests often turn upon the talent of the individual. With all Carleton's exertions, the state of the city seemed all but hopeless. He had but 350 regular troops, which, with 450 seamen, and volunteers from the people, made up but 1800 men. Arnold and Montgomery then joined their forces, and as capture by surprise was hopeless, commenced the siege. But the means of besieging were few among the native armies, and the siege was soon turned into a blockade. An American blockade in the month of December was too trying to the human frame to be patiently borne by men exposed to the terrible severity of the winter, and Montgomery, a daring soldier, determined to put an end to the enterprise at once, by either defeat or victory. On the morning of the 31st of December he advanced in silence, at the head of a column, to attempt the citadel by assault. Darkness and a heavy snow-storm concealed his approach. He reached the passage leading to the gate of the fortress unobserved. But there he was challenged by a sentinel, the alarm was instantly spread through the garrison. They crowded to the scene of conflict, and a tremendous fire was opened from the heavy guns, which completely commanded the passage, where the Americans stood thick and crowding, without being able either to advance or retreat. The groans and cries of those unfortunate men told how heavily they suffered. At length the groans sunk, the cannon and musketry ceased to fire, and the garrison waited under arms for the dawn to show them with what enemy they had been contending in the darkness of this dreadful night, and what other enemy they had still to encounter. At the tardy day-break of the

Canadian Christmas, they could see nothing but an expanse of snow; the storm had continued to fall during the night, and the dead were covered by this one vast winding sheet. On removing the snow, the fallen Americans were found, and among them Montgomery, who had died sword in hand. This failure finished the siege. The Americans withdrew to some distance, kept up the semblance of a blockade, and finally, in May, withdrew.

The Americans for two years made repeated attacks on Canada; they almost universally returned with disgrace. A frontier of 1300 miles long could not be protected by the handful of British troops in the Canadas, amounting to scarcely 4000 men, nor by the Canadian militia, scattered among the little towns of a wilderness, extending as far as from Paris to Moscow, and as unpeopled as a Russian desert. The Americans, of course, took some of the defenceless towns, but all their invasions finally concluded in defeat, and in a glad escape across the St Lawrence. It was the misfortune of the Canadas that at this period they were put into the hands of General Sir George Prevost, an officer who seemed to think that no battle should be fought where there was a chance of opposition, and that to carry his troops safe off the field was the chief business of a general. Sir George Prevost's last display, where, at the head of eleven thousand men,—troops trained under Wellington, and accustomed to see the veterans of France fly before them,—he retreated from the front of an American post, garrisoned by but fifteen hundred regulars, settled the public opinion upon the subject. Sir George was shortly after ordered to return home, but before the affairs of his governorship could be brought before the public he died. The naval war in its commencement was unlucky on the part of England. By the most singular oversight no preparation was made by the British naval authorities to blockade the American harbours on the breaking out of hostilities. In consequence, their cruisers escaped to make havoc amongst the British merchantmen. Several of the British frigates were taken, but the wonder was at an end when the inequality of force was known, the Americans habitually rating their vessels below the truth. Thus, the nominal thirty gun frigate

generally carried ten or a dozen guns above the number, while the forty-eight gun frigate, in size, strength, and guns, was little less than a British sixty-four. But when this most disingenuous contrivance was discovered, the natural remedy was applied. Heavier frigates were sent from the British ports, the American cruisers were chased into their harbours, and the action of the Shannon and Chesapeake, in which the former captured her antagonist in eleven minutes, and captured her by boarding, settled the question of the true superiority.

In touching on this great subject, some slight notice of the soil and climate may naturally be expected. So far as it is ascertained, the geological structure of Upper Canada exhibits a granite country, accompanied with calcareous rocks of a soft texture, and in horizontal strata. That the whole country has been subjected to violent physical convulsions, is evident from the singular contortions of the rivers, and the immense chasms found in the mountains, from the indications of volcanic eruptions, and the vast masses of rocks on the surface having the appearance of vitrification. Earthquakes are rare, but have been terrible. An earthquake, in 1663, convulsed Quebec and the surrounding country to an extent of 600 miles by 300. Thus an extent of 180,000 square miles, or about three times the size of Great Britain, was heaved up at once; such are the measureless powers of nature. The quantity of good soil in Canada is proportionate to that of any other country of the globe, and it is remarkable, that the best lands are those on which the hardest pieces of timber are found, such as the oak and maple, &c. The soil in some places is singularly fertile. Fifty bushels of wheat an acre are a frequent produce. In some instances even a hundred bushels have been produced. The country to the west of Lake Superior, which has been called the *fag end* of the world, has been yet nearly untried. It is supposed to be dreary and wild, an alternation of swamp and sand, the winter excessive; strong whisky is frozen to the consistence of honey. But the summers, like those of all northern regions, are often intensely hot. When man is once settled there, the wilderness itself will undergo a change, the swamps will be drained, the sands covered with corn. With these changes

the climate itself will be changed. With iron, coals, and man, all things may be accomplished in any country of the globe. The soil of Upper Canada is chiefly composed of brown clay and loam, intermixed with marl; iron, copper, and coal, are to be found, with all the other common minerals of Europe. It is conceived that the entire of Upper Canada has, subsequently to the deluge, been one great lake, in which the mountains were islands. The waters of the lakes themselves have been evidently subsiding within human memory, and though there seems to be a provision, as has been already remarked, for their perpetual existence, yet there seems to be also a provision for the future increase of the population, in the increase of the dry land. The climate of the Canadas, of course, varies as the country ranges from the south to the north. As a whole, it is cold, but the sky is clear, the sun bright even in winter, and the air healthy. In the north of Lower Canada, snow begins in November, but seldom continues long on the ground till December, when the actual winter begins, and the snow, several feet deep, remains on the ground nearly till May. The degree of frost during this period is startling to our European ears. Its usual range for the four months from December, is from 25 to 32 *below zero*, or 64 below the freezing point. Twenty is the average. In 1790, Mercury froze at Quebec. The lime-stone rocks are often split by the frost. During the peculiarly cold nights, the forests groan and crack with the expansion of their vessels, as if they were cutting down by innumerable axes. But on a change of wind to the southward, the weather is overcast, the atmosphere becomes damp, fog and snow follow, and the thermometer rises. Yet such is the elasticity of man, that this season, which would seem to put an end to all human occupation, and even to be fatal to human life, is the grand holiday of Canada. Every man prepares his sleigh or cariole; all business is at an end, and amusement, or rather amusements of every kind, become the great business of life. Friends who have not seen each other for the half-year before, now renew their intercourse. Balls and dinners follow in rapid succession. Pic-nic parties are given in all directions. The snow-storm may block them up,

but it renews the face of the country with a fresh covering, and those sons and daughters of gaiety fly at full speed over an unobstructed landscape, with a delight actually enhanced by the severity of the season. But travelling over the rivers and lakes is sometimes hazardous. Even in the severest frost, there are weak places to be occasionally found in the ice, which the moment they are touched by the sleigh give way, and carry down the horse, the vehicle, and all that it contains. In general, however, those weak places are of small size, and if a moment is allowed, the driver jumps on the strong ice, seizes the rope, which, in contemplation of such accidents, is round every horse's neck, and drags him from the water. It is a curious fact, that the established way of escape on those occasions, is to begin by strangling the horse. As soon as the noose is drawn tight and his windpipe thus stopped, the horse becomes motionless, floats on his side, and is easily dragged to the solid ice, where, on the noose being opened, respiration soon returns, and the horse in a few minutes is galloping away as spiritedly as ever, while if he had been suffered to struggle, he would only have exhausted himself and finally sunk. This accident and this recovery has been known to occur so much as three times a day to the same horse. But travelling on the frozen lakes is more dangerous still, from vast rifts which run from side to side, from one to six feet broad. The drivers, when they see no other mode of passing, sometimes make the desperate attempt to bring up the horse at full gallop, and leap across, sleigh and all. A slip here is all but inevitable ruin. A still more formidable danger, however, arises from the snow-storm. A snow-fall is often accompanied by a furious gale of wind, which, while the air is filled with the snow, covers all tracks, obliterates all land-marks, and leaves the traveller helpless and bewildered in the midst of a new formed desert.

About once in ten years the St Lawrence is completely frozen across at Quebec. This is an event of peculiar rejoicing. Booths are erected, a fair is held, sleigh races are established, and the country people bring their frozen provisions across the *pont* or ice bridge, as it is termed, in great abundance.

Provisions in the Canadas are easily preserved by the help of the frost. At the first setting in of winter, the farmer houses all his cattle, sheep, and poultry, and kills all those that are for use during the ensuing six months. They are exposed to the frost for a short time, and then packed in casks with snow to preserve them from the air. When required for use, they are thawed with cold water; salt is entirely dispensed with. During April, the coming of the summer begins to be felt, and by the first week in May the snow has all disappeared in the country round Quebec. At Montreal, the disappearance is nearly three weeks earlier. From Quebec downwards, the St Lawrence is not frozen over, but is choked with vast fragments of ice. The summer begins about the middle of May, ushered in by moderate rains; but in June, July, and August the heat suddenly increases, and at intervals becomes oppressive, the thermometer ranging from 80 to 95 in the shade; the average heat is 75. But the clearing of the country since 1818, partial as it has been, is said to have already produced a visible change in the climate in shortening the winters. On the whole, the climate is favourable to life. The air is so dry that metals rust but slightly, even on board the vessels in the lakes. Thus iron bolts are used in ship-building instead of copper. As the country becomes more populous the climate becomes milder. With the draining of the swamps, the agues naturally disappear. The peasantry are generally active, robust, and healthy; their cheeks exhibit the rose, which is so seldom to be seen out of England, and their whole appearance forms a striking contrast to the sickly physiognomy of the man of the States.

The population of Lower Canada, by the census of 1831, was for the Quebec district, 151,985; for the Montreal district, 290,050; for the Three Rivers district, 56,570. The population of Upper Canada in 1833 was 296,544, having made an increase of nearly 150,000 in ten years, an increase which is now rapidly progressive by annual emigrations from England and Ireland.

The tenures of land in Lower Canada form an important feature in the general description of the country. The first French settlers brought with

them the habits of the feudal law. When the King adopted the settlement, he, as the feudal lord, granted to nobles, respectable families, and officers of his army, large tracts of land, as seignories to be held immediately from the King as fiefs, on condition of the seignors rendering homage on accession to their property. On the decease of the seignor, his eldest son takes the chateau, and if there are more than two sons, half the lands. Where there are but two, the eldest takes the chateau with two thirds of the land. He has a portion, also, of all the fisheries on the estate, receives fines on all transfers of property, is empowered to fell timber, and in return, is generally bound to open roads for the people through his estate, and to provide mills for grinding the corn. Custom is every thing, and the *habitans*, as the French Canadians call themselves, are so much attached to this species of patriarchal dependence, that they have seldom availed themselves of the free soccage tenure, which leaves the farmer unshackled by any conditions whatever, but those of obedience to the King, and allegiance to the laws. The soccage tenure was introduced by the British conquest in 1759, from which period the British grants in Canada have amounted to seven millions of acres, while the old feudal grants amounted to the vast number of nearly eleven millions. By the Militia Act of Lower Canada, every man from 18 to 60 is liable to serve in the militia, with the usual exceptions of the clergy, physicians, schoolmasters, &c. The officers are appointed by Government. In 1827, the return of the militia was 93,000 in Lower Canada. The regular troops in both the Canadas at the commencement of the late revolt were unfortunately less than 4000 men. The return of the enrolled militia in Upper Canada was sixty regiments, amounting to about 50,000 men. The taxes are singularly light in the Canadas.

The whole revenue raised in both, is about L.300,000 a-year, and as the population already amount to 900,000, the taxation is less than seven and sixpence a-head. The Englishman may fairly wish that he could exchange burdens with a people, who yet are pictured by their demagogues as groaning under all kinds of grievances. In addition to this, the British Government pays directly more than

L.200,000 a-year for troops and public works in Canada. Again, in addition to this, she taxes herself to the amount of a million and a-half a-year, in the purchase of Canadian timber, in preference to the cheaper and better material from the Baltic, for the express purpose of sustaining the commerce of the Canadian population. Yet all these boons go for nothing with faction. The insolence of the demagogues, excited by the indolence of the most contemptible, unlucky, and un-English Cabinet that the country has ever seen, urges the colonies into the mad attempt to separate from the mother country. The attempt has to all appearance failed, but it will be renewed, and nothing but the restoration of a vigorous government, that disdains alike to be bearded by treason and to desert loyalty, will secure the prosperity of our transatlantic empire.

The religious establishment of Canada gives a painful evidence of the national neglect of an interest, in its own nature the highest of all, and on which, even in a political point of view, the allegiance of the colonies will finally depend. The population of Lower Canada consists, by the last returns, of about 600,000 souls. Of these about 160,000 are English and Protestants, a number increasing every hour, while that of the French Canadians makes no progress by emigration from Europe. Will it be believed that the Church of England has left all this growing population to the care, or rather to the negligence of a Bishop of Quebec, a lately appointed Bishop of Montreal, and forty clergymen, the number of churches being little more than thirty! In Upper Canada, where the population is almost wholly English and Protestant, the established clergy are also little more than forty, with two Archdeacons of Toronto and Kingston. But there are scattered through the provinces ministers of the Presbyterian Church, with various sectarian preachers. The incomes of the Established clergy are miserable, scarcely exceeding from L.50 to L.130 each. The two archdeacons have L.300 each, about the earnings of a thriving carpenter. The Romish Establishment stands in striking contrast, whether as to number or revenue. The Romish Bishop of Lower Canada has two coadjutor-bishops under him, four vicars-general,

and about *two hundred* rectors and vicars. The Romish clergy receive the twenty-sixth part of all the grain raised by the Roman Catholics. Their incomes average L.300 a-year, which, when we are to remember that they have no families to maintain, no widows to provide for, and no children to educate, places them at full six times the income of the Protestant clergyman. The bishop's income arises from some lands, and from L.1000 a-year actually paid by the English Government; in fact, a direct premium upon what that Government pronounces and believes to be a corrupt and unscriptural religion. In Upper Canada the same extraordinary principle is pursued. The Romish priesthood are salaried to the amount of L.50 each; and their bishop at Toronto receives a pension of L.500 a-year! We can scarcely wonder that Protestantism, thus neglected, should suffer, or that the Government which, for political objects, thus short-sightedly and criminally lends its aid to the support of what in all its most solemn acts it declares to be a superstition, should see its vigour thrown away, its best intentions repelled, and all its efforts to sustain the rights and interests of England in those vast regions met by ill-success, discontent, and rebellion. We would not hurt a hair of the head of any man for his religion, but it is the first duty of an enlightened government, as of an honest one, to scorn the false aid that may be given to policy by the compromise of truth. Let the Romish priesthood receive the tithes, and the dues which their congregations are in the habit of paying to them. But a British Protestant Government *cannot* contribute to the religion of Rome without a great national crime.

The constitution of the colonies, at all times a matter of high consideration, becomes now doubly so, from its forming the direct ground of charge against the British Government. The original French constitution was that of France, despotic; the Governor and his Council were the disposers of every thing. Soon after the British conquest a constitution was given, in 1774, fixing the boundaries of Canada, and appointing a Governor, with a Council of not less than seventeen, with power to frame laws, but *not* to lay on taxes. The English criminal law was introduced, providing, however, that in all controverted matters,

recourse should be had to the old French Canadian law, and securing all its privileges to the Romish religion in the province. By an improvement of this constitution in 1791, called Lord Grenville's Act, the Canadas were divided into the Upper and Lower provinces. Lower Canada was subjected to a Governor, and *Executive Council* of eleven members, appointed by the Crown, similar to the British Privy Council—a *Legislative Council*, appointed by mandamus from the Crown, forming the Second Estate, and now amounting to thirty-four—and a *Representative Assembly*, or Third Estate, consisting of members for the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and the counties. Thus, the Provincial Legislature consists of the Sovereign, acting by the Governor and Council, of the Legislative Council of thirty-four, and the House of Assembly of eighty-eight persons, elected for four years by electors possessing property to the value of forty shillings sterling, in the towns to the yearly value of L.5, or paying rent to the amount of L.10. Among the eighty electors about nine-tenths are proprietors of the soil. The Governor, in the name of the Sovereign, has the right of assembling, proroguing, and dissolving the two Houses; which must be called together at least once a-year. The Assembly is empowered to make laws for the order and peace of the provinces. He gives the royal sanction to the bills of the two Houses, or withholds it for the sanction of the Sovereign.

In Upper Canada the Government since 1791 has been also administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, Executive and Legislative Councils, and a House of Representatives. The Executive consisting of six members chosen by the Crown. The Governor of Lower Canada is Governor-general of the British colonies in North America, and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces.

Of the source of the late disturbances but little now requires to be said. The leaders have shown that their claims for additional privileges, and their complaints of British injuries, were nothing more than the common pretexts of a gang of scoundrels for rebellion. They were determined to make the experiment of a separation from England, that they might make themselves the holders of all power, raise fortunes out of the plunder of

Government and people, and establish their own gross, insolent, and criminal authority as robbers, governors, and *presidents* of the new Union. The recklessness and villany of this design encountered without hesitation the certainty of a vast effusion of civil blood; the ruin of thousands of families; and the more than probable seizure of the whole country, in the moment of its exhaustion, by that most grasping of all governments, the United States. But what was all this hideous prospect to the glory of Mr Papineau, a patriot, who has shown himself a poltroon on the first occasion; has deserted the wretched people whom he inflamed into revolt, and if not already seized by tardy justice, and hanging on the first tree as a warning to his fellow-traitors, is probably skulking in the United States. The history of agitation in Canada is the counterpart of agitation in Ireland. Every day fabricated its grievance. Conciliation was foolishly practised, until grievance-making was an established trade. Every characterless vagabond, every bankrupt, every briefless barrister out of a population overloaded with lawyers,—for in the Canadas there are no less than nearly 500,—endeavouring to live by litigation when they can, and by patriotism when they cannot, started in the trade. They obtained a factious majority in the House of Assembly. Their first grievance was the independence of the Legislative Council. This, which had been, like the House of Peers, intended as a check on the hasty misrule of the Lower House, they insisted on making *elective*; just as the Radicals insist on making the House of Peers elective, and for the same purpose of revolution. They next demanded an unconditional control over the revenues, a part of which was originally Crown property. This demand was giddily conceded, without providing for the salaries of public functionaries, the Governor, the judges, and others essential to public order. The fruit of this folly was, that, immediately after, the Government was compelled to pay those persons by a loan from the military chest, a loan which the Papineau party of course laughed at, and refused to discharge.

But the greater evil was in the increased insolence of the pretended patriots, who, finding that the more they asked, the more they got, commenced a constant system of demand, until

the Government was actually rendered a cipher, and M. Papineau was the virtual master of Lower Canada. The true difficulty, at last, was to find a plausible grievance. But falsehood was no longer required. With the inflation of conscious power, the insolence of the conspirators became boundless, and it was publicly and universally declared that the subjection of the Canadas to the mother country was altogether an intolerable burden, that the model of the Republic within sight was the one thing desirable, and that England herself was the *grievance*.

How was it that this language was endured at home? that the ruffians who used it were not brought to trial and punished, and that the equal ruffians who abetted it in England were not thrown into the hands of the Attorney-General for the same purpose? Is it possible to conceive that men calling themselves British Ministers should have endured this gross and infamous language, alike indecent to the feelings and hazardous to the rights of England? And all this merely to secure the assistance of a faction, whose offal ought to have long since fattened the dogs and kites. But this language has been heard, remains unpunished, and is repeated in great tumultuous assemblages of ruffians, who boast of bearding the Government. In the very hour when the Queen's Governors in the Canadas are offering rewards for the punishment of Papineau, Brown, and others, their partisans in this country are proclaiming them patriots. In the moment when General Brown, a fugitive and a scoundrel like the rest, issues his manifesto, distinctly stating that the object of Papineau and his tribe is to throw off the sovereignty of England, we have his partisans here talking afresh of his *grievances*, the "lawful demands" of the armed populace, and the "peaceful agitation" of the conspiracy. Nay, at the moment when the rebellion is up in arms, when the loyal troops are fired on, and the loyal subjects of the Queen are assassinated in cold blood, we have a pampered faction, in total and criminal defiance of the laws, spouting treason before the nation.

And are we not entitled also to demand, why the revolt, so fully known to have been in preparation, was so little prepared for? Why, in the immediate prospect of rebellion, the two vast provinces of the Canadas were left to a handful of troops scarcely

sufficient for the garrison of Quebec? Why, in short, the royal authority in this great colony, and with it the lives and properties of so many thousand British settlers, was left to the merest chance of instant ruin? The meeting of Parliament will give our representatives the opportunity of asking those questions. Lord Glenelg must be compelled to give a reason for a conduct which has all the appearance of the most measureless, unaccountable, and unjustifiable neglect. But whatever may be the weakness and indolence of this most inactive of all ministers, the evil and the punishment too must be followed higher. What must be the spirit of a Cabinet to which the despatches of Lord Gosford, garbled as they are, coloured by the feebleness of that noble Radical and contemptible Governor, and evidently taking but the shallowest possible view of the subject, could not stir to at least the semblance of decision? Lord John Russell's declarations and resolutions were, in effect, declaratory of nothing but the frivolity of a Cabinet perplexed by the necessity of disavowing a cause while they flattered its supporters. But why were not those grave resolutions sent to Canada in the same fleet with the troops which were to see them obeyed? Why was the legislature to be pledged to formal declarations, which were to be laughed at by the rebels, and laughed at with impunity? These are questions which, if the representatives of the nation will ask with firmness, must be answered; or if those representatives will *not* ask, will be asked of the representatives themselves. But are the Canadas saved yet? Perhaps for the moment, by the single accident of having two vigorous soldiers in the Canadas. But if Sir John Colborne and Sir Francis Head had been killed in the first outbreak, and the Government had devolved on the energies (!) of a Lord Gosford, or any one of that trifling, temporizing, and *liberalizing* school, where would the standard of rebellion be waving now? This system *must* be borne no longer. We must, at last, have a Cabinet which has some other notions of duty than court dinners, and of dignity than the receipt of wages. Let the Melbournes and Russells lament over their lost salaries as they will, we must have neither a Papineau Cabinet in the colonies, nor an O'Connell Cabinet at home.

MINISTERIAL POLICY IN THE CANADAS.

THE Reform Ministry continues to make us acquainted with strange revolutions. These arrive by every post or packet, and from various parts of the world, in different stages of conception or parturition; they now exhibit, in every variety of form, the aspect of colonial broils or colonial warfare, to the consideration of which we shall exclusively address ourselves, from the disclaimer of Imperial authority in legislation, to the stoppage of supplies, and lastly of full-blown rebellion. Whilst an assembly in Jamaica votes the interference of the Colonial office a scandalous breach of privilege, and contemptuously scouts it out of the House, that of Newfoundland lays a veto on the supplies; the people of Prince Edward's Island refuse the payment of rents, and eject landlords from their fee-simple by summary process of club law; and the agitators of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, after having, more or less, passed through these initiatory phases, have arrived at length to the *ultima ratio* of modern Liberalism; they have raised the standard of revolt, upon which, by way of motto, is inscribed the patriotic recommendation of Mr Joseph Hume to "shake off the baneful domination of the mother country."

In June, 1835, we called attention to the "Canada Question" for the first time; for the first and only time, then, that the question had been stated, and its leading features familiarized. We procured that hearing at the bar of public opinion for the Canadian malecontents which their salaried agents and traitorous accomplices in this country had as little the influence or the ability to command as the honesty to merit, and so incontrovertible was our statement of facts, derived as they were from sources of unquestionable authenticity, that to this hour they form, and have formed, a kind of textbook for reference to all who would desire a competent illustration on the merits of a subject which Mr Roebuck, in chief, pockets L.1100 a-year

for mystifying, and subordinate agents proportions somewhat less princely for helping to distort. The quarterly and monthly repositories of disaffection availed themselves of the hearing which we, and which we, perhaps, above all, could alone have obtained for their cause, but one and all they slunk from our facts, and shrouded their corruption or their treachery under unmeaning generalities. Since that period the course of Canadian affairs has been but a continuous history of Whig blundering, of sneaking duplicity, of the basest servility, repaid with kicks and insolence, and of crouching cowardice, which has invited resistance and hatched covert sedition into open rebellion. When last we approached the question, the Whigs had re-ascended to office, and one of their first acts was the job of a Canadian commission. The faculties of the Legislature were delegated to three Commissioners, of which an unfledged Liberal of the Irish peerage was the head, and one of the interminable brood of the Elliots the tail. The ark containing the forlorn hope traversed the waters, and when the haven was neared, the triad of lubberly doves, blubbering of conciliation, landed; they asked, is it peace? but none did them the reverence of reply. And now began the race of slaving subserviency. The first act of Lord Gosford, by warrant of State Governor-General, by courtesy presumed to be the representative of the majesty of the Sovereign and the British nation, was to answer officially a letter in French instead of the old English style, thus establishing French as the official language of an English dependency. And to this besotted affectation of the functionary, the conjoint accomplishments of himself and his secretary were inadequate without other and extraneous aid.* So also, on the first occasion of meeting the House of Assembly, his Excellency deemed it fitting and dignified to repudiate connexion with the English language by addressing it in French, supplying afterwards a translation into his own despised vernacu-

* These accomplished linguists, it is stated, were constrained to borrow a Dictionary for the purpose, being unprovided themselves.

lar. What must, and what could have been the feelings of his semi-barbarous auditory but those of unqualified scorn for the paltry ostentation of truckling chicanery towards a people among whom it is recorded that "very few of the heads of families can either read or write, and that trustees of schools are exempted by a provincial statute from the disagreeable necessity of subscribing their names to their reports?" The miserable impolicy of tolerating the French language at all, as it has been partially tolerated by statute, is thus exposed by an intelligent American writer:

"The unwise act of Lord Grenville, passed through Parliament in the year 1784, permitting the people of Lower Canada to conduct their pleadings and promulgate their laws in the French language, has prevented them from ever becoming British, and so far weakened the colony as an outwork of the mother country. It has always been the policy of able conquerors, as soon as possible, to incorporate their vanquished subjects with their own citizens, by giving them their own language and laws, and not suffering them to retain those of their pristine dominion. These were among the most efficient means by which ancient Rome built up and established her empire over the whole world; and these were the most efficient aids by which modern France spread her dominion so rapidly over the continent of Europe. While Lower Canada continues to be French in language, religion, laws, habits, and manners, it is obvious that her people will not make good British subjects; and Britain may most assuredly look to the speedy loss of her North American colonies, unless she immediately sets about the establishment of an able, statesmanlike government there, and the direction thitherward of that tide of emigration from her own loins, which now swells the strength and resources of the United States. Her North American colonies gone, her West India islands will soon follow." — *America, and her Resources*, p. 245.

But although the French idiom had been unwisely legalized, so far no previous Governor had ever given it an official and legislative stamp, nor would any less silly personage than Lord Gosford have attempted it. These were the first dignified essays

in the art of conciliation, as the Whigs and Lord Gosford understood it, and of the science of humbug, as fully comprehended by the Franco-Canadian dupes that were not to be. They retorted his game upon the witless Lord with an address beyond his skill to parry; they fished out of him more than he intended, or had the authority to grant, and then they returned the compliment and the French palaver with stinging, but excellently merited abuse, for the paltering duplicity with which the further concession of all and every demand was directly and indirectly held out or insinuated as the contingent inducement for the money grant, the grant of a civil list. One of the first and most unworthy, no less than dangerous of compliances with exorbitant pretensions, was the appointment to the judicial bench of low and ignorant French lawyers, known only for disaffection and agitation; the fruits of which are visible in the late liberation from gaol of conspirators there incarcerated upon charges of high treason, and their admission to bail; a proceeding unprecedented in the criminal annals of any country under heaven; thus subjecting the spirited magistrate under whose warrant, upon the exhibit of the necessary depositions, they were apprehended, to actions for damage. So far as Lord Gosford was concerned, he sanctioned a law voted by the House of Assembly for disfranchising the wealthiest and most respectable part of the population of Quebec and Montreal, by stripping British merchants of the electoral right for property held in partnership, and this at a moment when the Reform Bill, of which the lordling himself had been so warm a partisan, had opened the doors of electoral privilege, and was construed in solarge a sense at home. The Royal assent was indeed finally refused, precisely at the last moment allowed by law, but not until the bill had been acted upon at more than one election in the province. Lord Gosford further gave his assent to an alteration in the Jury Law proposed by Denis B. Viger, a relative and close confederate of Papineau, by which the same mercantile classes were shut out of the panel, whilst the uneducated *habitans*, or small farmers of the vicinity, who neither understand one word of English, nor can shape

the letters which form their own names, are eligible even on grand juries, and sit on juries by which matters of custom and law relating to the most intricate transactions of commerce have to be decided. These were some, and but a few, of his lordship's sins of commission, in addition to which we may just hint at the low associations by which the Governor-general's table was degraded, to the exclusion first, and careful avoidance since, of the more respectable classes of society.* One Debartzch, now his present boon companion and most intimate associate, was not long before one of the most furious among the republicans, and the very person who proposed those ninety-two resolutions, so celebrated for their treason, and atrocious for their undisguised threats of rebellion. The following passage in a journal written by him, or published under his influence in the district of his residence, will better describe Lord Gosford's friend, crony, and councillor, than any language of ours; the larger portrait of him in the ninety-two resolutions is, from their length, not easily transferable to our columns. "The Canadians" (the French Canadians), says he, "will understand that if there are inconveniences in drawing the sword, there are still more grave in fearing to do it, and more prejudicial (*de nuisibles*) to their nationality in leaving it in the scabbard." "Rivers of blood will flow," adds he, "but at the cost of this blood will not the Canadians gain their independence?" Need we state that sayings and doings like these were the very Whig road to office? Debartzch, the *quasi* traitor, was elevated first into the Legislative Council, which he had previously declared in the House of Assembly ought to be *entièrement aboli*, and subsequently appointed to that Executive Council, specially charged with the safety of the colony and with the *secret* resolves of the Government, or consulted before-hand upon their expediency. Such has ever been the dastardly policy of the Whigs to buy off the dan-

ger they dared not confront—a policy borrowed from that of imperial Rome in the days of its decline and degeneracy, when recreant ministers, rotten with corruption and trembling for place and pay, lavished the treasures of the state to buy off with gold the ruthless barbarians whom their craven hearts shrunk from encountering with steel. Such were some of the first overt acts of the Whig Governor-general, which for imbecility, wickedness, and disloyalty were, if any thing, transcended by connivance at acts which struck at the root of all law and property. Thus, when "smuggling" was proclaimed a duty by the arch-traitor Papineau, with the expressed object of defrauding the revenue and crippling the means of carrying on the Government, did Lord Gosford advise the simple-minded people that it was a crime amenable to punishment—a violation of morality no less than of duty? No such thing. No manifesto explanatory of popular obligations—no warning voice to guard against the consequences of popular delusion—was seen or heard of from a government whose paternal duty it was to employ the merciful arms of prevention, before resorting to those of punishment. The administrative achievement of Lord Gosford on this occasion resulted in a petty intrigue, by which some of the Roman Catholic clergy were prevailed on to undertake the duties of the civil office, and place "smuggling" under ban "*ecclesiastic*." Private property was not even so far favoured as by this indirect demonstration. Emigrants on their arrival out to settle on the land of the British American Land Company, in which, on the faith of acts of the Imperial Parliament, they had invested their small capitals, fruits often of the hard accumulations of industry, found the walls of Quebec covered with placards, advising them against proceeding to take possession, and boldly asserting that the Company had no charter, could give no title, and that grants held under them were no better than waste paper. Did Lord Gosford in-

* Some of the private letters are profane enough to describe this august personage as "the great goose boozing over his bottle," with some of the lower class French Canadian agitators. Papineau and the more decent portion of them refused to participate in the "flowing bowl," and indeed to hold intercourse with him from the first.

terfere by proclamation to vindicate titles consecrated by British faith—once the most incontestable of titles—did he deliver to justice the offenders who had wantonly called them in question? No! so long as his own salary was unquestioned—so long as the silken ease of the suppliant satrap was undisturbed—he left the rights of British property to right themselves—he left the lonely emigrants on a shore they were entitled to count on as friendly and hospitable, to struggle for life and land, as best they might, with the Franco-Canadian wolves by whom they were doomed. When magistrates and militia officers of British origin, or affected to British interests, were forced, with pistols at their heads, by bands of armed revolutionists to give up their commissions, and take oath never again to resume or hold them under British sway, cutting down contemptuously the may-poles or signs of office, did this lordly concentration of the somniferous poltroonery of Downing Street hasten to vindicate the majesty of the law, to reassure the victims of loyalty, and by terrible retribution for the past on the heads of known offenders, establish the best guarantee of peace for the future in quailing fears of incipient or wavering disaffection? No! the royal commissions were trampled under foot—royal officers were outraged—what cared Lord Gosford? What cared he when ferocious miscreants promulgated their edict whereby the congregations of the Roman churches were enjoined, one and all, to quit when the prayer for her Majesty the Queen of the British empire was offered up? Where—when the Sovereign whose livery he wore, whose bread worthlessly eating, was insolently outraged in the face of day—where, we ask, was the stern rebuke of an insulted delegate—where the bold demonstration by deed of that exuberant word of mouth loyalty for which Whig functionaries are renowned? Where, indeed! nor word, nor act, betokened sign of life or excitement from the Chateau, from whose battlements floated the royal standard, under shelter of which cowered the representative of degraded majesty. But if Lord Gosford could not bravely resent insult to his royal mistress, magnanimously could he be profuse of it to the most trustworthy servants of her royal house. To Lord Aylmer, that honest and intelligent Statesman

who preceded him in his office, who, with his amiable lady, took his departure from Quebec as the newly tufted Governor made his appearance, the commonest courtesy, the slightest civilities were ostentatiously denied. Discharged from his high estate, his fall was the signal and the security for the coarse contumely of an ignoble mind, eager to earn a title to salary, and secure the tenor of office by basely pandering to the malice and hatred of the veriest clique of vagabonds that ever plotted a conspiracy or imagined a revolution. The supple and silly tool of O'Connell in Ireland, was rewarded, as all the class of contemptible instruments has been, when the dirty work was done; the very Canadian faction, before whom the Eastern slave had obsequiously salaamed, spurned him from communion with richly merited ignominy. Not even from a myrmidon of revolution so tiny, and ludicrously frog-swollen as Mr Roebuck, could the crawling suppliant find favour and consolation. And this was the unkindest cut of all, for largely had he bid for it, even to the tune of L.1100 per annum—voted by a revolutionary House of Assembly, rejected by the Legislative Council, but ratified unconstitutionally by a Governor-General, still kissing the rod which was striking him—in the ever memorable words, that “he cheerfully consents;” need it be added, the wages of treason were coolly pocketed by the needy agitator, with sundry kicks and sneers for the luckless donor?

These anecdotal characteristics will serve to make the man known, even better than the memorabilia, verified by his own signature, if not written by his own hand, of his public despatches. At the close of our former exposition of the affairs of Canada in 1835, we left, as previously remarked, the three Whig commissioners just nominated, and on the point of sailing. His Lordship was to figure, in the first place, as Commissioner, and in the second, as Governor-General—the double quality, perhaps, planned as a convenient cloak for double pay. Of his fellow Commissioners it may be sufficient to remark, that one of them (a person bearing the lofty style of Captain, with the euphoneous surname of Gipps), being a Radical sufficiently notorious—knighted beforehand, with a view, no doubt, to compensate by ar-

tificial, for the want of natural or personal dignity, after sundry labours to mystify and cajole the Franco-Canadian clique, and failing, signally, to bully them, was finally recalled and recompensed for his bluster and vulgarity there by another appointment here. Of Sir Charles Grey, a distinguished man, another of the Commissioners, it is no more than justice to record, that he was worthy of a better fortune than to be mated with the addle-headed imbecility of my Lord, on the one side, and the harebrained, indiscriminating conclusiveness of the other. The trio might be said to be mated indeed, but not matched. We shall follow them no farther in their conjoint, but self-willed and discordant capacity, than to observe, that they differed so widely and irreconcilably upon almost every subject which came before them, that every joint despatch home was accompanied with a dissenting minute from each of the three who sealed and set their hands thereto. It is asserted of the stupid Lord, by those who knew him well, that when he sailed, he was in perfect ignorance of the language—the French language being that of the majority of the people he was sent to govern: but although Lord Gosford's mental powers soared little beyond the compass of those of the bog-trotters on his estate, yet he had sufficient of the Russell cunning to anticipate the reward of success, or provide against the probability of failure in his mission—he bargained for, and obtained, an English peerage before his embarkation. With this summary of the tripartite Commission and its exploits we shall conclude, and proceed at once to the events of the year just passed—Canadian demands and grievances, his Lordship's remedies, Canadian rebellion, and his Lordship's recall. The following is a condensed statement of the modest demands, extracted from an able pamphlet on Canadian affairs by a "Canadian," the greater portion of which was first published in the "*Times*" journal, in the shape of letters to the Editor.

1. A Legislative Council (or House of Lords) chosen periodically by popular election, instead of its members being appointed for life by the Crown.
2. Absolute control by the local assemblies of all colonial revenues—those which arise from the sale of Crown lands, as well as all others.
3. An Executive Government, wholly depen-

dent upon, and responsible to a local legislature thus constituted. 4. The abolition of the Canadian Land Companies. 5. The entire management by the local legislature of the Crown lands. 6. The establishment of the local institutions, and the appointments to public offices upon principles of popular election.

Our remarks upon this impudent programme of demands from a dependency to its liege will need to run to the less length, inasmuch as the subjects involved in them have been not only discussed on a former occasion by ourselves, but have been absolutely exhausted in and out of Parliament by all who have followed us. The elective principle, as applied to the second branch of the legislature, is obviously incompatible with the principles of the British Constitution, and would be subversive of it, if acceded to. In Lower Canada it would throw the whole machine of legislation under the direction of the French Canadians, now constituting a vast majority in one, and an actual, though smaller majority in the other House, as we will shortly prove. The avowed object is to secure the independence of the Legislative Council. If, however, the principle were conceded, where would be the independence? Elected by the same majority, and under the direct nomination of M. Papineau, what would the Council be more than a servile Court of Registry of the decrees of the House of Assembly? And where, in such a case, would be the check against popular misrule?

The Councillors now are appointed by the Governor for life, and surely, short of an hereditary peerage, for which no materials exist in the country, it would be impossible to devise a course more decisive for guaranteeing the independence of a body against the possibility of control, by the execution, or of intimidation by the popular branch of the legislature. That, for a series of years, no exclusive partiality, at least in favour of Canadians of British origin, has been manifested in the appointments to the Legislative Council by the Governors-general the following facts will testify:—"Since 1829," remarks a temperate writer in the Montreal Herald, under the signature Anti-Bureaucrat, "have been appointed *twenty-one* Legislative Councillors, unpolluted by the name

of a single officer of the Government." The writer referred to before, "A Canadian," and whom we know to be truly such, and a most disinterested man, writes thus in 1836:—

"During Sir James Kempt's administration of the Government of Lower Canada, *four* new members were added to the Legislative Council, *two* of whom were of *French* origin. *Fourteen* were added during the administration of Lord Aylmer, of whom *eight* were of French, and *six* of British origin. Concerning these additions to the Legislative Council of Lower Canada and the character and independence of that honourable body, Lord Aylmer, in a despatch to Mr (now Lord) Stanley, dated 5th March, 1834, makes the following very just observations.

"Not one of those eighteen gentlemen holds office, or is in any way connected with or dependent upon the Government of the province.

"The actual state of the Legislative Council is as follows:—It consists of thirty-five members, taken from the most opulent and respectable classes of society of various origin, in different parts of the province, of whom seven only hold office, including their Speaker (the Chief Justice of the province), and the Lord Bishop of Quebec, who is rarely present at the deliberations of the Council.

"It would be difficult, perhaps, to find in any British colony a Legislative Body more independent of the Crown than the Legislative Council of Lower Canada; and so far am I from possessing, as the King's representative, any influence there, that I will not conceal, that I have on more than one occasion regretted the course adopted by the Council. But whilst I make this confession, I will not deny but I have, on the contrary, much satisfaction in avowing that I repose great confidence in that branch of the Colonial Legislature;—it is a confidence derived from my knowledge of the upright, independent, and honourable character of the great majority of those who compose it, and of their firm and unalterable attachment to his Majesty's person and government, and to the constitution of the colony as by law established."

And Lord Gosford, in a despatch to Lord Glenelg, of the 19th of October, 1837, thus announces various ap-

pointments to the Legislative and Executive Councils:—

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch of the 23d of August last (No. 256), enclosing five instruments, under her Majesty's signet and sign manual, for summoning Messrs P. D. Debartzch, F. A. Quesnel, John Neilson, R. E. Carson, and George Pemberton, to seats at the Executive Council Board, and ten, empowering me to call to the Legislative Council Messrs J. B. R. H. De Rouville, John Neilson, A. Dionne, S. C. C. De Bleury, J. De Lecroix, J. M. Fraser, J. Pangman, A. M. De Salaberry, R. E. Caron, and G. Marchand."

Thus to the Executive Council, out of five nominations, three were of French origin and two of British, and out of ten to the Legislative Council no less than eight were of French origin. As the Legislative Council is now constituted as a whole, he further remarks:—

"With these additions, the Legislative Council will consist of forty members, of whom eighteen are French-Canadians, and six, including the Speaker and Mr Justice Bowen, hold office under Government. It must be observed, however, that Mr Bowen never attends, and that Messrs Hale, Ryland, Coffin, Mackenzie, Gagy, and Kerr, will most probably, from age and infirmity, not again assist in the deliberations of the Council; and further, that Messrs Forsyth and Moffatt being absent from the province on leave for not less than two years, the numbers to be present at any future session of the Council within that period could not exceed thirteen English and eighteen Canadian members, making in all thirty-one, of whom three at most would be office-holders."

The Executive Council was composed, according to the same despatch, thus:—

"The present Board is composed (exclusive of Mr James Stuart, who is never summoned to attend, and Mr Cochran, now on his way to England) of eight members—viz. Messrs John Stewart, Dominique Mondelet, K.C., Hugues Heney, George Pemberton, Louis Panet, P. D. Debartzch, F. A. Quesnel, K.C., and William Sheppard, of whom Mr Stewart, being Master of the Trinity-house and Com-

missioner of the Jesuits' estates, can alone be said to be an office-holder under Government. Mr Panet, I should add, as being one of the most eminent notaries in Quebec, is employed by Mr Stewart to collect the rents of a portion of the Jesuits' estates, for which service he receives the usual allowance of 10 per cent."

So that of eight members five are of French origin. We presume that the majority are not likely to betray the interests of their own countrymen, or to become the subservient tools of Government to oppress them. We have shown before that, with the composition of these Councils, we are far from being disposed to cry content for British interests, which, in fact, have been scandalously undermined of late, especially under the hollow pretences of "conciliation." Before we take leave of this part of our subject we may at once dispose of the charge similarly urged, of a one-sided monopoly of place and patronage enjoyed by those of British origin, and systematically upheld by the Government. In our No. 236 of 1835, we had indeed already satisfactorily rebutted the accusation, in aid of which will be accepted as complete corroboration the following data, quoted by "A Canadian."

"In the early part of Lord Aylmer's administration, his Lordship recommended the appointment of five gentlemen to the *Executive Council*, whose names are given in his Lordship's dispatch of the 5th of March, 1834, and of whom his Lordship says, — Four of the five gentlemen above named are of French origin, and it is a circumstance worthy of notice with reference to the complaints of the House of Assembly of the "vicious composition" (as they allege) of the *Executive Council*, that these gentlemen were all Members of the House of Assembly, and all belonged to what is termed the popular or Canadian party in that house."

"In an admirable despatch to the Earl of Aberdeen, dated the 18th of March, 1835, Lord Aylmer has given a statement 'showing the appointments to offices of profit or emolument made by his Lordship from the commencement of his administration to the 1st March, 1835,' the offices, names, and origin of the persons appointed. I need not occupy these

pages with the names and offices referred to. The following statements and observations of his Lordship deserve particular attention, and are, I think, conclusive on this subject.

"The House of Assembly complain "that the chief recommendation to office continues to be a marked and bitter animosity towards the people of this province, that it is seldom men of French-Canadian origin find their way into office under any circumstances," and so forth.

"The assertion that it is seldom men of French-Canadian origin find their way into office, is best answered by a reference to facts. From the accompanying statement, it appears that of 142 appointments which have been made to offices of profit and emolument, from the commencement of my administration in the month of October, 1830, to the 1st of the present month (March, 1835), 80 are of French origin, and 62 not of French origin; that during the same period the appointments made to offices, not of profit and emolument, amounting to 580, 295 are of French origin, and 285 not of French origin. It thus appears, that in the two instances above-mentioned, the one of appointments to offices of profit and emolument, and the other to offices not of profit and emolument, the advantage is on the side of individuals of French origin."

The second head of demands, the refusal of which constitutes of course a "grievance," is the "absolute control of all colonial revenues, those which arise from the sale of crown lands, as well as all others." The control of the revenues is so absolutely enjoyed now by the House of Assembly that, as the fact notoriously is, that house has stopped the supplies for five years past. The points reserved, such as the Jesuits' estates, are not of importance enough to make the exception worth an argument. With the crown lands the case is different. All waste, uncultivated, or unowned lands are naturally the property of the crown, as lord paramount. In the case of the Canada crown lands they are disposed of for the benefit of the colony, as may hereafter appear incidentally in such notice as we shall have occasion or space to bestow on the British American Land Company. Nor is such a species of ownership

peculiar to crowns. In the United States the property of all those descriptions of lands is vested in like manner in the Executive and Congress, with this difference,—there the proceeds are applied to the general purposes of government: with the crown the proceeds are applied to the uses and behoof of the special colony where such lands exist, and not for the benefit of the empire at large, as in the Union. The separate states of the federation have no control, and pretend to none, over such lands and their proceeds, although probably part and parcel of the States themselves. The pretension on the part of Canada, a conquered country, is therefore peculiarly preposterous, and the claim of the fifth demand to the “entire management by the local legislature of the crown lands,” is equally insolent and ridiculous. The fourth demand is for an “Executive Government, wholly dependent upon, and responsible to, a local legislature thus constituted.” If the Executive is to be wholly responsible to a tribunal in Canada, it must of course be wholly independent of any control by Government or Legislature in England. It must be appointed there and not here; to this country it could own no duty, because it would incur no responsibility; for duties involve responsibilities, and *vice versa*. Concede the claim, and we abdicate the sovereignty. But when such a pretension is seriously entertained, let us act upon it manfully, with honour and dignity. Let us at once proclaim the independence of Lower Canada, and treat with it as from one independent state to another. To ratify it by a side wind would be a base, unworthy

proceeding, betokening the wish to retain an empty and nominal show of supremacy, when the power to enforce allegiance had really departed from us. All other claims are subordinate to these enumerated, because the rights of sovereignty, once surrendered or left in abeyance, the rights of property created by it would be swept away without scruple by the new usurping Government; as in fact we are assured by Mr Roebuck, “thousands of confiscated acres will be theirs then;” then the work of confiscation would be carried on upon the largest scale against the countrymen of that patriotic person, who so long as his wages were paid, would view the ruin of tens of thousands of his kith and kind with all the calm indifference becoming a Radical and philosopher. As it has been said, they “never dream of wounds who never felt a scar,” so Mr Roebuck has a noble contempt for other people’s acres, never having had any himself. If the question were the stoppage of wages dishonourably earned, the largest room of the Crown and Anchor would not suffice for the volume of voice and fury of the paid Canadian patriot, as indeed he has verified on the bare apprehension of so fatal an occurrence.

We have stated the master grievances or demands upon which hinge numerous others of minor consideration, indeed of so small account generally that it only depended upon the House of Assembly to have most of them promptly cleared away. But the quarrel, as Sir Lucius says, was “a very pretty quarrel,” and one not hastily to be adjusted, for paupers grew fat upon it, and the supplies of Messrs Roebuck,* Chapman, and Co.

* To show the sort of stuff of which “patriots” are made in these days, it may be worth while to notice, that the Mr Chapman here mentioned is stated by the *Newcastle Journal* to have been thrice bankrupt in Montreal, twice as a merchant not of any great consideration, and once as a newspaper proprietor. As that paper fairly observes, three insolvencies are no ways conclusive against honesty of character, any more than they are proof of prudence and fair dealing. But when men suddenly change opinions, are found in receipt of pay consequent on such change from parties furiously advocating the principles to which they have veered, the presumption is in favour of dishonesty of motive. Mr Chapman, it is said, receives L.400 a-year as co-agent with Mr Roebuck for the Canadian traitors, the latter person taking the lion’s share of L.1100 per annum. The mission of Mr Chapman is conceived to be a finesse of the Canadian leaders to establish a species of espionage over Mr Roebuck, and keep him honest. So true is it, that none are so distrusted as those whose private interests are advanced just in proportion as their public and patriotic obligations are neglected or betrayed. For the rest, the paper quoted remarks, that Mr Chapman is in the habit now, in

would in that case have been stopped, instead of those of the Government. Into these minor matters we entered so fully in our former article that it would be a work of supererogation to reproduce them. The folly of Lord Goderich (now Earl of Ripon), and the stupidity of his sub-secretary, Lord Howick, in 1831, in conceding the control of all the revenues of the colony, Crown lands, Jesuits' estates, and all, to the House of Assembly without stipulation, or rather upon the faith of certain vague promises of the grant of a civil list for the maintenance of the Colonial government, has been at the root of all the evil, of all the dissensions between the Assembly and the local authorities, and finally, of the rebellion. It is all very fine to palaver, as Lord John Russell did on the first night of the session (the 16th ultimo), of the "generous confidence" thus reposed in the rebel faction; it

was neither more nor less than an act of egregious folly, and unexpected if not unasked for prodigality. It did not surely comport with national dignity or decorum idly to volunteer a boon of utmost condescension without assurance before hand of kind acceptance and grateful acknowledgement. As it was, the immense and unconditional concession was received as the tribute of fear, and the surrender at discretion to necessity, rather than as the act of grace in return for one of justice. As was truly observed by those factious Radicals, who combined so consistently with the Whigs to turn them out, we mean Mr Grote and Mr Hume, Sir George Murray and the Earl of Aberdeen, the former and Conservative Colonial Secretaries, would have committed no such blunders as have disgraced the Colonial † office under the Whigs; they would have redressed grievances,

answer to urgent solicitations of former friends, of stating that he is in daily expectation of some capital piece of preferment—where and in what shape does not appear. But as an old friend, or quondam partner of his, Mr Revans, we think, is the name stated, is an assistant poor-law commissioner, with some L.1500 a-year, Mr Chapman may probably have expectations of something similar. His claims are precisely such as in the usual scope of Whig policy are most likely to be attended to.

As there is no man more prodigal of reflections upon the honesty or consistency of others, we may take the liberty of hinting to Mr Roebuck that he has been repeatedly requested to explain whether it be true that, when in Lower Canada, he was what is called a Tory, and as such published a pamphlet or other writings against the very party by whom he is now salaried. Also, whether in that character he and his family did not succeed in obtaining for one of the members a situation of some 6 or L.700 a-year from Lord Dalhousie; the mighty philosopher and statesman that is now, in England, being then, in Canada, in the habit of earning a more creditable livelihood, or short commons if he will, as a kind of landscape painter—that is, a sketcher of backwoods and timber. If the reports be true, Mr Roebuck has not played his cards amiss as a political trader; L.700 a-year in Canada as a Tory, and L.1100 a-year in England as a Canadian agitator, show a master-hand in shuffling the cards. If he have more solicitude about character than money, it may be worth his while to set these slanders, if such they are, to rest by a refutation, late though it be. We have read and heard of them often, and so we are satisfied has he.

† The administration of Lord Stanley is excepted, of course. Never were the seals of that office more admirably held; never were colonial affairs more ably administered. Sir James Graham, in his late eloquent speech at Carlisle, has unanswerably demonstrated this, and more especially by Lord Stanley's last act, before quitting office, in relation to Lower Canada. He brought in a bill to repeal and retrieve the folly of Lord Ripon and Lord Howick; on his secession immediately afterwards, the Whigs, through Lord Howick, let the bill fall to the ground. Whilst upon this subject we may remark about the Colonial Office, that once on a time, a Whig time, a person was discharged from an important office in one of the colonies, imprisoned and ordered to quit the country, as an alien, we believe. All this was through a previous mistake of the despatches of the Governor of the colony; long before the measures stated had been adopted, and orders sent out in accordance, other despatches had been received from the Governor, explanatory of his misapprehension. These despatches lay unopened for weeks, perhaps months, at the Colonial Office. The consequences to the man were as mentioned. He was, however, after a considerable time, released. He came to England, laid his case before (then) Sir James Scarlett, and was advised

but enforced the constitutional law; they would have taken the sting out of just complaint, but nothing have conceded out of the matter of right, without full security for corresponding benefit in the restoration of order and tranquillity to a distracted colony. Against this fatal measure of surrendering the Crown revenues, the Duke of Wellington, with characteristic sagacity, entered his protest. He foresaw that the effect would be to make the judges as well as every functionary, the Governor included, dependent upon the House of Assembly alone, and therefore, amenable to the jurisdiction of the Imperial Legislature or Government. They would, therefore, be withdrawn from their allegiance, under penalty of forfeiting their salaries, which, to ensure their obsequiousness, the Assembly proposed only to vote annually. The result has been even worse, for during five years last past, the supplies, and, therefore, the salaries, have not been voted at all. And such has been the well calculated effect, that official members of the Legislative Council have been known to vote obnoxious bills sent up from the House of Assembly, for the sake, or in the hope of receiving their salaries, and judges in Canada, not having private property, have been obliged to borrow money at exorbitant interest, and contract debts on very ruinous terms with every good-natured tradesman—their station unhappily precluding them from the cheaper remedies of

begging and stealing,—as an eloquent eyewitness describes; whilst all the while Mr Roebuck was rioting upon dishonourable wages, duly paid, of L.1100 a-year, and his friend, the traitor Papineau, upon L.1000 a-year, besides other emoluments. The closing paragraph of the Duke's protest anticipated to a certain, but not to the whole extent, this state of things. Dissident, because "these persons will thus become dependent upon the continued favour of the Legislative Assembly for the reward of their labours and services; the administration within the province of Lower Canada can no longer be deemed independent; and his Majesty's subjects will have justice administered to them by judges, and will be governed by officers situated as above described." Armed with this power of offence, the House of Assembly have passed all kinds of bills of the most revolutionary quality; and even when, which sometimes occurred, the tendency of the principal measure was wholesome, some obnoxious enactment was tacked to it, so that the Legislative Council should be compelled to pass both, or incur the odium of rejecting the good, rather than sanction, along with it the pestiferous proposal. This has given occasion to the Roebuck agency to publish a long string of measures, apparently as objectionable, thus rejected; of course, the paid tools shroud in the background, the true merits of the case.* We had interdicted ourselves from entering into

that his action was good for L.10,000 damages. Lord Abinger, if he chose, may tell the rest. We have a tolerable idea how the affair was disposed of, and so has he and other parties.

* The Roebuck gang of agents make great boast of their honesty. Take the following as one instance. Among the acts passed by the Assembly and rejected by the Legislative Council are the following—of course the rejection is imputed as a crime. We beg attention to the note between brackets. An Act for the Relief of Persons holding of his Majesty *en fief* immoveable Property in the Suburbs of Quebec, upon which *Lods et Ventes*, or Mutation Fines are due.—[It is a complaint against the Canadians, though perfectly untrue, that they will not exempt their lands from these burthens incident to their tenure; yet the Legislative Council refused to exempt the Crown Lands from them.] Mark the roguery, as well as the hypocrisy of this, as respects the lord paramount, the Crown, the Assembly, are anxious to abolish the oppressive incidents of the feudal tenure, because they affect themselves. But not a word about abolishing the feudal, the oppressive seigniorial rights, the *Lods et Ventes*, exigible by the French seigneurs, the party in the Assembly, from their tenants.

An Act to repeal so much of two certain Acts therein mentioned, made and passed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as authorizes the Commutation of the tenure of lands held *à titre de Fief* and *à titre de Cens* in this province, into the tenure of free and common socage. These acts, the Canadian tenures, and trade acts, were passed to enable the seigneurs to commute voluntarily their

the details of this state of things, because it is but a repetition of what at some length we depicted in 1835; it is no more than an iniquitous amplification of the crying crimes of Canadian traitors, as there sketched largely; the catalogue has only been swelled upon the same subjects and under the same heads by the industry of Messrs Roebuck and Co., at the steam-engine rate of L.1700 a-year power. The only change has since been, that more steam has been generated and laid on, in order to stimulate to rebellion in Canada, to justify it here, in Great Britain, to pave the way to Irish repeal, to overthrow the monarchy and the peerage, and establish in this country the blessings of democracy. To us Mr Roebuck owes an immense debt of gratitude. The man was despised and flouted in and out of the Commons House, when first we brought forward the question of Canadian grievances, and gave them an importance which, from his feeble voice and moderate abilities, they never could have attained. He profited by it, and for the first time was heard, he was listened to. Since then he has been a man of some mark, although his day is on the wane now, for as the storm declines, so sinks, in the natural order of gravitation, the floating trash to the bottom of the pool. He has had his day, as they say "every dog has," and though we believe him quite as honest, and above the cunning of Lord John, and much less corrupt and indolent than Mr Thomson of the Trade Board, who are the alpha and omega of the Ministerial phalanx of the Commons House, yet are his hands so unclean by contact with traitors, that never can he rise again. The "working classes," whom he so sedulously courts, can never be more than as trustworthy allies, for there is the starvation allowance, the Bastille system, to which Mr Roebuck is pledged, and of which he was one of the most strenuous champions. The working classes, however, for other objects they may abet him, never can forgive the man who endowed prisons, and decreed "pork-water" for them. If he aspire to play the Robespierre of a revolution, he may comfort himself with a Marat

ready made at his elbow, an old acquaintance, and a rival near the popular throne. Mr Beaumont of the New-castle *Liberator*, soars beyond even the Molesworth clique in the talk of blood and slaughter for liberty. Mr Roebuck is apt to presume upon the credit of his pluck at Muddiford; let him beware of a rival in his Marat, for Mr Beaumont also is a fighting man, and in Jamaica, as is said, had an ordinary practice of transacting a duel by way of appetite for breakfast. The man, according to accounts, must be a perfect ogre, only that his fancy lies for the blood and bones of men, instead of children. To his especial patron, the humane Joseph Hume, no less than to Joseph's most particular friends, the Whigs, it must have been delightfully refreshing to read this patriot's denunciation of Lords Melbourne, John Russell and Co., to the scaffold or the gallows, at a meeting of the loyal constituency and special supporters of the no less loyal, but more notably hypocritical member for Leeds—of course we do not mean Sir William Molesworth, who, whatever otherwise we may think of him, has never yet sold his principles, or pocketed the money of the Whigs, or Lord Fitzwilliam for slavish advocacy under the outward semblance of independent principles.

It is not our purpose to follow the career of Lord Gosford during the two years of his administration. We have sufficiently noted its direction before in the general bearings of which ignorance the most doltish, conceit the most sickening, and dupery the most potent, have been the leading characteristics. After briefly adverting to those leading points which, during the year just passed, have crowned the climax of misrule, and brought the machine of Government to a stand still, we shall pass on to those general considerations of the state of the two provinces, but of Lower Canada more especially, which indicate the proper line of policy to be pursued with reference equally to the interests of the Colonies and the parent country. The task has been no light one to wade through the records of liberal lordly vacillation and misgovernment, about

feudal rights and tenure, so as to facilitate the improvement of the land. Down to this day one only commutation has been effected, that by Mr Edward Ellice for the seignior of Beauharnois.

which our readers will judge for themselves from the following extracts from official correspondence presented to the House of Commons; and we may, therefore, be quite sure so garbled and assorted by the Whig Government as to screen their own incapacity as well as to dilate the full proof evidence of their Governor-depute's blunders. The first extract we give entire by way of introduction.

Extract of a Despatch from the Earl of Gosford to Lord Glenelg, dated Castle, St Lewis, March 8, 1837.

"A feeling of dissatisfaction with the Assembly, in regard to its proceedings in the last short session, is spreading, but not gone to such an extent as to induce me to suppose that a dissolution at this moment would be desirable; but if an appeal were now made to the people, I am sure what is termed the majority in the assembly would experience a diminution in their ranks; but, under existing circumstances, I see no *positive substantial* good to result from a dissolution. Recourse might be had to such a measure when you have determined on the *line you mean to adopt* for relieving the province from its present state of embarrassment. Coercion, abruptly adopted, might prove fatal, and such a step is therefore to be deprecated, nor can it be justified, except as a *dernier ressort*, after all attempts of a constitutional character shall have failed; but *liberality*, I am sure, will not be lost sight of by the present Government in any course that may be taken, and whatever is arranged should, I think, be in its character, as far as circumstances will admit, *conditional*, and made to appear as an *act of necessity*, resorted to only to ward off the evils with which the country is oppressed and threatened.

"P.S.—I shall send you, very soon, the names of those I think qualified for the two councils."

The P.S. is an admirable specimen of the "to-morrow" system of the Colonial office, a running through its agents. P.S., in fact, stands for "Procrastian System," enjoining, in reverse of the old proverb, never to do to-day what you may have a chance of doing to-morrow. The "dissatisfaction" with the Assembly—the "liberality,"—the "conditional" system, and doing nothing except as an "act of necessity,"—are all admirable indications, in their way, of the hobbling, wait-upon-Providence policy of the Whigs. The "conditional" system, indeed, was a matter of great urgency for Lord Gosford and his secretary of the Elliot brood, for its permanence was a condition upon which hang their places and wages. As to the English of the despatch, we refer the criticism to the reader, only observing that a Governor-General with L.10,000 a-year, and a secretary with L.1000, even if excusable on the score of ignorance of French, and for having to borrow a vocabulary of the polite slang of that foreign language, might reasonably have been expected to understand somewhat about the rules of composition, if not of logic in their own. The italics are our own, we ought in fairness to state. From this despatch it appears, that up to March 1837, the Ministry had not made up their minds on the "line" they meant to adopt; the cad, however, strongly urging the old hack "liberality," although on its last legs. In April, Lord Glenelg after some, from him, supererogatory excuses for "postponing" decision, announces that he is prepared to "sanction a reconstruction of the Executive Council," from admitting men of "liberal views," but not of "extreme opinions." The natural corollary of this in the Whig sense was the appointment of M. Debartzch* to the Council, as not being of "extreme opinions," along with

* In addition to what we have recorded about this man, the following extract from some clever letters, signed Zeta, in that very ably conducted paper the *Liverpool Mail*, comes seasonably in illustration of the character and the not "extreme opinions" of this crony of Lord Gosford and protégé of Lord Glenelg. Zeta is evidently well acquainted with Canadian affairs, if not a Canadian himself. After describing Debartzch as "the Robespierre of Canada," he proceeds,

"Mr Debartzch, who is the present influential *executive councillor*—would fulfil the most earnest desire that he ever uttered, to see the British community exterminated *en masse* from the face of Lower Canada.

"In a paper Mr Debartzch published in St Charles, called the *L'Echo du Pays*, he called on the Canadians to rise *en masse*, and exterminate the British from the soil.

others in the same "liberality" sense. In April, the Lord Gosling writes to the other Lord G.

"I see no chance whatever of any serious commotion here in consequence of your proceedings; however, you may rely on my taking every precaution. As to armed resistance, I see no ground for apprehending any thing of the kind."

Again, in May 6, my Lord is quite facetious in his way, and recreating in fond remembrances of "Donnybrook Fair." "I have not," he writes, "the least expectation of any thing serious. If a dissolution of the present Parliament (the Assembly) were to take place, there might be some broken heads, but nothing more serious." People might suppose from this that the man was a wag, but we protest, for the honour of old Ireland, that he was never known before to perpetrate a *jeu d'esprit* in his born days. Lord Durham, with Lord Brougham's testimonial to qualification for Governor-General pinned to his back, will at least have nothing to lose by comparison with the Lord Gosling, although the feature is common to them both, that they have "lived two years in a cold climate." The correspondence up to July consists of somnolent apologies from Lord Glenelg to Lord Gosford for the delay of "important" measures regarding Lower Canada, and in crimination of the Governor for similar delays on his side in furnishing certain information long promised. On June 10th, Lord Gosling writes that he is fearful of disturbances, and therefore he shall issue a piece of paper called a "proclamation," and he indicates that the "presence of a larger military force might of itself prevent the occurrence of any disturbance." On July 4th, the same person writes, "I do not see any ground for apprehending any thing like serious commotion." On July 11th, the Irish Solomon states that the malecontents have gone the length "of

injuring the property and discharging fire-arms into the houses of some who are loyally disposed," &c. but nevertheless, he adds, "I may close this despatch with a repetition of my conviction that no disturbance or serious interruption of the usual course of events is likely to occur." On July 25th, we are advised of some "outrages" in the county of Two Mountains. On September 2d, we have some Gosling trash about an "Ultra-Tory" party in Lower Canada, which if the noble idiot had ever ventured forth of the Castle of St Louis, or listened to any but French-Canadian traitors, he must have known was an utter absurdity of nomenclature never before heard of in the province. At this date the "liberality" professor, however, talks about suspending the Constitution, because he can "make no terms with M. Papineau; you must either put him down, or submit to let him put you down." Profound statesman! Elegant and accomplished dialectician! If, however, adds this man of valour, "matters should come to extremities * * * I shall gladly relinquish * * My situation is not an enviable one," &c. &c. On September 9th, the O'Connellite Governor writes that the "attempts that are making to shake its allegiance (the province), and to create confusion, will prove unsuccessful;" the grand juries having at the same time ignored various indictments for high treason, although the "most positive legal authority in support" of them was afforded. October 6th, we are told the state of the country is bordering on revolt. On October 10th, he describes prospects in Montreal as "rather gloomy," but "here (in Quebec) we are quite quiet and tranquil,"—not even a brawl to molest my Lord whilst quaffing the toast "may we ne'er want a friend nor a bottle to give him," among the convivals of the faction. On October 12th, two days afterwards only, there is a long epistle from my Lord,

This paper was sent to the Colonial office, and no notice was taken of it. *This man, people of England, is the confidential adviser of the crown in Canada, and is allowed to 'stalk at noon-day' uttering treason with impunity; and, further, was allowed to pursue his revolutionary calling in the columns of the 'Liberal' newspaper, until the hour of its suppression, and the arrest of some of its managers on charges of high treason."*

Debartzch was jealous of Papineau's superior influence—Debartzch apostatized therefore apparently—Debartzch means to re-enact Prince Maurice of Saxony. Stupid Gosford, of course, never read the History of German Protestantism.

the gist of which is to "increase the military force," the recital of the most scandalous outrages, of which one only need be quoted here for reasons to follow:—"A lady, Madame St Jacques, having, as it is reported, fired, or given directions to fire upon the mob, when, not content with the proceedings usual on such occasions, they had actually broken into her house, two persons were thereby wounded, of whom one has since died. The house was immediately demolished, but not before the inmates had escaped; Madame St Jacques was, however, shortly afterwards apprehended and committed by a magistrate to the Montreal gaol, where I believe she yet remains."

In self-defence, this loyal French-Canadian lady ordered fire-arms to be used; she was cast into gaol, where, coolly writes this unmanly functionary, "she yet remains." This from the imbecile dotard, who subsequently admitted traitors—people accused upon oath of high treason—to bail, and bail as moderate in amount as would have been required for a not uncommon assault. Lord Gosford, it is clear, is what is called "no woman's man." The despatch of October 25 was a grateful theme for his Lordship, since it acknowledges the permission to draw for his salary, with the prompt notification that he has acted in conformity, and secured certain benefits of the exchange by selling the bills on New York. On the 21st the Executive Council recommended the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the employment of the military power, and an "enquiry respecting aliens (French and Americans) resident in the province," but they would not recommend the suspension of the "constitutional act." On the 30th of October, my Lord, after detailing alarming movements of the seditious, coolly adds:—"With religion, law, and the loyalty of the great bulk of the population opposed to them, the party now fomenting sedition and treason, although they may, if not checked, create local and temporary confusion, are not likely to meet with the success which, from the boldness of their proceedings, they seem to anticipate."

On November 6, long after the fact was known from the public papers of Canada, my Lord finds out that the rebels are "drilling" by day and by night, "without concealment," as he

says. He really now begins to be alarmed, and—what measures does he take? Why, first, he sends, not the general at the head of the troops, but the Attorney-General with his pocket full of law, to put down open and armed insurrection. In the next place, he does to be sure apply to Sir John Colborne for military protection, for the danger was coming home to the Governor. On November 9, we are informed of a conflict in Montreal between the loyalists and the "*fils de la liberté*." November 14—As the storm grows more loudly, Lord Gosford reiterates his wish to resign, because a conciliator has a natural antipathy to "cold iron," of course. After exciting civil war, his Lordship, conceiving he has done his duty, has no desire to come in for a chance of "broken heads." Then come the open rebellion, the conflicts of armies, murder, bloodshed, martial law, marches and countermarches,—the roar of artillery, and all the accompaniments of most horrible warfare as the closing and appropriate commentary upon the despatches of Mulgrave, conciliation, Gosford idiocy, and Whig chicanery. The Whigs found, on their advent to office, discontent existing in Canada; by neglect and connivance they fanned discontent into sedition; when the sedition began seriously to incommode them, it was indolently suffered to ripen, and then artfully fostered into open rebellion. In proof we need only refer to the inter-despatches of Lords Gosford and Glenelg. On both sides we are assured, that the actual presence of a more numerous body of troops, and a more decided display of vigour, would have imposed on the malecontents, stayed an open rupture, and might, therefore, gradually have led to the accommodation of differences and the restoration of tranquillity. The Whigs, skilless statesmen as they are, can only escape from a dilemma, *per saltum*; they were in a sea of troubles, from which the stirring incidents of civil war were a seasonable diversion; therefore was the out-break of rebellion encouraged by the studied exposure of physical weakness to repel; the defence of the colony was starved, to convert bluster and agitation into overt-treason and attempts at revolution. This, we fear not, after due de-

liberation, to assert, and we appeal in proof to the despatches, garbled as they are, as published by themselves. To Whig wiles and Whig indolence, Papineau and his faction have fallen victims, at least, before their time. The wise and preventive policy of Sir George Murray and Lord Aberdeen might, by the opportune redress of real grievances, have changed them, perhaps, from brawling patriots (patriotism being the "last refuge of scoundrels") into merely troublesome, but not dishonest or unwholesome parliamentary malecontents. The war, however, has now been commenced, the sword has been drawn, and although the present contest be of short duration, it may be the germ of a war of extermination between two races, unless the ruling policy combine with *singleness of purpose* unflinching perseverance in its development, attempered with the real spirit of conciliation flowing from the consciousness of strength, to soothe, and finally to blend harmoniously the irritating dissensions arising from difference of origin, and from the distinct conditions of law and primary acquisition under which two distinct races were brought into connexion and sought to be amalgamated. Is Lord Durham the man to comprehend the subtle intricacies, and the complexity of interests arising out of actual circumstances, and so to be dealt with? There is not a man with mind enough to rise beyond the sphere of the low party feelings of the mo-

ment who will not answer No! The very temper of that person* is of itself equal to a sentence of revolution in the Canadas. Arrogant towards the weak, humble and prostrate to the dust before the high and mighty—ever capricious and insolent of demeanour where unrestrained by fear or station—utterly devoid of moral courage, and of passions fierce and uncontrollable, with the consciousness of impunity—a despot by instinct and impulse. There is not a serf on his estates, where they are all trembling serfs from the top agents to the meanest hind, whose certificate of character would not be given, like that of the grovelling Ministry, merely to "get rid of him." With fair natural talents run to waste from want of early reading and culture, but without grasp of intellect—with mind undisciplined as with temper unbridled, Lord Durham in more mature age has never been laborious enough to retrieve by study the lost hours of college indolence, and the stable-boy associations among which his more manly days were mispent, until his entrance into political life by family connexion with the family of the Whig leader. That connexion introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr Edward Ellice, under whose tutelage he made more progress in speculation (1825), than in political knowledge. Since the official reign of Whiggery, the opportunities for repairing the want of Administration experience have not been few,

* The nomination came from Brussels, and through Stockmar. Leopold was grateful, and Lord Durham had pandered in every way to the mercenary and grovelling propensities of the Cobourgs. The Ministry fell into the scheme, as no one better knows than Lord Durham himself, who is not slow to avow it, to "get rid of him." It would furnish food for laughter to detail the little round of miserable intrigues to which the capacity of this man is just equal, and by which his elevation was accomplished. Some other time we may condescend to rake up the filth. "Do tell me the news? What are they doing at Court?—What are the Ministry about? I know they hate me, and want to get rid of me." Such was the habitual language of this bile-jaundiced subject among his associates and acquaintance. The mean money craving of the Cobourg minion is not the least dishonourable of his propensities. He has been taking for months his salary as ambassador to Russia, living here in idleness, and notoriously never meaning to return there—after two years' duty only. He is now pocketing an enormous salary as Governor-General of the Canadas, *Redressor* of Grievances, &c. &c., although on the subterfuge usual with him, of health and family affairs, he does not take his departure till April—that is, till all danger is past, the war ended, and spring-time come round, to make the voyage pleasant, and keep his noble person out of harm's way, and the reach of "those vile guns." In addition to the extraordinary titles and powers with which he is invested, his lordship bargained hard to be allowed to manage the negotiation of the disputed boundary question with the United States. The folly of Ministers did stop short of this.

but perpetually imbecile, and with all his colleagues and connexions in restless intrigues and personal squabbles, arising from a morbid irritability of temper, he has had no leisure, even if he had had the application to improve or extend the range of his capacity. His withdrawal from the Cabinet, indirectly compulsory, after a short probation in an unimportant department, with his family position and political attitude, left the Whigs no choice but to provide for him elsewhere. The Canadas is the third job thus extorted by fear, and bestowed by way of a riddance. Such is the Governor-General, and such the prospect for Canada under his administration.

With respect to the system upon which the Canadas must be governed in future, we have said the foundation must be laid in singleness of purpose—in unity of action. This can never be so well accomplished as by the re-union of the two provinces into one, under the rule of one head and one legislature. This is essential for the assertion, for the preservation of *British ascendancy*. It is idle now to bandy phrases, and to fight off real meanings; we have said the word, and it is British ascendancy, not alone in the executive, but in the legislature.—Without that it would be well at once to cut away the moorings, and let the colonies drift where they will; for British connexion can never be other than nominally preserved, and even then but for a passing moment. The French Canadian *habitans* of Lower Canada were, and to a considerable extent they are still, a simple-hearted and virtuous race, of habits and manners primitive and uncorrupted. They are religiously inclined; and, though under the influence of their priests, yet they have hitherto manifested no factious or ambitious aspirations. Nor have these cause; for the rights of their church have been confirmed, and are respected in all their amplitude. The tithes of the French district, where it is planted, are theirs; the whole patronage is in the hands of their bishops. But although, as a whole, the body of *habitans* (as the French settlers are styled) are inoffensive, and few comparatively have yet been imbued with the disloyalty of the traitor chiefs, as is evident by the small number implicated in the late revolt, yet let it not be forgotten that

the virus, the poison, has been injected among them during a persevering agitation of a score of years, and contagion though slow is sure, unless strong measures be resorted to—unless the main sources be excised—unless the general body politic be subjected to a wholesome although severe regimen. Let us not be misunderstood; we allude to no wholesale proscriptions of persons—no sanguinary executions—no indiscriminate persecution. If the leaders of revolt be made to pay the penalty of blood, of innocent blood, shed by them, the ends of that justice, when it demands life for life, will be satisfied. But British laws, language, and institutions, must be established; for by no other means can a fusion of races and an identity of British subjects be accomplished. The band of conspirators who have long been struggling for Franco-Canadian ascendancy—for creating a nation *Canadienne* apart—have long taken for their rallying cry that the land is theirs, that the British are usurpers, and that they must be hunted down like wild beasts. Hear what their accredited agent in Paris writes, for there they have had their salaried agent for years, as in the Roebuck legation they have had here. “In Lower Canada,” publishes M. Isidore le Brun, “the French population feels increasing fears of losing its moral and political superiority.”

* * * The House of Assembly votes rewards for the destruction of wolves, it is no less urgent to devise means to prevent immigration.” Acting in the spirit of this policy, the Assembly imposed a tax on British immigrants, and on them only of all the nations on the earth. They dared to tax those to whom, by right of conquest, every inch of territory legally belonged. M. Le Brun, indeed, denies the right of conquest, and pretends to derive our right of sovereignty from the cession by France. We leave this ingenious advocate to split hairs upon the point with the specimen of fine-drawn conclusions in the *Examiner*. The first and paramount obligation of the Imperial Government is the protection of British life and property, and the rule of British law, to which the national faith stands solemnly pledged in the act passed to encourage settlers when the colony became ours as a condition of peace to France. How these pledges were

looked upon by the House of Assembly—by the Papineau gang—may be judged by the general tenour of their declarations against the rights of property acquired under them, and their declared resolves to sequestrate the whole of them if successful in the attainment of independence and ascendancy. It may be judged of, moreover, by the course pursued towards the American Land Company, which, being incorporated under an act of the Imperial Legislature, had purchased large tracts of land from the Government under onerous conditions,—has, at an immense outlay, been settling them with British emigrants, who thither have carried property and enterprise,—and has expended no less than L.200,000 in the construction of roads, bridges, &c. in and for the improvement of that country, without having yet drawn out of it to the extent of L.10,000. The lands thus acquired, thus improved, the rights thus held, have all been denounced by the House of Assembly, and all settlers warned that the title was illegal, and that the lands would be forfeited. It might seem that British tyranny and spoliation had furnished a precedent and a justification for this obdurate robbery, this monstrous assumption of the right of prescription. No such thing; mark the character of British sway, and the humane consideration of British treatment towards the French habitans in the testimony borne, not by an English, and therefore partial witness, but by a Frenchman, with no motive to warp his integrity, excepting in the sense and the cause of his countrymen. Thus writes the Duc de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, in the account of his travels through British America and the Canadas in the years 1795, 1796, and 1797.

“I am at a loss to account to myself for the various perceptions which pressed upon my mind, and prevented my feelings from being entirely absorbed by gratitude, and by the pleasing sensations it naturally produces.

I love the English more, perhaps, than any other Frenchman; I have been constantly well treated by the English, I have friends among them, I acknowledge the many great qualities and advantages which they possess. I detest the horrid crimes which stain the French revolution, and which destroyed so many objects of my love and esteem. * * * And yet the love of my country pursues me here more closely than elsewhere. * * * No Canadian has just cause of complaint against the British Government; the inhabitants of Canada acknowledge unanimously that they are better treated than under the ancient French Government; * but they love the French, forget them not, long after them, hope for their arrival, will always love them, and betray these feelings too frequently, and in too frank a manner, not to incur the displeasure of the English, who, even in Europe, have not made an equal progress with us in discarding the absurd prejudices of one people against another.”—(Page 306.)

“They pay no taxes, live well, at an easy rate, and in plenty; within the compass of their comprehensions they cannot wish for any other good. They are so little acquainted with the principles of liberty, that it has cost a great deal of trouble to establish juries in their country; they oppose the introduction of the trial by jury; in civil causes these are not yet in use. But they love France, this beloved country engages still their affections. In their estimation a Frenchman is a being far superior to an Englishman.”—(Page 307.)

“The farmers are a frugal set of people, but ignorant and lazy. In order to succeed in enlarging and improving agriculture in this province, the English Government must proceed with great prudence and perseverance; for in addition to the unhappy prejudices which the inhabitants of Canada entertain in common with the farmers of all other countries, they also foster a strong mistrust against

* “Previous history affords no example of such forbearance and generosity on the part of the conquerors towards the conquered,—forming such a new era in civilized warfare, that an admiring world admitted the claim of Great Britain to the glory of conquering a people, less from views of ambition and the security of her other colonies, than from the hope of improving their situation and endowing them with the privileges of freemen.”—*Political Annals of Canada*.

every thing which they receive from the English; and this mistrust is grounded on the idea that the English are their conquerors, and the French their brethren. There are some exceptions from this bad agricultural system, but they are few. The best cultivators are always landholders arrived from England."—(P. 314, 315.)

"Upon the whole, the work of education in Lower Canada is greatly neglected. At Sorel and Three Rivers are a few schools, kept by the nuns; in other places men or women instruct children. But the number of schools is, upon the whole so very small, and the mode of instruction so defective, that a Canadian who can read is a sort of phenomenon. From the major part of these schools being governed by nuns and other women, the number of the latter who can read is, contrary to the custom of other countries, much greater in Lower Canada than that of men.

"The English Government is charged with designedly keeping the people of Lower Canada in ignorance; but were it sincerely desirous of producing an advantageous change in this respect, it would have as great obstacles to surmount on this head as in regard to agricultural improvements."—(Pp. 318, 319.)

Upper Canada, essentially British by population, contains 400,000 inhabitants, and Lower Canada 600,000, of which rather more than 400,000 are of French extraction, and the remainder of British lineage. By a reincorporation into one community, as before the act of 1791, by which the one province of Quebec was divided into Upper and Lower Canada, a majority, and a majority is indispensable of British voices, would be secured in the Legislature. Emigration, too, into Lower Canada should be made a Government concern, and be carried on for Government account. Thus might 50,000 annually, in conjunction with the Land Company and private emigration, be poured into the province, and advantageously located, until the balance of origin was established in favour of British blood, or the distinction of origin happily lost in the identity of interests and social intermingling. Without the union of the two provinces, nothing remains for some time to come but a government almost absolute in its attributes,

and the suspension of the Constitutional Act, which, by the poor ignorant *habitans*, is neither understood nor prized. There is no fear indeed for the security of British property under the Whigs, feeble and vacillating as they are, so long as Mr Edward Ellice holds the magnificent seigniorship of Beauharnois, comprising thirty-six French leagues square, with which Louis XIV. endowed the Count de Beauharnois, one of his illegitimate sons. Lord Durham will doubtless be earnest in protecting the rights of his relative; and so far we may feel the greater assurance for those of all other proprietors, and the rights and supremacy of the empire at large. We confess our distrust of him—we question his ability—and we have an unfortunate conviction, founded on experience, of his utter incompetency for the public service, on the score of temper, intelligence, and industry. God send him and his country a safe deliverance!

Much of the spurious cant of philosophy has been expended about the costliness of colonies, and the worthlessness of the traffic in return. The poor people who void this sort of trash, entertain of course, and perfectly in keeping with it, an inveterate contempt for arithmetic and facts. They have a crotchet dignified with the style and title of theory, to suit which, arguments and conclusions are cut and carved, as Procrustes adjusted his victims by the dimensions of his bed. The trade with our North American colonies collectively, has been regularly on the increase for years, and the mercantile marine of the empire has been rateably increasing with it. Without referring to former returns, we may state it as the opinion of the most intelligent portion of the mercantile community, that the amount of last year's with these colonies, containing about two millions of inhabitants, will be found little short of that with the United States, which has a population of thirteen millions. As the returns will in all probability be moved for and made early in this session of Parliament, the real facts will be verified. The imports of British manufactures into the colonies have increased above 40 per cent in three years. This trade employs about 7000 British vessels—the tonnage of which, inwards and outwards,

is about 1,000,000 tons each way annually, either to and from this country or other of its colonies in the West Indies or elsewhere. All this immense mass of shipping is navigated by British seamen, and gives employment to British capital. Three-fourths of the whole produce so exported, and of the freightage consequent, are divided in the shape of labour wages among the people here, and equally so on their side in the Canadas, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, &c., exclusive of profits, agencies, brokerages, through all the details of a commerce so extensive. In four years, states one of the most competent authorities, a London merchant largely embarked in that special commerce, not less than L.300,000 has been paid by emigrants as passage money among the shipowners; 170,000 persons in four years have thus emigrated, and supposing that, out of the number, 20,000 had become chargeable to the parish by remaining at home, and the cost of maintenance in workhouse Bastiles, only L.4 per annum each, the burden to the community thus saved, would have amounted to L.320,000. All this is one side of the question only, the account of the mother-country alone; apply the arithmetical test to the colonies on their side, and they will be found to have been equally gainers; and why not—they also are inhabited by fellow-subjects, and to a great majority of British origin. A flippant writer of the economical tribe, in a cleverly arranged and generally ably conducted Radical London paper, the *Spectator*, has made the startling discovery that the discriminating duty upon Baltic timber in favour of Canadian, is equal to 600 per cent. Where his data were obtained, he is not condescending enough to acquaint us. We shall be more candid with him, and would suggest his application to the sources from whence we derive ours; it will cost him some labour, and is not so grateful an occupation as spinning long yarns in his closet to catch flats, as the spider from its covert to entrap flies. If he will consult a price current, and collate the same with a Customs' book of duties, he may chance to find that the "discriminating" duties range from 35

to 75 per cent only. We are willing to allow that these are large enough, and perhaps something too large, yet there is a trifling difference between them and 600 per cent. Doubtless he was ignorant that Canadian timber was taxed at all, although throwing in that tax the discrepancy would only have been increased from 7 to 17 per cent. But as in establishing a tax upon products common to both countries it is usual to take into account the difference in the cost of production between the articles of foreign and home growth, whether that difference consist in charges of transport, or of the material at first hand, we may take upon us to instruct the rash tyro in the mysteries of calculation that the "discriminating" tax upon Baltic timber does not really exceed, upon the average, 25 per cent. These truths are only arrived at by painstaking, but in charity we are willing to point out to him a "Reading made easy." The inter-trade between the colonies and the mother country, as it appears by the official accounts of imports and exports, is, however, far from being a full measure of its importance, for they do not represent, and cannot, the freightage account. The charter party is a money transaction of which the customs know nothing; the freightage, moreover, between the North American and the West India colonies, is all so much clear profit to the credit of the capital and industry of the home country upon the subject of exports and imports. Mr McCulloch in the *Courier* estimated the profits and freight upon each shipment from the United States at thirty per cent; the *Spectator* estimates the returns at ten per cent per annum. The *Doctor* is ludicrously extravagant, the *Journal* below par. If the fact were as the *Doctor* assumes, the New York exports would clear, assuming a monthly average, as the navigation is open all the year round, 360 per cent per annum, less or more the difference of the exchanges; if the exports shipped were upon the average of six months only, then the profit, freight of course included, would be 180 per cent upon capital. Whether the New Yorker pays for his exports, his cotton for

* Vide Blackwood, January, 1836; Article, Prussian League.

example, with bills or cash, makes little difference, because he draws after date, or at sight, on England, and can sell his drafts on the instant. The *Doctor's* account, therefore, is widely different from that of the *Spectator*, and as they profess to row in the same boat, we might maliciously leave them to settle the difference. Being, however, merciful and anxious to prevent the disruption of fraternity, we would suggest that both are wrong, although the learned Doctor most egregiously so. The mean profits upon exports to Canada cannot, from circumstances easily understood, be estimated at less than twenty-five per cent per annum; upon freightage on shipping they are less, and do not exceed probably fifteen per cent: upon exports to the United States the profits do not average more than fifteen per cent per annum; nor does the freightage or return to the shipowner exceed perhaps ten per cent per annum. The great value of the colonies is here, that the whole shipping trade is confined to this country, with all the profits attendant, whereas with the United States, and other countries, it is diminishing yearly. We have alluded to the trading question merely, because the most superficial thinker must be aware there is an

immense political question at stake likewise. The commercial marine question, apart profit, involves that of our maritime superiority—that of our safety no less than of our standing as a nation. The general bearings of it will be comprehended, but to illustrate them fitly would require the scope of an entire article. Comparatively with various other nations, our mercantile navy is far from being on the increase; what would be its declining, then, upon the loss of those colonies so affectedly depreciated and defrauded of their importance? Great as is our trade with the United States, is it not notoriously, seven-eighths at least, carried on in American bottoms, to the exclusion of British shipping? Away with the flimsy politicians that either cannot understand, or knowingly mystify the vast political no less than commercial considerations involved in the Colonial question. Bonaparte, generally a first authority with theorists of the class we allude to, understood it otherwise when he uttered his celebrated opinion in favour of ships, colonies, and commerce. If the administration of British North America cost the parent land half-a-million annually, of what import is the cost in comparison with the national return in value received?

LOSS OF OUR GOLDEN KEY.

Ar! there ye stand among the green and golden glow of that orange grove, proud of the names ye bear, and of the treasures ye embosom, famous now over all the earth, OUR TWO VASES, CLIO AND EUTERPE! Filled to the brim and overflowing with profusest poetry, even as the clear waters well, beneath sacred overshadowings, from the Heliconian Fountains. So delicate the workmanship, products not of art ye seem, but the growth of Nature, alive like the leaves, flowers and fruits by Spring, and Summer, and Autumn all at once inhabited; for Winter visits not this gracious clime; here Three lovely Seasons compose the perfect Year; for ever changeful yet for ever felt unchanged; so soft and silent the mutations all; transitions imperceptible as from dream to dream; beauty born of beauty a perpetual birth; endless generation, and yet no symptom of decay!

Heard ye ever before of VASES with golden hinges, from which the opening lids of ivory dispense such music as from fairy harps is tinkled to hail the Evening Star? Of gold, too, are the locks—and here is our Golden Key! Queen Mab might wear it at her girdle—Titania in her hair. A fine finger has been ever ours—long ago our Flute has been mistaken for Florio's—once heard, like Pinto's, forgotten never could be our Violin. In the musical world Fine-Finger was our name. Not another Editor under Victoria could with this tiniest tool unlock

“The sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

Hinge, lock, and key—our own skill framed them all; and now, O Clio! Thou Chrysolite! to noiseless touch unfold thy lid as noiselessly as bud impatient to be flower, and let Poetry and Music

“Rise like a steam of rich distilled perfumes.”

Mercy on us! what's this? Lost! lost! lost! O for a cup of cold water, for we are waxing very faint. All these great, big, vulgar, foolish keys and seals safely dangling at the end

of this absurd idiotical chain of this preposterous turnip—all but its own dear, sweet, little, elegant, loveliest self—the beautifullest creature tramped upon by some hideous splay-foot—perhaps of a Whig woman—Oh! but we shall go mad—we shall go mad—tramped upon by some hideous splay-foot—beyond all doubt of a Whig woman—Oh horror! sticking in the sole of one of her *bores*—well is it for you, Clio and Euterpe, that you stand there pale and mute with unhearing ears! Or can it be that you are upbraiding our passion with these stilly smiles?

We shall instantly advertise in all the Edinburgh newspapers, and placard both towns, offering a Set of Maga as a reward to the fortunate mortal who will restore to us our GOLDEN KEY. It cannot be that Mrs Gentle, in her quiet way, has played us this plisky—yet there's no knowing, for she has had good opportunities—sad as she usually seems, perhaps almost a thought too much so—at times she is—what shall we call it—tricksome; and then on that pale but little unfaded face we “see the light of other days returning.” It must be so; we remember her one evening last week playing pensively, and we daresay, unconsciously with our seals. Traitor! If so, we may spare ourselves any further agitation; for the same innocent legerdemain that stole will restore. Another key is in her holy keeping—and she wears it ever, day and night, in her bosom. Well doth it fit the wards of the lock—the lock is on a dungeon-looking door—but the lady walks in with a lamp in her hand, and suddenly the gloom is brightened as by the entrance of an angel.

But we ship on Saturday, and Maga is minus two sheets. Plague on you, Mrs Gentle, at your time of life, these practical jokes are rather out of season. Still it is wrong, and we confess it, thus to be biting our nails to the quick—a crime, however, which, in justice to ourselves, we must declare we never commit in cold blood. The bear who sucks his paws is a model of good-breeding, in comparison with the lion who eats his claws. Yet literary lions are addicted to such in-

dulgence even to ruddy drops; and might benefit by the example of some of their jackals who exhibit a line of snuff and earth safely embedded under cover along their finger tips. We are cooling down—for our temper, though hasty, is naturally lenient, and soon forgives and forgets our occasional ebullitions. People have said, and it would be misanthropical to disbelieve or discredit their judgment, that our prose is original, and has created a new era in the history of literature. Only think of that, Christopher; and up with your tail like a peacock. A new era in the history of literature! Why, there is some comfort in that reflection, while we are rubbing our withered hands up and down on these shrivelled shanks. Our feet are on the fender, and that fire is felt on our face; but we verily believe our ice-cold shanks would not shrink from the application of that red-hot poker. Peter has a notion that but for that red-hot poker the fire would go out, so to humour him we let it remain in the ribs—and occasionally brandish it round our head in moments of enthusiasm, when the crutch looks tame, and the knout itself a silken leash for Italian greyhounds.

To our shame be it spoken, we are too easily put out of our way by trifles; and this, after all, is the merest trifle, for a new key will not cost us more than a week's work. We have a model in our imagination of a far superior stalk; it is fortunate that we lost that key, for it had its faults—its day, indeed, was nearly gone by, and we know not what we should have done had it broken in the lock. Our next shall be of Platina—and his name Wollaston.

But the question now is, what shall we do? The devils are to be with us by daylight, and the compositors all on the alert for copy from Old Christopher. Shall we crack the skull of Clio with the crutch? Knock in a window in the breast of Euterpe? And insinuating our hand, draw dexterously forth Ode, Elegy, Epigram, Bucolic, Epithalamium, trusting to repair the damage by skilful application of this earth's finest elay. O sight of beauty, and fear, and wonder! Melting into mist! many-coloured mist! floating in fragments! one after another going out like bubbles! Ingrate! our threats have scared—it

may be for ever—CLIO AND EUTERPE from their Orange Groves!

Maga sent us word that OUR TWO VASES were wanted for this number; and of all easy articles they surely are the easiest, of all popular articles they, it is said, are the most popular—next to the Noctes. The Noctes! could we hold one—could you look at the record of one—and the Shepherd in his grave? Shall we then throw off, at so many heats, some dozen or two of poems, each in a different vein, and intermingling prose comments, almost as poetical as themselves, win from you your willing tributes of love and admiration? We know not if we ever had the power, but alas! we know that we have lost the desire so to delight. In us all ambitious thoughts are dead. Far rather would we read than write, nowadays—far rather than read, sit with shut eyes without a book in the room—far rather than so sit, walk about any where

“Beneath the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory!”

And yet from pen, so neatly nibbed, and of himself so nimble, and on paper so smooth, that, as we look on it, the thought of silk seems as the thought of worsted, an article self-written is, we perceive, progressing at the rate of a printed page an hour; and the hare, you know, has before now been overtaken by the tortoise. Poetry we shall not attempt, for we fear to look in the still sad face of the Past, whether of the day or of the night; and there Poetry hath her birthplace and her home—in the region of Dreams and Shadows.

Can it be that we are indeed a great writer? Shall we live? or,

“Like beasts and common people, die!”

There is something harsh and grating in that collocation of Cowley's—“beasts and common people.” But he meant no harm, for he was a kind good creature, as ever was born—“The melancholy Cowley”—and here expressed concisely the mere fact of their falling alike and together into oblivion. “On some fond breast the parting soul relies;” the reliance is firm and sure; the fond breast is sacred to its trust, transmits it to another, and after two or three transmissions, holy all, but fainter and

dimmer in their hue, the pious tradition dies, and all memorial of the love and the delight, the pity and the sorrow, is swallowed up in vacant night.

Posthumous Fame! Proud words—yet may they be uttered in a humble spirit. The common lot of man is, after death, oblivion. Yet genius, however low its sphere, if long conversant with the conditions of the human heart, may vivify with indestructible life some happy expressions that shall continue to be held dear ever and anon by successive sorrowers in this vale of tears. And if to such the name of him who indited them continue to have something of a sacred sound—obscure to the many as it may be—of such posthumous fame the hope is sufficient happiness to those who overrate not their own endowments; and as the hope has its root in love and sympathy, they who have inspired towards themselves when in life some of these feelings in the hearts of not a few who never saw their face, seem to be justified in believing, that they will be regarded in their REMAINS with something of the same affection, long after the obliteration on their tombstone of each “*forlorn hic jacet.*”

“This is true fame” said some one, on seeing a tattered calf-skin-bound copy of Thomson’s *Seasons* on the window-sill of a hut at the head of a glen, Heaven knows how far from the sea, up and away among a world of misty mountains. We have met Maga, a hundred times, in such seclusions—not seclusions, alas! from sin and sorrow—and we have often thought, as we looked into them at those times, that there were tears in her eyes—but it may have been only their usual liquid light. We have been known in many such regions, bodily and spiritually, for years that will not bear to be numbered—for twenty, by a common name which we inherited—for twenty more, by an illustrious name bestowed on us by a grateful country,—CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Strange work Fancy sometimes makes of them—“and most in dreams”—and to many people’s minds the idea of our personal identity has become involved in inextricable confusion. But for kindness shown when kindness was most needed,—for sympathy—and affection—yea, love itself,—for grief and pity not misplaced—

though bestowed from a mistaken belief of our condition—*forlorn*—but not wholly *forlorn*,—for encouragement and solace sent to us from afar, from cities and solitudes, and from beyond seas and oceans, from brethren who never saw our face, and never may see it,—life itself must leave our heart that beats not now as it used to beat but with dismal trepidation, ere it forget, or cease to remember as clearly as now we hear them, any one of the many words that came sweetly and solemnly whispered to us from the lips of the great and the good, whom Heaven preserve long on earth to benefit the race by their genius and their virtue!

People have wondered why we, an old barren bachelor, should live in such a large house. It is a palace, but never was there a greater mistake than to seek the solution in our pride. Silence can be had but in a large house. And silence is the chief condition of home happiness. We could now hear a leaf fall—a leaf of the finest wire-weave. Peter and Betty inhabit the second sunk story—and it is delightful to know that they may be kicking up the most infernal disturbance at this blessed moment, and tearing out each other’s hair in handfuls, without the faintest whisper of the uproar reaching us in our altitude above the drawing-room flat. On New-year’s day morning there was a competition of bag-pipers in the very kitchen, and we fondly imagined ’twas an Eolian Harp. In his pantry Peter practised for years on the shrill clarion, and for years on the echoing horn; yet had he thrown up both instruments in despair, ere we so much as knew that he had commenced his musical studies. In the sunk story, immediately below *that*, having been for a season consumptive we kept a Jack-Ass and a Jennie—and though we believe it was well known all round Moray Place and Ainslie Place, and even in Charlotte Square, we cannot charge our memory with an audit of their bray. In the sunk story immediately below that again, that distinguished officer on half-pay, Captain Campbell of the Highlanders—when on a visit to us for a year or two—though we seldom saw him—got up a *sma’ still*—and though a more harmless creature could not be, there he used to sit for hours together, with

the worm that never dies. On one occasion, it having been supposed by Peter that the Captain had gone to the East Neck of Fife, weeks elapsed, we remember, ere he was found sitting dead, just as if he had been alive, in his usual attitude, in his usual arm-chair, commanding a view of the precipice of the back court.

Just as quiet are the Attics. They too are furnished; for the feeling of there being one unfurnished room, however small, in the largest house, disturbs the entire state of mind of such an occupant, and when cherished and dwelt on, which it must not unfrequently be, inspires a cold air of desolation throughout the domicile, till "thoughts of flitting rise." There may be, but we doubt it, a lumber-room. The room containing Blue-Beard's murdered wives might in idea be entered without distraction by a bold mind. But, oh! the lumber-room, into which, on an early walk through the house of a friend on whom we had been soring for the summer, all unprepared, we did once set our foot! From the moment—and it was but for a moment—and about six o'clock—far away in the country—that appalling vision met our eyes—till we found ourselves, about another six o'clock, in Moray Place, we have no memory of the flight of time. Part of the journey—or voyage—we suspect was performed in a steamer. The noise of knocking, and puffing, and splashing seems to be in our inner ears; but after all it may have been a sail-boat, possibly a yacht. In the Attics an Aviary open to the sky, and to us below the many voices, softened into one, sometimes, in the pauses of severer thought, affect—affects us—heart, mind, and soul, so serenely sweet it seems, as the laverocks' in our youth at the gates of heaven.

At our doorstand the guardian genii, sleep and silence. We had an ear to them in the building of our house, and planned it after a long summer's day's perusal of the Castle of Indolence. Oh! Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, oh! that thou and we had been rowers in the same boat on the silent river! Rowers indeed! Short the spells and far between that we should have taken—the one would not have turned round the other, but when the oar chanced to drop out of his listless hand—and the canoe would have been

allowed to drift with the stream, unobserved we of our backward course, and wondering and then ceasing to wonder at the slow receding beauty of the hanging banks of grove—the cloud-mountains, immovable as those of earth, and in spirit one world!

Ay! Great noise as we have made in the world—our heart's desire is for silence—its delight is peace. And is it not so with all men, turbulent as may have been their lives, who have ever looked into their own being? The soul longs for peace in itself; therefore whenever it discerns it, it rejoices in the image of which it seeks the reality. The serene human countenance, the wide water sleeping in the moonlight, the stainless marble-depth of the immeasurable heavens reflect to it that tranquillity which it imagines within itself, though it never long dwelt there, restless as a dove on a dark tree that cannot be happy but in the sunshine. It loves to look on what it loves, even though it cannot possess it; and hence its feeling on contemplating such calm, is not of simple repose, but desire stirs in it, as if it would fain blend itself more deeply with the quiet it beholds! The sleep of a desert would not so affect it—it is Beauty that makes the difference—that attracts spirit to matter, while spirit becomes not thereby materialized—O the gracious mystery—but matter spiritualized; and we fluctuate in the air-boat of imagination between earth and heaven! In most and in all great instances there is apprehension, dim and faint, or more distinct, of pervasion of a spirit throughout that which we conceive Beautiful. Stars, the moon, the deep bright ether, waters, the rainbow, a pure lovely flower—none of them ever appear to us, or are believed by us to be mere physical and unconscious dead aggregates of atoms. That is what they are; but we could have no pleasure in them, if we knew them as such. There is illusion, then, of some sort, and to what does it amount? We cannot tell. But if there is really a love in human hearts to these distant orbs—if there is an emotion of tenderness to the fair, opening, breathing blossom that we would not crush it—"in gentleness of heart, touch for there is a spirit in the leaves"—it must be that we do not see them as they are, but "create a soul under the ribs of

death." We could not be touched, or care for what has no affinity to ourselves—we make the affinity—we animate, we vivify them, and thenceforward,

" Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

Now you do believe that we do love Silence—and every other thing worthy of being loved—you and yours—and even that romp, your shock-headed coz, to whom Priscilla Tomboy was an Imogen. Nor in all poetry do we love any two little lines so well as

" The swan on still St Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow !"

All our ceilings are deadened—we walk ankle-deep in carpeting—nobody is suffered to open a door but ourselves—and they are so constructed, that it is out of their power to *slam*. Our winter furniture is all massy—deepening the repose. In all the large rooms two fire-places—and fires are kept perpetually burning day and night, in them all, which, reflected from spacious mirrors, give the mansion quite the appearance of a Pandemonium. *No gas—it stinks*. Palm-oil burns scentless as moonlight; and when motion, not rest in a place is signified, we accompany ourselves with a wax candle, or taper from time immemorial green as emerald. Yet think not that there is a blaze of light. We have seen the midnight heaven and earth, nearly as bright, with but one moon, and a small scatter of stars. And places of glimmer—and places of gloom—and places "deaf to sound and blind to light" there are in this our Mansion, known but to ourselves—cells—penitentiaries—where an old man may sit sighing or groaning, or stupified in his misery, or at times almost happy! So senseless, and worse than senseless seems then all mortal tribulation and anguish, while the self-communing soul is assured, by its own profound responses, that "whatever is, is best."

And thus is our domicile or domain—a kingdom. We should not care to be confined to it all the rest of our days. It would be no imprisonment. Seldom, indeed, do we leave our own door—yet call on us, and ten to one you hear us in winter chirping like a

cricket, or in summer like a grasshopper. We have the whole range of the house to ourselves, and many an Excursion make we on the Crutch. Ascending and descending the wide-winding staircases, each broad step not above two inches high, we find ourselves on spacious landing-places illumined by the dim religious light of stained windows, on which pilgrims, and palmers, and prophets, single or in pairs, or troops, are travelling on missions through glens and forests and by sea-shores—or shepherd piping in the shade, or poet playing with the tangles of Neera's hair. We have discovered a new principle on which, within narrow bounds, we have constructed Panoramic Dioramas that show splendid segments of the great circle of the world. We paint all of them ourselves, now a Poussin, now a Thomson, now a Claude, now a Turner, now a Danby, and now a Salvator. To describe them would require a series of articles; and a series of articles you shall have—alternately in prose and in verse—number one—COOKE AT OTAHEITE.

Most people, nay, we suspect all people but ourselves, make a point of sleeping in the same bed (that is awkwardly expressed) all life through; and out of that bed many of them avow their inability to "bow an eye;" such is the need of custom, of habit, of use and wont, to weary mortals even in the blessing of sleep. No such slavish fidelity do we observe towards any one bed of the numerous beds in our mansion. No one dormitory is entitled to plume itself, in the pride of its heart, on being peculiarly ours; nor is any one suffered to sink into despondency from being debarred the privilege of contributing to our repose. They are all furnished, if not luxuriously, comfortably in the extreme; in number nine—each, of course, with its dressing-room—those on the same story communicating with one another and with the parlours, drawing-rooms, and libraries—"a mighty maze but not without a plan," and all harmoniously combined by one prevailing and pervadings pirit of quietude by day and by night, awake or asleep—the chairs being couch-like, the couches bed-like, the beds, whether tent or canopy, enveloped in a drapery of dreams!

- We go to bed at no stated hour—

but when we are tired of sitting up, then do we lie down; at any time of the night or the day; and we rise, neither with the lark, nor the swallow, nor the sparrow, nor the cock, nor the owl, nor the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, nor Lucifer, nor Aurora, but with Christopher North. Yellow, or green, or blue, or crimson, or fawn, or orange, or violet, or pinky light salutes our eyes, as sleep's visionary worlds recede and relapse into airy nothing, and we know of a certainty that *these* are real web and woof damask curtains, *that* flacc palpable on substantial walls. Another morn—another forenoon—another mid-day—and not far off now can be the descent of that Inevitable Night.

Well, Beelzebub, my boy—there's copy, and a caulker to melt the cranch on your love-locks. And now we shall indulge in a Havannah. What! full of papers, and in verse? Why, it is absolutely a young Balaam-box. In a fit of absence we must have tumbled in all this poetry, supposing it to be Clio or Euterpe. Providentially at the bottom here is a cigar. And thus

"We whiff the world's ungenerous scorn away."

"This is really too bad," to light our cigar with a long shred of Meleager Hay's Manuscript Translations from Anacreon. But we got it by heart first, at a single glance; for our memory is like intuition,—we look at a stanza as we look at a sky—turn away our eyes, and the beauty remains before our inner sense, for ever safe from wind and weather, recallable at the pleasure of our will, sole-sitting in our cigarium, or on the mountain-top.

Who would have thought it? To find powder for a thirty-five pounder of an article in a Tobacco-box! This must be Peter's doing—a mild reproach of our long idlesse—and in our heart we could half forgive him for his radicalism. For, would you believe it, Peter, out of the pure spirit of contradiction, has become a red-hot furious Radical—a root and branch man—and nothing will satisfy him short of severance of Church and State, and an elective in lieu of an hereditary peerage. Her sex protects her, for Peter adores her sex—else had he a design on the Throne. But no politics.

Mr President, We call on Christopher for a song.

ANACREON.

Καλλιτέχνα, μοι τρέυσον—κ. τ. λ.

Skilled artist, now emboss me
The dulcet cup of spring:
To me the prime of seasons
Which doth the roses bring.

And simply work the silver
Into a goblet fair:
Let no revolting stories,
No foreign rites be there.

Oh! rather carve me Bacchus,
The son of mighty Jove:
And mystic Venus cheering
The spousal song of love.

Carve Cupids without armour,
Let laughing Graces shine
Beneath a fair, outspreading,
Well clustered, leafy, vine.

And to the lovely Graces,
Let comely youths repair.
If not,—then picture Phœbus
Sweet music warbling there.

Encore! encore! encore! de capo! de capo! de capo! ditto! ditto!

ANACREON.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τρεύσων—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE SAME.

Oh! Vulean, while enchasing
The silver, make for me
No panoply:—since battles
I ne'er desire to see.

But hollow me a goblet,
Deep, deep, with all thy might;
No stars, no wains make on it,
Nor grim Orion's light.

For what care I for Pleiads,
Boötes,—heavenly signs?
Come, carve me grapes in clusters,
Thick-hanging from the vines.

Let grape-smear'd Bacchants tread
in

A wine-press,—taking hold
Of Bacchus,—*my* Bathylla,
And Cupid,—all in gold.

Bravo! bravissimo! Socrates in the
character of Anacreon! Ay, ay, all
three—DROLLS.

It must be amusing to many to see
ever and anon in the Monthlies a
translation, as it is called, of some
poor solitary Greek Epigram or an-
other, shivering by itself at the bot-
tom of a page, with reference in a
note at its foot to the place where it is
to be found in some erudite edition of the
Anthology—the tiny turner having
done no more than transmogrify an
English version in *Maga* into a pro-
vincial dialect of the Cockney tongue.
Maga has given them in dozens,
scores, fifties, hundreds; pouring
them out from her Cornucopia, till
her path blushed with flowers. Say
rather

“Flowers blush before her on their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads.”

A year or two ago, we challen-

ged the scholars of England to trans-
late “faithfully” the Introductory
Verses to Meleager’s *Garland*—a
feat which, as far as we knew, had
never been accomplished—nor indeed
attempted; and why, we ask, were
all the ambitious Greeks and Trojans
of the Metropolitan Miscellanies deaf
to our call and mutes? We could
name two men in London equal to the
feat—and we do name them—Dr
Maginn and Father Prout. Such is
their scholarship, talent, and genius,
that, even after reading these versions
(wait a moment), they could, were
they to choose, strike and throw off
theirs, equal, perhaps superior to
these, without an iota of imitation,
and each in a style peculiarly his
own—for ingenious exceedingly are
the Doctor and the Father, and true
originals as ever were born. “The
rest” are numbskulls. In their paws
flowers become weeds—and the “*Gar-
land*” itself, judged by the specimens
they exhibit, would seem to be com-
posed wholly of dockens. We can-
not afford to quote the original, but
the difficulty of translation speaks for
itself—and here you have it in Blank
and in Rhyme. We leave it to
Wrangham, and Merivale, and Sand-
ford, and Williams, and Price, and
the Bishop of London to adjudge the
palm.

MELEAGER’S GARLAND.

BY WILLIAM MELEAGER HAY.

Loved Muse, for whom bear’st thou this tuneful lay
Of various fruitage? Who this hymnic wreath
Togetherstrung? ’Twas Meleager wove
This meet memorial to Diocles’ love.

Lilies of Anyte with lilies wreathed
Of Myros, and great Sappho’s scantlings few
But roses all!—inlaid with fair narciss
That teems with songs of Melanippides,
And the fresh shoots of thy young budding vine,
Simonides, here mix their sweetness all.

Nossis, whose strains hath Eros waxened o’er,
Mingles flowered iris incense-breathing here
With Rhian’s fragrant marjoram:—the sweet
And virgin-coloured crocus blooms with thee,
Erinna,—while, Alcæus, to thy flower—
That tells, in many a threne, a tale of wo,—
The hyacinth, comes Samius’ laurel-branch
Dark foliaged.

To thy ivy-berries green,
Leonidas, Mnasalcus’ cone-shaped pine
Lends its sharp tresses,—mingling with the leaves
Of Pamphilus’ round platane; walnut shoots

Of Pancrates, with Tymnes' poplar white,
And the green thyme of Nicias,—and thee,
Euphemus' balsam-mint, that lov'st the shore.

Here Damagetus' violets inwreath
Callimachus' sweet myrtle—that distils
Harsh honey; while Euphorions' campion-rose,
Gems the amomum of the Muses' friend,
Who drew his surname from the sons of Jove.

Frantic wine-clusters Hegesippus brings;
Perses the od'rous mastich; apples sweet
Culls Diotimus from the topmost boughs;
Myrrh-shoots, Nicænetus; Phaënus scents
The edible, wild-pear of Simmias
With spicy terebinth's most rich perfume.

See, from a faultless mead her parsley-flowers,
How few, alas! crops Parthenis; how small
The remnant here of yellow ears of corn—
The honey-dropping Muses' boon to thee,
Bacchylides! Anacreon, whose songs
Are luscious nectar all,—his elegies,
Nature's self-planted, balmy camomile,—
Paints the thorn'd blossoms of thy tressed euphorb,
Archilochus,—a few small drops, no more,
From thy vast sea of song;—young olive shoots
Of Alexander; purple bottle flowers
Of Polyclitus; and amaracus
The gifted minstrel's darling plant, and thine,
Antipater, the privet bright and young.

The hymnic Syrian nard's rough-bearded spikes
The gift of Hermodorus; vernal buds
Of Edylus, and, Posidippus, thine;
With the Sicilian's wind-flowers—from the wings
Of Zephyr shed, and Plato's golden branch,—
The god-like Plato, beaming with the light
Of every virtue,—here are vocal all.

Aratus,—he whose spirit upward soared,
Up heavenward till it grasped the star-deck'd signs,
Mingles the palm-tree's primal ringlets here.

The scarlet buds of Phædimus inflame
Choeremus' thick-tress'd lotus; and illumine
The flexile ox-eye of Antagoras,
And Theodoridas' strong-odoured thyme,
Blooming in youth, with Phanias' blue-flowers,
And many recent shoots of modern bards.

With these would Meleager now inweave
White early violets of his proper Muse,
A gift to friends, a sweetly-speaking wreath
To all the mystic votaries of song.

MELEAGER'S GARLAND.

REV. WILLIAM SCOTT.

Dear Muse, for whom twin'st thou this vocal wreath?
For whom this garland gay of flowers that breathe?
These Meleager culled—to friendship due
Dioeles won these flowers of various hue.
Thy lilies Anyte,—and loved Myro's
Fair buds—and Sappho's scant but blooming rose—
The rich narciss of Melanippides—
The vine's young shoot from green Simonides—
Thine iris, Nossis, on whose cup are shed

Sweet-breathing scents, and love's own perfume spread—
 And Rian's buds, with marjoram soft imbued—
 Erinna's crocus white and virgin-hued,
 Alcæus, speaking hyacinths he weaves,
 Samius his laurel's bright and sable leaves.
 Leonidas, thine ivy-bloom we twine,
 Mnascalas soars with twigs of lofty pine,
 Pamphilus crops the crooked plane, with these
 A walnut's gnarled bough sends Pancrates.
 Tymnes the poplar white—the wild thyme green
 Nicias—Euphemus tamarisk marine,
 Damagetas dark violets, myrtle sweet
 Callimachus, filled aye with odours meet,
 Euphorion's lychnis, and 'mong Muses he
 Who gained his name from Jove's high progeny ;
 Hegesippus here hangs the frantic grape,
 And let not Perses' mastick branch escape.
 Breathe Diotimus' apples' sweet perfume,
 Meneceates gives young pomegranate's bloom ;
 Nicænetus myrrh buds ; the terebinth fair
 Phaennius ; Simmias culls the wilding pear ;
 From meadows fresh, the parsley innocent,
 And short-lived buds from virgin hands are sent,
 With many a leaf plucked from the Muse's bower
 Wreathes soft Bacchylides the reed's gay flower ;
 Anacreon too, whose strains with nectar smile,
 For elegies tears sweet wild camomile ;
 While plucks the bloom of harsh and prickly thorn
 Archilochus,—with drops from ocean borne ;
 Here Alexander prunes the olive young ;
 Here Polyclitus' corn-bine blue is hung ;
 Polystratus, thy bay to minstrels dear ;
 Antipater, thy cypress dark and drear.
 The Syrian nard here waves its locks above
 The Muses' plant, soft Hermus' gift of love ;
 Nor Hedylus, nor Poseidippus fail
 With wild buds fanned by each Sicilian gale ;
 And holy Plato's branch of beaten gold,
 Which virtue's sacred beams for aye enfold.
 Aratus, he who tracks the stars' lone race
 From palms heaven-soaring flings their primal grace ;
 Chæremon's lotus ; thy red flowers are found
 Phædimus, and Antagoras' ox-eye round.
 Here Phanius, purple buds, and loved of wine
 Theudocides, thy fresh plucked eglantine ;
 And many a twig of many a bud—the Muse
 Her own first snow-drops cannot now refuse.
 This garland sweet to friends and bards I bring,
 To all the Muse's mystic rites who sing !

Each translator, we perceive, has accompanied his version with notes—they appear to be floral, botanical, horticultural, and arboricultural in the extreme—and well fitted for any one of Mr Loudon's many excellent magazines ; a gentleman, by the by, of much worth and merit, and of whom in an unaccountable fit of bad humour we suspect we once wrote, a few years ago, with a truculency ridiculously disproportioned to some obsolete peccadilloes of his

pen in a work long since freed from them, as at the time he temperately informed us in a letter—which we published—of such candour as made us blush for our absurd sarcasms, and induced us to become a subscriber to all his periodicals, and a purchaser of all his larger works—from which we have derived no barren pleasure, as they have assisted us in beautifying our policy, and embowering the Lodge.

In an article of ours on Greek Symmonds's noble version of the Agamemnon (see No. for August, 1831), we quoted the famous speech of Clytemnestra to the Chorus (the Greek, too, and a literal, line for line, prose version), in which she runs riot in description of the Beacon Fires hurrying to announce the approaching advent of her Lord, now that Troy has been taken, sacked, and razed; runs riot and revels, glorying in her lust and hate, and in the knowledge a-growl in the dark chambers of her guilt that while "far off his coming shone," murder was about to meet him in the bath, and the axe in her own hand to smite, in his entanglement, the head of the King of Men. We there compared it, too, with passages, parallel, or similar, or resembling in spirit or in style, though it stood forth in its magnificence far beyond and above them all—in its perfection incomparable. A few months' ago, in an article on Bulwer's Athens, our Contributor quoted, with just praise, a spirited and flowing version of the same great description; and ere the sheets were dry, we received from an esteemed friend, who had forgot our critique on Symmonds, nor then read Mr Bulwer's work, a version equal, we think, if not superior to the best, whatever that may be, Potter's included; and in a measure better adapted than that of any of the others to the rapidity of the relays of fiery *avant-couriers* posting from Ilium to Argos. Our friend subsequently wrote to us to say, that he had discovered he was a day behind the fair. Hundreds of contributors have found themselves in the same predicament. Many a capital thing has been sent us by young gentlemen, that had been accepted in

another shape by Maga from her enamoured suitors, before the promising springalts were born. In spite of all we could say in Number after Number, epigrams from the Greek kept pouring in upon us from all quarters, and are doing so to this very day, and on remonstrating with some of the villains on their works of supererogation, they have replied, "How could we, who have not a SET OF THE MAGAZINE, know all it contains?" To be without a set of the Magazine is of itself little short of high treason. But surely they know the maxim, *ne quid nimis*. Let all men read us in Numbers as we come out, for only so can any memory master our contents, and keep pace with the progress of the Mistress Spirit of the Age. One person only we are acquainted with, an elderly annuitant, who knows the whole Series from 1817 to 1837 by heart. From his brain "all trivial fond records" have been wiped away; he is a male Maga, a virile incarnation of her whole letter-press. Speak of an article and it appears,—quote any single sentence and he continues the paragraph to its close,—give him but the catch-word and he is off with a whirl like a twenty pound salmon in a deep pool with sixty yards of reel-line. Nor is he so much of an idiot as to be incapable of conducting his own affairs, like most of those unfortunate persons who have the Bible by rote, and on receiving a verse give a chapter. He is himself a contributor, having once miscorrected the fag-end of a proof, and in country quarters is reputed Co-editor with Christopher North.

But now for the Beacon, by that accomplished scholar, the Reverend William John Blew of Nuthurst.

THE BEACON.

PROM THE AGAMEMNON.

Queen CLYTEMNESTRA and the Chorus of Ancients, in the Court of the Palace at Argos about day-break.

Clyt. Sweet harbinger of joy, come forth! thou dancing morning-light,
As runs the legend, from the lap of thy dark mother Night:

(*To the Chorus*). And list shall ye a tale of glee, above your hope to hear,
For Priam's hold our Argives bold have won with sword and spear.

Chor. And, Lady, who the messenger that hither speeds so fast?

Cly. Hephæstus—from the mount of Ide, a brilliant blaze he cast,
And beacon unto beacon call'd, and on the bale-fire pass'd.
First Ida unto Lemnos-isle—then from the Hermæan Crag

The Peak of Jove, tall Athos, took that mighty meteor-flag,
 And onward still, with lightning-track that bridged the broad sea's length,
 The jocund lamp came travelling in the greatness of its strength;
 Till lifting, like the sun at noon, its flame of golden flake—
 Unto Macistus' tower the pine its sparkling summons spake.
 Nor slack was he, nor sluggishly forbore due watch to keep,
 Nor fail'd of his allotted charge o'ercome by drowsy sleep:
 But, fast and far, that Beacon-star o'erstept Euripus' stream,
 And to Messapius' watchers gave the greeting of its gleam.
 By fire they answer'd—and forthwith the Sign sent on in turn—
 High kindling on its rocky stance, a pile of withered fern.
 And onward still, with ray undimm'd, and strength that never slept,
 Across Asopus lowland-plain the hurrying Cresset leapt,
 Then rising—like a merry moon—upon Citheron's height
 It awakened, for the courier-flame, a fresh relay of light.
 Nor blind the watch, nor heedless of the far-transmitted flame,
 But trimm'd afresh, and forward sent, yet brighter than it came:
 It flash'd along Gorgopis marsh—up Ægiplanctos shot—
 With stirring challenge that for lack of food it tarry not.
 Nor call'd in vain, with might and main, upon the heap they toss
 Fresh fagots, and the mighty beard of flame send forth to cross
 The fore-land Cliff, that beetleth o'er the deep Saronic Sound,
 Broad-blazing;—then Arachne's steep it climb'd, and with a bound
 Along the watch-tower summits ran, that gird the city round:—
 Lit thence o'er this, the royal roof of Atreus' sons, it plays—
 The beam in right succession borne from Ida's parent-blaze.
 Thus snatching each from each their brand the ready torchmen run,
 When by the first, and by the last, the fiery race is won:
 And thus to thee aright I read yon signal-fire of joy—
 The token of mine absent lord; the gage of conquered Troy!

Translations of entire Greek Tragedies we were the first to give—and probably we shall be the last—in a month or two—MEDEA! Compare her with Clytemnestra—and with Lady Macbeth. Then Alcestis—and then Ajax—and then—who? “Well do we know, but dare not tell.” Meanwhile, a single Chorus from Alcestis—and a single Chorus from Ajax—by an unknown hand (an Oxonian rejoicing in the initials H. K.)—a prelibation of the dark and bitter waters of sorrow—yet not without their sweetness—flowing from their source far up among the mountains of day and life, along many a channel “beautiful exceedingly,” on their way down to the Great Glen of Night and Death!

“Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the
 grave!”

So said Milton—in a sonnet written for the whole world—but first of all, for his own soul. Millions who have known and felt all that can be known and felt of love and pity, and sorrow, and grief, and penitence, and remorse, never heard of Alcestis—nor of her husband Admetus. Nor matters it.

For though she, her holy self, was dear to all her coevals far beyond any priestess ministering in the penetralia of the temples of her country's gods, and her memory sacred, long as Greece was a spirit, and more than the shadow of a name, yet there has been, not alone in palaces and on thrones—and she was a Princess and a Queen—but in cots and huts and hovels—many an Alcestis! To save her husband's life she was willing to die—she died—and was buried; but a hero and a demi-god—Hercules the Wonderful—contended at her tomb with the Lord of Hades, and restored her, reanimated, to him who had feared to affront the griesly King. Milton used to sleep with Euripides under his pillow. Schlegel sneers—and Mitchel mows, at the Son of the old herb-woman. They both speak well of his genius—but say he degraded tragedy by lowering, that is, we affirm, enlarging its sphere. Poo—poo—poo! Aristotle thought him—and so do we—(there's modesty)—the most tragic of the Three. Who the devil cares who was his mother?

Alcestis is preparing herself to die—and thus sings the Chorus. But will

our unknown translator tell us why he has compressed into one, first and second strophe, first and second antistrophe? We may be speaking ignorantly—for Meleager Hay has our Euripides, and

easier for Hercules to bring back Alcestis from the grave, than for us to recover a Greek volume from the Prince of Greek Translators.

CHORUS.

Oh! be thou blest in Halls below
 Uncheer'd by Phœbus' genial glow!
 But let the sable God, whose sway
 Dark Hades' realms of sleep obey,
 And that old Ferryman, whose oars,
 Transport the dead to Pluto's shores,
 Confess, that never one
 More pure, more lovely, than the last,
 In his light shallop, yet hath pass'd
 Thy lake, dark Acheron!
 To thee the bards in frequent quire
 Shall sweep the seven-stringed mountain lyre,
 And pour the vocal strain,
 In Sparta, when the circling year
 Bids once again the feast draw near,
 And leads the livelong night to cheer,
 The moon her starry train!
 Nor blest by Fortune's golden ray
 Shall Athens' sons refuse the lay!
 Oh! would 'twere mine, to light to guide
 Thy steps from dark Cocytus' tide;
 Oh! would 'twere mine, to ply the oar
 That wafts thee back to Earth once more!
 For thou alone hast dared to tread
 The downward pathway of the dead,
 Fond victim! in thy husband's stead!
 Oh! lightly o'er thy hallowed grave,
 Lie the green turf, the flowret wave!
 But if thy too forgetful Lord,
 Apostate to his plighted word,
 Another damsel e'er shall lead
 In bridal pomp and state,
 Then be the traitor's well-earned meed,
 My scorn, thy children's hate!
 When 'neath him yawned th' expectant grave,
 Nor either parent dar'd to save,
 Tho' hoary both, the life they gave,
 'Twas thine in youth to seek the tomb,
 Avertress of thy husband's doom!
 Oh might I hope to clasp to mine
 Some loving heart as true as thine!
 (For ah! not oft hath envious Heav'n
 Such matchless bliss to mortals given:)
 How blest would roll my joyous years,
 Uncheck'd by grief, undimm'd by tears!

Self-devotion, with profound and uttermost peace of soul, as if it were a deed delightful to nature, how often by Christian woman hath it not been performed! Heedless of praise in the present, of fame in the future! Not indifferent to sympathy, yet requiring not its support,—walking with steady steps to death, and looking up with un-

troubled, yea with ecstatic eyes, on the way to the scaffold or to the stake, for a moment's commune with the face of love by fear kept aloof in the torturing hour from the martyr's side! Walking amidst weepings and wailings of pity and of admiration,—sobs stifled by awe but resuscitated by anguish,—groans of grief, that would indulge it-

self unfettered, made terrible by anger that dared no other vent before the countenance of the tyrant—meekly elate!—Unconscious as a child of the glory of her innocence,—penitent in her sacrifice, as being one of the miserable sinners for whom the Saviour died!

Homer likens Ajax, obstinately retreating from battle, and bearing patiently all manner of buffets, to an ass assailed by showers of blows from schoolboys, and shaking his ears as if he relished it. But Homer did not mean to insinuate that the son of Telamon was an ass. In the Shades—and in the Odyssey—that stern stalking away at the sight of Ulysses is characteristic, and it is sublime. And sublime throughout is the picture by Sophocles of his madness and

suicide, because of that wrongful adjudgment by the Atridæ of the Achillean arms. Fain would we launch out on its sublimities; but we have promised you the Tragedy itself, and you shall not be disappointed—so be satisfied mean-while with a single chorus from the same pen from which distilled the mournful measure of the dirge for the yet living but soon to die Alcestitis. Ajax, in a calm between the paroxysms of his madness, takes farewell, in an address of great pathos, of Tecmessa, a royal captive, who was to him as a wife, and their little son Eurysaces, surnamed from his father's shield; and the Chorus, consisting, if we mistake not, of Salaminian soldiers, compatriots of the Hero, sing his Coronach—

CHORUS.

Still does Ocean's wand'ring wave,
Salamis, thy bulwarks lave!
Still does Fortune's fav'ring smile
Beam upon thy glorious isle!
But before my wretched eyes
Ida's flocks and pastures rise:
Long, beneath a foreign clime,
Worn by aye-revolving time,
Inglorious, I remain!
With but one mournful hope to cheer,
Soon, soon to reach the mansions drear,
Of Hades' gloomy reign!

And now, successor to my wo,
Great Ajax shares the cureless blow,
By Heav'n-sent madness fir'd!
Ajax, whom thou did'st choose to guide
The might of war's impetuous tide,

With frenzied rage inspir'd—
Ajax, our miserable chief,
Fills all too full the cup of grief.
The warrior's gallant deeds in fight
No spoils reward, no cares requite;
But the vile sons of Atreus' race
Combine to work his foul disgrace!
Oh! how will she, whose locks of grey
Attest her life's protracted day,

His aged mother dear,
Ill-fated pour the song of woe,
Not, like the night-bird, soft and slow,
But wailing shrill and clear,
When first her offspring's frenzied wo

Shall reach her anxious ear!
How beat her wretched breast—how tear,
In helpless grief, her hoary hair!
Oh! better far at once to die
Than thus, by hopeless malady
Oppress'd, to linger on,
For one, like him, of lineage high,

Achaia's noblest son,
 O'er whose proud soul the mastery
 Passion hath never won!
 Thee, wretched Sire, what tidings wait!
 Thy hapless son's distressful fate!
 Such deep affliction as before
 The house of Ajax never bore!

Why paused we years ago, perhaps
 never more to proceed, in our com-
 ments on the *Odyssey*, having read
 with you some of the meanings of the
Iliad almost to its very close, "and
 thus celebrated they the obsequies of
 Hector the Tamer of Horses?" We
 left *Ulysses* about to enchant the court
 of *Alcinous* with his wondrous tale.

Look on him now, disguised as a beg-
 gar, conversing with the swine-herd in
 front of his own palace about a dog
 lying at the last extremity near his
 own palace-gate; and first in that
 literal line-for-line prose that *Charles*
Lamb, who had but little Greek,
 rightly felt to be not un-Homeric.

These things were they then thus discussing with each other :
 When up both his head and ears raised a dog lying there
 The much-enduring *Ulysses'* *Argus*, which he himself had of old
 Brought up—but enjoyed not—for before this to sacred *Ilium*
 He went : this *Argus* the young men were erst wont to lead
 Against the wild-goats, stags, and hares.

Now, however, was he lying a loathed-outcast,—his Prince being gone,—

Amid much dung which before the doors
 Was heaped in profusion—of mules and oxen, till carry it away should
 The domestics of *Ulysses* when about to manure a large field :

There lay the dog *Argus* covered over with ticks.

Then, however, when he recognized *Ulysses* near him

He fawned on him by moving his tail, and threw back both his ears ;

But nearer his prince he could not then

Come : but *Ulysses* looking aside wiped away a tear—

Having easily escaped the observation of *Eumæus*—whom he immediately
 questioned thus—

"*Eumæus*, assuredly there is something strange in this :—amid dung lies that
 dog ;

Handsome in body he is,—but I know it not for certain

If, with all this beauty, he be swift in running,

Or worthless—as the table (*domestic*) dogs of men

Are—which the great rear for ornament merely."

Him the swine-herd *Eumæus* answering addressed :

"Of a surety this is the dog of a man—dead far away.

If such were *Argus* now in body—and in deeds

As he was when *Ulysses* left him when setting out for *Troy*—

Soon wouldst thou wonder when thou hadst seen his swiftness and strength.

For never in the depths of the dense forest escaped any

Beast-of-prey when *Argus* saw him ; and full-skilful was he in tracking the
 tread.

But now he is encompassed with evils : for his prince far from his country

Hath perished : and the careless women attend no more to *Argus*.

For domestics, when their masters no longer bear rule,

No longer are willing to do their duties rightly—

And of the half of his worth doth the far-seeing *Jupiter* deprive

A man—when a day of slavery hath taken hold of him."

Having thus spoken : he entered the commodious house,

And straight on through the hall to the haughty wooers,

And forthwith the fate of gloomy death laid hold on *Argus*,

As soon as he had beheld *Ulysses* in the twentieth year.

OLD CHAPMAN.

(First part omitted.)

This dog, said he, was servant to one dead
 A huge time since. But if he bore his head
 (For form and quality) of such a height,
 As when Ulysses (bound for the Iliion fight,
 Or quickly after) left him, your rapt eyes
 Would then admire, to see him use his thyes
 In strength and swiftness. He would nothing flye,
 Nor any thing let 'scape. If once his eye
 Seized any wilde beast, he knew straight his scent;
 Go where he would, away with him he went;
 Nor was there ever any savage stood,
 Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood,
 Long time before him, but he pulled him down;
 As well by that true hunting to be known
 In such waste coverts, as for speed of pace
 In any open lawne; for in deepe chase
 He was a passing wise, and well nosed Hound.
 And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
 With any grace heere now. Nor he more fed
 Than any arrant curre. His King is dead,
 Farre from his country; and his servants are
 So negligent, they lend his Hound no care.
*Where maysters rule not, but let men alone,
 You never there see honest service done.
 That man's halfe vertue JOVE takes quite away
 That once is sun-burn'd with the servile day.*
 This said; he enter'd the well-built Towers,
 Up bearing right upon the glorious wooers,
 And left poor Argus dead. His Lord's firste sight
 Since that time twenty years, bereft his light.

COWPER.

Thus they convers'd; when lying near, his head
 Ulysses' dog, the faithful Argus, heav'd,
 And set his ears erect. The chief himself
 Had rear'd him, but departing to the shores
 Of Ilium, left the trial of his worth
 To youths, oft-times indebted to his speed
 For wild-goat, hart, and hare. Forlorn he lay,
 A poor unheeded cast-off, on the ground,
 Where mules and oxen had before the gate
 Much ordure left, with which Ulysses' hinds
 Should, in due time, manure his spacious fields.
 There lay, by vermin worried to the bone,
 The wretched Argus; soon as he perceiv'd
 Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears
 Clapp'd close, and with his tail glad sign he gave
 Of gratulation, impotent to rise,
 And to approach his master. At that sight
 Ulysses, unperceived, a starting tear
 Wip'd off, and of Eumæus thus enquired:
 I can but wonder, seeing such a dog
 Thus lodg'd, Eumæus! beautiful he seems,
 But wanted, I suspect, due speed to match
 His comely shape; a table-guard belike,
 And for his looks priz'd more than for his use.
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply:
 He is the dog of one far hence deceas'd.

But had he now such body, plight and strength,
 As when his Lord, departing to the shores
 Of Ilium, left him, thou shouldst view at once,
 With wonder, his agility and force.
 He never in the silvan deep recess
 The wild beast saw, that scap'd him, and he track'd
 Their steps infallible; but comfort none
 Enjoys he now; for distant far from home
 His Lord hath died, and heedless of his dog
 The women neither house nor give him food.
 For whom Jove dooms to servitude, he takes
 At once the half of that man's worth away.
 He spake; and, passing the wide portal came,
 Where the imperious suitors feasting sat.
 And Argus, soon as in the twentieth year
 He had beheld once more with sparkling eyes
 His Lord Ulysses, closed them, and expired.

YOUNG CHAPMAN.

(Done for us, and done well.)

Old Argus, as Odysseus pass'd him near,
 From where he lay prickt up his ears and head;
 Himself the hound in former times did rear,
 Nor proved his qualities, before he sped
 To sacred Troy. But Argus whilom led
 The young men often to the silvan chase,
 To hunt hare, goat, or roebuck. Now his bed
 The dung-heap was; and piteous was his case,
 His master far away, old, outcast, in disgrace.

There full of tick, on that unsightly heap,
 He saw and knew his lord, drooped both his ears,
 And wagged his tail, and nearer tried to creep,
 But could not. Then he brushed away his tears,
 Nor let Eumæus see him: "Strange appears
 A hound so noble on a spot so base,"
 He forthwith said; "but yet perchance he bears
 No name for swiftness, worthless in the chase,
 Like those, which for their shape lords round their table place."

The swine-herd, good Eumæus, then replied:—
 "Of one dead far away this is the hound;
 Couldst thou but see him in his strength and pride,
 Such as Odysseus left him—strong to bound,
 And swift to run, his speed would then astound,
 More than his form delight, thy wondering eye,
 For with keen scent the trail he quickly found,
 Nor any monster from his speed could fly,
 E'en in the shelter thick of his own forestry.

"But now his plight is sad, for far away
 His master perished from his father-land;
 The maids neglect him; servants never pay
 Meet service, whom their lords no more command
 Zeus takes away, at touch of slavery's hand,
 Half of our virtue." This he said and pass'd
 Into the palace to the wooing band;
 But death's dark shadow was o'er Argus cast,
 When in the twentieth year he saw his lord at last.

The King had disclosed to the Prince of Ithaca his presence in his Isle. The son had beheld his father, Telemachus Ulysses, the Wronged the Avenger. Laertiades, the destroyer, had doomed the suitors, and was bending in his terrible prescience the bow that was to twang with death. Nor boiled his blood with vengeance alone, it was on fire with love. Penelope, yet unseen, was in the palace; and she to him was worth a wilderness of Calypsos and Circees. What were they, the witches, in the cedar-scented caves of their enchanted isles, to her the bride, wife, and mother, who for twenty long years had lain, in her desertion, faithful to the image of her hero, in the nuptial chamber raised by his own hand round the stem of that well-known Olive-tree,

"And in all parts adorned,
With ivory, with silver, and with gold."

Not older, if so old, was Penelope the Chaste than Helen the Wanton, and though not so sun-like in her beauty, lovelier far was she, like the melancholy moon, after long oppression of the clouds, "at length apparent queen," walking forth to take possession of the open sky, as soon that regal one will be walking forth to gladden with her light the liberated fields of Ithaca. Fairer she, in the grace of her youth-embalming virtue, and folded in the modest robe of her sweet humanities, than Venus all her dazzling charms displaying to Adonâis, or Diana on Mount Latmos' side, descending to enjoy Endymion. Yet Ulysses could not pass by without eyeing him, and stopping to speak about him,—a miserable animal, worn to the bone by vermin, and dying on a dunghill! Argus knew Ulysses, and Ulysses knew Argus, and wept. He knew right well why the noble hound was in such wretched plight; but it was his custom, the habit of his character, and there were sufficient reasons for its having become so, to ask questions rather than to answer them,—to elicit from the lips of others what to him were no new tidings,—to listen as if he were first learning some secret which, in good truth, had either been long familiar to him, or the knowledge of which had suddenly arisen, before a word was spoken, in the wisdom of his meditative heart.

Which of the two first recognised the other—Argus or Ulysses? Argus. But simply because he happened to see Ulysses half-a-minute before Ulysses saw him; for had their eyes met at the moment, at the moment had stood "mutually confest" hound and hero. The instant Ulysses did see him moving his tail, and laying back his ears, that instant the much-enduring man could have sworn it was Argus,—and that instant, looking aside, that Eumæus might not observe it, he "wiped away a tear." The noblest each of his kind, and the most affectionate—like master, like dog. Ulysses loved the Canine—so did Homer, and so did Scott. He thought of the magnificent year-old bounding like a stag—he saw the mangy skeleton in vain struggling to crawl and lick his feet. It was not for himself that he wept—and we would not advise you to say it was; it was for Argus and for Argus only. Telemachus himself was for the while forgotten—and so was Penelope. Take notice that he lingered a while behind Eumæus, who passed into the portal—and Homer had too good an opinion of mankind to think it necessary to tell them that it was to lift up the head of Argus, and hold it between his knees, that he might gently die.

But was it probable—was it natural, that Argus, after twenty years, and in the last stage of disease and decay, should know Ulysses? Now we call that a silly question—for is it not so written? Surely you are not serious in suspecting the all-sufficiency of the genial wisdom of Homer. That you should be printed in an epic as at once recognising your own beloved brother the writer from Bombay would, we admit, be an outrage on probability and on nature—inconsistent with the state of his liver and your heart. But the memory, or fancy of a dog (or a horse) is a mystery not to be explained; and all that genius can do is to give, as in this case, illustration of it, the truth of which has been come at partly by observation, and partly by reflection, but chiefly from an intuition of an analogy almost amounting to identity between the sentient being in certain creatures we choose to call brutes, and certain creatures we choose to call men. And how know we that they have not a moral

sense as well as ourselves—such a moral sense as is suitable to their condition—and to promote the chief end of Dog, which, reverently be it spoken, seems to be to love man and keep his commandments. Philosophers deny reminiscence to dogs, and treat of it exclusively as a human endowment, an active power belonging but to those who have discourse of reason. The Ettrick Shepherd knew better. Can there be a doubt that Argus had often thought of Ulysses “when absent long and distant far,” and often wondered what could have become of him, now that the sun was risen, and the waves were galloping shorewards along the sea, and the woods a-ringing, and Echo blowing her own horn among the hills independently of all the huntsmen? For months after the departure of his lord, can there be a doubt that he often watched the beach—that landing-place in the bay where he saw the king embrace the queen, and then embark with all his power for the rendezvous at Mycenæ? That he had gone to the wars well knew the noble hound; and fain would he have leapt on board, but Ulysses bade him go back with Penelope, and guard her on her solitary walks from all wild beasts. What a dog he became you know; and we are willing to grant that during “his bright and shining youth,” his magnificent and glorious prime, the ingrate often for long times together clean forgot his trainer then terrifying Troy. But as age crept upon him, the dream of youth revived, and in his sleep how often was Argus seen shuddering all over, and heard whining deliriously at the sight—at the touch of Ulysses!

For years and years rejoicing in his vigour and his victories, for he crunched his way through wood and over mountain, and with crimson flews out-howed the wolf prostrate beneath his paws, seldom then did he remember his master; for in the fulness of self-glorification dogs and men are alike forgetful of the past and regardless of the future, wallowing in the snow or sunshine (mercy on us! we had almost said the blood and mire) of the present, and possessed wholly by the Now of life. But oh the difference to him on that dunghill! Think ye his soul was absorbed in worrying fleas? or that during short respites from that mean misery, he did not often see the

shadow of Ulysses? He sees the substance at last; and sagacious far beyond Eumæus, and Euryclea, and even Penelope, knows it is no beggar, but “the Prince of all the Land.” Sagacious! yes—he *smelt* him to be the man of men. Dim as were his eyes, he *sighted* him—deaf as were his ears, he *overheard* him speaking of him his very self, the poor, old, worn-out, starved, beaten, flea-worried Argus. Not now could he leap, dance, bound as of yore, or his paws would have been on those shoulders, and his tongue had licked that face, and his growls of ecstasy would have startled the suitors in the hall, as if a lion had been at the gate. And at the gate there was a lion. But all that Argus could do was to wag his tail, lay back his ears, crawl, or at best stagger, feeble as a puppy in the distemper, and of a happy broken heart die at those well-known feet!—Edwin Landseer?

But why did not Penelope take care of Argus, and see that he had his mess regularly, and was duly washed, and that neither suitors nor servants should dare to maltreat the darling dog of her lord? Why, you blockhead, did not Eumæus a few minutes ago tell you that in a house without a head all goes to wrack and ruin? The jades snapped their fingers in their mistress's face, and shamelessly melled with the suitors, for which they were by and by to be made to swing, like four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row, or rather like so many gowns hung up to dry, on a line extending from rafter to rafter of the slaughter-house, not from post to post on the lively washing-green where they used to giggle when pulled about, with short petticoats, open bosoms, and rumpled hair, by Pisander, and Polybus, and Euronymous, and Agelaus, and the rest whose hour was come. Besides the big griefs swallow up the lesser—to disgorge them alive—and then they wriggle about one's feet like asps—and stick like leeches. Penelope had enough to do to take care of herself—my fat friend; and what if she at last came to forget the sufferings of Argus, nay, that there was a dog of that name alive in Ithaca? Forgetfulness and rememberfulness may equally betoken the depth of love and sorrow in the soul. Penelope did not neglect Telemachus—nor her household duties, sore as was the strife—nor her embroidery—nor her mar-

riage-bed that lay with its head to the Olive Stem—nor the Bow that hung in that inmost chamber, at once treasury and armoury, with

“ ample quiver filled with shafts,
A deadly store, which Iphitus, the son
Of Eurytus, in Lacedæmon gave
Ulysses on a time, when, as it chanced,
He met him in Messenia, in the house
Of brave Orsilochous.”

But why did not Telemachus look better after his father's hound? Why, you sumph, had you but so much as dipped your little finger into the Odyssey, you would have known, that had he been seen by the suitors providing for the comforts of *Argus*, they would have shot *Argus* with arrows, and beaten in his skull with stakes and stones. For they were a brutal set, and could not bear to see any thing happy that had belonged to Ulysses. Besides, what the better, after all, would *Argus* have been, tied up in a kennel? Fresh straw would not have made him sleep—he would have scunner'd at the choicest cracklings. He had been a dying dog for years—and perhaps existence was not so grievous a burden to him on that dunghill as it might have been in the drawing-room—but not therefore the less loathsome the cruel baseness of the menials that drove him there; and Telemachus would have tied a rock round his neck and let him easy down, but that in the eyes of the young life is life, and in its extinction, though it may be mercy, there is felt by the heart of the young to be cruelty, even to the oldest of the old. But to conclude the discussion (what discussion?) Telemachus was for long a spoiled child, and selfish enough in all conscience, and he too often forgot *Argus*—in *Argus's* offspring. Finally, and after all, a dog is but a dog; had it not been for Homer, *Argus* would have gone the way of all dogs; and had it not been known to the whole world that Ulysses wiped away a tear on looking at him, merely because he cowered his ears and wagged his tail on recognising his master on his return home, after twenty years' absence, the idea of Penelope and Telemachus needing any justification of their behaviour to him, whatever it might have been, would never have been started, or if started in Ithaca or any of the neighbouring isles, been scouted as mere twaddle—as much of

what we have now been saying may be scouted—nor can it be denied even by ourselves that we are beginning to *prose*! But pray believe this—that while Ulysses was looking on *Argus in extremis*, he swore in his heart an oath he did not hear, that for sake of that flea-worried carcass alone he would send the whole gang of the suitors to Hell—and he was as good as his word—

“ He bade them go to Hell—to Hell they went.”

Schiller had much of the true Greek fire. So had not Goethe; though being an universal genius, he was bound to dash at that drama too; and his idolators of course have given him the crown. It is thought a feather in a silly lad's cap, by the silly lad's self, nay, a bunch of feathers, to prate the philosophy of criticism about that eternal Goethe. They plunge into a pool of thought about two inches deep “with many a shelve and plum,” over head but not over ears—and rising to the surface “go sounding on their dim and perilous way,” heaving the lead, about the size of a swan shot, and singing out “quarter less nine”—meaning fathoms—when there is not water enough to cover the back-fin of a minnow. Pity so great a man should have been so great a humbug—that so great a poet should have been the parent of such a numerous issue of prigs. Would that the fine old Trojan were yet alive, for he enjoyed the sublimary; the rivers of life rolled through his soul with majestic current; and there was grand flowing and ebbing seen and heard there, that shone and spoke of the sea. Initiated he had been in the greater mysteries, yet strange it was, and sad to think, how he loved to mystify the neophytes, till they imagined they had reached the *Adyta* when stumbling at the very porch of the temple. That was not magnanimous—nor worthy a priest. Schiller was a simpler, sincerer spirit—more devout in his worship of the Mighty Mother—and intolerant of brightest splendours if they dazzled the eyes out of discernment of the Truth. Living lakes, and not visionary mirage rose up before his imagination that created but what men's hearts may enduringly love; and there, on the shores of reality, the creatures of his genius, human all, but some of

them angelic in their humanity, are seen doing their work, beneath the eye of their great Task-Master, with the same loves, the same griefs, the same sufferings, and the same sins as our own, and their most secret souls, made visible, enwrapped in no other mystery than what, in thicker or denser gloom, gathers, and settles, and breaks up, and is scattered within the precincts of every human breast.

This triumph song of the Greeks—here nobly translated—will bear to be chanted even after the choral strains of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*.

SCHILLER'S TRIUMPH SONG OF THE GREEKS.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. JAMES WHITE.

Priam's empire was destroyed ;
Troy in dust and ashes lay,
And the Grecians overjoy'd,
Richly laden with their prey,
Sat upon each glorious prow
'Longst the Hellespontine strand ;
For they gaily voyage now
To the lovely Grecian land.
Soundeth forth a joyous strain !
For their ships careering go
Where their fathers' hearth-fires
glow ;
Homewards they are bent again.

And in lengthen'd rows, distrest,
Sat the Trojan women there,
Beating on their anguish'd breast,
And with long dishevelled hair !
With the wild triumphant song
Mingle they their sobs of wo,
Mourning their own grief and wrong
In their country's overthrow.
Fare thee well, bright land !—they
said—

Far from our beloved home
With these foreign lords we roam ;
Ah ! how happy are the dead !

To the gods doth Calchas now
Offer sacrifice. He calls
On Pallas who doth overthrow
And build the lofty city's walls ;—
On Neptune who around the Earth
His watery girdle hath outspread ;
On Jove who sends his terrors forth
And brandishes the *Ægis* dread.
Strife and struggle now are o'er !
All the mighty combat past !
And the hour has come at last,—
And the City is no more !

Atreus' son, the prince of all,
Counted up the mighty train,
Who had once obeyed his call
On the bright Scamander's plain ;
And the clouds of sorrow came
To the monarch's thoughtful brow ;
Of the countless sons of Fame,
Oh ! how few he counted now !
Therefore sound the joyous strain,
He who sees again his home,
He whose life is still in bloom !
For not all come back again !

Not by all who back return
May their homes be joyous found ;
Where domestic altars burn
Murder may prepare to wound !
Many by false friends were sped,
By the bloody fight unarm'd ;
Thus Ulysses warning said
By Athena's spirit warm'd.
" Happy he whose home is glad,
Stainless kept by goddess' care,
For women are but faithless ware,
And novelty still tempts the bad."

Atreus' son with rapture warms
Gazing on his late won bride ;
Round the circle of her charms,
Flingeth he his arms, o'erjoy'd ;
Wicked deed shall ever fall !
Vengeance tracks the sinners' way,
For with justice, high o'er all,
Jove's dread counsel beareth sway !
Evil men have evil fate !
On transgressors Jove deals forth
Vengeance for the outraged hearth,
Poising with impartial weight !

Well may it befit the gay
(Cried *Oileus'* fearless son),
Those to praise who bear the sway,
Heaven's lofty thrones upon.
All by chance their gifts they pour—
All by chance the bliss they give—
For *Patroclus* lives no more,
And *Thersites* dares to live !
Since, then, chance with blinded eyes
Scatters from her arm our fate,
Let the man with joy elate
Triumph, who has gained life's prize.

Yes ! red war the best destroys !
Thoughts to thee shall bend their
flight,
Brother, 'mid our festa joys,
Who wert once our shield in fight.
When the Grecian ships were fired,
In thine arm our safety lay ;
Yet the wary craft inspired,
Shared no less the beautiful prey.
Peace upon thine ashes rest !

Hostile sword ne'er laid thee low—
Ajax fell by Ajax' blow,
Madness' hand "destroys the best."

Neoptolemus pours forth,
To the glory-giver, wine—
'Bove all things of earthly worth,
Mighty father prize I thine!
Of all goods that earth bestows,
Glory is the loftiest one;
When in dust the limbs repose,
Still the mighty name lives on.
Hero! deathless song shall give
Fame to thee that ne'er shall die;
For the earthly life may fly,
But the dead for ever live

And—because the voice of blame
Ceases o'er the vanquish'd man,
Pledge we now to Hector's name
(Thus old Tydeus' son began),
Who for his domestic shrines
Fell, their buckler from assaults;
Brighter crown'd the victor shines—
Him the nobler aim exalts;
Who for his domestic shrines
Fighting fell, a buckler strong—
Even in a foeman's song
Deathlessly his glory shines.

Nestor now, the jovial soul,
Who three generations saw,
Pass'd the leaf-embosom'd bowl
To the tearful Heecuba.
To thy lip the cheerer lift,
And forget thy mighty grief;
Wonderful is Bacchus gift,
For the tortured hearts' relief
To thy lip the cheerer lift,
And forget thy mighty grief;
Balsam for the heart's relief,
Wonderful is Bacchus' gift.

For e'en Niobe, who stood
Aim'd at by each heavenly dart,
Tasted of the juicy flood,
And o'ercame her grief of heart;
For while yet its life-stream laves
Parched lips—and foams around—
Banish'd far 'neath Lethe's waves
Every grief of heart is drown'd;
For while yet the life-stream laves
Parched lips—and foams around—
Every grief of heart is drown'd,
Banish'd far 'neath Lethe's waves.

By the god inspired now,
Thus the prophetess outspoke,
Looking from the lofty prow
To their home's upwreathing smoke.
"Smoke is every child of clay,
Vanishing like vapours vain—

Earthly grandeur fades away,
Only do the gods remain!
Round the horseman's courser gay,
Round the ship dark sorrow lours,
Future time may ne'er be ours,
Therefore let us live to-day!"

Now for some Cookery—and of Cooks. The Greeks were great gluttons, and epicures likewise—so were the Romans—and so are we Scots. For our own parts, we care little what we eat, and not much how it is cooked, provided only there be enough of it, and that it be not absolutely raw. The late excellent Mr Walker set out a series of dinners for a smallish party, which that most agreeable and instructive companion, Mr Hayward, pronounced, in the Quarterly Review, if we misremember not, judicious and tasteful, but which struck us at the time as bordering on the shabby genteel, and calculated, at the best, rather to inspire than satisfy a steady but not voracious appetite. Here is a cycle for Four, fulfilled in a week. *Monday*—Roast jigot of mutton, five year old—pea-soup—whittings fried—couple of fowls boiled—sweet-breads curried—kidnies. *Tuesday*—Fillet of veal roasted—molly-go-tawney—cod's head and shoulders—chops—stewed beef. *Wednesday*—Round of beef—hotch-potch—cut of salmon—fowls roasted—a hare. *Thursday*—Boiled leg of mutton—oyster soup—haddocks—a roasted turkey. *Friday*—Haunch of venison—white soup—soles—pigeon-pie. *Saturday*—Sirloin of beef—brown soup—a turbot—a goose. *Sunday*—Saddle of mutton—hare soup—beef steaks—jiblet pie. These are the fundamental features on which the week's dinners may be said to hinge; and mind this, that all the dishes, they are but few, as you hope to be saved, be placed on the table, if possible, simultaneously; if not, there must be "virtual co-existence." A bare table is the natural abhorrence of all unsophisticated minds. By a bare table we mean a table with only Soup and Fish. Savage is man and peevish is woman who, disinclined for Soup or Fish, has to sit idle while the rest are assiduously flourishing spoon or fork, and Mock-turtle and Turbot vanishing like winking from that at once festal and funereal board. Besides let there, on general principles, be a choice. Farther, let

the minds of all the guests be at rest—and what more sovereign remedy for an inward wound than the simultaneous sight of twenty dishes, each fit to set before a king?—Therefore let the table groan. No fear of the legs. If there be, prop; and let it be round. Tongue and Ham are taken for granted in all the above spreads for Four, and an omelet. The cook may send up any additional, by way of corner dishes and the like, *she* chooses—nor shall we quarrel with her on account of a supernumerary or two in the shape of a wild-geese or a teal. Game, properly so called, we leave to her own discretion—for it cannot for a moment be supposed that, during the season, *she* will not serve up, in rotation congenial with the spirit of the scene, pheasant, partridge, grouse, snipe, woodcock, &c.—if she do not, why then *she* must look out for another place. All kinds of vegetables of course; and as for jellies, custards, blanc-mange, puddings, fruit-pies, tarts, &c., no man would make formal mention of them who was not in a state of nudity, and prattled of pickles and preserves. We cannot say we are passionately fond of cheese—yet macaroni, the Italian's darling, is not so much amiss as a succedaneum, and we never yet feared the face of a Welsh rabbit. Campsie Parmesan is not so pathetic, perhaps, as the weeping Po, but there is in it more wear and tear; Dunlop is such a darling of ours, that in the West it is endearingly called "Christopher's Delight;" and these and a few more are, sooth to say, almost the only cheeses we desire to see at our table. Anchovies are our olives, and they alternate tastily with your Yarmouth bloaters. Deviled biscuit we do not object to, though we prefer Turkey thighs. But we are roaming into supper, and must return to our legitimate theme.

A Fish dinner! Into what profound an abyss of ignorance of human nature is our imagination sunk by these leaden words! What man, be his religion what it may, would, with his eyes and mouth open, voluntarily pursue a line of conduct that was sure to end, within a few hours, in the transformation of his human nature into the piscine? Of the fish fishy—fough! Nevertheless we have seen it done in the Ship, Greenwich, at a guinea a-head. White bait and be blasted to them

—what are they? Nobody till Yarell knew. But the stomach rises, reaches, scunners, is convulsed, and recoils, in disgust and horror, at these endless relays of all the varieties of the funny tribe, terminating, perhaps, in a most dreadful Flounder, manifestly a dog, or rather a wolf-fish, caught, it is said, in a net off Deal, but who had run himself high and dry on the beach in a state of hydrophobia, and was not secured by the crowd till after the reading of the riot act.

Why not, on the same unhallowed principle, a Game Dinner? What more diabolical idea could enter into the minds of a dozen mutual enemies, than to invite one another to a Game Dinner? On the understanding that each was to be pressed by all, to eat on against the united repugnancies of physical nature—each by intensest malignity of hatred sworn to sacrifice himself, so that he should have the satisfaction to feel from the bottom to the mouth of his stomach, that on the chair next his own must be sitting a wretch to whom life was gradually becoming a burden more than he could bear!

The argument is conclusive. But before proceeding to our quotations, allow us to say a few words about the use, or rather abuse of the knife. Well do we remember the time, and we could pardon ourselves for weeping while remembering it, when the knife, during dinner, at least after the soup, for *that* from time immemorial has, we believe, been held to be spoon meat, was rarely seen but on the way to or from, out or in the mouth of man or of woman. Millions must be still alive to bear testimony to this truth. The fork was in a subordinate relation to the knife—he was in fact the knife's assistant—and alas! though thenadays it was never suspected—it would appear his successor. Nowadays, nobody puts a knife into his or her mouth, who does not wish to be thought to be, or who is not mad. Nobody but ourselves. We scorn to argue the question, for such is the infatuation of the age—custom being second nature—that we should not, by any appeal we could make, to the reason and to the passions, make a single convert. Yet we cannot refrain from noticing, with due contempt, one argument on the other side, of especial baseness, inasmuch

as it is founded on fear—and fear of a kind to which any man of average courage in a nation long distinguished for its military exploits by sea and land, might rise superior—the fear of cutting one's mouth. What! has it indeed come to this! Why, has not a knife a back as well as an edge? There is no need of drawing the edge sharply along the corner of your mouth—any more than across your throat. But that may be said to be a subterfuge. Well, then, if all the generations of mankind that ever peopled this island, since the introduction of the knife, except the present and the preceding, used that instrument, as we ourselves alone now do, without one recorded, at least authenticated case of a mouth permanently widened by the unskilful use thereof, how can this age plead incapacity to learn to wield it without danger of drawing blood? Who can lay his hand on his heart and publicly declare that he ever once saw us cut, either our cheek or our jaw? We claim no extraordinary gift from nature of manual dexterity; indeed, naturally we are awkward; custom would do for others what it has done for us, and soon enable the clumsiest with a knife to eat peas. Knives, in our younger days, were rounded off for that very purpose; now they are more like dirks—but we are willing to run all risks rather than be driven to the bairnli-ness of supping peas with a spoon. And is there no danger, pray, in stick-

ing a three-pronged fork into your mouth? That is a new-fangled concern—a table-fork ought not to be a trident, nor a trident a table-fork.

It is difficult to speak on such a point with temper—and we feel somewhat ruffled, yet the absurdity we have been combating, with heat but without acerbity, is really so gross, that to speak of it with perfect calmness would seem to show a callousness of moral sensibility—and more especially when we reflect that the folly has infected literature, and that the Silver-Fork School has been in high repute, though its masters, but for the fickle freaks of fashion, if paid according to their merits, might have been satisfied with a lick at the *Parritch Spurtle*.

We began this dissertation by calling the Greeks and Romans gluttons and epicures—and we end by proving them—for the present only the Greeks—to have been so—out of Athenæus. Has Mr D. B. Walsh, the ingenious and original translator of some of the Comedies of Aristophanes, forgotten an article entitled “a Glance at the Noctes of Athenæus,” in *Maga* a few years ago? We suspect he has, for we observe that he has sent us a colloquy between a Slave and a Cook, from Athenion's Samothracians, well translated by a sufficient scholar in that article; but a good story is not the worse of being twice told, and so far as we know, none of the other tid-bits are in *Maga*.

I. FROM PHILEMON'S SOLDIER.

Enter a Cook.

Cook. A longing seizes me to come and tell
To earth and heaven, how I dressed the dinner.
By Pallas, but 'tis pleasant to succeed
In every point! How tender was my fish!
How nice I served it up, not drugg'd with cheese,
Nor brown'd above! It look'd the same exactly,
When roasted, as it did when still alive.
So delicate and mild a fire I gave it
To cook it, that you'll scarcely credit me.
Just as a hen, when she has seized on something
Too large to swallow at a single mouthful,
Runs round and round, and holds it tight, and longs
To gulp it down, while others follow her;
So the first guest, that felt my fish's flavour,
Leapt from his couch, and fled around the room,
Holding the dish, while others chased a-stern.
One might have raised the sacred cry, as if
It was a miracle; for some of them
Snatch'd something, others nothing, others all.
Yet they had only given me to dress

Some paltry river-fish that feed on mud.
 If I had had a sea-char, or a turbot
 From Athens—Jove the Saver!—or a boar-fish
 From Argos, or from darling Sicyon
 That fish which Neptune carries up to Heaven
 To feast the Immortals with—the conger-eel;
 Then all who ate it would have turned to gods.
 I have discovered the *elixir vite*;
 Those who are dead already, when they've smelt
 One of my dishes, come to life again.

II. FROM HEGESIPPUS'S BROTHERS.

Enter a Cook and his Pupil.

Pupil. Good master, many men have written largely
 On cookery; so either prove you're saying
 Something original, or else don't tease me.

Cook. No, Syrus; think that I'm the only person
 Who've found and know the gastronomic object.
 I did not learn it in a brace of years,
 Wearing the apron just by way of sport;
 But have investigated and examined
 The art by portions during my whole life—
 How many kinds of greens, and sorts of sprats—
 The manifold varieties of lentils:—
 To sum up all—when I've officiated
 During a funeral feast, as soon as ever
 The company return'd from the procession,
 All in their mourning robes, by merely lifting
 My saucepan's lid I've made the weepers laugh,
 Such titillations ran throughout their bodies,
 As if it was a merry marriage banquet.

Pupil. What? just by serving them with sprats and lentils

Cook. Pshaw! this is play-work merely! If I get
 All I require, and once fit up my kitchen,
 You'll see the very thing take place again,
 That happened in the times of the old Sirens.
 The smell will be so sweet, that not a man
 Will have the power to walk right through this alley;
 But every passer-by will stand directly
 Close to my door, lock-jawed, and nail'd to it,
 And speechless, till some friend of his run up,
 With nose well plugg'd, and drag the wretch away.

Pupil. Your's a great artist

Cook. Yes, you do not know
 To whom you're prating. There are very many
 That I can spy amongst the audience there,
 Who through my means have eat up their estates.

III. FROM SOSIPATER'S CALUMNIATOR.

Enter a Cook and a Gentleman.

Cook. Our art is not entirely despicable,
 If you examine it, good Demylus;
 But the pursuit has been run down, and all
 Almost, however stupid, say they're cooks;
 And by such cheats as these the art is ruined.
 For, if you take a veritable cook,
 Well brought up to his business from a boy,
 And skilful in the properties of things,
 And knowing all the usual sciences;

Then the affair will seem quite different.
We are the only three remaining ones—
Chariades, and Bædion, and I.
A fico for the rest!

Gent. What's that you say?

Cook. What, I? 'Tis we that keep up Sicon's school,
Who was the head and founder of the art.
He used to teach us first of all astronomy;
Next after that directly, architecture;
Confining all he said to natural science.
Then, to conclude, he lectured upon tactics.
All this he made us learn before the Art.

Gent. Dear sir, d'ye mean to worry me to death?

Cook. No; while the slave is coming back from market,
I'll rouse your curiosity a little
Upon the subject, that we thus may seize
This most convenient time for conversation.

Gent. By Phæbus, but you'll find it a hard matter!

Cook. Listen, good sir. Firstly, the cook must know
"Astronomy,"—the settings and the risings
Of all the stars, and when the sun comes back
Both to the longest and the shortest day,
And through what constellations he is passing.
For nearly every kind of meat and food
Receives, they say, a varying gout within it
During the revolution of the system.
So he that knows all this, will see the season,
And use each article just as he ought;
But he that does not, will be justly thumped.
Again, perhaps, you wonder as to "architecture,"
How it can aid the art of cookery?

Gent. I know it. 'Tis most strange.

Cook. Yet I'll explain it.
To plan the kitchen rightly and receive
As much light as you want, and see from whence
The draught is, does good service in the business.
The driving of the smoke, now here, now there,
Makes a material difference when you're boiling.
Why should I, then, go on to prove that "tactics"
Are needful to the Cook? Good order's good
In every station and in every art;
In ours, it almost is the leading point.
The serving up, and the removing all things
In order, and the seeing when's the time
Either to introduce them quick or slowly,
And how the guests may feel inclined for eating;
And, as regards the dishes too, themselves,
When is the proper time to serve some hot,
Some warm, some cooling, some completely cold,
Is all discuss'd in the Tactician's science.

Gent. Then, as you've pointed out to me what's needful,
Go, get you gone, and rest yourself a bit.

IV.—FROM ATHENION'S SAMOTHRACIANS.

Enter a Cook and his Fellow Slave.

Cook. Do you not know that cookery has brought
More aids to piety than aught besides?

Slave. What? is the matter thus?

Cook. Yes, you Barbarian
It freed us from a beast-like, faithless life,
And hateful cannibalism, and introduced us

To order, and enclosed us in the world
Where we now live.

Slave. How ?

Cook.

Listen, and I'll tell you.

When cannibalism and many other crimes
Were rife, a certain man, who was no fool,
Slaughtered a victim and then roasted it.
So, when they found its flesh nicer than man's flesh,
They did not eat each other any longer,
But sacrificed their beasts and roasted them.
And when they once had tasted of this pleasure,
And a beginning had been made, they carried
To greater heights the art of Cookery.
Hence, from remembrance of the past, men roast
E'en to the present day the gods' meat-offerings
Without employing salt ; for in old times
It had not yet been used for such a purpose ;
Though, when their taste changed afterwards, they ate
Salt also with their meat, still strictly keeping
Their fathers' customs in the rites prescribed them.
All which new ingenuity, and raising
To greater heights the Art of Cookery,
By means of sauces, has alone become
The cause of safety unto all of us.

Slave. This fellow is a fresh Palæphatus !

Cook. Then, after this, as time was now advancing,
One person introduced a seasoned haggis ;
Another stewed a kid right exquisitely,
Or made some mince-meat, or slipped in a fish
Disguised so quaintly that no eye observed it,
Or greens, or pickled fish, or wheat, or honey.
When, through the pleasures that I'm now explaining,
Each man was far removed from ever wishing
To eat a portion of a human corpse ;
They all agreed to live with one another—
A populace collected—towns were built—
All through the cooking art, as I have shown.

Slave. Good by ; you fit your master to a wrinkle.

Cook. It is we Cooks who clip the victim's hair,
And sacrifice, and offer up libations,
Because the gods attend to us especially,
As it was we who made these great discoveries,
Which tend especially towards holy living.

Slave. Pray leave off talking about piety !

Cook. I beg your pardon. Come and take a snack
Along with me, and get the things prepared.

V.—FROM MENANDER'S ILL-HUMOURED MAN.

Cook. No man that wronged a Cook has ever 'scaped
Unpunished ; for our Art is high and holy.

We alluded an hour or two ago—
or it may be yesternight—for we
shrewdly suspect we have been asleep
in more than one arm-chair, and in
one bed at the very fewest—to our
genius for painting, strikingly exhi-
bited in the Panoramic Diorama.
True we are but amateurs, but so was
Lord Harcourt and Sir George Beau-
mont, and so is Mr Eagles and Mr

Serape, and Mr Moir, and Mr Shan-
non, *cum multis aliis*, alive or dead,
not to be sneezed at by professional
artists. Scotland may well be proud
of her painters in every department of
the art. But Scotland, though proud,
is poor, and, worse still, somewhat
close-fisted ; her purse-strings some-
how or other get entangled on occa-
sions when to dangle loosely would

be very graceful; and it is not to be expected that she will cut the knot her fingers fumble to untie. Scotland must forgive us for urging this home-truth on "our auld respectit mither," for she knows well that there is no lie so enormous as to seem in our eyes more than a molehill when standing between her and her honour. In any question vitally affecting her national character, she knows well that for her sake we would lie through thick and thin, and to any extent of debateable territory—as indeed we have often proved to her in these pages—but in minor matters—such as the encouragement of the Fine Arts—and they are nothing to the Coarse—we plant our foot firmly and with a resolute aspect on the truth.

The Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture was instituted in spring of 1826; and in their Sixth Annual Report, it is announced that if public and private patronage continue to be withheld from the Fine Arts in Scotland, "the Artists who now devote themselves with enthusiasm to the production of works of a higher class, will either engage in less precarious walks of their profession, or send the fruits of their skill to more certain marts for their disposal. In either case, the same interest, and consequently the same success, will not attach to the Edinburgh Exhibitions, and the progress of a National School of Design worthy of the name be checked and retarded." This was, perhaps, rather too gloomy a view of the prospect. Happy, however, are we to be told in the tenth report (1837) that "the Council have every reason to congratulate the Academy and its friends on the progressive prosperity of the Institution, during the year just elapsed. In the character of the works displayed in the last Exhibition, and especially in those of the more intellectual departments of Art, a considerable advance has been generally allowed to have taken place. The receipts, from the increased number of visitors, and the sale of various works, have exceeded by a very considerable amount those of any former Exhibition in this city." The Annual Exhibition is just about to open—we have heard from good authority that it will be excellent—the room will be crowded till its close—

many pictures purchased—and the hearts of the artists sing aloud for joy. The Council say well "that if a growing ability has been displayed in the productions of Scottish Artists, that improvement has been met by a corresponding effort on the part of the Public to estimate and reward the exertions necessary for their development. And while the Council wish to acknowledge the value of the friendly zeal with which the efforts of the Academy have of late been seconded by persons of honour and influence, and the desire which in many parts of Scotland the Public have manifested to assist those efforts, they, on the other hand, earnestly, and they doubt not successfully, appeal to their brethren on the importance of the annual renewal of such endeavours on their part, as will tend to confirm the friends of the art throughout the country in a continuance of those co-operations, by which the noblest and most gratifying results may with certainty be anticipated." These words are worthy of the Academy—of the Council—of the illustrious President, William Allan—and the hopes so modestly but confidently expressed by them, are fast fulfilling and will be fulfilled; but we beg to be explanatory of the chief cause of the greatly and suddenly increased patronage of the Fine Arts in Scotland, which is freely but generally acknowledged in the Report of the Academic Council.

In 1834 a Prospectus was issued of an Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. It was proposed that every subscriber of one guinea shall be a member for one year—that the whole amount of annual subscriptions shall be devoted to the purchase of a selection from the works of Scottish artists, exhibited in the Annual Exhibition of the Scottish Academy—that a general meeting of the members shall be held annually in May, when a committee of management will be appointed for the ensuing year, each member having an equal vote in the appointment of that committee—that the committee shall consist of eleven gentlemen who are not artists, seven of whom will go out annually—that the committee shall be intrusted with full power to employ the funds of the Association in the purchase of what may appear to them the most deserving works of Scottish

Art, exhibited annually by the Scottish Academy—and that on the close of the Exhibition, the different works purchased for the Association shall become, by lots publicly drawn, the property of individual members.

The first committee of management was appointed at a general meeting of the subscribers, 1834; and after the close of the Exhibition, 1835, they reported "that the objects contemplated in the Prospectus, and the manner in which those objects were to be achieved, had at once attracted the attention of all classes, and met with much public approbation. Considering the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the Association was formed, and its purposes made known, it was impossible not to look upon the very decided success it has met with as at once indicative of the benefit it is calculated to confer upon art, and of the willingness of the community at large to aid in bringing about that benefit." That Report stood, indeed, on a broad and firm foundation, for the amount of subscriptions which the committee had had at their disposal was upwards of SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS—of which, expenses having been deducted, upwards of SIX HUNDRED POUNDS had been expended in the purchase of Pictures—in all, Twenty-Seven Works of Art—varying in price from L.170 to L.2—the leading principle on which the Committee thought it advisable to act, at least for the first year, being to select a favourable specimen of the style of as many artists as appeared entitled to that distinction. "Not only," continues the First Report, "has a very handsome sum been laid out on Works of Art through the medium of the ASSOCIATION, but a great impetus has, through its means, been given to private purchasers. It is understood that the average amount of sales for some years back effected at the annual exhibitions of the Scottish Academy, has not exceeded L.300, whilst this year considerably upwards of L.1200 was expended—a change for the better, on which there is no friend of art who will not heartily rejoice."

The Association prospered, and members joined it from all quarters—even "the most remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod." It acquired the status of a NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

In its second year three modifications on its constitution were proposed and agreed to at an Extraordinary General Meeting held in the Hopetoun Rooms, March 9, 1836—of which the most important was, "that it shall be in the power of the Committee of Management, when thought advisable by them, to *engrave, for distribution among the subscribers, such works of art as may appear worthy of the distinction, provided always that a sufficient number of purchases shall have been previously made.*" The number of the Committee of Management was increased from Eleven to Fifteen, ten of whom go out annually; and the Committee were wisely released from the condition of waiting a fortnight after the opening of the Exhibition before they could make any purchase, and were left to their own discretion. The subscription this year amounted to TWELVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY POUNDS, being an increase of nearly FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS. Of this large sum, £866 were expended in the purchase of pictures, and £250 retained to meet the cost of the engraving of "the Descent from the Cross," by Mr David Scott, a rising artist of great genius. In addition to the expense of that engraving, a copy of which was given to every subscriber, the Committee, it will be perceived, made purchases to the amount of L.237 more than they were enabled to do the previous year. The sales at the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy, the previous year, with the aid of the Association, reached about L.1200, which was at least L.700 or L.800 more than they had averaged for several years before; and this year they amounted to L.1600—a most gratifying increase—while the gross receipts produced by the Exhibition itself, from the sale of tickets, were about L.900, an increase of L.300 on the preceding year.

The subscription for 1836-7 amounted to upwards of Two THOUSAND POUNDS—being L.800 above the year before—L.1540 were expended on the purchase of works of art, being L.670 more than the year before—and L.300 retained to meet the cost of the engraving, by Lupton, of a delightful picture by Bonnar, "The Strayed Children"—leaving, after deduction of all expenses, L.100 in the hands of the Committee. The numbers of visitors

to the Exhibition were greatly increased, the receipts having amounted to L.1080, being about L.250 more than was ever taken at any Exhibition in Edinburgh. We have not before us a statement of the subscriptions for 1837-8; but we understand from good authority that they are still on the increase—and the Exhibition about to open will afford a rich field for purchase to the managing Committee, and prizes to delight the souls of the fortunate subscribers on whom Fortune smiles.

The Association, then, has prospered even beyond the most sanguine hopes of its originators; and with "a wet sheet and a flowing sea" the stately vessel, richly freighted, with sunny gales is pursuing her voyage. To speak even more figuratively, ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE PICTURES have been purchased for NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE POUNDS—SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS (we think) have been expended on Three Engravings, of which every subscriber has received a copy—worth more than his Guinea—and SEVENTY-TWO POUNDS have been given for a couple of pieces of very beautiful sculpture, and twenty casts (we believe) from one of them, William Marshall's "Hero guiding Leander across the Hellespont." To this splendid result of the Association no individual, nor any hundred individuals, have contributed half so much as Mr Henry Glassford Bell, for three years the Honorary Secretary; with whom indeed we believe the idea originated, and who, with great talent, unwearied assiduity, and energetic zeal, conducted the affairs of an institution which he had so powerfully assisted to found on principles insuring its permanent success.

But no sooner does any scheme, plan, device, for promoting any purpose of public utility eminently prosper in practice, than forthwith discontent beckons on opposition, and these choice spirits getting up between them a Tail, brandish it about, flail-fashion, as if they would clear the streets. Sober citizens cannot conjecture what the deuce they would be at—nor have they themselves any but a very dim and dirty idea, indeed, of the end, aim, and object of their own absurd and insolent procedure. The shame of utter failure, in the face of

perfect success, soon covers them with confusion, and they sink away into holes and corners, with their dragged tail incommodious exceedingly to their posteriors. Mean-while, let us give them a kick.

Here is their false and foolish Manifesto; but how it got into the tobacco-box is a mystery which only Peter can clear up. Lie First is as follows:—
 "From the very general disappointment expressed by the subscribers to the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, at the plan adopted by the committee of management, which debars the prizeholder from all choice in the selection of the pictures, or other works of art, to which he is justly entitled, whilst it excludes the great body of artists from even a chance of sale for their works, it is conceived that an Association, on the liberal plan adopted at Manchester and elsewhere, would greatly benefit the Arts in Scotland, and give general satisfaction to the artists and subscribers." This we called Lie First; but that was an incorrect or ungrammatical expression, for the number of lies in that sentence are innumerable, and we must content ourselves with merely pointing out and punishing a few of the most prominent and unprincipled of the brood. In the first place, it is false that "very general dissatisfaction has been expressed by the subscribers." The subscribers, as subscribers, are in a state of the most entire satisfaction perhaps ever enjoyed, on the score of unanimity, by an equal number of mortal men in this sublunary state. Subscriptions have mounted up, by a series of joyful leaps, from L.728 to L.2072, and are still mounting; and with that fact staring him in the face, this egregious blockhead tells the above lie, and pays for the publication of it, as an advertisement, in the newspapers. But that lie is nothing to the lie that treads on its mouldy heels. The lie we mean, is the lie in which the Fool says that the subscribers are generally very dissatisfied "at the plan adopted by the Committee of Management which debars," &c. Now, who, ignorant of the constitution of the Association, can read these words, without believing that the Committee of Management had taken it upon themselves to depart from and violate the great principles

on which it was founded? They are charged with that gross offence. But the fellow who dared to make that accusation, knew that the main principle, the ground-work of the Association, was the very plan which he here abuses the Committee for having "adopted;" that it was so set forth in the Prospectus of the Association, written by Mr H. Glassford Bell; that it met with such universal approbation all over the country that in three years the subscriptions increased threefold; and that there is not, and cannot be one subscriber dissatisfied with what all subscribers approved of, and therefore became subscribers, except we can imagine one as senseless as this stupidest of all lying calumniators. We said that the dunce *knew* he was not speaking truth—for he afterwards sneeringly alludes to the Association, "where the subscribers, doubtful of their own judgment, may deem it necessary to *delegate the exclusive management to a Committee possessed of taste and discernment.*" Just so. Thirdly, he says the "*plan adopted!*" by the Committee "*debars the Prizeholder from all choice in the selection of the pictures, or other work of art, to which he is justly entitled.*" Oh! thou ass! How canst thou bray that the Prizeholder is "*justly entitled to a choice in the selection,*" when thou knowest that he only could become a Prizeholder by belonging to an Association of which the principle is that he shall have *no* choice in the selection? Eat thy thistle in silence. Fourth lie—"which excludes the great body of artists from even a chance of sale for their works." The great body of artists must feel themselves grateful—in debt to the Booby—for this comprehensive compliment. We have not time to run over all the names of the artists whose productions have been purchased by the Managing Committee, but we believe they are upwards of fifty; it is pleasant to perceive new names appearing every year among the successful exhibitors; and there is not one man of promising talent among the great body of artists who may not hope to get into the list. True that nothing is purchased that has not considerable merit; it would give "very general dissatisfaction to the subscribers" were the Committee to buy up trash.

Four falsehoods in one not long

sentence is a pretty fair crop. (The same scribe—for we cannot imagine two of them—saith sarcastically, in another advertisement, alluding to the plan of a New Association, which he has been recommending to public favour by the means above pointed out, that "there are no large sums held in reserve or expended in a way not originally contemplated; *by which the chance of the subscribers is materially lessened.*" That no "large sums will be kept in reserve" by the New Association is the only truth Mendez has muttered, and the cause is obvious; but Mendez mixes that truth with a falsehood, when he says that the "*chance of the subscribers (to the Old Association) is materially lessened*" by any change in their original contemplations—for it is materially increased; or rather, with all one guinea subscribers—in number 1654—chance is converted into certainty, every mother's son of them being about to have presented to him, an engraving by Lupton, of Harvey's fine picture, "The Trial of Shakespeare." This is a charming improvement of the "*way originally contemplated*"—this annual distribution of an engraving—the cheapest purchase of it by at least thirty per cent—and will do more than almost any thing else could do to extend the reputation of our best artists throughout thier native land.

The creature's at even dirtier work in another paragraph. He says that the Manchester plan "will have the effect of restoring public encouragement to a healthy state, by inducing the artist to rely on his own talents alone for distinction and reward, instead of stooping to pay court to a self-elected committee of management, in order to propitiate a selection in his favour." Public encouragement hes, it seems, been reduced to a diseased, certainly not a dying state, by the Association, who have purchased, we presume, on the opinion of this dauber, only or chiefly the productions of artists who do not rely on their own talents alone for distinction, but—these are his words—on "*favouritism and jobbing,*" and "*improper influence.*"—Ay, ay, Mendez, that is the old stale story, buried and dug up many and many a time—and if reinterred to-night, to-morrow offensive in rotten resurrection. It is true that our most eminent

artists are esteemed in society, and have personal friends in its upper ranks? "And it would be disgraceful to the country if it were otherwise; for every where else genius in the Fine Arts is a passport written in letters of gold. But what a small shabby sinner must it be, that not only envies the personal estimation in which all who belong to the "higher order" in its own profession are held, but charges them with the basest habitual meanness, which alone could stoop to the vile arts and artifices of sycophancy, to cheat honest hard-working men and perhaps superior artists out of their reputation and their bread.

This pitiful creature must know, obscure as the shades may be in which he has hitherto been crawling, and will always crawl; that there are many modest men of merit "among the Great Body of Artists," who live much to and among themselves, as well from convenience, we do not say necessity, as from natural disposition, and the retiring habits incident to their laborious profession. The patrons of art, and the lovers of art who make no pretensions to the dignity of patrons, regard them with the kindest feelings of respect or of admiration; and the very circumstances of their seclusion create an interest in their favour in the minds of the judges who may be called to give a decision on the comparative excellencies of their works. Their persons—their local habitations—may be unknown to almost every member of the managing Committees—but not so their personal worth, and their dedication of themselves to their art; and it must be delightful to every good heart to be able conscientiously to make choice of their works from among those of their more fortunate brethren, and felt to be allowable even to stretch a point in their behalf, which *has* been done, and will be done again by men whom this low-minded libeller supposes to be liable to be corrupted by "favouritism and jobbing" and "improper influence."

The Manchester Association may be a very good one—we do not doubt that it is—but the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland is far better; and it was not instituted without ample consideration and discussion of its main principle, by persons possessing thorough knowledge of all its bearings, and intimate-

ly acquainted with the workings of the same, similar, or different Associations at home and abroad. "We recommend it," says the *Athenæum*, the best periodical of its kind; "for this reason—the pictures are to be selected by a committee. Now we have not the honour of being known, personally, to a single member of this Committee—we cannot, therefore, say whether they have been wisely or unwisely chosen—but it is reasonably certain that the vacancies will be filled up by selecting, from among the subscribers, such persons as are most conversant with the subject; and therefore that the standard of taste of the Committee will be eventually above the average standard of taste among the subscribers or the public, and this will tend to raise the standard of art." That is the whole argument in the fewest possible words. Nor has the slanderer dared to deny, that each of the four Committees of Management has been chosen as the *Athenæum*, if acquainted with our society here, would have entirely approved—consisting of men, all zealous for the promotion of art, and with a taste for its productions, many of them conversant with the works of the Masters, and some of them themselves admirable artists—Noblemen, Judges, Professors of the University, Clergymen, Advocates, Literary Men—independent honourable men one and all—at once qualified to guide, and willing duly to be guided by public opinion, as that opinion is expressed by its legitimate organs.

We had almost forgot to mention another foolish falsehood,—in which Mendez even outlies himself—and snatches the laurel of mendacity from his own numbskull. His scheme will prevent, he says, "the evil so loudly complained of, of being obliged to take works which, both from their size and subject, are unpleasing to the subscribers." We should like to see the subscriber—to hear the mere name of so extraordinary an individual—who is now clamorously bewailing his sad fate in being obliged to take a large picture, purchased for a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, or three hundred and fifty pounds, and forced upon him by the evil genius of the lottery, who, for some unaccountable reason, had owed him a spite from the hour of his birth. Is the wretched man groaning

under Allan's "Moorish Love Letter"—or Fraser's "Rembrandt in his Study"—or Thomson's "Ben Blaffen," or MacCulloch's "Cadzow Park," or Simpson's "Venice"—or by what other enormous work has he been weighed down to the ground, which he continues to irrigate with unavailing tears? Why will not the infatuated man dispose of his unmerciful acquisition by means of the same calamitous invention that threw it upon him—Lottery? Or hack the canvass into bits with his joctelag, and sell the frame? Or have a gathering of neighbours and a bonfire? Or return it to the Committee of Management by coach, and leave them to pay the carriage out of the "large sum" they iniquitously "keep in reserve?"

Having settled the hash of this impostor, one word to the subscribers to this *New Association*. Why have they suffered themselves, with their eyes and ears open, to be deluded by such a pack of lies? Why, especially, has the honourable and accomplished general officer whose name, respected wherever it is known, is appended to part of this gallimawfry, not seen through the transparent knavery of the whole concern? After this *exposée* it will be seen there no more; nor should we now have alluded to it, knowing that it never would have been there, but from inadvertent good-nature, were it not barely possible that the interests of Art in Scotland might be in some slight manner affected by the audacity of a set of disappointed quacks, who will stick at nothing to bring in some small grist to their own broken mill, and owe their present state of starvation to their own impotency and malice. We have not said one half of what we intended to say; but if the pack give tongue, we shall exchange the crutch for the knout.

This cigar works sweetly—positive Aroma. What's this?

"New York, Nov. 20, 1837.

"Christopher North, Esq. Edinburgh,
Scotland.

"Dear Sir,

"My most intimate friends are from Scotland. I love and revere them, and it for its own and their sakes. I have thought this might not be inappropriate for 'Our Two Vases.'

"Where so fitly could this poem

appear as in Blackwood—you have glorified Scotland, and diffused the feeling of its nationality far and wide. Your obedient servant,

"WASHINGTON BROWNE."

Washington! Browne! good names these. The one the noblest man—the other one of the noblest authors of America. We return to our Transatlantic friend the best compliments of the season—and without reading them send his verses to the Printing Office.

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

Prepare the ship, I'll take a trip,

Brisk summer winds prevailing;

To Scotland, realm of old renown,

It will be pleasant sailing.

The ship is trimm'd, the sea's skimm'd,

With an ecstatic motion;

And I in fancy's bark am borne

Across the mental ocean.

Gray Albyn! do I see thee rise,

Where Ossian long has slumbered?

Land of brave chiefs and mighty bards!

The greatest earth has numbered.

Land of the Wallace and the Bruce!

The Tells of northern story,

A pilgrim from the Farthest West

Comes kindled by thy glory.

From out his mighty forests old,

From prairies wild and weary,

He comes to see thy mountains stern,

Thou ancient regal aerie!

Past Altrive Lake his way to take

In tributary sadness;

To pause where death has cast a gloom

Upon her poet's gladness.

To gaze on grandeur—on decay—

In Staffa and Iona;

To muse on Morven's woody heights,

Where sang the Bard of Cona;

Awhile to fare by saddest Ayr,

Where Freedom yet is weeping;

Where Beauty mourns o'er mouldering Burns,

And Love sad state is keeping.

Wherever Scott has made the spot

Most famous, proud to ponder

By fair Tweedside, by Katrine's lake,

In pilgrim-guise I wander.

O Scott! who knows and loves thee not,

An alien is to feeling,

In palace-dome, in cottage-home,

In temple or in shieling.

O Scotland! realm of old renown,
 Thou land of later wonder,
 Pilgrims shall come to hail thy light
 Whom widest oceans sunder.
 And they who see thee but in thought,
 With music in its motion,
 Thy wealth of mind, on every wind,
 Shall bless them o'er the ocean.
 I love to shape thy martial air
 When the foil'd Roman found thee,
 But dearer art thou to the soul
 With song's broad halo round thee.
 Time-honour'd-line, for song divine,
 Thy sons' inherent charter:
 Land of the heath-flower and the pine,
 The patriot and the martyr!

Lines not unworthy of Bryant, or
 Dana, or Percival, or Paulding, or
 Pierrpont: We hope, within another
 year, to be at New York—and then

“Boston is a pretty town,
 And so is Philadelphia;
 You shall have a sugar-plum,
 And I'll have one myself-y.”

But here are some stanzas from a man
 after our own heart. Offended with
 him? No—no. His kindness to us
 has hitherto met with but a poor re-
 turn; but it will not be so always—
 and he may rest assured of our respect
 for his character and admiration of
 his genius.

THE SERENADER: A BALLAD.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

Sweet solemn Venice! o'er thee fade
 Eve's latest hues of glory,
 While by yon shadowy colonnade
 Near Balbi's palace hoary,
 A youth, with passion-kindled lip,
 And Taste's harmonious hand,
 Must still devoted vigil keep
 Invoking Beauty bland.

“Appear, my ladye-love, appear—
 Look from thy latticed bower,
 And bless his sight who watches here
 The livelong twilight hour.
 The stars are out and why shouldst
 thou,

My peerless One, delay
 To flash upon me from thy brow
 A far divinest ray?

“But others gaze upon thee now,
 And drink thy glorious smile,
 And make thy spirit mindless how
 Mine maddens here the while.

Ah, truant, why should their dull
 praise

My sacred hour consume?

Look forth, and with one gracious
 gaze

Make gladness of my gloom!

“Lo! jealous eye and ear are far—

And fast the evening flies;

Then loiter not, thou lovely star,

Young moon of beauty rise!

Or is thy faith, like flower-spray,
 broke,

And “——

God! that leaping start!

Keen, sudden, home—the poniard's
 stroke

Has split his very heart!

While on the air his song yet gushes,

Life's stifled fountain stops;

Dead on the rebeck that he crushes,

The young Battista drops.

And ere his murderer's skulking
 shade

Has left the moonbeam bare,

Damp in the soiling dust are laid

Those curls of chestnut hair.

II.

Forth from her bower the maiden
 wended,

At love's victorious call,

Where broad the marble steps de-
 scended

Upon the blue canal:

A sudden brightness with her bring-
 ing,

As though from out the main

Its light the vanished day was fling-
 ing

Through sunset's gate again.

“By yonder shaft he leans to hide,

The proud impatient boy—

I'll steal upon his song!” she cried,

In girlhood's rosy joy.

And glancing on like cushat fleet,

She gained the sad monshine:

By Heaven, she stumbles!—and her
 feet

Are plashing—not in wine.

One look—but come—We'll leave
 her there,

To madness and the moon;

A sweet lute shiver'd by Despair,

With every string in tune.

A glorious bud from vernal earth,

Snapt as its bloom was blown—

A Grace in Beauty's bounding mirth,
 Struck instantly to stone.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
EDINBURGH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF THE
EDINBURGH MUSEUM
FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT
BY
JAMES HAMILTON
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VOL. XLIII.

PRACTICAL WORKING OF TRADES' UNIONS

It is impossible, we think, to deny, that the great change on the Combination Laws made in 1825 was founded on equitable principles. Before that time, as our readers are well aware, the mere act on the part of workmen, of combining to raise their wages, was a punishable offence, and had repeatedly been made the subject of trial and punishment both in England and Scotland. But, by the 5th Geo. IV. c. 95., in the first instance, and afterwards by the 6th Geo. IV. c. 129., commonly called Mr Hume's act, all the numerous old statutes on the subject were at once repealed, and simple combination, either on the part of masters or workmen, was declared legal, subject only to certain restraints in the event of violence, molestation, or intimidation being proved against the members of the combination, or persons employed by them.

That this great change was brought about by the increasing partiality for liberal measures, and the rapid conveyance towards democratic principles which so strongly marked the latter years of Tory Government in Eng-

land, cannot be disputed; but still the principles on which the act was founded, were such as in theory at least must command the respect of every equitable man. There is a constant struggle going on, it was said, between the capitalists and the operatives in every advanced manufacturing community; the former striving to make wages as low and profits as high; the latter to make wages as high and profits as low as possible. This great contest cannot be conducted on terms of equality without combination among the workmen. It is by uniting together and agreeing not to sell their labour at a lower price than what is fixed on, that the operatives are alone enabled to maintain their ground against the weight of capital and concerted proceedings with which they are assailed. Masters can easily combine; their interests, in a question at least with their workmen, are identical; they meet every day at the Exchange, and can, in five minutes, arrange the most thorough and effective combination. This being the case, it is quite in vain to say that the workmen can ever

meet them on terms of equality, unless they, too, are permitted to increase their individual strength, by united effort, in the same way as their employers have done. To prohibit the operatives from combining, and yet assert that the market of labour will find its level, and that their prices will be as remunerating as the circumstances of trade will admit, is as absurd as it would be to send forth isolated men, undisciplined, to fight with veteran soldiers, and then say, that in the struggle, valour and resolution will soon find their natural level.

It was considerations of this sort which were urged upon the Legislature in 1823 and 1824; and considering that the Reform Act had not then passed, and that property had still a preponderating influence in the legislature, it was creditable to Parliament that they were given effect to, and that so vital a change was passed at a time when it could be considered in no other light than as a boon gratuitously given by the monied to the working classes.

It is remarkable that in all the debates which took place on the subject, the great inductive cause stated was, that it would promote a *good understanding* between masters and their workmen. "While the laws against combination," it was said, "failed in their object, the terror they inspired from being sometimes, though but rarely enforced, produced, it was conceived, in the workmen, a feeling of personal hostility against their masters, and a growing dissatisfaction with the laws of their country. Is it not then advisable to try whether a more lenient and liberal system might not be productive of good effects, and produce, by the sense of mutual benefits and independence, that *good understanding* between workmen and their employers, which it is so much for the interest of both to promote?"* It was strongly urged also that the growing intelligence and education of the working classes would give them a distaste for the violence and intimidation to which they had been

driven by the terrors of the old law; and that it was absurd to say they were not as competent to the duties of self-government as the persons who employed, or the legislature who framed laws for them.

It is equally remarkable, that in all the discussions which took place on this subject, it was constantly assumed, that if any party was injured by the repeal of the Combination Laws, it would be the masters, either from unseasonable strikes on the part of the workmen, or from the advance which it would produce in the wages of labour. No one seemed to anticipate that the workmen themselves were to be the principal sufferers by the repeal, and that the despotic authority assumed by the Managing Committees was to be the source of far greater distress and suffering to the operatives than all the Combination Laws had been, or than any government, how despotic soever, could venture to inflict. Yet all this has now proved to be the case, and the misery thus brought upon the working classes by the tyrants of their own creation far exceeds in intensity any thing which has been produced even by the combined effect of scarcity of provisions and commercial embarrassment. A more memorable commentary never has been read on the prudence of intrusting the working-classes to their own guidance, according to the approved system of Modern Political Philosophy, or of the enormous peril even to themselves, of those principles of self-government, which are at once the most popular, the most common, and the most dangerous of the many false doctrines which for the last ten years have overspread the world.

If, indeed, the working classes could be brought to combine without violence and intimidation to others, much of the argument urged in support of the unlimited power of combination would be well founded, and by far the greatest part of the suffering they bring upon themselves and their fellows would be avoided. But experience proves that this never is the

* Parl. Deb. 1824, April 8.

case: and a consideration of the disposition of human nature in such circumstances forbids the hope that it ever will be otherwise. Violence, terror, and intimidation are in fact the foundation of all popular combination; and so universally is this the case, that it may be doubted whether there has been so much as a single instance of combination, either before the repeal of the Combination Laws, or since that time, of a strike lasting for any considerable time without threats or violence to the new hands, having formed, either by express agreement or general understanding, an essential part of the system. Indeed, if you speak to an operative in any trade of striking, and conducting himself according to the principles he ostensibly professes, that is, of giving to others that liberty in disposing of their labour which he asserts for himself, he will at once, if you are in his confidence, laugh at your folly, and admit that, without intimidation and menaces to others, combination would be a mere empty name.

Nor is it surprising that this should be the case. When a strike occurs, the workmen believe, and to a certain extent it is the case, that their dearest interests are at stake. They are exposed to the continual influence of orators, journals, committees, and placards, all of which incessantly represent to them that they are engaged in a noble struggle for the rights of freemen, and that now is the time by an heroic exertion of self-denial to secure an adequate remuneration for their labour to themselves and their children. Every one knows that crowds are the natural elements of vehement passion, and that when a number of men, actuated by a common interest, are assembled together, the most violent speakers, and impassioned sentiments, are sure to obtain the ascendancy. If this obtains universally, even with the highest educated and most opulent classes in whom the habit of foresight has been acquired by extensive possessions and a great stake in life, it may be conceived how powerfully the same principle operates when hundreds and thousands of starving operatives are brought together, who have never been accustomed to carry their views of futurity beyond the

pay-night every Saturday evening, and in whose breasts the spirit of faction, sharpened by acute present suffering, is constantly kept alive by the prospects industriously held out of unbounded future benefits by an adherence to their resolutions. In such circumstances the moral feelings of those engaged in the struggle speedily give way: the necessity of continuing the contest is felt more strongly as it approaches its termination: the human mind recoils from the prospect of losing at once, by submission, the fruit of so many sacrifices, and at length, under the specious name of the necessity of vigorous and decisive measures, the adoption of a system of murder and conflagration, with a view to strike terror into their opponents, is generally acquiesced in and approved of.

If there is any one result more deplorable than another in the actual result of these combinations for a rise of wages, it is the habit which it necessarily induces, on both sides, of regarding their opponents as aliens and enemies, upon whom, as the public foes of the state, every species of violence may be perpetrated without the violation of any moral obligation. No person who is not practically acquainted with these matters can form an opinion of the extent to which this prevails. Too often the workmen regard any person who opposes their views, or takes employment contrary to their mandates, as a public foe, who, if he cannot be prevailed on by coaxing, threats, or intimidation, to quit the ranks of the enemy, may be wounded or murdered without the slightest moral delinquency. The recent trial at Edinburgh proves, that in the latter stages of a strike, the combined conspirators sometimes are brought to think no more of shooting a new hand, or "*nob*," as he is called, than they would of shooting a wild-duck. A graphic description of the universal diffusion of these fearful principles was given by Mowat, a witness at the late cotton-spinners' trial at Edinburgh, when he said that in opposing in the committee the appointment of a secret select committee, in other words, a committee for the organization of murder and fire-raising on an extended scale, "he did not appeal

to any consideration of justice or humanity in resisting the proposal, well knowing that any such attempt on such grounds would be perfectly nugatory, and only make him ridiculous; but *he spoke solely to the question of expedience.*—Perfectly diplomatic! These debates are conducted by these highly educated and skilful workmen, in the language, and with all the forms of the House of Commons. Another witness at the same trial, Cowan, gave an equally characteristic picture of the universal acquiescence of the combined operatives in this atrocious system, when he said that “it was a common saying of the workmen among each other almost every morning, ‘What’s the meaning of this: the secret select has been on now for three weeks, and *nothing has yet been done?*’” Another decisive proof of the universal adoption of the same atrocious system was sworn to by the same witness, viz:—that on the 28th May last, public notice was given at a meeting in the Green of Glasgow, to all the workmen connected with Mr Hussey’s mill in that vicinity, to be at home by eight o’clock on a particular night, and *to have witnesses ready who could prove it.* On that very night, combustibles were thrown into that gentleman’s mill, and it was by mere accident that property to the amount of L.5000 in a single warehouse was not destroyed.

We have said that it is the natural results of such unhappy strifes between workmen and their masters to engender feelings of mortal hostility on both sides, and insensibly lead men on step by step, according to the well-known gradation of guilt, from the mere adoption of opposite sides in the contest, to the worst atrocities of murder and conflagration. This will not appear surprising to those who know how from small beginnings in all such cases the human mind is led on almost unconsciously to the most revolting results; and how calmly in the end some come to regard, and even participate, in deeds of blood, from which, in the outset, they would have recoiled with horror. The well known and proverbial expression *Belium plus quam civile*, proves how universally it has been found by experience that the hostility in such social conflicts exceeds the bounds of

national or public warfare. But even if it were otherwise, it would cease to be surprising that combination should lead to such results, when the language continually used on occasion of their public meetings by the demagogues who address them is taken into consideration. On this subject we need not do more than quote the concluding part of the address delivered at Glasgow, to a crowded meeting of operatives at the Bazaar there, on January 4, 1838, by the Rev. Mr Stephens of Ashton, in England. The force of the expressions, and the *gite* of the whole address cannot be adequately judged of, unless it is recollected that at that very juncture the trial of the Cotton Spinners was in dependence at Edinburgh, and the minds of the people were in the highest state of excitement by anticipation of its result. The Rev. Mr Stephens from Ashton, who was received (as stated in the Trades’ Union Journal, the Liberator Newspaper) “with thunders of applause, addressed the meeting in a speech, which, in force and eloquence, was a masterpiece of oratory.” He thus concluded—

“Abhorring blood and loving God, yet feeling that society is in fact only divided into two classes, the rich oppressor, and the poor oppressed, we are resolved, and we are our resolves sustained by Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the north of England, and, I hope, I may add Scotland—we shall never leave the struggle till justice is done. If you, the master, will continue to commit child-murder, and to consign to death by hunger and cold the working-man and his family; if you will insist upon violating God’s law, by compelling women and children to labour, when God in his book has said, that man shall feed his wife and children by the sweat of his brow, but never said woman was to support her husband with the sweat of her brow, nor that the babes’ limbs were to be distorted that the Devil’s servant, the master tyrant, might lay up wealth out of human misery; if they will not reform this, ay, uproot it all, they shall have the revolution they so much dread; *we shall destroy these abodes of guilt which they have reared to violate all law and God’s book*; if they will not learn to act as law prescribes and God ordains, so that every man shall by his labour find comfortable food and clothing, not only for himself, but also his wife and babes: then

we swear by our love of our brothers; by our God, who made us all for happiness; by the Earth he gave for our support, and by the Heaven he designs for those who loved each other; and by the Hell which is the portion of those, who, violating his book, have consigned their fellow men, the image of their God, to hunger, nakedness, and death. We have sworn by our God, by Heaven, Earth, and Hell, that from the east, the west, the north, and the south, WE SHALL WRAP IN ONE AWFUL SHEET OF DEVOURING FLAME, which no army can resist, *the manufactories of the Cotton Tyrants, and the palaces of those who raised them by rapine and murder*, and founded them upon the wretchedness of the million, whom God—our God—Scotland's God, created to be happy.”—(Tremendous cheers.)

When language of this sort is systematically addressed to persons combined together for the purpose of Trades' Unions, at the period when their passions are most strongly excited, and they are well aware that they are supported by hundreds of thousands throughout the empire, the surprising thing is not that acts of murder and incendiarism should be committed, but that the whole country is not, according to the Rev. Mr Stephens's recommendation, “wrapped in one awful sheet of devouring flame.”

What has contributed more than any thing else to produce this fearful state of exasperation on the part of the workmen against their employers, is the doctrine which has been sedulously impressed upon them by their Radical teachers and demagogues for twenty years past, that the wealth of the master manufacturers has all been unjustly wrung out of their pockets: that by tyranny and oppression the poor have been defrauded of their just share in the produce of their labour; and that the worst enemies of the operative classes are their own employers. The motive which prompts the revolutionists to broach and enforce so monstrous a doctrine is sufficiently apparent: they wish to promote by all possible means an union of numbers against property. It was said in France that Robespierre had perished for not venturing to pronounce the words “Equality of Property:” they are resolved that the

British revolution shall not turn back for want of the promulgation of so popular a doctrine. It is accordingly, and has been for long, the text from which all their lessons are taken. No one knows better than they do, that numbers, however skilled, without capital, can effect nothing; and that if you deprive the operatives of the wealth which purchases the buildings and machinery in which their operations are carried on, the materials on which their skill is exerted, and defrays the wages by which the vast multitude engaged in the manufacture is supported in the long interval which always elapses before the returns are obtained from distant quarters for the finished goods, their very numbers will, only as in a besieged town, prove the more certain cause of their ruin. All this the demagogues know well; but what does that signify? Their object is to create disturbance; to arm one class of society against another; to envenom the hatred which in advancing civilisation suffering must feel against opulence; to produce, in short, a civil war of the worst and most appalling kind, in order that they may be elevated to notoriety or greatness amidst the general suffering. Such being their object, the more that they can diffuse the insidious doctrine that the profits of capital are just so much unjustly abstracted from the wages of labour, the better; and the sooner that they can wrap the factories and manufactories in one “awful sheet of devouring flame,” the more nearly have they arrived at the grand object of all their wishes.

It is a total mistake to suppose that the operative classes who engage in these combinations, and are insensibly led on, step by step, to murder, fire-raising, and the most appalling crimes, are ignorant or illiterate men; and that the highly educated and skilled operatives keep aloof from such connexions. The reverse is notoriously and universally the case. The persons who are at the head of these Trades' Unions are generally the workmen possessed of most skill and employed at the highest wages; the very best hands, in short, in the whole factory. They are invariably possessed of the power of public speaking, or they could not for a moment main-

tain their ascendancy, and generally have received, for persons in their rank of life, a good education. If any person supposes they are ignorant men, possessed of no talent or knowledge, let him attend one of their debates, and he will speedily find how totally he has been deceived. In fact, it is just their education, and the powers and desires which it has developed, which renders them so dangerous; for they have acquired enough of knowledge to see that their *immediate* interests may be benefited by combined violence, and not sufficient to perceive that their *ultimate* interests must suffer from it. Indeed, even if they saw the latter result as clearly as we do, it would in all probability produce little or no effect; for it is the fatal effect of high wages among the manufacturing classes, with the habitual intemperance to which it gives rise, to render men insensible to every consequence which is not instantly to be felt. It need not be wondered at that they are not moved by the woful misery which combined conspiracy in the end produces upon themselves and their families, when they daily and hourly shut their eyes to the frightful evils of drunkenness which, for a few moments' delirious enjoyment, consigns them to inevitable and certain perdition.

Now, there can be no doubt that combinations have, generally speaking, in the first instance at least, contributed to elevate the wages of labour. The Trades' Unionists universally maintain that this is the case; and though we have the utmost distrust of the opinion of the masses as to what is ultimately beneficial to them, yet they are generally sharp-sighted enough as to their immediate interests, and we cannot conceive that this opinion would be so general, if it were not founded in fact. Indeed we know that the masters admit that wages have been forced up by combination; and it is in this effect that the foundation is laid for the wide-spread and enduring character of the evils arising from illegal conspiracy. The workmen always anticipate, sometimes experience, a rise of wages, that is, immediate benefit from a strike. They are thus allured into these dangerous associations by the same motives which

are the mainspring of all the vice and misery in the world, viz. immediate enjoyment regardless of ultimate consequences. They are drawn into them by the same motive which impels them to the alehouse, the wine-vaults, the brothel, and the gaming-table. In all these cases, if men could resist present temptation from the dread of ultimate consequences, incalculable misery and vice would be saved; but when will this be done, or the still small voice of prudence prevail against the loud acclamations of passion and selfishness? And in the downward progress of the human character, when exposed to the influence of these demoralizing associations, there is this circumstance of peculiar and unprecedented malignity, that multitudes are simultaneously exposed to the effect of the same agitating causes, and thousands in a state of idleness thrown upon the world under the combined influence of a corrupt revolutionary press, and the contagion invariably arising from the association of multitudes in any common enterprise.

And yet the misery and vice which these strikes have in the end produced, even in their most innocent and least aggravated form, upon the workmen themselves, is such as may well arrest the attention of all interested in their country's welfare, and loudly calls for a remedy as one of the most fatal gangrenes which in the memory of man has fastened upon the social system. Every day's experience, the woful results of combined conspiracy in all the manufacturing districts of the kingdom, have long ago convinced all persons of every shade of politics, versant in the situation of the people in those parts of the empire, that combination is one of the most fatal evils which the democratic insanity of later times has entailed upon the nation. But for the benefit of those who may not possess the same practical sources of information, we subjoin two statements by persons officially qualified to form a correct estimate in both cases of the practical results of the late great strikes of the cotton-spinners at Preston in Lancashire, and Glasgow in Scotland.

It is stated in a paper read by Mr Henry Ashworth, of Turton, near Bolton, to the Statistical Section of

the British Association held at Liverpool, on 14th September, 1837.*

The operatives of Preston struck

“ Of these 660 were spinners.

“ 1320 were piecers, children employed by the spinners.

“ 6100 were card-room hands, reelers, and power-loom weavers.

“ and 420 were overlookers, packers, engineers, &c.

making 8500 persons.

“ Of this number it may be said, that only 660 (that is the whole of the spinners) voluntarily left their work, the greater part of the remaining 7840 being thereby thrown out of employment.

“ During the first fortnight of the turn-out, no change was apparent in the condition of the workpeople; some meetings were held both by masters and men, but nothing resulted from them; at the commencement of the second fortnight, complaints began to be heard from the card-room hands, and from the shopkeepers of the town. Early in December, when the mills had been closed for a month, the streets began to be crowded with beggars; the offices of the overseer were besieged with applicants for relief; the inmates of the workhouse began to increase rapidly, and scenes of the greatest misery and wretchedness were of constant occurrence; at this period the spinners were receiving from the funds of the union 5s. a-week each, and the piecers, some 2s. and others 3s. a-week; the card-room hands, and power-loom weavers, were destitute of all means of support, receiving no assistance except such as the masters afforded them, which (except in the cases of eighteen or twenty individuals who had not joined the union) extended only to one meal a day for each person. In December L.100 was granted by the corporation towards relieving the general distress, and a meeting was convened for the purpose of raising a further sum, and of considering the most effectual means of putting an end to the turn-out, but nothing resulted from it. Towards the middle of December, when the turn-out had lasted six weeks, it was evident that the funds of the union were nearly exhausted. By the end of December the distress had become universal and intense, and the masters came to the resolution of opening their mills, in order to give those who wished for it an opportunity of resuming their work; in doing so they announced their determination to abide by their former offer of an increase of ten per cent in the rate of wages, but

work, and ceased working on 5th November, 1836. At that time they amounted to 8500 persons, viz.

to require from all those who should enter the mills, a written declaration to the effect that they would not at any future time, whilst in their service, become members of any union or combination of workmen.”

The spinners gave in on February 5th, 1837, exactly three months after the strike began; and the following is the detail of its effects:—

“ No systematic acts of violence or violations of the law took place during the turn-out; detachments of military were stationed in the town to preserve order, but their services were not required; some inflammatory hand-bills appeared on the walls, but without creating much sensation. While the turn-out lasted, the operatives generally wandered about the streets without any definite object; 75 persons were brought before the magistrates, and convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct; 12 were imprisoned or held to bail for assault and intimidation; about twenty young females became prostitutes, of whom more than one-half are still so, and of whom two have since been transported for theft; three persons are believed to have died of starvation, and not less than 5000 must have suffered long and severely from hunger and cold; and in almost every family the greater part of the wearing apparel and household furniture was pawned. In nine houses out of ten, considerable arrears of rent were due; and out of the sum of one thousand six hundred pounds, deposited in the savings' bank by about sixty spinners or overlookers, nine hundred pounds was withdrawn in the course of the three months; most of those who could obtain credit, got into debt with the shopkeepers, the trade of the town suffered severely, many of the small shopkeepers were nearly ruined, and a few completely so.

“ The following estimate was made of the direct pecuniary loss to all classes of operatives in consequence of the turn out:—

* We quote from the Statistical Journal, No. II. vol. i. p. 88, a rising periodical, replete with the most important and valuable information, and conducted with no ordinary discrimination and talent.

	L. s. d.		
"The wages of the 660 spinners, for 13 weeks, at 22s. 6d.	9,652	0	0
Wages of 1320 piecers, 5s. 6d.	4,719	0	0
Wages of 6520 card-room hands, weavers, overlookers, engineers, &c., for 13 weeks, averaging 9s.	38,142	0	0
Estimated loss sustained by hand-loom weavers in consequence of the turn-out,	9,500	0	0
Estimated loss sustained by clerks, waggoners, carters, mechanics, dressers, sizers, &c., in consequence of the turn-out,	8000	0	0
Total,	L.70,013	0	0
"From which must be deducted			
Estimated amount of wages earned during the partial resumption of work, between the 9th of January and the 5th of February,	5,013	0	0
Estimated value of relief given by the masters,	1,000	0	0
Other private charity and parish relief,	2,500	0	0
Allowance to the spinners and piecers from the funds of the union,	4,290	0	0
	L.12,803	0	0
"Leaving a nett pecuniary loss to the whole body of the Preston operatives of	L.57,210	0	0
(But to the town at large it may be said the loss of the whole sum of L.70,013, as the amount of the deductions is mostly of a charitable nature.)			
The loss to the masters, being three months' interest of L.800,000, some of which being sunk capital, was not only unproductive, but was taking harm from being rendered useless, has been estimated at	45,000	0	0
And the loss sustained by the shopkeepers from loss of business, bad debts, &c.	4,986	0	0
"Making the total loss to the town and trade of Preston in this unavailing struggle,	L.107,196	0	0

One would have supposed that after so recent an illustration of the ruinous effect of these strikes, even upon their own immediate interests, the cotton-spinners in the other manufacturing districts would have been backward in engaging in another struggle of the same description; but experience has demonstrated that this was not the case; and another strike among the same class of workmen soon after took place in Scotland, attended with still more calamitous results, and which, in its ultimate consequences, has forcibly drawn the attention of the whole country to this lamentable system. The circumstances from which this second collision took place were these.

During the extraordinary and unprecedented prosperity of spring 1836, the master cotton manufacturers of Glasgow found it expedient to give an advance of wages to their spinners, which amounted to about a sixth of their existing earnings. They were expressly told that the rise might probably be temporary, and that it would

depend upon existing prices being maintained. With this the operatives professed themselves entirely satisfied, and promised cheerfully to agree to the reduction if circumstances should render it necessary. At these advanced rates the skilful spinners earned from 36s. to 40s. a-week after paying their piecers; the inferior from 28s. to 36s.; higher rates, it is believed, than any in the kingdom; and every thing went on smoothly for the next twelvemonths. In autumn 1836, however, the dreadful commercial crisis commenced, which went on increasing in severity during the whole succeeding winter; and the consequence was, as every one knows, an extraordinary fall in prices of every species of manufactured produce. Cotton goods sunk at once from 25 to 40 per cent; and what was still worse, the extraordinary depression of mercantile affairs, and especially the disastrous intelligence from America, rendered it too apparent that this reduction would be permanent. The most respectable houses

were giving way under the pressure ; the highly respectable firms of James Oswald and Co., embracing the Member for the city, Mr James Oswald, had become bankrupt ; that of Mr Spiers of Culchreuch soon after shared the same fate. Under these circumstances, the masters found it necessary to take off the advance on their spinners' wages which had been given during the great and unprecedented prosperity of the preceding year, and proposed to lower wages to the previous rate, which was from 30s. to 36s. a-week for the best hands, and from 25s. to 30s. for the inferior ones, after all deductions were paid. These will probably be deemed tolerably fair wages for a period of unexampled commercial distress. So it was, however, that the whole spinners refused to accede to this reduction, and, on the 8th April, struck in a body, to the number of 873 ; thus acting on the judicious principle, that no reduction was, *under any circumstances*, to be admitted, and that if once wages were forced up to a certain level during a period of prosperity, they must, *at all hazards, be maintained at that level*, even though the most calamitous reverse should immediately follow. This great strike, at such a time, which threw upwards of 8000 women and girls, for whom no provision whatever existed, out of their employment as pickers, piecers, &c., excited the utmost dissatisfaction among all classes in Glasgow, and the press was, with the exception of the *Liberator*, the *Trades' Union* journal, unanimous in condemning it. Indeed it was impossible that two opinions could be formed on the subject, when such a strike took place on the avowed principle of keeping up, *by force*, wages during extraordinary depression, to the level which they had attained in unprecedented previous prosperity ; and it had the effect of at once throwing 10,000 persons idle on the public at a time when distress, from unavoidable causes, was so general and severe, that a public subscription had just before been entered into to relieve it ; and the combined influence of twin pestilences, fever and influenza, had produced an unheard-of mortality

among the poor, and diffused suffering to an extent previously unknown in this country.*

To avoid the possibility of misstatement on this material point, and at the same time explain the views of the operatives themselves on the grounds on which a strike should take place, we subjoin the account of the origin of the differences which led to the late calamitous turn-out, given by one of their own number, and printed in their well-known journal, the *New Liberator* of Glasgow, of January 13, 1838:—

" In the latter end of the year 1836, the cotton-spinners of Glasgow considered that an advance of their wages, amounting on the whole to a mere trifle, was not only just but practicable. The master cotton-spinner bought wool at nearly the rate he had formerly done, and was selling his yarn at least 35 per cent beyond its former cost. The spinners memorialized their employers for an augmentation of wages, and the rationality of their claim being so self-evident, *they succeeded with little difficulty*, and without exercising any coercive measures whatever.

" Thus every thing went on harmoniously between the operative spinner and his master until the spring of 1837, but by that time the *frightful and every-way alarming stagnation of trade had set in—orders for goods almost ceased—the manufacturer had little demand for the productions of the loom, and the weavers were thrown idle in thousands*. In consequence of this melancholy reaction in our commercial affairs, the *price of yarns began to decline*, and the masters' first step, on being offered lower prices, was to reduce the spinner to the standard which existed *prior to the recent advance*. This step was *promptly and decidedly opposed by the operatives, who struck work in April*.

" In consideration of the deplorable circumstances of the times, the multitudes of unemployed people who were wandering in destitution about the city, and the many thousands of females and of little children employed in the factories to be thrown idle,—the strike was far from being popular, and perhaps *was exceedingly ill-timed* ; but the fault, it must be admitted, was entirely attributable to the masters—nothing was left to the workmen but to submit to this aggression on their comforts, or resist it."

* The burials in January, 1838, were 1873 within the Parliamentary limits of Glasgow ; in the whole year, 10,888, or about 1 in 24 of the whole population, which is now about 253,000.

The strike continued, without intermission, from 8th April to 2d August, a period of seventeen weeks and five days. On the latter day the operatives gave in, the whole committee having been arrested three days before, on the 29th July, in consequence of the information which went to connect them with a series of outrages terminating in murder, committed on the streets of Glasgow during the continuance of the strike. The following is the picture drawn of the consequences of this strike by the High Sheriff of Lanarkshire, in his address to the judges and jurymen at the close of the Glasgow Winter Assizes, where the conspiracy and its attendant crimes had been the subject of anxious investigation and discussion.

"The strike from which arose this frightful series of crimes which has so long engaged the attention of the Court at Edinburgh has since come to a close; but the disastrous effects which it has produced will not so easily be repaired, and they have fixed a dark and ineffaceable stain upon the moral character of the people of this country. My Lords, the ruinous consequences of the strike upon the industry and prosperity of the manufacturing classes is already frightfully apparent. The return of the commitments for the county of Lanark which I have just completed for the Home Office exhibits a melancholy increase of crime during the last year, and which will forcibly attract the attention of the legislature. At the Christmas jail delivery last year only *seven* prisoners remained in custody for trial in this city: by the schedule I hold in my hand there are at this moment *sixty-eight*, almost all committed during the last two months! Nor is this result surprising. During the disastrous strikes of the last summer, twenty or thirty thousand young persons of both sexes were thrown idle for many months in this city and its immediate neighbourhood, almost all accustomed to high wages, and too often to habitual intemperance. Nine-and-twenty thousand persons in Glasgow are directly or indirectly employed in the manufacture of cotton goods, the great majority of whom were thrown idle by the spinners' strike; and this calamitous event took place at a period of unexampled distress from the general commercial embarrassments of the country, and hardly any means of absorbing the helpless multitudes in other trades existed. For the skilled workmen who arranged these strikes, the cotton-spinners, iron-moulders, colliers or sawyers, funds were provided from the resources of the Associations to

which they severally belonged; but for the unhappy persons whom they employed in their labour, the piecers, pickers, drawers, &c., no provision whatever existed, and they were thrown, in vast and appalling numbers, far beyond the reach either of public or private charity, on the streets, or into public houses, to while away the weary hours of compulsory idleness. The results may easily be anticipated. The wretched victims of this tyranny all got deeply into debt if they had any credit, and if they had none, sunk into such habits of idleness, profligacy, and intemperance, that great numbers of them have been permanently rendered mere nuisances and burdens to society. The cotton-spinners' strike alone instantly threw six or seven thousand women and children out of employment for a long period; eight thousand human beings were retained in a state of destitution and wretchedness for four months, merely at the pleasure of fifteen men! Numbers of the persons, thus directly or indirectly reduced to idleness, have already been tried for various offences at this circuit: still more await their trial at the next. Often they openly ascribe in their declarations the origin of their crimes to the idleness, drunkenness, and suffering consequent on the strikes of the trade to which they belonged, or on which they depend. And what must be the confusion of moral idea, the utter abandonment of religious principle, which could lead eight or nine hundred men to acquiesce in—and likewise impatiently to expect—the fruits of a known and organized system of conflagration and violence? Nor have the effects of this unhappy and unnatural system upon society been less disastrous. The cotton-spinners' strike cost the persons who were employed in that trade (spinners, piecers, and others) above L.50,000! The loss to the masters was at least as great; that to the persons whom they employed or dealt with for provisions or other articles, probably still greater. Two hundred thousand pounds were lost to Glasgow and its vicinity in four months, without a shilling being gained by any human being, by the strike of this trade alone! The total loss sustained by Lanarkshire between the strikes of the colliers, the iron-moulders, sawyers, and spinners last year, was, at least, L.500,000. Society cannot long go on under a repetition of such shocks—capital will migrate from the country where it is subject to such calamities. And, what is most remarkable, these grievous blows were inflicted by the working classes on themselves; at the very time when commercial credit was reeling under the effects of the convulsion

of last year, and the most respectable establishments with difficulty sustained themselves against the accumulated pressure of diminished orders and increased embarrassments. The principle of the operatives has too often been, by combination and violence, to force up their wages during prosperity; and, by combination and violence, to prevent them from falling in adversity: hoping thus to avert from themselves the law of nature, and build up on the foundation of intimidation a durable prosperity amidst the fleeting changes of human affairs. And what has been the consequence? Why, that in the insane attempt, they have tripled the distress, already sufficiently severe, which the late commercial crisis has brought upon them, and chilled the warmth even of Christian charity by the evident and ruinous addition which their own conduct has made to their sufferings. It is known to my respected friend Mr Campbell, in the magistracy of this city, whose labours have done so much to distribute to the really deserving the great funds raised last winter for the relief of the poor, that, for one person who was thrown out of employment by the late commercial crisis, two were reduced to destitution by the voluntary strikes of the workmen during its continuance; proving thus, that even a monetary crash, which convulsed the globe, has done less to augment human suffering than that moral earthquake which has spread a pestilential darkness over the manufacturing community, which has rent asunder the bonds by which society is held together, opened a yawning gulf between those classes whose united efforts are required for general prosperity, and armed in deadly hostility even one set of workmen against another. Do the operatives really believe that their interests are in the end at variance with those of their masters, and that they will be permanently benefited by forcing up their wages by murder and fire-raising to an unnatural level? The interests of the master and workman are ever the same, and can never be disjoined; it ever must be the interest of the employer to allure and retain in his service the skilled and experienced servant. Nothing but necessity will ever drive him to new hands. The workmen say they have hitherto kept their wages up by means of combination and violence; and that they would not now be earning 30s. or 40s. a-week, but for such resistance. Even if this were the case, do they not see that such methods must in the end defeat their own object, and that the only effect which can result from such forced elevation of the price of labour is, that it will cease to find a market for its pro-

duce?—already that effect has become conspicuous. Numbers of the cotton-manufacturers in this city have constructed mills which dispense with spinners altogether—others have succeeded, by machinery, in reducing the numbers required to one-half. By the boasted rise of their wages, by the harassing repetition of their strikes, the cotton-spinners have dug the grave of their own industry. If they soon find themselves thrown out of employment altogether, and machinery supplanting entirely the industry on which they depend, they have none to blame for it but themselves. And if this effect does not take place, what other result do they anticipate? Do they expect by combination and violence permanently to secure both higher wages for their labour than circumstances will admit, and also a durable vent for their produce? Will not the market for our industry be lost if such an effect continues? Will not Prussia, and Russia, and France, receive it with open arms, and readily give it that protection which it has ceased to find in the British isles? And will not this city be reduced to ruins, and the land of Watt and Arkwright be stript of its fabrics; and despotism, in the end, reap those fruits which the arms of freedom have sown? Around us—on all sides, the woful effects of these strikes upon the interests of industry are spreading. They tell us, in a voice of thunder, that the worst enemy of the poor is the combined conspirator. Fever and pestilence are walking in the rear of combination—they find a copious harvest of death in the weakened victims of compulsory idleness. Above three thousand four hundred cases of fever were treated last year in the Royal Infirmary of Glasgow alone. The total cases of that disease were above eight thousand. These numbers, appalling as they are, this year are on the increase. The average mortality of the city, which, fifteen years ago, was 1 in 40, and four years ago 1 in 29, was last year so high as 1 in 24—a rate of mortality, it is believed, unparalleled in any other European city. All this has taken place during a period, till last year, of unexampled prosperity, when all willing to work had ample employment. I am not surprised at these calamitous results—they have advanced side by side with combined conspiracy. I see in them the effect of the arm of Omnipotence chastising the folly or wickedness of man—the necessary consequences of his own infatuation. Impressed with these ideas, I feel that in striving to bring to light the details of this conspiracy I have been really the poor man's friend. I have not been maintaining the interests of wealth against poverty—of tyranny

against freedom—of capital against industry : I have been supporting the cause of industry against idleness—of innocence against violence—of liberty against oppression. Gratefully acknowledging your Lordships' too flattering encomium, I can arrogate to myself no merit in what I have done—I have merely discharged my duty, as all my brethren in the same situation would have done ; but I have the satisfaction of thinking it will not be without its reward, if it shall be instrumental in opening the eyes of the working-classes of this great community to their real interests, and restoring that harmony between them and their employers which infatuation only can seek to break, and the rupture of which mutual suffering must ever accompany."

When we first read this appalling statement, we entertained some doubts of its accuracy in some of the statistical details given, they so much exceeded any thing that, in this comparatively tranquil district, could have been conceived, and we own we were inclined to suppose that the imagination of Mr Alison, naturally inclined to gloom, and charged with the hor-

rors of the French Revolution, had exaggerated the evils so prominently brought under his notice ; but subsequent investigations have produced the conviction that the statement of the Sheriff, so far from being exaggerated, falls short of the truth.

It has been already shown, from the very accurate details given in regard to the Preston turn-out in 1836, that the strike of 660 cotton-spinners for three months threw 8000 persons out of employment during all that period, and occasioned a dead loss to the community of L.107,000. Applying the same rule of calculation to the effects of the Glasgow strike, the results will stand thus, it being premised that there the books showed that 873 spinners received aliment during its continuance, and that the evidence at the trial proved that the clear wages they refused were from 25s. to 35s. a-week, according to the skill of the workman. Taking the spinners at 800 only, to be within the mark, and the duration of the strike 17 weeks only, and the wages lost on an average L.1, 10 only, we have—

Wages lost by 800 spinners for 17 weeks, at L.1, 10s. each,	L.20,400
Lost by 2400 piecers, at 8s. a-week,	16,320
Lost by 2400 card and picking-room hands, at 8s. a-week,	16,320
Lost by 3000 porters, carriers, oilmen, carters, colliers, &c. thrown idle by strike, at 15s. a-week each,	38,250
Direct loss of wages,	L.91,290
Estimated loss by masters for 17 weeks, on a capital of L.1,000,000, in building of 38 cotton-mills,	25,000
Loss from capital employed in 38 spinning-mills idle for 17 weeks, at L.1,000,000, at 10 per cent annually,	33,000
Loss to importers of cotton, and coal-masters, oil-merchants, tallow-merchants, and machine-makers, and persons they employed,	24,000
Lost by tradesmen dealing with operatives, 8000 persons, at 5s. a-week each, L.2000 a-week—or for 17 weeks,	34,000
Total loss to Glasgow during the strike,	L.207,290

To persons unacquainted with the gigantic scale in which any stoppage in the industry of the great manufacturing cities of the empire affects the interests of the working classes, these details will, perhaps, appear bewildering ; but none who are acquainted with their practical working will deem them overcharged.

And if we turn to the vital statistics of Glasgow, as given with extraordinary accuracy by a most intelli-

gent and able medical practitioner, Dr Cowan, himself one of the most active labourers in that great charnel-house, we shall find abundant reason to be satisfied that the statement made by the Sheriff as to the alarming increase of mortality in that city and its neighbourhood since the fatal era of 1824, when strikes, from being declared legal, increased to such an extraordinary degree in number, is not overcharged.*

Years.	Population.	Fever Patients treated in Royal Infirmary.	Burials.	Rate of Mortality.
1822	151,440	229	3690	1 : 41·00
1823	156,170	269	4647	1 : 33·75
* 1824	161,120	563	4670	1 : 34·50
* 1825	166,280	897	4898	1 : 38·94
* 1826	171,660	926	4538	1 : 37·82
1827	177,280	1084	5136	1 : 34·51
1828	183,150	1511	5942	1 : 30·82
1829	189,270	865	5452	1 : 34·71
1830	195,650	729	5785	1 : 37·73
1831	202,420	1657	6547	1 : 30·91
1832†	209,230	1589	10,278	1 : 20·35
1833	216,450	1288	6632	1 : 32·63
1834	223,940	2003	6728	1 : 33·28
* 1835	231,800	1359	7849‡	1 : 29·53
* 1836	244,000	3125	9143	1 : 26·687
* 1837	253,000	3860	10,888	1 : 24·36

It is impossible, in surveying this melancholy table, not to be struck with the marked and rapid increase in fever patients and general mortality in those years when combinations had been most frequent. The year 1824, when combinations were legalized, a year of extraordinary and unheard-of prosperity, beheld the fever patients in the Royal Infirmary rise at once from 269 to 563; and in 1837, when an unparalleled number of persons were thrown idle by the number of skilled workmen who had struck work in so many different trades at once, the fever patients in the same hospital had risen to 3860, and the general mortality sunk to 1 in 24.

It is not surprising that, under the practical operation of these deplorable contests between masters and their workmen, these woful results should take place. Observe the situation of the operatives in the great manufacturing towns. Their wages are usually high; the skilled workmen, both in the cotton-spinners, the iron-moulders, the colliers, iron-miners, and calico-printers' lines, make from 20s. to 35s. a week in ordinary seasons. They are accustomed, in consequence, to habitual indulgence, especially in ardent spirits; the fatal and ineradicable vice of the country generally, but which nowhere appears in such a prominent form as in the great manufacturing towns. It is well known that they never lay by any thing, and

that the families of the most highly skilled workmen, and of those who received the highest wages, are in general the most destitute of any capital to carry them through a period of suffering or cessation of employment. In these circumstances, and with these habits, is it surprising, when a strike occurs which throws them at once and for several months altogether out of employment, they should become so depressed in mind and emaciated in body as to become the ready victims of contagion in every form which surrounds them? It is these hideous alternations of high wages with total destitution, which the system of combined conspiracy produces, which prove so fatal both to the health and morals of the working-classes. It was proved at the cotton-spinners' trial at Edinburgh that the men, during the last weeks of the strike, only received 1s. 6d. a-week for their aliment. To this wretched pittance were operatives reduced who for years before had been regularly earning and spending from 30s. to 40s. weekly. If this punishment had fallen solely upon the guilty parties who concocted and enforced the strike, we could, perhaps, have little sympathy for the operatives themselves, whatever we must have felt for their helpless families; but it is heart-rending to think that the majority, and at least the great majority, were retained in the strike after they saw

* The years marked thus (*) were those in which combination was, in an especial manner, prevalent.

† Cholera year.

‡ In the burials from 1822 till 1835, there were included 9257 still-born.

its pernicious consequences, solely by the threats and intimidation of the leaders in the conspiracy, who being in possession of the public funds, felt none of the distress which they were inflicting with so unsparing a hand upon others.

We have hitherto dwelt merely on the pecuniary losses with which these disastrous strikes are attended, especially to the working classes who can least afford to bear them—but the moral effect of such associations—at all times prejudicial, by introducing faction and discord into the bosom of society, and poisoning the most important relations of life—becomes doubly ruinous where the association rises into conspiracy, and crimes, often of a very deep die, are committed by persons connected with or employed by the strike, in order to accomplish the objects of the Union.—That such a downward progress in crime exists, when strikes of this description have been in operation for any considerable time, has been unhappily proved in too clear a manner on many occasions, and especially on occasion of the late cotton-spinners' trial at Edinburgh. And without referring to any part of the parole evidence in that memorable case, which has been fully laid before the public in the public newspapers, we may be permitted to quote the following articles of written evidence, drawn from the books of the Spinners' Association at Glasgow, which is not so generally known, and which contains decisive evidence of that determination to enforce the objects of the strike by violence and intimidation, which constitutes the essence of the crime of combined conspiracy. We quote from the octavo account of the trial, published by Mr William Tait of Edinburgh: purposely drawing from a Radical source, in order to avoid the possibility of misstatement in our quotations.*

The following are articles of the Association:—

"12. *Submitting to a majority.*—Every member of this Association binds and obliges himself to submit to a majority of his brethren in all cases connected with the Association; which majority must, in all

cases relating to strikes, or altering the articles, bear two-thirds of the votes returned; but, in other cases, the majority will consist of one above the half of the votes returned.

"13. *Strikes.*—No shop, individual, or individuals in a shop, considering themselves aggrieved, shall have the liberty to strike work upon any pretence whatever, without giving intimation at a delegate meeting in due form, as specified in article 3d, when, after being fully considered, and a general vote taken (which must take place in all cases relating to strikes or threatened reduction); and, if the vote be carried, they shall cease to work, as directed by the Association, and be entitled to regular alimnet for the period of thirty-four weeks from the date of their ceasing to work; and any member on a strike is at liberty to take wheels wherever he can find them, at the standard price; and odd spinners are entitled to alimnet for a period of seventeen weeks.

"14. *Conduct of Members during Strikes.*—No individual shall be allowed to take wheels in any shop where any allowable strike or dispute between the men and their employers is existing, until the said strike or dispute is considered settled by the Association, and an order from the Committee to that effect. Any member acting otherwise shall be expelled the Association."

In a book, entitled "Emigration," found, as Mr Salmond, the Procurator-fiscal of Lanarkshire, swore, in a locked shuttle of the iron-safe of the Association, locked by three keys kept by the President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Association, occurs the following clause:—

"Those called illegal men, nobis excepted, presently occupying wheels in Glasgow, should be offered a union on the same terms as proposed to the west country spinners—viz. by paying L.5 as entry-money. That these illegal men pay 5s. per fortnight, along with the regular instalment of the trade. They shall grant a bill of security for value received. The L.5 of entry-money, and the current instalment, from the time they occupied wheels in the Glasgow body, must be all paid up before they can be admitted as legal members. If any illegal man now occupying wheels should be refractory, and not agree to those reasonable terms of union, No. 60 shall receive L.5 for each of

* By far the best account of this trial, both for legal practitioners and the public generally, is to be found in the Report recently published by Alexander Swinton, Esq., advocate, a gentleman of high character.

them they unshop; also L.1 for every stranger which they shall keep from occupying wheels. In both cases, No. 60 will be obliged to prove them by a referee, clearly and satisfactorily to the trade, before they receive any money. As this body has always respected the laws of their country, wishing rather to protect their union by moral force and public opinion, than to have recourse to measures of an opposite nature, let it be distinctly understood, and duly inculcated to every member, that if No. 60, or idle men, commit themselves in point of any violation of the laws of the country, they must themselves alone be responsible."

Here then is a fundamental article of the laws of the society, that the *idle men*, styled No. 60, shall receive L.5 for every spinner they unshop; that is, whom they get removed anyhow from his employment. And as they clearly foresaw that this would lead to No. 60 engaging in unlawful acts, such as murders, &c., they prudently stipulated *a priori* that they alone should be responsible for such violations of the law.

And in the minutes of the Association on June 15th, the day after that on which it was proved by Mowat the secret select or assassinating committee was appointed, is to be found the following entry:—

"June 15, 1827.—Moved at the general meeting by William Johnstone, and unanimously carried, the names of every nob at present working, and the districts they last wrought in, should be enrolled in a book, and at the end of the strike, unless a change in the list takes place, they be printed; but, at all events, the names of all who remain nob at the termination of the strike shall be printed, and sent to all the spinning districts in Scotland, England, and Ireland; and that they remain nob for ever; and a persecuting Committee be appointed to persecute them to the utmost."

In a letter addressed by Richard McNeil, secretary to the Association, to Peter Halket, its treasurer, dated Glasgow, 16th May, 1837, the secretary observes—

"A great demonstration took place on Friday night, at Oakbank, but the result was not so favourable as we could have wished. A few hundreds of police, thief-catchers, &c. &c., escorted the worthies home, and on Saturday some horsemen; and Sunday gave to the world a proclamation by the Lord Provost and Magistrates,

against the cotton-spinners meeting in tumultuous mobs! We have laughed them and their proclamation to scorn."

Of the threatening letters sent by the conspirators, and one of which was clearly in the handwriting of McNeil the secretary, we select the following specimens. In McNeil's handwriting, the following letter addressed to Mr Alexander Arthur, a gentleman who had been taking in new hands contrary to the wishes of the conspiracy, dated June 20, 1837.

"Believe me, Alick, the time is not far from hand when a *Bellingham* will appear to take into account the base *Percevils* who have attempted to ruin them and their children, and I sincerely hope the mark will be as effectual, although they should be suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, for so doing. You may sneer at this, and consider it a mere idle threat, but a short time will show the contrary, so carry on your *laudable* and *honourable* career, for it is a noble feather in your cap, at the Expense of so many starving families; was you a man distinguished for either *moral* or intellectual *worth*, why there might have been some palliation of your enormity. * * * But I forbear farther remarks on one, whom not one single solitary virtue shields from my contempt. One to whom any thing like moral expostulation would be a vain and hopeless remedy indeed. In conclusion, I would say, Beware! for if I forget you, may my God forget me.—I am, Sir, &c. &c. (Signed) C. T."

Another to the same gentleman, dated 3d July, 1837—

"As I understand that you have made yourself very officious in providing nob!!! not only for your own Master, But also for other Employers, yourself a working man before, and do not know how soon you may be again. You!! I consider your Conduct base, scandalous, and very Criminal. My object at present is to warn you of approaching danger, for, depend on it, you are marked as a victim, and happy for yourself and family if consequences do not prove fatal, be on your Guard, yours truly, (Signed) A friend."

Without dwelling longer on these proofs of a determination to carry through their objects by violence and intimidation, afforded by their own writings and books, it seems sufficient to observe, that it was distinctly proved at the trial, that in two months, June and July, 1837, nine serious crimes were committed in Glasgow

and its vicinity, including one murder and two attempts at fire-raising, all in the interest of, and evidently for the purposes of the strike. And though the jury found the libel as to these serious crimes *Not Proven* as to the prisoners, that is, found that the evidence was not quite complete to connect the individuals at the bar with their perpetration, yet not a human being can doubt that the whole were proved to a demonstration against the combination generally.

This of itself is a most serious consideration. To think that nearly a thousand men, all of them skilled workmen, and earning high wages, should be combined together in an Association, which, by its fundamental articles, proposes to impose the severest restraints upon labour, and actually offers standing rewards for maiming or assassination!—No dissatisfaction, it will be observed, was expressed by the combined spinners at the murder, fire-raising, riots, housebreakings, and assaults committed during the progress of the strike; no disclamation of these crimes appeared—no efforts were made to aid the authorities in the difficult task of investigating into the perpetrators of these enormities;—on the contrary, the question they asked each other every morning was, "What's the meaning of this? the secret select has been on for weeks, and *nothing has been done yet.*"

But this demoralization, serious as it is, is but a part of the pernicious effects of these strikes, when they run into combined conspiracy. The system pursued to secure impunity to crime is of a still more alarming character, and by enlisting multitudes in the object of eluding or preventing justice, utterly confounds and destroys the moral feelings of mankind—This system was proved at the trial to have consisted, in the cotton-spinners' case, of the following particulars:—And in relation to that trial it will be recollected, that the greatest living lawyer of England, Sir Edward Sugden, said in the House of Commons, in the debate on the remission of the convicts' sentence, on February 13, 1838—"No case had ever been investigated with more attention; no advantages had been taken against the prisoners in any particular; while the atrocity of the proceedings was greater than that of which any single man could be guilty.

A more atrocious case he could not conceive; and it showed most clearly that there was no crime to which combination rising into conspiracy could not lead."

I. To have three or four associates always out with the assassin or incendiary when the murder or arson is to be committed, in order to distract attention in case of pursuit, and aid in a rescue in the event of apprehension. They are all paid by the committee of the conspirators, but at a lower rate than the principal assassin. As an example, Murdoch swore at the cotton-spinners' trial,

"I remember the shooting of John Graham. After this, I was a member of the select committee; but it then acted openly on account of a dispute which had taken place in the trade about the shooting, it being resolved that such a measure should not again be repeated or authorized. Kean was the person who fired the shot. He was whipped through the streets of Glasgow, and banished. Daniel Orr had made claims on the committee, and a reference was made to five to consider his claim. I was one. His claim was L.20, on the ground that *he had been hired with Kean and Lafferty*, and another man, to shoot at Graham. Referees ordered him to produce a witness to prove his hiring, and he produced *Thomas Paterson*, and the referees were satisfied, and awarded the sum. After Kean's trial, twelve shillings weekly for eighteen months were paid his wife. Lafferty's wife got the same. He was convicted, sent to Bridewell, and then by the Association sent to America. Knew these things as a member of committee. The expenses of Kean's trial were paid by the Association. This was in 1823, or early in 1826. Remembers a meeting of the Association after this, to deny the charges that the Association had any thing to do with these crimes. Two reporters were brought to report the speeches, which were reported in the newspapers. *Thomas Paterson*, already mentioned, spoke, denying any participation in the Association."

So that the very person who proved the hiring of the assassins by the Association, in order to enable the assassin to claim his reward, was brought forward at a public meeting, where the gentlemen of the press were present, to deny all participation of the Association in the crime!

II. The next part of the system is to have a number of persons always

ready to prove an *alibi*, however false, in favour of any of the assassins who may be brought to trial. This is easily done, as the oaths or obligations of secrecy generally administered, are considered so binding, that no difficulty is ever experienced in getting any number of witnesses that is desired to swear to any *alibi*, however unfounded. Upon this subject it is observed in a memorial, signed by the Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, the Lord Belhaven, Convener of Lanarkshire, the Lord-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the Sheriffs of Lanarkshire, Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, and Stirlingshire, the Chairmen of the Quarter Sessions of Lanarkshire, and all the leading gentlemen and magistrates of that part of Scotland, addressed to Government, with a view to the establishment of a rural police in the manufacturing districts around Glasgow,—

“ That the repression of crime consequent on such a system, by means of penal example, has become, beyond all precedent, difficult, from the system of secret oaths and close hidden conspiracy, which originating with, and first fully established among the cotton-spinners, has now, there is reason to fear, been communicated by them to the colliers, iron-moulders, and several other trades. These oaths bind the associated tradesmen to do every thing possible to support each other, and their union, and to obey the will of the majority in all matters whatever, whether legal or illegal. This oath is considered by all who have taken it, so binding, that it renders utterly useless, and of no effect, any subsequent oath which may be administered in a court of justice, and renders the getting up, at any time, of false evidence, a matter of comparative ease. Numbers of the combined workmen are at all times ready to swear to an *alibi*, or any thing, however false, which may be necessary to screen a prisoner of their number, when brought to trial. From the talent and experience with which these false stories are got up, and apparent respectability and education of the individuals by whom they are sworn to, they are enabled to infuse the greatest doubt and perplexity into the minds of the jury, and render it a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain a conviction in any case, even upon the clearest possible evidence. This difficulty is greatly increased in Scotland, from the necessity of serving upon the prisoner, fifteen days before the trial, a full copy of the indictment, with a list of all the witnesses' names and designations who are to be adduced against him,

which renders it an easy matter for the combined workmen to ascertain, long before, all the facts likely to be sworn to at the trial, and to get up a false concerted story, to meet any evidence, however clear, which may be adduced on the part of the prosecution, or intimidate, or get put out of the way, the principal witnesses who are to give evidence in support of it. It is to this cause that the small number of convictions of this description, obtained of late years, in comparison to the great amount of crimes that have been committed, is to be ascribed. And whenever the accused have been found guilty, it has only been by committing the principal witnesses to prison, at their own request, from the moment of their first examination, till trial, and giving them the means of emigration for life, the moment the trial is over. This was done with eight witnesses on an occasion of certain colliers tried for an aggravated assault in 1834, and with seven of the witnesses on the cotton-spinners' trial in 1838.”

As an illustration of the practical working of this *alibi* system, it is worthy of notice that it was proved at the cotton-spinners' trial that the *alibi* for M'Lean, the person charged with murder, was got up before he was either suspected or a warrant issued against him: That the whole workmen employed at the factory with him were assembled at its preparation; that he left with his father, in his own handwriting, a note of the persons who could prove his *alibi*, and the facts to which they were to swear, before he absconded; that the first he put down swore at the trial the *alibi* was false, or at least that he could not speak to it; but that the rest came forward and swore roundly as desired, and so perplexed the jury as to produce a verdict of Not Proven.

III.—If, notwithstanding these precautions, a person is apprehended and committed on a serious charge of combination outrage, he is immediately defended by the agents, and at the cost of the association; no expenses are spared in the defence, the first counsel at the bar are retained for the prisoner, and every objection that ingenuity can suggest is taken to the proceedings. Thus, as an example, Mr Henry Cockburn, afterwards Solicitor-General, and now Lord Cockburn, was retained at the expense of the cotton-spinners' conspiracy to defend Kean who shot Graham in spring 1825;

and Mr Duncan McNeil, lately Solicitor-General, and Mr P. Robertson, both of well-known talent and celebrity at the Scotch bar, were retained by the same Association to defend the cotton-spinners at the late trial at Edinburgh. All this is fair enough, and no more than every lover of justice would wish, if possible, to see in every serious case; but the other steps simultaneously taken by the conspirators, and the combined unions in alliance with them, are much more reprehensible. The moment the prisoner is committed, violent meetings are held in all the manufacturing districts of the country to denounce the conduct of the authorities concerned in the apprehension or committal, as arbitrary, tyrannical, and groundless; and threats of assassination are liberally bestowed in certain well-known ways on all the functionaries engaged in the transaction. In the cotton-spinners' case, a furious placard, denouncing the conduct of the Sheriff of Lanarkshire as cruel, tyrannical, and oppressive, in apprehending the conspirators now convicted and transported, was placarded *in one day* in every manufacturing town of Great Britain and Ireland, on 26th August last; and this was immediately followed by meetings every where condemning the authorities, and measures taken, without the smallest knowledge of the circumstances or evidence to be adduced at the trial. These were followed by petitions to Government from all quarters to have the proceedings stopped and prisoners liberated. A petition was signed by 20,000 persons from Glasgow, praying to have the committee liberated without trial, when not one of the petitioners knew any thing of the evidence, or could tell that half-a-dozen eyewitnesses were not prepared to prove the guilt of every one of the prisoners under prosecution.

IV. Reprehensible as these proceedings are, they have at least this excuse, that they are levelled at persons of official station and character, and who, it is to be hoped, are generally proof against such menaces. But the case is very different with the extraordinary methods taken to intimidate and suborn the witnesses; and the length to which this system is carried could not be conceived by those who are not conversant with the ad-

ministration of justice in the manufacturing districts of the kingdom. To this cause we are to ascribe the long-established impunity of such offences in the west of Scotland, as proved by the long catalogue of hideous crimes sworn to by Murdoch in the cotton-spinners' trial, and of which one only—that of Kean in 1825—was made the subject of conviction and punishment. The following placard, issued by the cotton-masters in Renfrewshire, in January, 1824, will give some idea of the way in which life and property was assailed by the combined conspirators at that period in that county, and of these only one, that of shooting at Mr Kerr, was the subject of trial and punishment:—

“ The master cotton-spinners of Renfrewshire, considering that, on the night between the 2d and 3d of May last, the cotton-mill of Messrs Robert Freeland and Company, at Bridge of Weir, was wilfully set fire to; that, on the night of the 9th of September last, Robert Todd, cotton-spinner at Arthurlie, was barbarously shot at when in his own house, and severely wounded; that, on the night of the 26th of November last, William Kerr, cotton-spinner at Bridge of Weir, was waylaid on his return home, and also severely wounded by the discharge of a pistol; and that, on the morning of the 13th of December last, an attempt was made to set fire to the cotton-work of Mr William Arrol at Houston; and considering that anonymous letters have been sent to various operative spinners and to several masters, threatening assassination if particular workmen remain in employment; and that it has been discovered that other acts of felony are in contemplation similar to those which have already occurred; and whereas it has been ascertained that these atrocious crimes have been committed and are intended by incendiaries and assassins, HIRED and PAID by an Association of Operative Spinners in this county, whose purpose is to control the masters in the choice of their servants; and it is known that almost the whole operative spinners of the district regularly contribute money towards the payment of rewards for the destruction of property and perpetration of murder—therefore the master cotton-spinners feel themselves bound to come forward in a body, and in aid of the police of the county to adopt the strongest measures for the suppression of a system of crime so degrading to the character of the operatives, so injurious to their true interests, and so dangerous to the public peace. Accordingly, notice is hereby given, that this mill has stopped work, and the WHOLE OPERATIVE SPINNERS who were employed at it ARE DISMISSED. And notice

is further given, that as the mill will remain idle until the existing conspiracy among the operatives is completely subverted, it is in like manner determined that hereafter, so soon and so often as any symptom of the renewal of such a system of conspiracy and contribution shall be discovered, the whole mills of the county will instantly be again thrown idle, and work shall be suspended till the complete suppression of such renewed conspiracy and the detection of its principal instigators, the masters being resolved that no consideration will induce them to prosecute their business while their servants are concerned in designs so criminal and alarming. —3d Jan. 1824."

Such was the state of terror of the principal witnesses at the late cotton-spinners' trial at Edinburgh, that the Sheriff of Lanarkshire deponed at the trial that none of them would come to the Sheriff's office, or any of the public offices, where a guard was at that period habitually set, but that he was constrained to meet them at first in a vault under one of the public buildings in Glasgow, and that the investigations were conducted in different places, sometimes in the night, and always under the precaution of the witnesses and examiners coming in and departing separately, and by different routes. They were all, at their own request, seven in number, committed to prison, as the only security for their lives the moment their depositions were taken, where some of them lay for five months before the trial came on; and as soon as it was over it was necessary to have them all sent into exile for life from this country! In such a state of things, it is not surprising that crimes should be numerous and convictions few; the only wonder is that it was possible to bring forward so much evidence as was actually adduced at the trial.

V. This system, bad as it is, would be ineffectual to nourish crime and secure impunity, if it were not coupled with a system of secret oaths, binding the persons taking them to stand by the Association and each other at all hazards and in all circumstances. That this system prevailed extensively, if not universally, in the Cotton-spinners' Association in Scotland, was completely proved at the trial, especially by the Bible found in the committee-room by the officer making the search, and which, *quite clean elsewhere*, was extremely soiled and dirty

at the pages where the words "Ashdod" and "Armageddon" occur in Isaiah and the Revelations. On this subject Murdoch observed, that on entering the Association he "took an oath in two branches: one of secrecy of the taking of the oath, after explaining the good to flow from the oath; the second branch was administered, to abide by resolutions of majority, in all cases, and to keep secret the proceedings. A Bible was used, by being placed on the occasion in the right oter (arm-pit). A word was given — *Ashdod*, from Isaiah, xx. 1. *Signs* also used for recognition to the brethren. An addition was made in 1822, in the word and oath — *Armageddon*, from Revelations, xvi. 16. The oath was *more vicious in its nature, introducing something about punishment and abhorrence of 'nobs.'* Understand a nob to be a man who enters at a reduction of wages during a 'strike,' or, what is a greater offence, one who reveals the names of the Secret Committee, or speaks to any man who reveals the Secret Committee. Have not been present at an oath for nine or ten years, since after a third was introduced, and that oath was *much worse than either of the former.* It contained something about masters not in the prior ones."

On this subject, it is a melancholy proof of the influence of such frightful oaths in extinguishing all the moral feelings of our nature, that, though the administration of oaths was fully proved by all the *protected* witnesses, that is, those brought from the jail to the court-house, and sent from thence back to confinement, and though their evidence was corroborated completely by the significant soilings of the pages at the words Ashdod and Armageddon in the Committee's Bible; yet almost all the unprotected witnesses, including several members of the Committee examined in exculpation, not only denied the oath, but even denied they ever saw a Bible in their room, though it was lying there at their apprehension, and its condition proved it had been in constant use, at least in reference to these words. Indeed the taking of these oaths by this combination is universally known in the west of Scotland, and not denied, in private at least, by their warmest supporters. It is immaterial whether these extraordinary denials of the oath, by the

prisoners' witnesses, was the effect of terror, or of a lingering sense of the obligation of the secret oaths as being *the first*. In charity, we trust it was either the one or the other, and not wilful falsehood, which led to this general denial of the oaths, which must have been known to the witnesses. Whether it was the one or the other is immaterial, as in either view it is clear that the existence of such a system is equally inconsistent with the primary objects of Government, security to life and property, and equally subversive of all moral feeling or right conduct in the masses of the people. We need not wonder at such effects of faction and combination in demoralizing the working classes; the brightest intellects in the kingdom are not exempt from their influence—they have converted the once philanthropic Henry Brougham into the apologist of men convicted of participation in a conspiracy which had dealt wholesale in conflagration and murder!

But bad as the moral effects of these combinations are, when they run in this manner into conspiracy and violence, on the persons actually engaged in the perpetration of these enormities, they yet are trifling in comparison of the ruinous consequences which on a much more extended sphere arise from the multitudes who are thrown idle, often for months together, from the operation of these strikes, without the smallest provision, and in such numbers as altogether to outstrip the utmost efforts even of Christian charity. It is worthy of especial observation, that it is always the persons in skilled trades who strike, and in them, those at the head of their respective lines. Thus, in the cotton manufacture, it is the spinners; in the ironworks, the moulders; in the mines, the colliers or iron-miners; in the print-fields, the printers; in the building trade, the masons; in the carpenter, the sawyers, who are combined together, and raise funds which enable them to dole out a certain alimēt, miserable enough, indeed, in most cases, but still something, to those who have thus voluntarily thrown themselves into a state of idleness. But when they have done so, what is to come of the vast multitude of inferior and less skilled operatives who depend upon these highly-educated operatives for their employment, and are

utterly ruined by the strike, without a single farthing being provided for sustenance? What is to come of the thousands of piecers and pickers whom the spinners' strikes deprive of bread; or the thousands of drawboys and carters whom the colliers and miners' strike utterly ruins; or the thousands of porters, labourers, and brick-carriers, and mortar-layers whom the masons' strike suddenly reduces to destitution? Melancholy experience convinces us that hardly any of these classes, especially in great towns or crowded neighbourhoods where strikes are most frequent, ever lay by a single farthing, even during the most prosperous periods; almost invariably they eat and drink, as if misery and want were never to return. When, therefore, the evil day does arrive, and the melancholy intelligence of a strike in their skilled and highly-educated employers among the operatives is promulgated, it comes upon them like a thunderbolt when totally unprepared, and too often already in debt from the extravagance produced by former prosperous years. Their numbers are such as to defy the utmost efforts either of legal or voluntary relief. The strike of 660 spinners in Preston, in 1827, we have seen threw 8000 persons idle. It may be conceived, then, what must have been the consequence of the *whole skilled trades of Glasgow*, with the exception of the printers, hand and power-loom weavers, being on a strike at the same time for several months last summer! The cotton-spinners, iron-miners, iron-moulders, colliers, sawyers, and others, all idle at the same time! It is no exaggeration to say, that above twenty thousand hands were thrown loose by these monstrous proceedings, and that, including their families, at least SIXTY THOUSAND PERSONS were reduced to destitution at once, in a period of unprecedented distress, solely by the ambition and folly of a few committees in management of the skilled trades! Sixty thousand idle and starving human beings! Here was ample food for the growth and diffusion of crime—a steam-power engine erected by the devil for the spread of depravity unprecedented in any other age or country. And this is the fruit of the spread of Liberal principles, and the triumph of modern philanthropy—a

practical example of the working of the great principle of self-government!

When such causes were in operation for the multiplication of crime, our readers will not be surprised at the following table, exhibiting the progressive increase of the number of persons tried

for serious offences in Lanarkshire from 1824, when combinations, by being declared legal, became so frequent, down to the present time. They will bear in mind that it is only crimes of a deep dye which are reserved for the Circuit Judges or the Sheriff, with the assistance of a jury.

Years.	Tried by Justiciary Judges.	Sheriff and a Jury.	Total.
1824	117	1	118
*1825	153	7	160
*1826	167	21	188
1827	162	8	170
1828	194	18	212
1829	201	38	239
1830	232	39	271
1831	207	31	238
1832	220	52	272
1833	287	54	341
*1834	236	31	267
1835	291	57	348
*1836	225	104	329
*1837	264	128	392

Thus, since the year 1824, when combinations became so frequent, serious crimes tried in Lanarkshire have increased considerably more than *threefold*, while the population, during the same period, has only advanced from 162,000 to 253,000, an increase of about 55 per cent. While the increase of the people was fifty-five, the growth of crime under the combined operation of combinations, conspiracies, general education, liberal principles, self-government, and the voluntary system, was about *three hundred and fifty* per cent.

It is a curious and highly instructive table, to exhibit in one view, during the various years, from 1824 to 1837, in Glasgow, the growth of population, of crime, of fever, of death, and the rate of mortality, as illustrating the operation of self-government and combined conspiracy upon the moral, physical, and patrimonial circumstances of the poor. We have thrown these results into a note in one table, and thus exhibited at one glance the whole melancholy and appalling results of entrusting from a mistaken philanthropy, or confidence in their wisdom, intelligence, and moderation, the operative classes with the power of self-government.†

The subject of combination in all its branches, and of the conspiracies emanating from it, is speedily to engage the attention of a committee of the House of Commons, as it has long arrested that of all the humane and considerate in every part of the empire. Notwithstanding all that we have advanced on the woful results of these conspiracies, exceeding in the tyranny which they exercise, and the widespread misery which they produce, any thing that could have been attempted by the Czar Peter or Sultan Mahmoud in the plenitude of their power; still we are far from advocating or recommending a return to the old combination laws. We know that this is impossible; and we know also that were it practicable it is not desirable. We are no strangers to the fact that it was proved before the Committee of the House of Commons which sat on this subject in 1824, that almost all trades had combinations during the subsistence of the old laws, and that the necessity of keeping them secret only increased their natural tendency to crime. We are far also from charging against all trades' unions the atrocities proved against the Glasgow cotton-spinners, though unquestionably the extended efforts made by the

* Years when combinations were peculiarly prevalent.

† See Table, next page.

associated operatives all over the kingdom to espouse their cause, and especially the extraordinary fact that after all the evidence which has been led, eighteen thousand persons in Manchester have signed a petition to Parliament in their behalf, demonstrates, that the minds of the manufacturing classes generally are prepared to enter into such a system to an extent which could never *a priori* have been conceived. What we assert is, that though many trades' unions may be innocent hitherto, all are on the frontiers of crime; and that experience proves that very little excitement, which is usually abundantly applied on such occasions, is sufficient to make them overstep the barrier.

The true principle for the Legislature to adopt for the solution of this most difficult problem, is that of the FREEDOM OF LABOUR. Protect the workmen from the despots of their own creating; from the iron rod of their ruling committees, on the same principle on which you have interposed to protect them from the combination of their employers. This is not

reverting to any old or tyrannical system, it is only applying to them the principles for which they themselves contend. Protect the industrious minority willing to work against the tyrant majority holding out for a strike. But to do this, it is not sufficient to enact laws increasing the power of punishing combination offences; they already exist, and have been found to be totally unavailing against such gigantic causes of evil; it is much more necessary to establish a *civil force capable of supporting the civil magistrate* in his contest with such organized and formidable confederacies, under the direction of such desperate and reckless leaders. Without such a police establishment permanently on foot, and always to be relied on, as may render the law really effective in the repression of combination, violence, and the protection of honest industry, all coercive laws will speedily become a dead letter. Hitherto peace has in general been preserved in the manufacturing districts on occasion of combination-strikes entirely by the *unrestrained*

† Table (referred to ante, 301), exhibiting the increase of criminals tried by the Justiciary Judges and the Sheriff, with a jury, in Lanarkshire; the number of fever cases treated in the Royal Infirmary; the number of deaths; the population; and the proportion of deaths and serious crimes to the existing numbers in Glasgow, from 1822 to 1837.

Years.	Population.	Criminals.		Total tried in Jury Courts.	Fever Patients in Royal Infirmary.	Total No. of Deaths.	Rate of Mortality.	Rate of Serious Crime to a whole Population.
		Tried by Justiciary Judges.	By Sheriff, with a Jury.					
1822	151,440	98	0	98	229	3690	1:41·00	1:15·40
1823	156,170	114	0	114	269	4647	1:33·75	1:13·66
1824	161,120	117	1	118	523	4670	1:34·50	1:13·61
*1825	166,280	153	7	160	897	4898	1:33·94	1:10·37
*1826	171,660	167	21	188	926	4538	1:37·82	1:9·09
1827	177,280	162	8	170	1084	5136	1:34·51	1:10·41
1828	183,150	194	18	212	1511	5942	1:30·82	1:8·73
1829	189,270	201	38	239	865	5452	1:34·71	1:7·90
1830	195,650	232	39	271	729	5785	1:37·73	1:7·19
1831	202,420	207	31	238	1657	6547	1:30·91	1:8·48
1832	209,230	220	52	272	1589	10,278	1:20·35	1:7·68
1833	216,450	287	54	341	1288	6632	1:32·63	1:6·33
*1834	223,940	236	31	267	2003	6728	1:33·28	1:8·38
1835	231,800	291	57	348	1359	7849	1:29·53	1:6·33
*1836	244,000	225	104	329	3125	9143	1:26·687	1:7·41
*1837	253,000	264	128	392†	3860†	10,888	1:24·20	1:6·45

* Years when combination was peculiarly prevalent.

† These numbers, of course, are exclusive of the summary commitments. These were, to Glasgow Bridewell, in 1831, 1640,—and, in 1837, 1845.

‡ In the year 1837 the total number of fever patients in the whole population was estimated at 20,000, of whom 2000 died.

and irresistible tyranny of the majority. The industrious minority, destitute of all efficient protection, submitted without a struggle to a force which there was nothing to resist; their families starved and perished in silence and obscurity, pouring forth curses with their last breath on the committees who had consigned them to destruction. Mean-while the combination boasted of the public tranquillity, when, in fact, it arose from the total inability of any one to contend with their violence—"Quum solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant." The military cannot and should not, except in extreme cases bordering on rebellion, be employed in the protection of peaceful industry on such occasions. Self-

government has provided ample work for them on the other side of the Atlantic. It is in the establishment of a powerful police force in the manufacturing districts capable of affording certain protection to industry and property against combined conspiracy, coupled with a slight increase of the power of *summary* conviction by the magistrate in case of combination riot, or injury, that the only means are to be found of gradually repressing the excesses of a system which, if allowed as heretofore to go unchecked, will infallibly ruin the character of our manufacturing population, and banish capital, with all its attendant strength and resources, for ever from this country.

GUIZOT AND MILTON.

A CURIOUS question is started by M. Guizot in his Lectures on Civilisation in France, as to the originality of the *Paradise Lost*. A crowd of book-learned critics have endeavoured to show their ingenuity by finding out that Glorious John has clothed himself in classical feathers, and have restored to the Greeks and Romans the plumes that properly belonged to them; but except in this instance, we have never heard an accusation of wholesale theft brought against the English Homer. Start not, reader, at the apparent harshness of our expression.

The word plagiarism in Johnson's Dictionary is defined to be "a theft in literature; an appropriation of another's thoughts." As to the moral guilt of the two cases, we can see no great difference between a theft in literature and a theft in silver-plate,—but the law is more indulgent, as it inflicts no punishment on the appropriator of another man's similes, while it condemns the appropriator of another man's spoons to a residence in jail. Perhaps this mildness of the law arises from a wise consideration, that there are few similes so valuable as a solid silver-spoon,—and from the consideration also, that an idea, like an Irish bird, can be in two places at once; and therefore, that the real proprietor suffers no loss by the apparent gain of the appropriator. But in a matter so weighty as the reputation of Milton,

we should attach a great value even to trifles,—we, therefore, consent very willingly to restore some images he borrowed from Virgil—images, by the by, which he borrowed in stucco and returned in marble;—but after every thing has been taken away to which any pretension can be advanced on behalf of his predecessors, we have always been accustomed to rest his principal claim for admiration on the magnificent imagination that fixed on such a subject for its theme. "I am now to examine the *Paradise Lost*," says the immortal Samivell—"a poem, which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second among the productions of the human mind."

Now in opposition to this claim of pre-eminence, "with respect to design," there comes a very learned scholar, and eloquent professor, and tells us that the *design* is by no means new—that it is in fact as old as the hills,—and that there was a Milton,—a well-known poet in France twelve hundred years ago, who chose the same identical subject, and in many respects treated it in precisely the same way. We intend to lay these resemblances before our readers, and let them judge for themselves how far the accusation is borne out by the proofs.

The real Simon Pure, who deserves all the commendations on the score of

daring originality, that have been lavished on the modern, is Alcimius Ecdicius Avitus, Bishop of Vienne in the year 490, and known in the Roman Catholic Calendar as Saint Avitus. He was born of a senatorial family of Auvergne, in the middle of the fifth century, and lived a life of high honour and renown till the year 525. There are many of his writings still extant, but as they are principally letters and homilies connected with his profession, we pass them over to consider him in his character as a Christian poet. The three poems we are interested in (if three they may be called, which in reality are only one) are *De Origine Mundi*, in 325 verses;—*De Originali Peccato*, in 423 verses, and *De Sententia Dei*, in 435 verses. The very names of these poems, it will be perceived, might be used to express the matter of Milton's epic. The beginning of the world,—the first sin, and the judgment of God, do indeed form the very argument of the *Paradise Lost*.

“Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,”

might have been the opening lines—nay, might have been the table of contents of the trilogy of the old Bishop of Vienne. In the comparison we are going to institute, we shall take M. Guizot for our guide, with the advantage of comparing Milton in English with Avitus in Latin, thus enabling both authors to appear to the best advantage; or, where we translate the Bishop—a practice, by the way, to which we are not partial,—it shall be into high resounding verse, “loud as a (penny) trumpet of a silver sound;” giving the Englishman the equal disadvantage of appearing in Trapp's Hexa-

meters; and if our blank verse be not a closer resemblance to Milton's than Trapp's Dactyls are, either to Virgil's or Avitus's, we shall be happy to give any twelve friends who choose to accept the proffer—the pleasure of our company to a snug dinner at the Clarendon, any day next week—not to mention the additional gratification they will experience in paying the bill.

The poem *De Origine Mundi* is altogether descriptive—a species of composition which must either be superlatively good or utterly bad. There is no cold medium in it. Tragedy itself is not more exactive of excellence; and here we are sorry to confess that, in many passages, Avitus most lamentably fails. Like some other descriptive authors, whom we might name if we chose to be invidious, he mistakes an enumeration of the constituent parts of an object for a description of it. In the account, for instance, of the formation of man, he gives a very accurate catalogue of the several limbs, bones, and sinews which constitute a human body. The head is put scientifically—that is to say, with the science of a Liston—on the shoulders—and we are informed that it is pierced with seven holes, for the purposes of the smell, the hearing, the sight, and the taste. The rest of the passage has a close resemblance to a versified explanation of an anatomical plate. But total and almost ludicrous as are the failures, his success, in those instances where he succeeds, is no less triumphant. His description of Paradise is equal to the loftiness of the subject, and shall be the first of our extracts, as one which can be brought into closest parallel with the similar passage of the modern.

“Ergo ubi transmissis mundi caput incipit Indis
Quo perhibent terram confinia jungere cœlo,
Lucus, inaccessa cunctis mortalibus arce,
Permanet æterno conclusus limine. Postquam
Decidit expulsus primævus criminis auctor
Atque reis digne felici ab sede revulsis,
Cœlestes, hæc facta, capit, nunc terra, ministros.
Non hic alterni succedit temporis unquam
Bruma, nec æstivi redeunt post frigora soles.
Excelsus calidum eum reddit circulus annum,
Vel densante gelu canescunt arva pruinis,
Hic ver assiduum cœli clementia servat;
Turbidus Auster abest, semperque sub ære sudo
Nubila diffugiunt, jugi cessura sereno.—

Nec poseit natura loci quos non habet imbres,
 Sed contenta suo dotantur germina rore,
 Perpetuo viret omne solum, terræque tepentis
 Blanda nitet facies; stant semper collibus herbæ,
 Arboribusque comæ, quæ cum se flore frequenti
 Diffundunt celeri et confortant germina succo.
 Nam quicquid nobis toto nunc nascitur anno
 Menstrua maturo dant illic tempora fructu,—
 Lilia perlucent, nullo flaccientia sole,
 Nec tactus violat violas, roseumque ruborem
 Servans perpetuo suffundit gratia vultum.”—*Line 211.*

Which may be thus traduced—

“ Where the world's confines and extremest Ind
 From heaven the earth divide,—on a high hill,
 —High hill and inaccessible,—a grove
 Stands in eternal bound. After He fell
 —First author of all crime—and was shut out
 From happy seat,—unworthy of such bliss—
 That seat,—made earth,—received God's servants.—Here
 Come not alternate seasons; winter here
 Nor summer suns succeed in varying course,—
 When the high circle renders the hot year,
 Or chills the whiten'd fields with thick'ning frost,
Here keeps the clement heaven perpetual spring!
Here turbid Auster comes not; here the clouds
 Dispart and vanish in the mild serene.
 Nor asks the natural soil ungranted showers,
 But, with its dewy dower contented, blooms
 The grass; the ground flowers ever; and the face
 Of the warm Earth is brighten'd with a smile.
 Herbs clothe the hills; and trees their leafy locks
 Shake; and with frequent buddings bursting forth
 Renew with rapid juice their tasked strength.
 For what the total year produces now
 Each month brought forth mature.—There lilies shone
 Parch'd by no sun; nor violating touch
 Profaned the violet; and the ruddy rose
 The enduring glories of its hue retain'd.”

The description of Paradise in Milton is scattered through different passages of the fourth book—and though there perhaps be no separate paragraph bearing much verbal resemblance to this painting of Avitus, it is impossible to deny that there is a close similarity between the two authors in their general idea of the blessed seat. It is when they descend to particulars that the likeness becomes more striking. Their similes and illustrations are almost identical; and we are not sure, if it were not for the glorious music sounding from every line of the English poem, and half disqualifying one from attending to any thing else, that the general verdict would not be given in favour of the Bishop. In one particular, at all events, he shows a purer taste than his modern rival. He never mingles heathen mythology with Christian truth. In a

description of the days of innocence, he is not led away into a rhapsody about the classic scenes where

“ universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in
 dance
 Led on the eternal spring.”

Nor is he reminded by the beauties of Paradise of Enna and Dis and Proserpine. With this advantage on the score of taste, he has also the advantage—if not in beauty of expression, at least in priority of invention—in the accessories he makes use of; for the view of Paradise reminds him no less than his rival of Sabeen odours. He talks of od'rous trees dropping balm, and gives a learned account of “the rivers large” “that through Eden went.” We shall quote the rest of the description from Avitus.

Hic quæ donari mentitur fama Sabæis
 Cinnama nascuntur, vivax quæ colligit ales
 Natali cum fine perit, nidoque perusta,
 Succedens sibimet, quæsitâ morte, resurgit :—
 Nec contenta suo tantum semel ordine nasci,
 Longa veterinosi renovatur corporis aetas.
 Illic desudans fragrantia balsama ramis
 Perpetuum, pingui promit de stipite, fluxum.
 Tum si forte levis movit spiramina ventus,
 Flatibus exiguis, lenique impulsa susurro,
 Dives silva tremit foliis ; ac flore salubri,
 Qui sparsus terris suaves dispensat odores.
 Hic fons, perspicuo resplendens gurgite, surgit,
 Talis in argento non fulget gratia, tantam
 Nec cristalla dabunt nitido de frigore lucem.
 Margine riparum virides micuere lapilli
 Et quas miratur mundi jactantia gemmas,
 Illic *Sara* jacent. Varios dant arva colores
 Et naturali campos diademate pingunt :
 Eductum leni fontis de vertice, flumen
 Quatuor in largos confestini scinditur amnes,
 Euphratem Tigrinque vocant, qui limite certo
 Longa sagittiferis faciunt confinia Parthis—
 Tertius indigeon latio, qui nomine Nilus
 Dicitur, ignoto cunctis plus nobilis, ortu,
 Cujus in Egypto lenis perlabitur unda
 Ditatura suam certo sub tempore, terram !

We shall favour the reader with our interpretation of these noble lines when we have shown him how wretchedly still nobler lines look in the travestie of Dr Trapp. By this mode of proceeding, our labour will be brought in competition with the scan-

nable prose of that miserable versifier, and we shall look forward with more confidence to the jolly meeting at the Clarendon, alluded to above. The following are culled from the fourth Book of the *Paradise Lost*.

“ Now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils.”

“ Southward through Eden went a river large.

Through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden.”

“ And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;
 But rather to tell how—if art could tell—
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar.”

“ Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view ;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
 Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only; and of delicious taste."

" Or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose."

" This by some supposed
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden."

" And to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied."

If the reader, charmed with the melody and majestic march of these lines, decides at once that they bear no resemblance to the strains of Avitus, let him pause till he sees a few of them in the garb supplied to them by Dr Trapp. No theatrical monarch undergoes a greater metamorphosis when he doffs the silken robes and glittering crown which dazzled all the gods, and endues more humble habi-

liments befitting his salary of eight shillings a-week, than does Milton when he leaves his native dress, and wraps himself in the close-cut jacket furnished him by his translator. Bring the Latin *Paradise Lost* and the Latin *Origo Mundi* together, and the former would be thought a miserable imitation. Here follow a few of the already quoted passages in Trapp's hexameters:—

" Surrexit dulcis aquæ fons
Emergens, scatebrisque rigavit pluribus hortum.
tandem
Quatuor in fluvios divisæ, multaque regna
Diversæ cursu, fama celebrata pererrant
Ac multam regionem; hic quas memorare necessum
Non erit, at potius—si forte ars dicere possit—
Sapphiri e fonte ut tremuli crispantibus undis
Gemmas per nitidas revoluti, atque auream arenam,
Errore impliciti subter pendentibus umbris
Nectare fluxerunt rivi ———"

" Talis erat locus hic ruralis, grataque sedes
Aspectu vario, silvæ flevire fragrantæ
Balsama et electra, arboresquæ è cortice gummi,
Fulserunt alii aurati et amabile, fructus
Pendebant (hic Hesperidum sit fabula vera
Si vera hic tantum), et gustu gratissima poma."

Turn now to the lines of Avitus, and with the exception of those on the Phoenix (itself a Miltonic image and very Miltonically treated), you will find that there is a closer resemblance between Milton and the Bishop, than between Trapp and Milton.

Here Cinnamon, (Sabeian falsely called),
Grows wild, which by the wondrous bird is sought
When in her burned nest, with birthful death
Dying, she springs successor of herself,

Nor pleased to be *once* born like common things,
 Her aged body to fresh youth returns.
 Hence dropping odorous balm in copious flux,
 The trunk flows on unceasing. If perchance
 A light wind with soft breath the branches move,
 Then at the gentle whisper the wood trembles
 Rich in its leaves, and the salubrious flowers
 Which scattered o'er the ground their sweets dispense.
 Here rises a fresh fountain shining clear,
 Brighter than silver, or the ice congealed
 To crystal. On the river's banks there shone
 Emeralds; and what the boasting world calls gems,
 Are here but *rocks*; and give the fields fresh hues,
 And bind with natural diadem the plain,
 From the smooth fountain-head drawn forth, a stream
 In four large rivers soon divides, since named
 Euphrates and great Tigris, which with bounds,
 Give limits to the arrowy Parthian's realm.
 The third *Nilus* called, Nilus called,
 The noblest—for its fountain-head untraced,—
 Of rivers; which through Egypt gently runs,
 Enriching at fixed times its favoured land.

There follow here some lines descriptive of the inundations of the Nile, which have the true poetical amplitude and vigour. But as it has no parallel in the modern, we omit it at the present time. The hero of Milton's poem has somewhat flippantly been pronounced to be the devil; and in the *Originali Peccato* of Avitus we find he plays no subordinate part. As both poets drank at the same fountain of inspiration, and took the external portion, as we may call it, of the fall of man from the Bible, the resemblance between their accounts of the temptation and of its success, is easily accounted for. The great triumph of Milton's genius consisted in investing Satan with a kind of moral grandeur derived from indomitable resolution and depraved ambition; he preserves in him some traces of his original brightness, and shows us in the lost and guilty demon no less than an archangel ruined. If we consider the

ordinary and legendary stories that were current in the days of Avitus of the enemy of mankind; of his cloven hoof, and horns, and tail; we shall look with more admiration on the intellectual power which could rise above these puerilities, and invest the character of Satan with the moral and sublime interest of a bold and cruel, yet suffering and repining spirit. We do not maintain that the Satan of Avitus is equal in grandeur or power to the noble creation of Milton; yet we think the reader will not deny, that though the execution may be inferior, the conception of the character by the two poets is, in many respects, the same. In both the arch-enemy is represented as feeling his own lot embittered by the sight of our first parents' happiness, and in both the horrid satisfaction resulting from their ruin alleviates the agonies of his own remorse and suffering.

" Videt ut Iste novos homines in sede quieta
 Ducere felicem nullo discrimine vitam
 Lege sub accepta, domino famularier orbis
 Subjectisque frui placida inter gaudia rebus,
 Commovit subitum Zeli scintilla vaporem
 Excrevitque calens in sæva incendia livor.
 Vicinus tunc forte fuit quo concidit alto
 Lapsus, et innexam traxit perprona catervam;
 Hoc redolens, casumque premens sub corde recentem,
 Plus doluit periisse sibi, quod possidet alter.
 Tum mixtus cum felle pudor; sic pectore questus
 Explicat et tali suspiria voce relaxat.

Pro dolor ! hæc nobis subitum consurgere plasma,
 Invisumque genus nostrâ crevisse ruinâ
 Me celsum virtus habuit ; nunc ecce rejectus
 Pellor, et angelico limus succedit honori.
 Cælum Terra tenet ; vili compage levata
 Regnat humus—nobisque perit translata potestas—
 Nec tamen in totum periit, pars magna retentat
 Vim propriam, summæque cluit, virtute nocendi !
 Nec differre juvat ; jam nunc certamine blando
 Congrediar, dum prima salus, experta nec ullos
 Simplicitas ignara dolos, ad tela pavebit ;
 Et melius soli capientur fraude, priusquam
 Fecundam mittant, æterna in sæcula, prolem
 Immortalé nihil terrâ prodire sinendum est—
 Fons generis pereat—capitis dejectio victa
 Semen mortis erit—pariat discrimina leti
 Vitæ principium ! cuncti feriantur in uno !
 Non faciet vivum radix occissa cacumen.
 Hæc mihi dejecto tandem solatia restant,
 Si nequeo clausos iterum conscendere cœlos,
His quæque clauduntur ; levius cecidisse putandum est
 Si nova perdatur simili substantia casu
 Sit comes excidii ! subeat consortia pænæ
 Et quos prævideo nobiscum dividat ignes !”

No one will maintain that these lines are not grand and spirited, or deny that the author of such a conception is a poet of the highest class. But it is not so much whether Saint Avitus was or was not a great poet that is now in dispute, but whether he was not the precursor of Milton in that very circle where we had hitherto supposed that “none durst walk but he.” There can be no incident more stirring to the imagination than the first entrance of the Spirit of Evil into the newly-created world ; and yet to describe the approach of Satan—his scaling the walls of Paradise, or at one bound high overleaping all bound, and finding himself in the seat of human bliss and innocence—is not a task requiring very extraordinary power. As a narrative of an event of the most overwhelming importance it demands an elevation of language suited to the dignity of the subject. But the triumph of genius will consist in endowing that supernatural being with thought and speech. To imagine a

mere shape or figure—to describe the corporal presence of a Caliban, needs no great effort of invention ; but to supply the sentiments befitting such a being is the highest stretch of power. It is this, indeed, which constitutes a creation. Now the reader will have seen in the foregoing extract that Avitus not only gives Satan a separate and well-defined intellectual existence, but fixes on precisely the same character of intellect with which that of Milton is represented. There is in the soliloquy in this passage the same indomitable hate and fierce unyielding remorse which distinguish the soliloquy spoken by Milton’s Satan. And, indeed, as in this passage we scarcely feel ourselves *up to Trapp*—which may be translated, equal to attempt a version of it in any sort of numbers—we shall present the parallel passage from the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*, without farther annotation—only supplying a literal version of the Bishop in a note at the foot of the page.*

* When he saw those new creatures leading a life of untroubled happiness in their quiet seat under the law which they had received, and serving the Lord of the universe, and enjoying all things subjected to them amidst placid joys, a spark of jealousy raised a sudden vapour, and his burning bile increased the cruel fires. His fall was then recent by which he was overthrown, and dragged downwards the multitudes attached to him. Grieving for this, and meditating his recent mishap, it vexed him more to have lost, because another was now in possession. Shame mingled with his wrath ; and having thus lamented in his heart, he gives vent to his sighs in words like these :—O grief ! that this sudden creation should rise before us, and this hateful race be elevated.

" When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recovered sad.
 O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould—earth-born, perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.
 Ah gentle pair ! ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to wo,
 More wo, the more your taste is now of joy ;
 Happy, but for so happy ill-secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe.
 As now is enter'd ; yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied ; league with you I seek
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell or you with me
 Henceforth ; my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Maker's work ; He gave it me,
 Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings ; there will be room
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
 By conquering this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor."—*Line 356—392.*

" Here," says M. Guizot, " the superiority of Milton is great. He gives Satan sentiments which are more elevated, more impassioned, more complex (too complex, perhaps), and his language is a great deal more eloquent."

This criticism is undeniably just, so far as the elevation and passion of the sentiments are concerned, but the

short parenthesis, the too complex, perhaps, points out the great defect of the passage. In Milton the arch-fiend talks in a style of bitter irony, which we cannot help thinking is not at any time the proper characteristic of a soliloquy, and still less in this particular instance. The contending emotions that seem to agitate him, appear to us to humanize his character too much,

on our ruins ! In heaven I was virtuous ; but lo ! I am now rejected. *Clay* succeeds to angelic honour, and earth obtains heaven—clay cast in vile mould now reigns, and *our* power, given over to them, has perished. But not entirely has it perished ; a great part yet remains while we have the power to injure. Nor will I delay, but enter instantly on the pleasing contest, while their first safety and their inexperienced simplicity exposes them to my attacks ; and they will be better deceived while yet alone, before they have given birth to an immortal offspring. Nothing immortal must be suffered to issue from the earth. The race must perish at its source, and the conquest of the chief will be the seed of death. Let the originator of life be the cause of the pains of death. Let all be struck in the person of one. Destroy the root, and the plant will die. This consolation remains to me in my fall, that, if heaven is unattainable to me, on them also it will be closed. 'Twill mitigate my own sufferings if this new creature perishes by a similar doom. Be it, then, the companion of my ruin, and share my punishment, and divide with me the fires which I foresee !

and we are more inclined to agree with the latter part of M. Guizot's verdict, where he says, "The simple energy and dreadful concentration of the Satan of St Avitus have a very powerful effect."

But not less triumphant for the Bishop is the comparison of his Eve in the *Sententia Dei* with that of Milton in the *Paradise Lost*. The passage chosen for the parallel is that in which, after the crime has been

committed, the consequences are first beginning to be felt. The joys of Paradise are at an end; pride and hatred begin their empire over the human heart. In Avitus, the accusations of Adam are directed against the Creator who had doomed him to such a fate. In Milton we all know that, like the majority of his married descendants, he vents all his indignation on his helpless wife. Hear the saint,—

"When thus he was condemn'd, and his great crime
Justice disclosed severe, and without shield,
To prayer he fell not, nor for pardon sued.
Curses he shed and tears, nor aim'd to soothe
With suppliant breath the punishment deserv'd ;—
Though wretched, for no pity did he ask,—
But on himself relying, and his pride
In great words finding issue, thus he spake,
Obdurate,—'It was then for *this* thou gav'st
This woman my companion ! she, subdued,
Me hath subdued to follow evil deed ;
Herself experienced of the fatal fruit,
Me hath she tempted to partake. The source
She of this evil,—*she* the mother of crime,—
I but too trusting. Tyrant ! 'twas thyself
Who taughtst me to believe her glozing words,
Giving her me in marriage, and that bond
With such delights endearing. Oh, how blest
If life, as given me first, lonely and sweet,
Had ever lonely endur'd, had I ne'er known
The ties of such a union, never known
The yoke of such a fatal partnership !'

"When the great Maker heard these angry words
Of our first parent, thus, with voice severe,
Eve he address'd :—'Wherefore, when thou didst fall,
Thy miserable partner to like fall
Hast thou inclined ? Oh, woman of great guile !
Wherefore, with thy sole ruin not content,
Didst thou man's loftier reason from its throne
Drag pitiless down ?'

"She, fill'd with horrent shame,
Her cheek with blush remorseful overspread,
Cast on the serpent all the blame, and sigh'd—
'He tempted me, and, trusting to his words,
I touch'd the fruit forbidden—touch'd and ate.'"

Let the reader make all the allowances for the great disadvantages under which the author labours in a feeble translation, and let him not be led away by the sonorous grandeur of the "scold matrimonial" in Milton ; and we are willing to abide by his decision, whether or not the ancient is not on an equality with the modern, if, indeed, he does not surpass him in dignity and force. Listen to John :—

"Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd ;
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd :—
'Out of my sight, thou serpent ! that name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,

Like his, and colour serpentine may show
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth ; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
 To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
 I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
 Though by the devil himself, him overweening
 To overreach, but with the serpent meeting,
 Fool'd and beguiled by him thou, I by thee,
 To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a show
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
 Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth ; this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men as angels without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind ? This mischief had not then befallen,
 And more that shall befall,—innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex.' "

Book x. L. 863-898.

We have now laid before our readers a sufficient number of specimens from the two poets to enable them to perceive that there are many and great resemblances between them. It is likely enough that there may be nothing more than coincidences,—though a coincidence is generally rather an unlucky event to the individual who stumbles on it last. M. Guizot does not openly accuse Milton of imitation ; he merely hints that "l'erudition, à la fois classique et theologique de Milton etoit grande," and reminds us that the poems of Avitus were published at the com-

mencement of the sixteenth century. "Mais peu importe," he adds, "à sa gloire, qu'il les ait ou non connus ; il était de ceux qui imitent quand il leur plait, car ils inventent quand ils veulent, et ils inventent même en imitant." But in spite of this flourish, Milton has virtually been accused of theft. You have heard the evidence, and no defence has been made on the other side. How say you, then, gentlemen of the jury ? Is the accused guilty or not guilty ? We leave you to consider your verdict.

THIERS.

ADOLPHE THIERS was born at Aix in Provence in the year 1798. His parents were nobody, and his family was nothing. They did not belong to the middling, but to the poorer classes of society, and were neither celebrated for their wit, worth, industry, wealth, nor reputation. But the young ADOLPHE had an early friend,—and together they played, walked, read, studied, and strove. That friend was MIGNET, whose condensed History of the French Revolution, though very far, indeed, from faultless, is immeasurably better than the more extended volumes of his *quondam* playfellow.

The earlier years of Adolphe were spent, as all early years are in France in a country town, by boys who receive the best education that town can afford, that education being at best but of a second-rate order. It must be admitted, in justice to this lad, that he made the best use of his few means, and was an expert workman with bad tools; he acquired an accurate knowledge of Latin and Greek, became fond of Livy and Aristophanes, spouted Cicero by the hour together to his ignorant and vulgar family, and soon gained the reputation of being a great genius amongst small wits. There is, however, so much of a depressing character in a provincial residence and education in France, that no inconsiderable praise is due to the young Adolphe, at the age at which we are now contemplating him, for the progress he made, and for the knowledge he was able to acquire. In most country towns in France, not more than one-third of the population ever know how to read—not one-tenth know how to write and read—and not one out of fifty can talk their own language for five minutes without making fifty faults in grammar, and five hundred in pronunciation. The boys are brought up like heathens—seldom going to church, always violating the observance of the Sabbath-day, and run riot in all the excesses of boyish indiscretions and youthful impertinencies. We do not say that the youth of France have not a sort of filial love, for they have,—but it is a strange anomaly in the history of this curious people, that if they have filial love,

they have very little, indeed, of filial respect. Of course, we are speaking of the youth from 1793 downwards, and not of prior generations. No one has admitted or deplored this fact in stronger terms than M. Guizot; and even M. Thiers himself, though a ragamuffin of a boy, as rebellious as a wild-boar and about as savage, has, in after-life, when made a Minister of State, been the first and foremost to take and encourage all measures for the putting down of that spirit of upstartness which so lamentably characterises all French youth, at least of the male sex. We dwell at some length on this subject, because none but those who, like ourselves, have experienced the difference between a residence in an English or Scotch provincial town and in one in France, can imagine how great, how immense is the difference which separates them. There is a degree of ignorance, of selfishness, of indolence, of stupidity, of deference for Paris, as though Paris was all France, and for the Parisians, as though they were the "*gods who ruled the world*" and moved the stars, which would appear scarcely credible to any one in Great Britain, who has not resided in the French provinces. Hence arises the fact that Paris is France, and France is Paris. The system of centralization in France, the admitted source of, and prolific parent of so many errors, is almost, if not quite, a state necessity, and so must remain, until, by the education and enlightenment, moralizing and civilizing of the provincials, they shall be able to manage their own affairs, without having to consult the Board of Roads and Bridges at Paris how to make a bridge of fifty feet long and ten feet wide over some streamlet in a by-way of a cross-road a hundred leagues off, which cannot be traversed without it. It is to this state of ignorance in the French provinces that must be ascribed the terrible state of their roads—the non-completion of their canals—the non-navigation and non-improvement of their streams—the non-working of their mines—the non-draining of their bogs—the non-clearing and non-enclosure of their commons—and, above all, that wretched state of filthiness

which is so disgusting to foreigners, when ill-luck or accident compels them to seek for shelter for a day or two in some miserable French provincial *auberge*.

It is not prejudice but truth; it is not any absurd and stupid feeling of "Anti-Frenchism," or of national predilection, in spite of opposing facts, but it is at once a startling, though solid truism, that in all that is social, civilizing—yes, and truly popular and liberal too, the towns and villages of the British dominions are at least one hundred years in advance of France.

A pretty, neat, clean, comfortable road-side inn does not exist in France.

We know France well, and have seen much to admire and much to enjoy, but civility, cleanliness, and comfort are three wants from Calais to Toulon, and from Metz to La Rochelle. Oh! those dear charming villages of ours, with their thatched cottages and red cloaks, with their pretty church steeples and cleanly peasantry, how often have we sighed for ye when living in the French provinces!

We must make, then, every allowance for the boy and the youth Adolphe, bred and brought up as he was at *Aix*. The only thing in his favour was the mild climate of Provence, except, indeed, that other circumstance to which we have referred, and that is, the early acquaintance of his young and sincere friend Mignet, of whom it may be said—

"Amicus usque ad aras."

The lad Thiers had to fight his own way in the world, from the time he was born, upwards. His father was a vulgar man, his mother a mere ordinary woman. No doubt they loved their children and boxed their ears, gave them plenty of "*confitures*" and honey—sent them to school sometimes, and sent them to bed when naughty at others, and applauded them when they gained prizes, not so much because they were proofs of their superior attainments or studies, as because they had gained a superiority in rank over their more wealthy and aristocratic neighbours.

It would neither be in accordance with our taste nor with that of our readers, to discuss at any great length the earlier days of the young Thiers. He learned Latin and Greek, grammar and elocution, mathematics and geography, history and the natural

sciences, as well as he could possibly learn them at Aix; and it is not, we think, too much to admit, that himself and young Mignet beat out and out of the field of competition all the other young fellows who wished to rival them.

At length young Thiers was sent into the world to make his fortune; Aix was not large enough for his sphere of action. Besides which, a "prophet has no honour in his own country;" and already the young Adolphe resolved on cutting a figure in the world somehow or other; of course, as much to his advantage as possible.

In the year 1816 Adolphe Thiers left his natal town to see the world, not to return to it till he had become a Minister of State, and had aided in overthrowing the dynasty of St Louis, and in placing the crown on the head of undoubtedly a very able prince of the House of Orleans. As his father had got on a little in life, he found his son a few hundred francs to travel up to Paris, and to support him at about L.40 a-year, whilst he studied law in the *Ecole de Droit*. The Paris schools were then, as they are now, the focus of radicalism and revolution, infidelity and rebellion, but with this difference, that *then* the discipline was mild almost to timidity, whereas now it is rigorous almost to severity. As Adolphe Thiers was a speculator in every sense of the word, he looked out as a matter of course for a suitable opportunity to improve his income. Mignet and himself were still the "inseparables;" and we cannot do better than here introduce the following sketch of a visit paid at that period to the lodging of the future Prime Minister of France. As they had nothing to lose and EVERY THING to gain and hope for from convulsion and revolution, they early set about their work of attempting to assist in demolishing the old French monarchy, as rebuilt by the restoration.

"A good many years ago I ascended, for the first time in my life, the innumerable steps of a dark and dull furnished lodging-house situated at the end of the dirty and dark passage *Montesquieu*, in one of the most populous and noisy quarters of Paris. It was with a lively sentiment of interest and of curiosity that I opened, on the fourth floor, the dirty and smoky door of a small chamber, so bad, as really from

its badness to merit description. A deal chest of drawers and a walnut-wood bedstead composed all its furniture, which was ornamented by dirty white cotton curtains, two chairs and a small black table, somewhat broken and rickety. There was a door which communicated with another chamber next to it, but that door was shut, and there were some plain wooden shelves, on which were placed a very small number of books and a bad engraving of the head of *Corinne*, of course 'after the painting of Gerard.' I am describing accurately what existed, for the aspect of this chamber will never be effaced from my memory.

"The chamber next to it was much about the same. In these two chambers, where I was received with a sort of benevolent and protecting air, which was paid to my profession as a writer, and to my extreme youth, lived two friends, who have never, to their praise be it said, been since separated, neither by their diverse fortunes, nor by the revolutions in which they have taken part, nor by their difficulties in bad, or their successes in good fortune. These two friends were Thiers and Mignet."

At this period of the history of M. Thiers, the opposition party in France was led by *Benjamin Constant*, *Casimir Perier*, *General Foy*, and *General Sebastiani*, all since dead except the latter, who is now fulfilling, in a very satisfactory and respectable manner, the duties of ambassador from Louis Philippe, King of the French, to the Court of St James's. The Restoration was at this moment engaged in a contest with *Manuel*, who was subsequently expelled from the chamber, and the saloons of *Lafitte* were crowded in the evening with those who, though they affected not to desire to overthrow the monarchy, but only to "*counsel and improve it*," were nevertheless constantly conspiring against their Princes, and the Restoration. *Manuel* and *Lafitte* took Thiers and Mignet by the hand—introduced as they were by M. Pellenes, the former Secretary of Mirabeau; and thus they made their entry into public life! Oh the changes and chances of a political and intriguing life at Paris! The law student and young barrister Thiers afterwards lived to see himself the Prime Minister of France and the Minister of Foreign Affairs; whilst M. Lafitte was compelled, as the consequence of the revolution they had both aided in

bringing about, to ask Louis Philippe to become guarantee to the Bank of France for monies he owed and could not pay—and to entreat the civil list to purchase his rich forest of Breteuil at a price inferior to its real value! When M. Thiers entered public life, he did so in the spacious and rich saloons of the wealthy Lafitte, the mortal enemy of the Restoration. But when, subsequently, that same Lafitte was reduced to great embarrassment, and to fallen fortunes, through the success of his conspiracy of fifteen years against the throne and the altar—the Minister Thiers had no kind word for him—no support for him—no saloons open to him—but he was the ultra enemy of the very school, and of nearly the very men to whom he was indebted for all his subsequent success. And yet now, at the moment we are writing these lines, that same Thiers, no longer a Prime Minister—and indeed no longer a minister at all—would give a third of his present fortune, if Lafitte, once more at the head of a great mercantile establishment, and Lafitte's friends, Bank, Journals, and partisans, would assist the Gauche and the centre Gauche of the Chamber of Deputies in replacing him in power.

As M. Thiers had always the faculty of conversing with ease and hardihood, he was soon remarked in the saloons of Lafitte for his ready wit, vivacity, and avowed attachment to liberal principles. The shortness of his stature, the common expression of his features, half-hidden by immense spectacles, the singular cadence of his accent, which made his conversation resemble in sound the nasal chanting of certain parish-clerks—his jumping on his toes to make himself taller—his raising and falling his shoulders more in the style of a rope-dancer or mountebank, than of a candidate for forensic honours—his want of good manners—and his coarseness and vulgarity—observable even in the strange "*mélange*" of the saloons of M. Lafitte—made him a sort of being who first excited curiosity from his odd appearance, and then attention from the volubility of his talk, and even from a certain sort of eloquence in his conversation. So in a very short time M. Thiers became a great man among little people, and a forward pushing conspirator against the government of his country and

his King. As the family of M. Thiers had neither religious nor political opinions, we are not blaming the young man at the period of which we are now speaking for having neither himself, nor for entering, therefore, heart and soul into all overthrowing conspiracies; but we cannot avoid drawing the attention of our readers to the fact, that Thiers became a rebel, not from choice or conviction, but from imitation and necessity, aping his betters in fortune, and hoping by that means one day to equal them in wealth. It was not the ambition to serve his country—to render her youth wise or her institutions more enlightened, which induced him to join the mad party of Manuel; but it was the hope that by notoriety he would get a good appointment, a handsome apartment, a rich wife, and wealth and fame. Here, then, is an example of the truth of our fundamental maxim, that there is a vast principle of rebellion in the human heart, which is sometimes mistaken for a love of improvement and reform.

And we refer to this point in this place, not only because all the future career of M. Thiers depended on these early impressions, early steps, and early associations,—but because it supplies at once a lesson and a moral on the progress and character of rebellion in all countries. If Thiers had fallen into the hands of the court party—and if he had been simply assured of a post of L.60 or L.80 a year in some inferior judicial department, with a prospect of rising, instead of being a rebel, he would have become a Legitimist—and would have defended with M. Dudon and M. Peyronnet the principles of the old monarchy. But M. Thiers saw no prospect, with his physical appearance, or with his moral character, of getting into good society—so he became, not from conviction, but in order to get on in the world, a “*Manuelist*,” and a “*Lafittite*”—and so grew to a Journalist, a Revolutionist, a Minister, and the Premier!

At the soirées of M. Lafitte the young man Thiers made the acquaintance of Baron Louis, at whose table he afterwards always found a fork and spoon, and moreover a good dinner, when his resources were small, or his salary in arrear. For M. Thiers had now got a salary. His friend Mignet had become one of the

editors of the *Courrier Français*, in company with his father rebels Benjamin Constant and Keratry; whilst Thiers worshipped Condorcet, Helvétius, and above all Voltaire, in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*. In that journal he defended the *sensual* school, with Cabanis and Destutt de Tracy, against the *spiritual* school of Roger Collard and M. Cousin. The warfare was all against religion and philosophy on the part of the sensualists, and Thiers did his best to aid in the ungodly and unenlightening conflict. In order to destroy priestcraft, these sensualists set about undermining religion; and whilst Dulaine carried his revolutionary spirit so far as even to attack science—Cabanis attempted to destroy the religion of the heart. Vain theorists! Absurd and stupid rebels! Fifteen years have not yet transpired; and now these very men, or their successors, are deploring the effects of their own lectures and writings, treatises, and tracts, and are with Thiers (when Minister) the first to declare, that above and before all things the people must be religious! When Thiers, the incipient rebel, left his town of Aix, he little thought that in so few years he should exclaim, “give me priestcraft rather than infidelity—and Romanism rather than indifference.” When Thiers the sprouting rebel began his career of rebellion at the soirées of M. Lafitte, he little thought that before one hundred moons had waxed and waned he would proclaim “the necessity, above and before all things, of obedience,”—and that “revolt was a crime.” And when the rebel editor Thiers be-praised the Encyclopædists, and continued their work, he little thought that Guizot and Roger Collard would afterwards condescend to admit him into their ranks in the hour of common danger, to defend with them the last ruins of a threatened monarchy—or that he should become more monarchical than his teachers, and of course a thousand times more humble and subservient. But this will ever be the case with men whose origin is nothing—whose career is the effect of circumstance or accident—who are liberals from interest, revolutionists from sensuality, and rebels from indolence or egotism.

The Restoration has been accused of rendering necessary these combinations and these conspiracies by its

determination to return to the ideas and principles anterior to the Revolution. This is a false statement. We do not mean to say, acquainted as we are with the secret history of the court of the Tuileries at the period to which we refer, that there was not a party belonging to the Romish Church which dreamed of reversing the events of the last thirty-five years; but this we maintain, as men who know something more about this matter than the mere babble of soirée parties, that neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. ever dreamed of destroying the Charta, or of attempting to destroy the new order of things which had been established in France. But the real cause of the opposition to the Restoration was the opposition to its *origin*. The Constant, Lafayette school, and even the Bonaparte school of Lamarque, Ney, and Foy, never forgave the Restoration for its return with foreign bayonets and with the treaties of Vienna. They never forgot the deplorable defeat of the National Guards by the bayonets of the armies of the Allied Powers. They never forgave the occupation of Paris and of the Bois de Boulogne by British, Austrian, and Prussian armies. They never forgave the Army of Occupation. They never forgave the Fund for the Emigrants. They never forgave the fact that Louis XVIII. granted the Charta, and that it was not imposed on their sovereign by themselves. They never forgave that France was once more cut down to her former and just limits, and that fortresses were to be erected on the Belgian frontiers against her future possible encroachments. It is *not* true, then, that the Restoration was disliked by the Liberals and Bonapartists, because it addressed itself to the priests, or dreamt of re-establishing the "*ancien regime*," and those who make this charge know it to be false. But the opposition to the Restoration was composed of the fag-ends of the republic, the revolution, and the empire—and of all those rebellious spirits, necessarily so numerous in a country which had been alternately subjected to the despotism of the period of terror—to the infidelity of the republic—and to the indifference as well as military tyranny of the empire. M. Thiers was one of these rebels; he was paid to be so. The *Constitutionnel* gave him a good salary—Baron

Louis gave him good dinners—and M. Lafitte gave him good soirées, and not unfrequently some five-franc pieces. The *Constitutionnel* and M. Thiers took the lead in their opposition to religion. Each day it seemed as if Voltaire was still attacking the priests and demanding, in his characteristic language, "qu'on ecrasât l'infame?" The old warfare of the 18th century was revived, and Diderot, Helvetius, Cordillac, D'Holbach, Champfort, La Chalotais, and Beaumarchais, appeared to have leapt from their graves. The old men who were the former friends of Robespierre became the associates of the now regularly installed rebel editor Thiers, who supplied him with "precious and valuable information;"—secretaries of the former Directory were his cronies; functionaries and academicians of the empire became his chums; and he became, as an editor of the organ of the sensualist and rebel *Constitutionnel*, the chief of a party and a little great man.

The talent and the audacity of the young writer, and the novelty of some of his criticisms and ideas, soon secured him a certain degree of respect and importance amongst men who hardly took the trouble to think at all, or who were well satisfied with walking in the oft trodden paths of their humdrum predecessors. When the question of *Septennial* Parliaments was under discussion, he, M. Thiers, was looked to by his own party as a sort of authority; and the elections of 1824 were partially influenced by his writings.

And here it is well to remark how much greater is, and ever will be, the influence of the daily press on a light and inconsiderate, than on a reflecting and serious people, since the daily press of France exercises a much greater power in that country than does the press of Great Britain; and certainly this cannot be ascribed to any superior talent possessed by the writers or by the conductors of the French press. Whether the news, the polemics, the business, the amusement, or the advertisements of an English, as contrasted with a French newspaper, be considered, we maintain that in such journals, for example, as the *Times* and *Standard*, *Chronicle* and *Sun*, there are at least ten times more than in the *Debats* or the *Gazette*,

the *Constitutionnel* or the *Messenger*. But the influence exercised by the French papers over the French people, is much greater than that by the British papers over the British people; and the reason in our opinion is obvious. The French people like to be thought for,—the British people like to think for themselves. The French people take in a paper to form their opinion, and when it is formed by the daily perusal of the journal they read, they maintain it with tenacity, if not with violence. The British, on the contrary, read and support the paper which expresses the nearest, and in the best and strongest form, the opinions they have conscientiously and individually adopted—and forsake that journal as soon as it ceases to inculcate the principles and doctrines they individually believe to be true. Thus, in France, the conductor or editor of a paper is a political chief, who leads on his partisans to victory or to defeat; whereas, in Great Britain, he is the representative of opinions long since formed by his readers, before, perhaps, his paper even existed, and which would be felt and expressed even if his journal never had been called into being.

For this reason it is, that we see so many French editors and proprietors, conductors, and even *gerants* of journals, become peers, deputies, prefects, and public functionaries in France; whilst in England, till of very late years, such a circumstance would have been justly regarded as an anomaly. Not that we are contending for the exclusion of either editors, conductors, or proprietors of the public press from Parliament—but we are protesting, and shall ever protest, against public writers, as in France, writing themselves into notoriety only for the sake of obtaining office and emolument; and then, like M. Thiers, deserting the very party and principles through which he obtained the notoriety which secured him place and profit.

At the period of the life of M. Thiers which we are now considering, he gave an early proof of the elasticity of his principles, and of the pliable nature of his character. The result of the war in Spain having been unfavourable to the Liberal party, and M. De Villele having thought right to avail himself of the moment as propitious for a general election, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. The *Constitutionnel* and M. Thiers were em-

barrassed as to the course to be pursued; if they espoused the cause of Manuel and of Gregoire, then they feared they should risk the election of some of their less violent friends; if they forsook their cause, they feared they should be accused of deserting the really democratic and popular cause, and of being ungrateful to Manuel. For a moment they hesitated, but it was only for a moment. Thiers resolved on forsaking his friend Manuel, who first took him by the hand when, as a raw advocate, he appeared in Lafitte's saloons,—and the *Constitutionnel* defeated Manuel and his party.

M. Thiers now began to labour with ardour at his History of the French Revolution. Whilst M. Mignet was satisfied with presenting to the world a philosophical History of the "MOTIVES" of that event, M. Thiers was resolved to compensate for his want of philosophy by the abundance of his facts, either real or disputed, and by the redundancy of his words. It has been well said of M. Thiers' history, by a man of great talent, that he began his work with the sentiment or passion of *curiosity*.

"En effet, M. Thiers n'est pas un philosophe, il n'est ni systématique, ni enthousiaste dans son histoire; ses premières liaisons littéraires le font pencher vers le XVIII^e siècle: ses études le portent vers l'art classique: son admiration s'adresse de préférence à Bonaparte et à Voltaire; mais avant tout, M. Thiers est un *curieux*, un homme avide de spectacles nouveaux, qui se plaît à tout, qui s'enquiert de tout qui bat des mains, aux Etats-Généraux, à l'Assemblée Nationale, à la Constituante, à la Convention; oui, même à la Convention! Et pourtant il aime le Directoire, quand vient le Directoire, parceque c'est un monde qui lui reste à connaître, des hommes qu'il n'a parvus, des connaissances à faire. On sent qu'il eût été l'ami du Consulat et de l'Empire, s'il eût fait leur histoire. Tous ceux qui vivent ont raison auprès de lui, on n'a jamais qu'un tort à ses yeux, c'est d'être mort."

Yet this is the man, a few years before a raw but studious young barrister from the provinces, who was set up by the *Constitutionnel* to oppose a dynasty established for ages—and a monarchy which, in spite of all that has been done, said, and written, is still the form of government preferred by the French nation, and this moreover is the man who has set himself up to write the history of one of the greatest

events which ever transpired in the annals of human society.

M. Thiers was so ignorant of the events he was about to record, and of the consequences to be drawn from them, that almost all his history is either extracted from other books, or is an epitome of his never-ending conversations with former contractors, old worn-out diplomatists of the Revolution, and insipid, conceited, and pragmatistical officers.

Wine, women, and a favourite piebald horse at this period occupied all his leisure hours: and though liberal potations of wine, rosy wine, were sometimes unfavourable to his "*Rosinante*" excursions; yet he persevered in spite of his tumbles, and became a sort of equestrian.

There is a passage in Thiers' life of *Mirabeau*, which is so curious as having been written by that gentleman, that, whilst we do not entirely admit its accuracy as applied to Mirabeau, looks vastly like a sketch of the historian himself. So now M. Thiers is sitting for his own portrait.

"Il parlait (*Mirabeau*) de provence avec un seul projet, celui de combattre le pouvoir dont il avait souffert, et que sa raison autant que ses sentimens lui faisaient regarder comme détestable. Arrivé à Paris, il fréquenta un banquier alors très connu, et homme d'un grand mérite. Là on s'entretenait beaucoup de politique, de finance, et d'économie publique. Il y puisa beaucoup de connaissances sur ces matières, et il s'y lia avec ce qu'on appelait la *colonie Genevoise*. Cependant *Mirabeau* ne forma aucune liaison intime. Il abordait tout le monde, et semblait lié avec tout ceux auxquels ils s'adressait. C'est ainsi qu'on le crut souvent l'amie et le complice de beaucoup d'hommes avec lesquels il n'avait aucune intérêt commun. L'aristocratie ne pouvait songer à *Mirabeau*, le parti Necker ne s'est pas entendu avec lui. Le Duc D'Orléans a pu seul paraître s'unir à lui, on l'a cru ainsi, parce que *Mirabeau* traitait familièrement avec le duc, et que tous deux, était supposés avoir une grande ambition, l'un comme prince, l'autre comme tribun, paraissaient devoir s'allier; la détresse de *Mirabeau* et la fortune du Duc d'Orléans semblaient aussi un motif réciproque d'alliance."

M. Thiers' history of the French Revolution is the least philosophical, well reasoned, consistent, or rational account of that event yet published. Its estimates of character are so con-

tradictory—its opinions of the actors in that great drama are so opposed—and its moral sketches are so bad in principle, and therefore in operation, that it would be impossible to place in the hands of a young person a more raw and undigested compound of facts, sentiments, and passions all thrown together in complete disorder. And this must always be the case with a man who writes history under the impressions of the moment—who writes history without having studied it—who writes history with no fixed principles—and of whom it may be said with truth, as Thiers has written of *Dumouriez*, "*cet homme flexible et habile avait parfaitement deviné la puissance naissante!*"

In reading M. Thiers' history of the Revolution it is easy to perceive, nay it strikes the mind most forcibly at once, that the historian has not made up his own mind as to the events he records. Thus his readers stumble suddenly on facts and events for which they are unprepared, and in vain search in the pages of the book before them the reasons for what they perceive. Thus *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *Pétion*, *Marat*, *Roland*, and *Lafayette* are all so feebly drawn by a man who feared to compromise himself by what he wrote, that all are reduced to such insignificant beings and such second-rate characters, that the reader involuntarily exclaims, "why, these men and women then were nobody." M. Thiers judges men in his history as he does in his private career, not by their merits, but by their *success*. His mode of estimating the characters of his heroes is to look to see whether they gained office, patronage, and wealth. If they did—they are at once worthy of his praise,—if not, they are dolts and idiots.

But as the history of the French Revolution by this gentleman is the only real or affected ground-work of his future success, it is necessary, nay indispensable, to devote a page or two to the consideration of that work. As he commenced that history with the sentiment of curiosity, and continued it with the feeling of surprise, it is the least connected and least philosophical, as well as least reasoned of all the productions of the press on this inexhaustible subject. We do not mean to reproach M. Thiers for any lack of

incidents or facts—for although many are omitted, and some even misrepresented by him in his work—yet this is to be ascribed partly to the absence of certain documents and correspondences, memoirs, and revelations since made in the then unpublished, but now published biographies and correspondences of certain actors in that drama. And even at the hour at which we are writing, there are still many men living who took a leading part in those events, who have not thought fit to supply us with their autobiography—but who will probably leave their papers to their friends and families as most important legacies to history and posterity. Of these none can be placed on the same level for value and importance as Prince Talleyrand. No man, living or dead, could or can be so able as himself to throw a clear and distinct light on many still very doubtful events, and on the causes which led to them, as the prince Talleyrand. It is not, then, the want of these documents and facts with which we reproach M. Thiers—for in that case the same reproach might be addressed to every English and French writer on that subject, from Burke to Alison. The completion of the “*Histoire Parlementaire*,” by Buchey and Rioux, will likewise assist most materially in the full understanding of the subject—for no political work of modern times, published in France, notwithstanding the political partialities of its able compilers, has been worthy of being compared for a moment in real value with that voluminous and still publishing repertory of modern French documentary history. We repeat, then, that we do not blame M. Thiers for the occasional absence of facts, and at others for their misrepresentation, in his history—but for the sort of boyish, schoolboy, gaping, staring, wide-mouth, swallowing history he has published, dictated by curiosity, and written under the influence of surprise. Nothing, then, can be more incoherent than his volumes—nothing more amusing whilst you read them—nothing less intelligible, impressive, or instructive afterwards. Take some illustrations.

When M. Thiers speaks of *Mirabeau*, he says, “*Le cynisme de ses paroles autorise tous les propos, et toutes les calomnies !*” What a moralist ! Why, what can authorize ca-

lumny ? Nothing. It may be palliated—it may be less severely castigated under some particular circumstances—but it can never be authorized. When M. Thiers speaks of Louis XVI., he is at first pleased with him ; he is an equitable prince, moderate in his tastes, and does good from a love of good in itself. We are told (and with great truth) that he loved his people—and loved them so dearly that he decided to confer the administration upon Turgot. But how different are his future estimates. Turgot, Necker, and Calonne survived each other, and as each one arrives, he is eulogized in no very measured terms ; but when Necker falls, oh ! he is only a Geneva banker, without any importance ; when Calonne falls, he is only a thoughtless and foolish man ; and as to Turgot, he is slow, and wants energy and force. The same with *Mirabeau* ; when he places himself in the National Assembly, and talks of liberty, equality, and the rights of the people, poor M. Thiers is in an ecstasy, and jumps, as is his custom, some twelve inches from the floor to express his delight. And yet this *Mirabeau*, whose cause he defends during so many pages, amidst all his accusers, he sacrifices at last, and exclaims, in the passage we have already cited, that he was of no use to any party, and was rejected by all. Take another portion of the book. Look at the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, at Robespierre and Danton. What do we read ? A philosophical and accurate developement of the causes which led to the rising of the provinces, the flight and abdication of the King, the ruin of all interests, the assault of the royal palace, and to the placing the heads of the defenders of the chateau on pikes and poles, and carrying them about the capital ? No—by no means. For in Thiers' history *Roland* is an upright man, and *Madame Roland* has a fine soul ! *Dumouriez* would save the throne at the peril of his life—and the country is his god ! *Pétion* is an honest man, and even his enemies have not dared to attack his probity ! *Santerre* is blameless, or at least is not blamed by M. Thiers ! *Danton* had his passions, but forsooth he was generous ! *Robespierre* was a man of no importance ! and *Marat* was nothing at all ! So the

reader of Thiers' history, if he stops to reflect, asks himself very naturally if all that transpired was to be ascribed to mere 'hocus-pocus,' a sort of legerdemain, sly tricks with goblets? Or whether, in fact, the whole history altogether is not fabulous, resembling Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant-Killer, or Gulliver's Travels? Well may M. Thiers exclaim, as his excuse for his absurd and unphilosophical narrative,

"Hélas! pourquoi faut-il que dans des temps de désordre la raison ne suffise pas!"

Take another portion of Thiers's history, viz. that of the massacres of September, and the commune of Paris. Here M. Thiers is like a child in a battle, he either hides himself in a hole, counting the number of reports of cannon he hears, or else stops both his ears with his fingers, and shuts both his eyes besides, so that his little heart may not go pit-a-pat once oftener than is absolutely indispensable. Of course, M. Thiers does not tell his readers by what secret means the crown was disarmed on the 10th August, nor who paid Danton, or supplied means to the assassins of September, nor who served as the intermediate parties between the monarch and the emigration; but he describes, as a landsurveyor, the country of Sedan, and draws so accurate a description of the roads to Grand-Pré and the Isolettes, that any one with the chart in his memory might travel blindfold from Paris to the spots in question. And, finally, look at M. Thiers as the biographer of Robespierre. When Robespierre is triumphant, he is wonderful; when he is defeated, he is a fool and an assassin! When Robespierre declared that atheism was aristocratic, and that the idea of a Supreme Being was republican, M. Thiers was enchanted. When Robespierre proclaimed God in the streets of Paris, though Lepelletier and Marat were the only gods then known by the people, M. Thiers was delighted, and shouts Robespierre for ever. When Robespierre replies to Barbaroux, oh, then he "*gives a severe lesson to mere agitators.*" When he defends Danton at the club of the Jacobins, oh, then "his conduct is generous and able;" when he causes Clotz to be expelled from that club, his "energy is worthy of eulogium,"

though the only charges against poor Clotz were, that he was a baron, and was worth L.4000 per annum; when, in 1793, Robespierre exhorted the Committee of Public Safety to denounce some members of the Convention, "his energy secured the safety after revolution;" and, finally, M. Thiers sums all up with the following eulogium of Robespierre and his friends, their virtue, and their religion!

"C'est la première fois, dans l'histoire du monde, que la dissolution de toutes les autorités laissait la société en proie au gouvernement des esprits purement systématiques, et ces esprits, qui avaient dépassé toutes les idées reçues, adoptaient, conservaient les idées de la morale et de Dieu. Cet exemple est *unique* dans les annales du monde; il est singulier, il est grand et beau; l'histoire doit s'arrêter pour en faire la remarque."

Indeed!—Thus, M. Thiers sowed to the wind, and, need we remind our readers, how afterwards he reaped the whirlwind, when his eulogies of the Jacobin club, and his praises of Robespierre, were transformed in 1834 into a then active and living society, "The Society of the Friends of the People?" Oh, how his heart sickened and his face was sad, when he read (when Minister of the Interior) the names of the very clubs and sections of clubs of the first revolution, adopted by the popular agents of the second! And he who had lauded revolt when Danton, Robespierre, and Marat were the actors, was palsied and horror-struck when their praises were cited as encouragements to similar conduct by Beaune, Laponneraye, Paget, Carmentin, and all the "Brouillons" of 1834! Let us now return to M. Thiers and his progress in public life.

M. Lœne-Weimar tells a story of M. Thiers, which is not much to his credit, about a poor German book-title collector, named Schubart, who was the factotum of M. Thiers for a long time. This Schubart was also a sort of agent of the wealthy proprietor of the *Gazette at Augsburg*. M. Cotta, the well-known proprietor in question, supplied M. Thiers with the funds (thanks to the aforesaid Schubart) to purchase a share which was to be sold in the *Constitutionnel*, and yet, afterwards, M. Thiers allowed poor Schubart to wander in Germany

in want and misery. As for M. Cotta, he assisted our republican editor, and now rebel proprietor, in his first efforts to establish the *National*, a journal destined *not* to attack the priests and religion, as was the *Constitutionnel*, but to attack the throne of Charles X., the dynasty of the Bourbons, and the monarchy of ages. It has been said that Prince Talleyrand supplied a considerable sum of money towards this object, but this has also been denied. Still, one thing is certain, M. Thiers was very intimate with the prince, whilst the prince was grand almoner to Charles X., and at least boasts of his protection and friendship. M. Lafitte assisted M. Thiers not a little, both with money and counsel, and it was he who first introduced that person to the prince in his old faded green saloon in the Rue de Rivoli. That introduction was to M. Thiers one of the most memorable events of his life, and he felt all its value, all its importance. If, at the moment he left that room in which the Emperor Alexander had listened to the first words which had been said to him in favour of the Bourbons—where the provisional government had been created, and where the alliance of England and France was decided on—M. Lafitte had asked him to swear eternal fidelity to himself and his family, he would have done so with enthusiasm; but yet this same M. Thiers afterwards treated this same M. Lafitte with insolence and with ingratitude.

M. Thiers acted with the duplicity and bad faith of a rebel towards his king, as well as towards his country—and he has avowed it. He saw that there was no hope for him or for his party, but from, or in, a Revolution, and yet he affected every day, in the articles he published in the *National*, the most profound respect for the Bourbons, for Charles X., for the Charta of 1814, and for the institutions established by it. He avowed to his friends and party, that the country was not prepared for a change, and that the only chance of bringing it about was to appear to be in love with the Charta—to desire nothing more than its preservation—and thus before the world to have the air of being moderate men, desiring nothing else but a legal and constitutional object. So the daily cry of M. Thiers and his

journal was "*Vive la Charta!*" and the ignorant and stupid opened their mouths and said, "you see, that Thiers and Mignet, Thiers and Carrel, Thiers and the *National*, only want the honest execution of the Charta!" But this was false. M. Thiers knew it to be so, and Charles X. and his Government knew it to be so too. Prince Talleyrand was aware of the secret. And, therefore, when the Ministers of the King adopted a system of government, which afterwards led to a revolution, they did that which they were obliged to do, which was unavoidable, but which failed, because those who counselled the monarchical movement were *not* men of sufficient energy, talent, prudence, and, above all, foresight, to take the necessary measures for assuring its success. M. Thiers was then the enemy of England, and of all alliance with her. "*Le monde,*" cried the young rebel "*est las de tous les despotismes. Des sommets de Gibraltar, de Malte, du Cap de Bonne-Espérance, une tyrannie immense, s'étend sur les mers; il faut la faire cesser.*" Yes—that power was Great Britain, far less active and less energetic, less dominant and important than it was when M. Thiers wrote his diatribes—but still the drowsy and the sleeping—not the exhausted or dead Lion. Yet this same M. Thiers afterwards, when Minister, vindicated the "*English alliance,*" as the only one suitable for France, though he opposed it when a mere editor of the *National* or of the *Constitutionnel*; and he who afterwards said "The English alliance is the only alliance worthy of the Revolution of July," tried to persuade Prince Talleyrand, in 1829, that the *only* alliance which was desirable was that with Russia. M. Cotta, the Russian agent of the *Gazette* of Augsburg, had encouraged M. Thiers, because he was ever preaching anti-English doctrines—and anti-English alliances. M. Cotta and M. Thiers were engaged together in endeavouring to render a Russian alliance with France a popular and called-for measure, at the very moment that the latter writer was exclaiming, "*Le monde est las de tous les despotismes.*" Thus, in the opposition of M. Thiers to the Government of his king, there was nothing of principle, nothing of conviction. It was all rebellion—unmiti-

gated rebellion. Thus, when France, under the Bourbons played her part in what was called the salvation and regeneration of GREECE, M. Thiers, the rebel, said, "that France and her Government acted deplorably;" and, indeed, no terms were strong enough to express his contempt for the whole transaction, yet M. Thiers, the Minister, voted for the subsidies of the King Otho, and defended in the Council their principle, as well as their amount. In like manner, as to the expedition to ALGIERS, M. Thiers played the part, not only of Marplot, but also of a rebel. First of all he maintained that the Polignac Ministry ought not to make the expedition—then that it would not—then that it could not—then that the expedition was unjust—and finally, that it would be impossible to take a fortress before which the army of Charles Quint had failed. Every sort of plausible as well as imaginary difficulty was raised or invented by M. Thiers—and when sailors were recruited for at Havre, the "*culpable folly*" of the expedition was the last word of the rebel journalist.

"The senseless and profitless expedition" was attacked in a thousand ways, and M. Thiers then maintained (and this is worth remembering), that the powers of Europe would never allow France to retain Algiers, should her troops be even suffered to land. We say it is worth while remembering this, because, now it suits the humour of M. Thiers, he maintains that France always proposed to retain Algiers, and that Charles X., and the Prince de Polignac were of that opinion. When as a rebel journalist he wrote on the matter in 1830, he said that the Bourbons and Prince Polignac did not dare, could not, and did not even propose to retain Algiers; but when afterwards, as a successful rebel, he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, he declared that the restoration always had the intention of making Algiers a French colony.

The opposition of the "*National*" to the Government of Charles X., when M. Thiers directed that journal, was the most violent, blind, unreasonable, revolutionary opposition in heart, though disguised in terms of constitutional language, and though falsely made to appear not to be addressed to men, but to measures and to principles.

The *National* of 1834, under the direction of M. Carrel, was never so violent, so revolutionary, as that same journal when managed by Thiers and Mignet; but then in 1830 Thiers was a rebel journalist—whilst in 1834 he was a successful and triumphant minister. How different was the conduct of Guizot! He belonged not, any more than did M. Thiers, to the then Court party—but he acted with loyalty, honour, decency, and self-respect. The language of the *National* was Jacobinical, and M. Thiers avowed it; for he exclaimed, in one of his most rebellious articles:—

"Nous sommes des Jacobins, et nous ne voudrions pas être autre chose; nous sommes des gens du peuple et des Jacobins avec Mirabeau, Barnave, Vergniaud, Sièyes, Hoche, Desaix, et Napoleon."

In like manner, M. Thiers attacked the Government of Charles X., because it deprived of favours and of place some functionaries who had joined the Revolutionary standard; and yet M. Thiers, when his turn came to act as Minister of the Interior, turned out of office an architect of the Government, simply for giving a night's refuge at Dieppe to a runaway republican prisoner who was lucky enough to escape from the much-loved Ste. Pelagie prison of his former republican master. So, when M. Thiers was the rebel journalist, he could not find in the dictionary of the Academy words too strong to "*fletir*" the Ministry for the publication of a telegraphic despatch twenty-four hours later than it ought to have been; but when he in his time undertook the "*management*" of the Telegraph, oh dear! oh dear! how many a telegraphic despatch was not merely kept back twenty-four hours, but even twenty-four days if necessary, so as not to interfere with the speculations of our quondam rebel journalist, then transformed into a bull or a bear at the Paris Bourse. Nor should it be forgotten, that of all the prophets who predicted the measures which the Government of the king would be compelled to adopt (because they knew the nature of their own conspiracy against the throne and the Charta of 1814), in order to support itself against the opposition press and the combined attacks of all its enemies—no one so frequently declared that the Government would be

forced to declare martial law, and to put Paris into a state of siege. Oh with what patriotic ardour did he speak of the possibility of so deplorable and terrible an event!—and yet, afterwards, he, M. Thiers, counter-signed a royal ordinance of Louis Philippe, adopting that measure.

But the moment of action now arrived—and rebellion had to show itself not merely by writing, but by fighting. The pen, indeed, had to be exchanged for the musket—and the epigram for the bayonet. This was a new sort of warfare for which M. Thiers was indeed ill prepared. He could wield the pen much better than the sword—and was in the latter respect a member of the Don Quixote and windmill school of heroes. When the ordinances of Charles X. appeared, he thought “it was time to be off”—and to repose under the Virgilian shade of “a wide-spreading beech-tree” in the valley of Montmorency. He approved the maxim, that “the better part of valour was discretion,”—and “*que ce n’était pas aux intelligences d’affronter ainsi les hasards des rues.*” Thus he at once saved himself from the dangers which precede victories—and from the proscriptions which often follow defeats. As long as the resistance to the ordinances of the King was what M. Thiers was pleased to call “legal,” or in plain terms, as long as resistance was confined to pen, ink, and paper, he was their man; but when Benjamin Constant arrived, and that “drum’s discordant sound” fell heavily on his ear, he left to others the task of heading the clerks of shopkeepers, journeymen-printers, and the “gamins” of Paris, whilst he smoked his cigar, and sipped his sherbet in the cool and quiet groves of his dear Montmorency. Yet, as usual, M. Thiers was a lucky dog, for his name was attached to the resistance made to the ordinances without his incurring any real danger, since he drew up a PROTEST to be signed by the journalists, and went on the first day to all the assemblies at which the rebels deliberated on the best means to make use of, in order to obtain the withdrawal of the ordinances. He invited the barristers *not* to plead—the judges *not* to administer justice—the notaries to interrupt the course of their public functions—and thus he hoped to pa-

ralyse the country and compel the Government to ask for pardon. He said that it was thus in former times, when the court banished the parliaments, and forced them to change their brutal decisions. And when he had written all this—said all this—and repeated all this about a hundred times in the course of twenty-four hours—he found Paris too warm for him,—and leaving his parting benediction, the rebel journalist retired to the limpid streams and sequestered shades of the valley of Montmorency. M. Thiers may console himself for this line of conduct, by remembering that it was thus that M. de Genonde acted (the editor and proprietor of the *Gazette de France*), who, instead of remaining, like Berryer, at his post, in the moment of danger and of difficulty, abandoned his *Gazette*, and the cause of his princes, and hid himself up at his mansion of Plessis Journelles.

So the three days of fighting were spent by M. Thiers in indolence and repose, preparing, however, “by reading up his classics,” for either defeat or victory. When he heard that the King had consented to withdraw the ordinances, he was much more indignant than when he heard of their original publication, for he began to fear that Othello’s occupation would be gone. But when he was apprised that *Lafayette* had undertaken, on his own responsibility, to reply to the message of the King—“*Tell Charles X. that it is too late,*”—his hopes revived—a bright futurity opened before him, and the rebel, but cowardly journalist, looking down the vista which was before him, already laid his plans for becoming a Minister of State!

When the fighting was over and the barricades were destroyed, M. Thiers arrived outside his horse in the capital he was thereafter destined himself to govern and to put under martial law. He rushed to the Palais Royal—hurried to the saloons of the Duke of Orleans—found out M. Guizot—and got appointed *Councillor of State* and Secretary-general to Baron Louis, the first Minister of Finance of the Revolution of 1830. Count Molé was the Minister of Foreign affairs—the Duke de Broglie, Minister of Public Instruction—M. Guizot, Minister of the Interior—M. Dupont de l’Eure, Minister of Justice—Marshal Gerard, Minister

of War—General Sebastiani, Minister of Marine—and Lafitte and Casimir Perier were Ministers of State to aid with their counsels, without having any department placed under their control.

The Revolution of 1830 was, of course, placed in a difficult and false position, and but for the advice of such men as Guizot, De Broglie, Molé, and Sebastiani, would have involved Europe in a general war. Deserted by the landed proprietors and gentry—by the old nobility and aristocracy—by the wealthy manufacturers, merchants, and capitalists, it was obliged to turn to those who were willing to serve it; and in default of finding great men willing to serve a little cause, it took little men and made them wealthy, titled, and powerful. The Faubourg St Germain fled from Paris. The Chaussée D'Autin rushed into the provinces; the Faubourgs of the common people alone remained, and M. Thiers was one of their leaders. Thus the runaway rebel journalist became a Councillor of State, and General Secretary to the Minister of Finance.

This Ministry was, however, but of short duration, and M. Lafitte replaced Baron Louis in the post of Minister of Finance. M. Thiers affected to wish to quit his post, but it was only to obtain an official and ministerial name, and the result of his petty intrigue was to secure him the appointment of Under-Secretary of State of the Finance department. As M. Lafitte was President of the Council as well as Minister of Finance, and this at a moment when France was threatened with invasion and bankruptcy, it can excite no surprise on the part of our readers when they learn that M. Thiers was in reality the Minister of Finance, and was the cause of all the subsequent embarrassments and difficulties of the Treasury. How deplorable a picture does this supply us, of what is called ministerial aptitude, a knowledge of public affairs, and ministerial responsibility. How the Paris bankers, merchants, and manufacturers must have cursed themselves for their impertinence and their folly under the Restoration, when they saw *Adolphe Thiers*, only a few days past a runaway rebel editor, hiding himself up at Montmorency, now the director of the finances, and the possessor of the precious metals of the whole of

France! M. Thiers soon convinced them that their fears were not groundless, and that their apprehensions were by no means exaggerated, for fifteen days afterwards he came forward with a new mode of taxation, by which ONE MILLION more persons should be taxed in France than had been under the Restoration. The defender of the people—the popular M. Thiers (under the Restoration) now came forward to wring five millions of francs from poor workmen and *proletaires*, whom the cruel Restoration had never so much as dreamt of taxing!

M. Thiers was not at this time a deputy—rarely ever was charged to appear at the Tribune to defend as a *Commissaire du Roi* any *projet du loi*; and when he did so appear, was treated very cavalierly by men who had not, up to that time, been habituated to see themselves dictated to in matters of finance by mere schoolboy financiers and mere babbling statesmen.

But Lafitte's ministry was overthrown; how could it be otherwise? It wished for peace, and yet encouraged propagandism. It wished for order, and yet the chiefs of disorder were its friends. It placed itself between Lafayette and Guizot. The country, *i. e.* the wealth, wisdom, and virtue of the country, were with the latter; and the fall of the Lafitte Cabinet was looked upon by all thinking men as a vast good.

The family of M. Thiers, at once low, obscure, and ignorant, was not destitute of that cleverness and cunning which belong to little minds, vulgar tastes, and selfish, base habits.

The rise of their son and relative brought them to Paris, and there they trafficked in his name for the sale of places in the finance department, without his knowledge, and most assuredly without his consent. But his name was compromised—sadly, deplorably compromised—by this proceeding of his family; and there was a moment in his life when he felt it his duty to proceed to M. Lafitte, and avow all his disgrace, all his defeat, all his confusion, all his shame. This was for M. Thiers a terrible moment; but as he was really guiltless, he was consoled by M. Lafitte, and graciously received, and even encouraged, by Louis Philippe.

M. Thiers had done, however, much injury to the cause of the new mo-

narchy, whilst occupying the post of under Secretary of State of the Finance Department, by advocating the war and propagandist principles of the Lafayette, Odillon, Barrot, and Manguin party. His predilections were known—and as he was charged with watching over the produce of the taxes—it was justly apprehended that he might be less prudent than was desired by those who paid the taxes he was intrusted to receive and apply. Fortunately for the tax payers and for France, *M. Casimir Perier* put an end to all this disorder and doubt, by raising, in March 1831, the *drapeau* of RESISTANCE! Casimir Perier was, under Providence, the saviour of his country—and but for him the scenes of 1793 would all have been re-enacted. M. Thiers, who, besides all his other qualifications, possesses to a wonderful degree the art of perceiving the successful side, and of turning to the rising sun, suddenly veered from the left to the right, from north to south, from propagandism to resistance, from *Lafitte* to *Casimir Perier*—and, aided by that great man, got appointed Deputy for his native town of Aix. “Peace at all prices” was now his cry. “The treaties of 1815,” once so “deplorable,” were now not to be touched—and he who, during the *Lafitte* Ministry, was for crossing the Rhine and regaining the former revolutionary or imperial frontiers of France, now pleaded for peace, and for “France as she was,” in the most dulcet notes of universal harmony and love. And it was well for him that he did,—and he had the foresight to see, and to know this. With his iron hand on Thiers’ shoulders, and his foot ready to kick him down stairs, would have been the attitude of Casimir Perier, if the “*Gamin* Thiers” had ever dared, in his presence, to have talked of “*ses projets de conquête sur le Rhin*.” M. Perier employed M. Thiers, at the price of *two thousand francs* per month (we merely record an historical fact), paid out of the funds allowed for secret service money, to defend the government and the system of resistance; and, let it be at once admitted, that during the session he earned his money well. M. Thiers, though at that time not trusted by, and not popular with, the Chamber, gained some splendid parliamentary triumphs

—and Casimir Perier was unjust when, on a certain occasion, he exclaimed, “No—no—M. Thiers is no organ of the Government. M. Manguin must be laughing at us to suppose we should employ him.”

On more than one occasion, however, M. Thiers did no inconsiderable injury to the cause he was paid to support, by his false statements and wholly inaccurate calculations. On one occasion he made a long speech on the military resources of France—and on another gave a pretended description of the army of Prussia. Both his statements were found, on the succeeding days, to be erroneous—wholly, flagrantly false. But what was this to M. Thiers? He had gained his victory for the moment, and his master Perier had patted him on the back or on the head, and called him “his young and *spirituel* friend.” M. Thiers made his greatest and most successful effort on occasion of the destruction of an HEREDITARY PEERAGE. He pleaded for a peerage for life—pleaded for four hours—charmed and captivated his auditory, and gained a real and substantial parliamentary triumph. And here, before we enter on a new period of the life of M. Thiers, we shall offer some observations on the character of his eloquence and his parliamentary successes. And how can we hope to do this better than in the language of his former friend and admirer, M. de Cormenin?

“M. Thiers, then, is without any physical recommendation to aid him—without stature—with an insignificant face—and something of an ordinary and ‘*gamin*’ character about him. His voice is so ‘*magillarde*’ as to shock the ear. The marble slab of the Tribune is about level with his shoulder, and almost hides him from his auditory. It must also be added that no one believes in him—and that he does not believe in himself—and his proverbial ‘*rouerie*’ destroys all the moral illusion which those who listen to him might otherwise create whilst under the influence of his oratory. With physical meanness, distrust of his enemies and of his friends, he has every thing against him,—and yet when this little mean man gets possession of the Tribune, he is so much at ease with himself, he has so much—yes so much talent—that in the absence of every other sentiment one wishes him to go on for the sake of the pleasure of hearing him. It is not that

he speaks by lively and ardent sallies, like Dupin—nor that he has the serious air and the grave words of Odillon Barrot—nor the mocking sarcasm of Mangin—nor the captivating and enchanting eloquence of Berryer—nor the superior reason and lofty mind of Guizot; the oratorical talent of Thiers is quite distinct from all these, it is something quite exclusive, and belongs only to him. He does not deliver an oration—but he converses familiarly with his auditory. And this conversation is lively, brilliant, light, voluble, animated, richly interspersed with historical facts, anecdotes, and attracting reflections; and all this is said, divided, broken asunder, bound up, re-put together again, with an incomparable dexterity of language.

“Thoughts are born so quickly in his head—yes, so quickly, that one would say they were born before they were conceived. The vast lungs of a powerful giant would hardly suffice for the expectation of the words of this *spirituel* dwarf. Nature, always attentive and compassionate in her compensations, appears to have wished to concentrate in him all the power of ‘*virility*’ with the frail and feeble organs of his larynx. Sometimes he stops of a sudden to reply to those who interrupt him—and then he shows all the brilliancy of his versatile and ‘*impromptu*’ talent. If a theory have many sides to it—some false—and some true—he groups them—he mixes them—and he makes them look so brilliant and variegated; destroying as he carries you along with him all the resistance of your conscience, and even all the opposition of your judgment—that you have not the time to examine the sophism, but are drawn imperceptibly by the converser to his results, and to his deceptions. “I know not” (continues M. de Cormenin) “if the disordered nature of his improvisation—if the incoherent heaping together of so many heterogeneous propositions—if the strange and odd *mélange* of all these ideas and of all these tones be an effect of his art:—but this I know, that of all living orators he is the most easy to refute when his speeches are read, and the most difficult when they are heard. He is the most amusing ‘*roué*’ of all our political ‘*roués*,’ the most keen of our sophists, the most subtle, and the least easy to be grasped of all our hieromancers. He is the ‘*Bosco*’ of the Tribune. Sometimes he speaks with emotion of himself—and then no one knows better than he does how to affect the part of a victim. Sometimes he speaks of himself as a worthy man—a

good-meaning and remarkably honest man; and then he deplores from his soul the perversity of the opinions of those who differ from him. Sometimes he plays the part of a kind, soft, amiable creature, but the moment you think he is about to caress you, he will scratch you. Ah! *le petit traître*!

“I love, however, in spite of all, to hear this sort of natural talker. He converses with one, and he does not declaim. He does not always chant to the same tune, like an air in psalmody. But yet in the end he wearies me out with his agreeable babble. But even this fatigue is a sort of pleasant exchange for that monotonous and eternal *ennui* brought about by hearing the old phrases and old tones of other orators from noon till six in the evening of every day during the session.

“M. Thiers gives me the idea of a woman without a beard—of a well-informed and *spirituelle* woman, not standing but seated at the Tribune, who embroiders a conversation with you *tête-à-tête* on a thousand topics, flying from one to the other with grace and action, without letting you perceive that her mind is working whilst her lips are always in movement. I know not how it is—but all I know is, that so it is—that M. Thiers can always be ready to talk away for three hours at the Tribune about architecture, poetry, law, the navy, and military tactics, though he is neither an architect, a poet, a juriconsult, a sailor, or a soldier—provided he be allowed a few hours after dinner to prepare for his next day’s discussion.

“When M. Thiers perceives that his conversation is languishing, and that some begin to yawn, he turns suddenly round towards the *right* of the Chamber, the members of which are quite unprepared for his attack, and he utters some phrases in order to exasperate them, about the victory of Jemmapes and the tri-coloured flag. This *quasi* revolutionary tirade never fails to produce its effect, and those who are fond of the conflict applaud the orator, who once more feels himself at ease, and goes on with his interrupted conversation.

“Enfin, je tiens M. Thiers, je le répète, pour un homme de merveilleux esprit, esprit d’une facilité d’expédients, d’une souplesse d’une forme, d’une lucidité, d’un à-propos, d’une finesse et en même temps d’un naturel qui plaît d’autant plus qu’il contraste davantage avec les magnificences ambitieuses de la Tribune.”

Let us now follow M. Thiers as Minister—for hitherto we have only seen him as a diligent student—a needy adventurer—an unsuccessful barrister

—a would-be politician—a rebel journalist—an unphilosophical historian—a runaway revolutionist—a fortunate councillor of state—an unfortunate sub-secretary of finance—a well paid Ministerial deputy—and in turn an agent of the ministries of movement and of resistance. We have now to look at M. Thiers as Minister, and the picture is not inviting.

The 11th October 1832 was a great day for M. Thiers, for it was the day he was made Minister. CASIMIR PÉRIER had died—the victim of his honest and upright labours, and MARSHAL SOULT was named his successor, and was at once President of the Council and Minister of War.

M. Barthe was Minister of Justice—the Duke de Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs—M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction—Admiral de Rigny, Minister of Marine—M. Humaine, Minister of Finance—M. d'Argout of Public Works—and little M. Thiers Minister of the Interior!! For some time, however, M. d'Argout did most of the work; and the police, telegraph, and secret service money were all that were placed at Thiers' disposal.

With his usual *ability* he purchased the conscience of a second Judas—and arrested, by means of the Jew and the bag, the DUCHESS of BERRY. This was his *chef-d'œuvre*, and from that moment he was called a statesman!!

M. Thiers experienced, however, many changes in his fortune—for sometimes he was made Minister of Commerce—then of the Interior—and then of Commerce again—and so backwards and forwards—but always with his needle of good-luck pointing to the North Pole—and always ready like a cat to spring on his feet and exclaim, "I am alive again."

But as M. Thiers had conspired against his King when he was a journalist, he now conspired against his coadjutors when he was a minister; and as Marshal Soult had called him a "*Gamin*," he called Marshal Soult "an old rogue." For a long time Thiers carried on his intrigues against his superiors—but at last they were discovered—a *denouement* occurred—and Marshal Soult withdrew from the Cabinet, to be replaced by Marshal Gerard.

This was on the 18th July 1834.

M. Thiers still remained Minister of the Interior, and continued to do so with but eight days' intermission till the 22d February 1836, when new honours awaited him, and he was named Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council.

Marshal Gerard shared the same fate as Marshal Soult, and Marshal Mortier was named Gerard's successor; for Gerard was only four months President of the Council. From March 1835 to February 1836, M. Thiers supported the presidency of the Duke de Broglie—but he only endured it; and sighed for the day when it should be said of him that he was "*premier*."

On one occasion he succeeded in getting up a sort of ministerial combination or plot—against the King; and the *Duke de Bassano's* cabinet came in for three days—but at that time Thiers had made himself nearly indispensable to the new royalty—and it was not till much later that Louis Philippe discovered that he could do quite as well without as with his "young Minister." Many a time did M. Thiers also try to supplant M. Guizot, and to rid himself of so upright and honourable a coadjutor; but Louis Philippe was not terrified by the word *Doctrinaire*, knowing as he did the signal services which had been rendered him by the chiefs of that school of resistance and Conservatism.

The questions of Spain and of Russian influence at Constantinople at that time divided the Ministry and rendered all combinations difficult, especially as the Prince de Talleyrand wished to form an alliance between France, Austria, and England. Count d'Appony and the Prince de Talleyrand acted in harmony, and M. Thiers was taken under their protection. But this very protection ruined, for the time being, the hopes of M. Thiers, as it got abroad that the rebel and revolutionary journalist had changed into the agent of the Holy Alliance. So, to save appearances, M. Thiers consented to have M. Guizot for his coadjutor, and the Duke de Broglie for his chief—and thus the Ministry of the 12th March 1835 was formed and held together. Persil was then Minister of Justice—the Duke de Broglie of Foreign Affairs—Thiers continued Minister of the Interior—Duchatel of Commerce—Guizot of Public Instruc-

tion—Marshal Maison of War—Borac Dupen  of the Marine—and M. Humaine of Finance.

From March 1835 to February 1836 many were the changes in the movements and intrigues of M. Thiers. The probity and consistency of such men as De Broglie and Guizot irritated and annoyed him. They "did not belong to the Revolution of July," whereas he, forsooth, was "the man of the people." He shot down his "*people*," it is true, at Lyons, St Etienne, Paris, and so forth, and he was always the foremost to call for extraordinary measures of repression and even violence;—and for this we do not blame him, for he could not but be well acquainted with the best means of treating conspirators who had been educated by himself or by his writings. But it was a little too impudent, even on the part of M. Thiers, to boast of his "*July-ism*," when the "*patriots*" always called him the Renegade Thiers!

At length the intrigues of M. Thiers—the quarrels of the Cabinet—the changed position of public affairs—and the opinions of the Chamber of Deputies on the Spanish, American, and 5 per cent reduction questions, necessitated a remoulding of the Cabinet;—and the conspiring Minister of the Interior was now named MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, and PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL.

This was on the 22d February 1836—and the Ministry of Thiers was called the Ministry of the 22d February.

M. Thiers had now arrived at the height of his ambition; he was Premier of France—he could be no more. From that moment he began to descend the scale; but he said then, as he says now, "*I am still young, and time will effect wonders.*"

M. Thiers had for his coadjutors in the Ministry, of which he was the head, *M. Sauzet*, as Minister of Justice; the *Count de Montalivet*, as Minister of the Interior; *M. Passy*, Minister of Commerce; *M. Pelet*, Minister of Public Instruction; BARON DUFENE, of Marine, and Count D'Argoret, of Finance. This Ministry talked of an *amnesty* it did not dare to grant;—of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, it did not know how to bring about;—of peace with the Republicans, i

could never sign;—of at once an intervention and a non-intervention, a cooperation and a non-cooperation in Spanish affairs, which it did not know how either to reconcile or to manage:—and finally, after 196 days of existence, it was wholly dissolved, amidst shouts of laughter and contempt on the part of the whole community. As usual, M. Thiers was an intriguer during the whole of his administration; and whilst he was pretending to the King and to the ambassadors of foreign powers, as well as to Count Montalivet, that he was opposed to any intervention on the part of France in the affairs of Spain, he was getting up secretly, and aided by the Telegraph too, an *army of cooperation* at Paris, which, if it had crossed the Spanish frontiers, would have infallibly led to an European war. When the manly and straightforward Count de Montalivet became acquainted with this fact, he informed the King, and negotiations were entered into which led to the retirement of M. Thiers from office on 6th September 1836, and to his departure for Italy.

The next new Ministry was headed by *Count Mol *, as President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his coadjutors were Messrs Gasparin, Martin, Guizot, Bernard, Rosamel, Duchatel, and Persil. Of this Cabinet M. Thiers was *not* a member.

It lasted from 6th September 1836 to 15th April 1837, a period of 220 days. On the dissolution of this Cabinet M. Thiers made another desperate attempt to return to office, and would have put up with almost any coadjutors for the sake of place; but the Fates were against him, and the Cabinet now existing was formed, which is deprived of the talents and integrity of Guizot, Gasparin, Duchatel and Persil; and is composed of Messrs Mol , Barthe, Montalivet, Martin, De Salvandy, Bernard, Rosamel, and La Cane Laplague. Since M. Thiers has been *excluded* from office, every thing has gone on much better, both morally and physically. Public credit has risen—an *amnesty* has been proclaimed—the Duke of Orleans and the Princess Marie have been married—the press has been less persecuted—there have been few *emeutes*—there has been no intervention on the part of France in the affairs

of Spain—the quarrel with Switzerland has been adjusted—the dispute with America settled—a more honourable commercial policy pursued towards Great Britain—the Telegraph has told fewer falsehoods—the character of the Government is no longer suspected—and there has been daily a settling down to order, peace, and prosperity, which we have already spoken of with pleasure, and which we sincerely desire may be permanent.

The elections which have taken place all over France since the termination of the last session have, on the whole, been satisfactory to the Conservative party. We do not, when we say Conservative, mean Legitimist, and yet we must include them in the general body. For although the Legitimists have a *drapeau* and a creed of their own, still they cannot but desire the following up and following out, under the new dynasty, of those principles of the Restoration which secured peace, happiness, and prosperity to all classes of the community. We can never believe that the landed proprietors, gentry, real nobility, and men of fortune, character, and standing in France can desire, even for the triumph of their principles and their party, to see France involved in another revolution. We can never believe that the Clermont Tonnerres, Montmorencys, De Breyes, De Guizots, Berryers, Fitzjameses, and other good and great men of France, could in their hearts have desired that the elections should be otherwise than Conservative. In sad bygone times, themselves and their little ones, their country and its altar, their hearths and the throne, religion and liberty, have suffered too much from the men of the Mountain, for them to desire the success of the revolutionary faction. There may be some Legitimists, who, bankrupts alike in fortune and in character, having, like the Republicans, nothing to lose, and therefore every thing to gain by commotion, who may regret the results of the last elections; but the real respectability, wealth, virtue, and character of the country must rejoice in the return, not of a Legitimist, but of a Conservative majority.

But though the result of the late general elections in France is on the whole satisfactory, yet there is a

larger sprinkling of the “*Spring Rice party*” in the Chamber of Deputies than wise men would have wished, or good men would have desired. In one word, the Centre Gauche is numerically stronger than the Centre Droite, and on this ground M. Thiers is once more intriguing to obtain power. At the moment we are writing, he is every where proclaiming, aided by his old friend the *Constitutionnel*, to which he has returned, if not as a writer, at least as a proprietor and contributor, that the Molé administration is composed of two parties; and that whilst Molé, Martin, Rosamel, and Bernard would be adopted by the Centre Gauche, their coadjutors, Barthe, De Salvandy and Montalivet, are not “liberal enough” for the character of the Chamber of 1837. M. Thiers, then, is once more on the *tapis*. He has placed himself there. He is surrounded by a powerful *clique* of tolerable speakers, and of admirable intriguers, and if he shall not once more see himself at least Minister of the Interior, it will not be either his or their fault. His notions as to the Spanish question have all wonderfully changed. For the sake of once more holding a portfolio, he is now willing to oppose both intervention and cooperation, and will either plead for or against the repeal of the laws of September, as circumstances may render it prudent or necessary, as his only desire is to regain, and then continue in office.

We do not hesitate to say, that in this respect at least our *worst* wishes attend him. We shall indeed be right sorry to hear that M. Thiers is once more in office; and if our counsels, humble though they be, could reach the ear of Louis Philippe, we should say Odillon Barrot, or Manguin, nay, Garnier Pages himself, would do less injury to the throne and the country by being called to office, than Adolphe Thiers.

The Cabinet of M. Thiers did great injury to the cause of Conservatism in France. Its very existence, with himself as its head, supplied the lamentable, deplorable example of a rebel journalist, acting merely on speculative and money-getting principles, obtaining the rank of Premier, and of directing the concerns of a wealthy and mighty empire. But be-

sides this, the measures authorized by that Cabinet, and its line of policy as to Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland, were of a nature to throw doubts on the sincerity of the Conservative views of the new dynasty. No one could act with less of dignity than M. Thiers. No one could be less fit to receive ambassadors—to carry on diplomatic negotiations—to write despatches, and to superintend the complicated affairs of such a country as France. A government, to be respected, must not only act respectably, but must be likewise in “unsuspectable” and respectable hands. M. Thiers might have done very well for the Government of the Hotel de Ville in July 1830, where passion and noise were more necessary than reason and propriety. But in 1838, Louis Philippe must address himself to other men than to Adolphe Thiers. Such men as De Broglie, Guizot, Humaine, D’Argout, Montalivet, Persil, Duchatel, and some others we could name, should assist at his councils and surround his person. It may be, indeed, that in the course of time, such men as Count Roy, M. Bourdeau, and Roger Collard, and the schools to which they belong, may approach nearer to the new monarchy, and aid it by their advice and assistance. We are aware that this cannot be predicted of the Legitimist school; but who does not know that the Legitimists will never head a revolution or encourage revolt against a Conservative, moderate, and constitutional government?

But we must draw to a close. And, in the first place, we think we hear the question, “How has it come to pass that M. Thiers, if he be what you have represented him, has attained the post of Prime Minister of France, and is again a candidate with no inconsiderable chances of success?” The question is a fair one, and we shall reply to it with candour and impartiality. M. Thiers is just the sort of man to succeed in France in a period of revolution in such an enterprise. The French are captivated by oratory, and may be led on to any result by a bold and specious general. It was not in moments of calm, of repose, that M. Thiers obtained office, and got on from Under Secretary of State of the Finance Department to the post of Prime Minister. If M. Thiers had now to begin his parlia-

mentary career, he might remain deputy for Aix, but that would be all. But circumstances made M. Thiers; he did not create the circumstances. His very want of scrupulousness was the cause of his advancement. More honest men would have retired from office with the Lafitte ministry, after having publicly and privately espoused its cause and identified himself with its policy. But M. Thiers turned round from north to south, left the door of the Chamber of Deputies, through which he had previously always entered, to go to the *Gauche*, and took the directly opposite door to embrace the cause of Casimir Perier and the *Droite*. Over and over again, during the last six years, has he adopted the same line of conduct, always joining himself to the strongest side, and wholly indifferent to all his former declarations or arguments. It is for this reason that when a Paris shopkeeper is asked his opinion of M. Thiers, he is always sure to reply

“C’est un matin bien malin,
Celui-là.”

But what does this mean? Why, nothing better than this, that he is an able trickster.

There is another point which must not be lost sight of, and that is, that the revolution of 1830 had really very few men who would serve it on Conservative principles, and Louis Philippe would not admit of any other. He has sometimes been reproached for always appealing to the same men, and for not making a more varied choice, but this reproach is not merited on his part. There were very few men in France who would serve the new dynasty at all, and, of course, still fewer those who were able out of those who were willing; and then still fewer than all those, who could and would do so on Conservative principles. Now M. Thiers just came within the “coulds;” and as to the “woulds,” he was always ready to be Minister with almost any body, and would at this moment, if charged to do so, either form a Cabinet with M. Molé and the *Centre Gauche*, or with M. Guizot and the *Centre Droite*. M. Thiers has been a fortunate man. His ready wit and repartee, his off-hand mode of speaking or conversing with the Chamber, his effrontery, his bare faced, unblushing hardihood, all have

helped him ; and then he has been so pliable, so supple, so willing to change, and so easy to be convinced when his interests pulled that way, that for some years he was almost indispensable to the court, the palace, and the government. He is so no longer, and if he shall again return to office, he will be less to blame than those who shall again raise him.

"But after all," urges a second objector, "M. Thiers must be an extraordinary man to have risen so rapidly from all the obscurity of a mere rebel journalist, to all the eminence and wealth of the Prime Minister of France." To this we unhesitatingly say No ! In the ordinary acceptation of the term extraordinary man, M. Thiers is no such thing. He is neither intellectually nor morally an *extraordinary* man. *Casimir Perier* was an extraordinary man. *Louis Philippe* is an extraordinary man. But M. Thiers is not, and never will be. Notoriety is not greatness. Success is not wisdom, patriotism, or virtue. He is never called wise or good, great or noble, but he is called *clever*, *shrewd*, *knowing*, *malin*. He has risen from nothing to something we admit, but if society shall regain its calmness, its distinctions of rank, its order, and its natural march in France (and we think it will), M. Thiers will sink back again to his original position, not of fortune, for he has provided against such a defeat, but of public estimation and consideration.

Finally. A third objector will ask, "After all, however, has not M. Thiers been a useful man, and has he not done great good in trying and difficult times ?" We again answer, No. The good which he has done has been the result of accident, or of a combi-

nation of circumstances over which he could have no control, and not the result of his choice or his preference, whereas the evil which he has done has been the result of his choice, and not of accident or of circumstances. He has by his conduct shaken, in a great degree, the confidence of the people in their leaders,—of the country in its public men, and of all parties in the faith and honour of statesmen. He has, by his example, shown the possibility of a great success being attained by bad means, and has encouraged the opinion, alas too prevalent in France! that the end justifies the means, and that success is the test, not only of talent, but even of worth. When we selected the name of M. Thiers as the subject of this memoir, we did so to hold him up as an example not to be imitated but to be shunned; to put clearly and strongly before the minds of our readers the case of a man who had imposed many errors on society for the purpose of profiting from their spread, and who raised the standard of revolt against his king and his government, not from principle, like WAT TYLER, or from conviction, like JACK CADE, but from the mere love of rebellion against that which existed, mixed with a selfish hope of profiting from its destruction. And right sorry should we be if any other impression were left on the minds of our readers than the one with which we set out, and which we should be happy to see understood and felt in all the length and in all the breadth thereof, which is this, that there is a mighty principle of rebellion in the human heart, which is sometimes misrepresented or mistaken for lawful ambition, and at other times for a love of improvement and reform.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

No. III.

As I was seated at breakfast one morning in the Picture Gallery, which was now become my favourite apartment, looking down upon the broad firm sands, across which the bathing-machines were slowly toiling like snails, and anticipating the period of my friend's return, for the fortnight during which he said he should be absent had just expired; the old butler or *major domo*, whom I have before mentioned as having furnished me with the family traditions on which I had founded my tale of "Trevanion," entered the room with a letter for me from his master, wherein the writer expressed his regret that he could not be with me so soon as he had appointed, for his wife's brother was still in a precarious state, and he feared, therefore, that he must prolong his absence for fourteen days, when he would return without fail, in the confident hope of finding me still under his roof.

At first I shrunk from the idea of remaining another fortnight alone in this old-fashioned family mansion; but, on reperusing the letter, I found so much friendly solicitude expressed for my stay, that, thorough Londoner as I am, I resolved to continue in my present quarters, especially as I had now become inured to solitude, and begun to reap the full benefit of the change of air. Surely, said I, endeavouring to find satisfactory reasons for my determination, now that I am fairly broke into this sort of life, I shall be at no loss to fill up my time. By illustrating a picture or two in this gallery whenever the scribbling mania seizes me, I shall at least ensure a few hours' amusement; and when I am tired of that, there are abundance of good old books in the library, to say nothing of a quiet morning or evening walk. While I was thus justifying myself for my protracted absence from Clement's Inn, the butler came in again to clear away the breakfast things; and, as I was disposed for a stroll, I asked him if he could recommend me to any picturesque spot within a reasonable distance.

"Have you been to the ruins of the old castle?" he enquired.

"Oh yes," I replied hastily, "I've had a dose of them," for I remembered the pic-nic party in the chapel; "I have no wish to see any more of your lions; but I thought perhaps you might know of some retired sylvan nook where one may go without fear of encountering the pale face of Cheapside, or the affected refinement of Clapham Common."

The old man paused an instant, and then observed—"There is a churchyard about two or three miles distant from this, which is one of master's favourite walks. For myself, I can't say I see any thing in it; but I have heard visitors speak of it in high terms; and a young artist who was staying here a few months ago made a drawing of it, which, when finished, is to be hung up in this gallery."

"That will do; I have no doubt the place is worth a visit," and so saying, I set forth on my expedition; but scarcely had I got as far as the garden-gate, when the sky became overcast, and another of those soaking showers came on, which had so frequently marred all my plans during my stay in this neighbourhood. I had, therefore, no alternative but to retrace my steps, and wait till it should please Jove to assume a more propitious aspect. For upwards of half an hour I continued impatiently pacing the long gallery, now putting on my hat and gloves as a patch of blue sky appeared to windward, and now throwing them down on the table as the patch was again obscured. Once I got as far as the hall-door, but was immediately compelled to return, and reconcile myself, as well as I could, to my disappointment.

I need hardly observe that my resolution to await my friend's return was much shaken by the recurrence of this old annoyance. I became fidgety and waspish, and a prey to splenetic thoughts. "How any rational being"—'twas thus I kept soliloquizing—"can prefer the country to the town, is what I cannot possibly conceive. What is the country? A monotonous, unmeaning collection of trees, hedges, ditches, and meadows, with congenial

clod-hoppers growing in the midst of them, and a broad wet blanket constantly dripping down on their heads to keep them cool and moist. There is no animation, no intellect, no variety. What you did yesterday you must do to-morrow, unless you prefer doing nothing. As for society, where is it—what is it? If you cannot kill your fox, or bring down your partridge—or bob up and down at sea in an open boat—or take pleasure in a raffle or a race-ball—or play at whist with the parson—or get drunk with the squire—or discuss the fashions of the last century with his deaf wife;—if you cannot do all this, you are a mere cipher in the rustic creation. How different is the case in town! There you have every means of gratification that the most fastidious nature can desire. Are you a politician?—the leading journals of the day are all ready for you on your breakfast-table. Are you attached to Art?—its rarest treasures, ancient as well as modern, are spread out before your gaze. Is the drama your hobby?—you have Macready and Farren, the most consummate actors of the day. Are you socially disposed?—there is the snug box in the coffee-room, and the various gossip at the club. Are you a votary of science?—the doors of a dozen lecture-rooms are open for you in the evening. Are you of a thoughtful or melancholy character?—you may muse among the monuments of Westminster Abbey, where repose side by side the great and the good of past ages; or wander at midnight about the streets, when the city's 'mighty heart' has ceased to beat, or through the velvet lawns and stately groves of Greenwich, once trodden by a Shakespeare and a Raleigh, and associated for ever with the glories of an Elizabeth. No, let the poets—who, as Waller has observed, succeed best in fiction—say what they will about the country, town is the only fitting place for a man who desires thoroughly to enjoy life."

I was still petulantly pacing up and down the room while I made these reflections, and every now and then flattening my nose against the window-pane to see how the sky looked, when, greatly to my comfort, it began to clear off; so, by way of filling up my time till the last lingering rain cloud should have passed over my head, I

looked out for some picture which might furnish me with a new subject for illustration. The painting on which my eye rested, after wandering over several dozens of landscapes and portraits—in which last the gallery was very rich—represented a domestic circle seated at the tea-table. It was evidently of English origin; was full of expression, and appeared to have been painted towards the close of the last century. The group consisted of a young man—his wife—a shrewd elderly woman, apparently her mother—and two fine rollicking children, one of whom was tying knots on a cat's tail, and the other was fishing for flies in the milk-jug with the sugar-toilings. The gentleman's face seemed wasted by study and anxiety, and there was an expression of spleen and discontent in the glance which he cast towards his wife—who, though pretty and lady-like, had much of the vixen and coquette in her countenance—which led me to infer that the match was any thing but a happy one. Altogether, the subject of the picture was so admirably told, that I read it at a glance, and determined to set to work at it the same evening.

By this time the weather had wholly cleared up; so out I sallied for my walk, striking far away from the town in an inland direction, across fields and down long winding lanes, whose luxuriant trees, rising from lofty banks on either side, and in some places forming an arch above my head, kept drizzling on me like so many watering-pots. These lanes, which succeeded each other with the formal regularity of those in Devonshire, and as effectually shut out all view of the neighbouring country, at length terminated in a village, one of the ugliest and homeliest I ever saw. Somehow or other, one is apt to associate the idea of beauty with a rustic hamlet: but this was the very reverse. It was the direct antipodes to the picturesque. The cottages—say rather, hovels—were all massed confusedly together—were built of dingy flint-stones—and stood in the centre of gardens, each of which was surrounded by low walls, formed of the same ragged, dirty materials, portions of which had given way, and lay strewed along the road. Not a flower was to be seen in any one of these patches of garden ground. Uncouth, tangled

masses of seedy cabbages and potatoes—a roofless pigstye—a small half-boarded well, over which was a cracked windlass with a dishevelled bit of rope twined loosely round it—and a heap of yellow linen hanging to dry, or rather to rot, upon the garden walls;—these were the only objects that met my eye, with the exception of a huge dunghill that graced the entrance of the village, and rose from the edge of a slimy horse-pond, redolent of dead cats and dogs, and alive with the melodious voices of a brood of squat ducklings.

The instant, however, that I had passed this notable spot, the landscape began to assume a more picturesque character, and continued gradually to improve till I reached the churchyard of which the old butler had spoken. It did not disappoint my expectations, being situated on the side of a green slope, which commanded a view of an extensive champaign country, well wooded and watered, studded with magnificent parks and pleasant villages, and bounded on the horizon by a range of downs, on the highest point of which stood the ruins of a watch-tower. Right through the centre of this churchyard ran a noble grove of yews, leading up to the porch, within which was a neat wooden bench. Here I seated myself for some minutes, with the repose, not the gloom, of the grave about me; for the sun shone cheerily upon the numerous flowery hillocks, and the light south wind kept hymning a gentle hosannah among the trees. All that shocks the eye and oppresses the imagination in our unsightly, mephitic London charnel-houses was excluded from this tranquil and even cheerful-looking cemetery. Death was not here—'twas Sleep, the still, dreamless sleep of a large family circle, who, having toiled through their little day, had sunk to rest, as they had lived, each within a few yards of his neighbour. Yet still their connexion with the living was kept up; for their graves were carefully tended; flowers planted on them, weeds rooted out, and every thing avoided that might look like a forgetfulness on the part of the survivors. In crowded cities death is a very cold, commonplace affair; but in a secluded thinly-peopled village like this, it is a shock felt far and wide, piercing to many bosoms, and calling forth their

purest sensibilities. Hence is it that the churchyards in the metropolis are almost invariably neglected and overrun with the foulest weeds; while the majority of those in the country are as diligently attended to, as though it were the first duty of humanity to preserve their neat and comely aspect.

My reverie was here broken in upon by the approach of a funeral, which came slowly moving up the avenue of yews towards the spot where I was stationed. On enquiring of a bystander who it was that was journeying to his last home, I learned that it was a patriarch of the village, who had been an oracle among his neighbours, and much loved by them for his many amiable qualities. The tears shed by those who stood about his grave, proved that I had not been misinformed. Their grief for the old man's death was quiet, but profound. I had been present at the funeral of royalty; I had heard the solemn roll of the muffled drums; the bray of the trumpet; the thunder of the cannon; the awful music of the organ;—I had seen the illuminated chapel; the long array of aristocratic mourners in their sombre robes and plumes; the heralds in their gorgeous attire; the statuelike, torch-bearing soldiers; the clergy with their silver censors; the emblazoned pall; the waving banners; the richly burnished coffin with the proud emblems of majesty on its lid;—I had witnessed all this pomp and pageantry of woe, with mingled feelings of awe and wonder; but I know that I was never so much affected as with the simple scene before me. Here there was no parade—no “sublime mockery” of grief. The appeal was not to the imagination, but the heart. The homage paid was to a good, not a great man—to one who, without a single factitious advantage to recommend him; with neither wealth, rank, nor connexions to enforce his claims; had yet won the absolute confidence of all his neighbours, young and old; established his sovereignty in their hearts; and built for himself a lasting shrine in their memory, by the earnest, humble and enlightened spirit in which he had fulfilled the duties of existence. This was true moral influence—the influence of the man, as contradistinguished from that of the thing, which the most illustrious descent,

backed by all the wealth of Cræsus, could never purchase. Altogether, the scene was a striking one to a Londoner, who having but few opportunities of judging for himself of the true character of his country's peasantry, is far too apt to give into the prevalent town notion that they are mere factious, dissolute, benighted boors, whose highest object it is to haunt beer-shops, discuss Radical politics, and cultivate the acquaintance of Captain Swing.

I remained in the churchyard till the last lingering mourner had quitted it, and then slowly retraced my steps,

musings by the way, on the touching and unaffected display of genuine English sensibility which I had just witnessed. When I reached home, by way of diverting this train of serious meditation, and encouraging a more mirthful one, such as might enliven the gloom of solitude, I hastened into the gallery, and took a second glance at the picture which had so struck my fancy in the morning; and after dinner, a bottle of my host's oldest claret having duly qualified me for the task, I commenced my illustration of it as follows:—

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT; OR, THE FISH OUT OF WATER.

CHAPTER I.

Paul Pimpernel was a graduate of St John's College, Cambridge. He was about twenty-two years of age; was formal and reserved in manner, and of a severely studious turn of mind, notwithstanding he had every inducement to be what is called "a non-reading man," for his Exchequer was in a most flourishing condition; his father—a land-agent and auctioneer in the east of England, who had risen from small beginnings to a state of considerable affluence—having died but a short time before his son's departure for the University, and left him in the uncontrolled possession of the greater part of his property. Having been devoted, ever since he could remember, to the study of mathematics—a taste which the elder Pimpernel had diligently fostered, in the hope that his only child might one day cut a figure at Cambridge, and so shed lustre on the family name—Paul knew little or nothing of the world, whence it happened that he was made the subject of many a rough practical joke by the wags of his college, who, forty years ago, were much given to this sort of horse-play.

In person Paul was short and lean, but sinewy, with a priggish and conceited expression of countenance that did not belie his character, for he was to the full as vain as your mathematical pedant is apt to be; was something of a sloven in his dress; economical in his habits; and fond of taking long solitary rambles, when, in the true spirit of a castle-builder, he would an-

ticipate the period when he should become Senior Wrangler, and, as such, the one great man of his day.

For the first year or so of his residence at the University, these flattering day-dreams engrossed Paul's mind to the exclusion of every other consideration. But at the commencement of his fifth term a change came over him. He began to relax in his mathematical studies, to dress more smartly than was his wont, and to absent himself more frequently from chapel, hall, and lectures. What brought about this sudden and surprising alteration in our collegian's habits was the following circumstance. He was one evening rambling along a lane which branched off from the London road about five miles from Cambridge, when he chanced to encounter a remarkably pretty young woman who was standing up under a hedge to avoid a passing shower. As Paul drew near this becoming apparition she cast a shrewd and scrutinizing glance towards him, which interpreting into a wish that he should offer her the protection of his umbrella, he, after a moment's hesitation and some small blushing, found courage to stammer out a hope that she would accept of his escort to her dwelling, which, he supposed, was not far distant. She thanked him with a sweet and gracious smile for his courtesy, and taking his proffered arm without ceremony, strolled on towards her cottage, which was situated at the further end of the lane, and

just at the entrance of a retired straggling village.

The walk was by no means a long one, yet—strange to tell!—it was quite long enough to impress Paul with feelings which, till now, had been wholly foreign to his nature. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with a young lady, for hitherto he had rather fought shy of the sex, less, however, from indifference, than from a dim, hazy conviction that he was not exactly the sort of man calculated to please them. When, therefore, he found himself conversing with a fair stranger, who to singular beauty of face and form added a genteel address, a free and easy manner, a sprightly temper and ready flow of small talk—when, I say, Paul found himself in this novel position, and saw, moreover, that his erudite remarks upon the weather and the University greatly interested his companion, his self-complacency was wondrously gratified; he rose full twenty per cent in his own esteem; and on reaching the lady's dwelling, accepted her offer to walk in and rest himself, with a boldness and alacrity that none who knew him would have given him credit for being able to show, under the circumstances. But it is not always the most reserved men that are the most diffident. Shyness is quite as often the result of vanity as of humility.

On entering the parlour, which was fitted up with extreme taste, and contained a small piano, some vases filled with flowers, and a book-case well stored with light works, chiefly poetical, Paul saw an elderly lady seated working on a sofa, to whom his companion introduced him as her "Ma," at the same time explaining the circumstances under which she had met him. The old dame—a shrewd, active woman, with a keen eye, a red nose, and a bit of a Yorkshire accent—was quite as gracious as her daughter; whereupon our collegian, anxious to show that he was not unworthy of their good opinion, and invited to confidence by the adroit, but apparently artless questions of the mother, mentioned his name, his college, his prospects; and, in short, gave them as much information about himself—for men of secluded habits of life are always egotistical—as could with any

propriety be given on a first interview; and then, on rising to take leave, ventured timidly to hint a wish that he might be permitted to improve an acquaintance thus unexpectedly commenced, to which the younger lady replied by a smile that thrilled to Paul's heart, while the elder observed that both she and her daughter, Mrs Dickson, would be happy to receive a visit from him whenever he could spare an hour from his college studies.

Mrs Dickson! She was then a married woman! This idea haunted the predestined Cantab the whole way home, occasioning him an uneasiness for which he could in no wise account, and which, but the day before, he would not have believed that woman could give him. But she was so sprightly—so frank—so gentle—and set him so completely at ease with himself—that he felt he might well be justified in being not altogether indifferent to her destiny. Then, too, she took such evident pleasure in his conversation! Ah Paul, Paul, this it was that rendered her so attractive in your eyes! This was the secret of your "Love at First Sight!" You might have withstood the fascinations of her beauty; but that faculty which some women possess of unconsciously, as it were, administering to, and bringing into active play, all a green-horn's dormant self-conceit, operated on you like a spell, and threw you completely off your guard. Paul persuaded himself that he merely recognised in Sophia—such was the lady's name—an agreeable and intelligent companion; yet when the idea struck him that she might possibly be a widow, a load seemed lifted off his mind; and he hurried on with a reckless speed that nearly proved fatal to an old apple-woman, whose stall, together with herself, he upset at the corner of Trumpington Street.

The next morning, after a night spent in dreams of a most blissful nature, Paul attempted to resume his usual studies. But his thoughts wandered sadly from his task. Instead of hydrostatics or conic sections, they dwelt upon the arch blue eyes of Sophia, the first—with the exception of his grandmother's—that had ever beamed kindly on him; so, finding that it was vain to attempt to discipline his mind, he resolved on taking

a walk over to the cottage, if only, as he ingeniously argued, to satisfy a natural and commendable curiosity as to whether Mrs Dickson had caught cold or not, by the rain of the preceding day. After the kindness manifested towards him, such a visit, he conceived, would be nothing more than an act of ordinary gratitude—in fact, it would be expected from him; so off he set, dressed, of course, with unwonted attention to effect.

Sophia was standing at the window when the young collegian arrived. She received him with all her former ease and affability; took him a walk round her garden; plucked him a posy, which he hastened to fix in his flattered button-hole; showed him her books of poetry; and then, at his special request, sat down and sang him a ballad which, she observed, had been a great favourite with her late husband. She sighed as she said this, and that sigh, associated as it was with the word "late," excited strange feelings of hope and despondency in Paul's mind; and he returned to his rooms in the Pease-market, a prey to those conflicting emotions which the pedantic book-worm St Preux describes after his first brief interview with Julie.

The ice thus broken, almost every other day saw him a visiter at the cottage. He was always either walking out with, or sitting beside Sophia, while she sang to the piano, or painted flowers for a hand-screen. In the course of one of his conversations with her—for with the frankness of her nature she treated him with the fami-

liarity of an old friend—he learned all the particulars of her sad bereavement. She had been married at the early age of sixteen, but "the best of men," as she invariably styled her husband, had been drowned at sea about sixteen months before, just eight years from the period of their union. She detailed the catastrophe with so much feeling and delicacy, that Paul's sensibilities were put into a perfect state of combustion, and in his excess of sympathy he would, I do verily believe, have proposed on the instant to help her to a second "best of men," could he but have mustered up the face to do so.

From this moment his habits and character underwent a total change. Adieu now to the studious vigil protracted far into the morning; and to those dreams of Academic distinction which hitherto had haunted him like a passion! All were gone. He now worshipped at a new shrine—confessed the influence of a new power. Gentle reader, hast thou ever seen a moth fluttering about a candle? At first he flits round and round it at a distance, thinking apparently that there is not the slightest danger; then, becoming bolder, he ventures to contract the circle of his flight; till at length, bewildered and blinded by his close contiguity to the dazzling flame, he plunges headlong into it, and is consumed. Paul was not yet consumed, but he was already drawn within the influence of the fatal blaze, satisfied in his own mind that it was as innocuous as it was attractive.

CHAPTER II.

When love lays hold of a mathematician, it is apt to play strange tricks with him. This is an axiom which, unlike the patent safety cabs, cannot be overturned. Aware of the propriety of keeping the state of his affections a secret, yet wholly unable to do so, Paul began to look about him for a confidant, and at last bethought him of an old college friend who, having graduated a few months before, had left Cambridge, and taken a curacy in the neighbourhood of Fenslanton, which, as all the world knows, or should know, is situated about nine miles from the university, in the heart

of one of the most sterile and desolate districts of England. To this friend, whom he had all but forgotten till now, Paul resolved to repair; and accordingly he set out on foot—for, as has been already observed, he was a prodigious walker—with the intention of reaching the parsonage in time for dinner. Arrived there, he received a most cordial welcome, but his manner on entering was so visibly embarrassed, that his friend could not help noticing it, and in the course of the evening observed, "What's the matter with you, Pimpernel? Are you ill? Have you overworked yourself?

or have you got into some college scrape? I never in my life saw you look so uneasy as you do at this moment. I'm sure something is preying on your mind, so out with it, man—no reserves with one like me."

It is astonishing how foolish the majority of us are apt to look when making a confession of that "divine passion" which does such credit to our nature. We rarely confess to being in love, without blushing as if we had been just detected in the act of picking a pocket. Paul hesitated, stammered, and shuffled about in his chair as if he had been sitting on a pair of sharp spurs; but seeing his friend's eye fixed on him with a grave, steady scrutiny, he suddenly plucked up courage, and replied, "well then, if the truth must be told, I'm in love!" and having said this, he crimsoned like a winter cabbage.

"In love!" exclaimed his companion. "You in love! Ha, ha, ha! Well, well, it is a 'malady we are all liable to at one time or other of our lives, so the sooner perhaps we take it in the natural way the better. And, pray, who are you in love with?"

When Paul mentioned the lady's name, her abode, and the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with her, his friend looked reserved and thoughtful. "Pimpernel," said he, after a brief emphatic silence, "take care what you are about. This lady, as you call her"

"Lady!" exclaimed the lover, in his most fervid manner, "who can doubt it that has once seen her? Her manners are, without exception, the most graceful and natural I ever beheld; her disposition sportive and amiable to a degree; her—her"—

"Good," interrupted his friend, pushing the bottle towards him, "help yourself, and go on."

"Her figure," rejoined the enthusiast, "buoyant, youthful, and replete with elegance; her smile angelic; her eyes sparkling like the sky on a frosty night; and her lips rosy as the west on a delicious summer evening."

"Paul, Paul!" said his companion, with mock-solemnity, "you were once a man of good common-sense, but now that you have degenerated into a poet, I have no hopes of you. So you have actually lost your heart to a pretty, dressed-up wax-doll!"

"Mr Powis," exclaimed the lover, looking as silly as a sheep newly sheared, "I came to you for your advice, not your ridicule."

"Well, don't be so touchy. If you want my advice, here it is in one word—be cautious! Remember you know nothing of this lady's connexions; and as for her habits, or her turn of mind"—

"I am fully acquainted with them, for Sophia's is a character that you may read at a glance. She is all feeling and gentleness, and when she spoke to me of the virtues of her departed husband"—

"What! is she a widow? Worse and worse. My dear fellow, don't you know the adage, children should never play with edge-tools? Rely on it, widows are the most dangerous subjects possible to meddle with, especially in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. You have seen no visitors at your widow's house, I suppose?"

"Not a soul."

"Ought not that circumstance to teach you prudence?"

"By no means, for it is a proof of Sophia's uncommon sensibility. After sufferings such as she has endured, society naturally jars upon her feelings."

"Is there nothing strange and inconsistent, then, in the readiness with which she admitted you to her acquaintance?"

"No, it is a proof of the frankness and simplicity of her nature. Innocence is always fearless, and having no guile itself, suspects none in others."

"What a sophist love is! Of course the lady is aware that you have an independent fortune?"

"She is so," replied Paul, "but it was not *that* which interested her in my favour, for fortune ranks as mere dross in her estimation; no, sir, it was my sober and instructive conversation—she told me so herself."

"I presume, then, it is your intention to propose to this intellectual widow?"

"My dear Powis," replied Paul, swallowing a bumper, "you have just hit it. I am, in truth, exceedingly anxious to ascertain my fate, and should have done so before now, had I not been prevented by a most absurd and annoying circumstance."

"How so?"

"Why, we were sitting together the other evening, Sophia singing at the piano, and I meditating on the sofa, when suddenly overpowered by my feelings—for her voice began to act on me like a spell—I jumped up from my seat, and was about to throw myself at her feet, when at that very moment the confounded servant brought in the candles, and my face instantly became as red as scarlet! Had I been caught with a silver spoon sticking out of my pocket, I could not have been more confused. Very ridiculous, wasn't it?"

"Very! upon my soul you're a capital hand at courting widows! And what do you now intend to do, since you will not take a friend's advice, and drop the connexion?"

"Call at the cottage the first thing to-morrow morning, and bring matters to a crisis without further delay. Suppose, therefore, you come over and wine with me in the evening; it will be but a pleasant ride for you, and of course you will be anxious to hear how I have got on."

"Agreed; and now that we have discussed this weighty matter, let us have a fresh bottle. Our glasses have been empty for the last half hour."

In the excited state in which Paul was, he needed little pressing, so the friends resumed their libations, and more than one bumper was proposed to the widow's health, to which her impassioned lover, though by no means remarkable for his convivial propensities, made it a point of honour to do every possible justice.

Night mean-while approached, and Paul having a long journey before him, began to talk about returning home. But his convivial host would not hear of such a thing. "For old acquaintance sake," said he, "if not for the honour of the cloth, we must have a bowl of bishop: it will be time enough to"—

"But consider the distance."

"Never mind the distance; we'll talk of that by and by;" with which words Powis ordered supper, and while it was getting ready, occupied himself with the bishop, which he manufactured in a style that might have done credit to the head-steward of Trinity.

Who so degenerate of palate as not to appreciate the merits of this delicious beverage—the noblest invention of Protestant Episcopacy! Other

stimulants madden or stupify. Bishop mildly exhilarates. Frenzied by brandy-punch, you knock down your next neighbour. Saddened by gin-toddy you fall to weeping in the streets, and are taken off by a sympathizing policeman to the nearest station-house. The one coppers your nose, the other encircles your eyes with a red watery rim; but bishop scorns to play you such deceitful and unsightly tricks. While you drink it, you may imagine yourself *drinking a hiss*—so sweet, so seductive, so kindly is its flavour, and so refined and mellow the sensibilities it calls forth!

Cheered by the enlivening beverage, the two friends sat carousing till past midnight, when Paul being, as the Baron of Bradwardine would phrase it, "ebriolus"—that is to say, agreeably stimulated, so much so indeed that he told the anecdote of his first interview with the lovely widow at least four times over, was strongly urged by Powis to take a bed at the parsonage. But no, the infatuated young man would go back to Cambridge. A walk, he observed, on such a serene night would set him all to rights, and——

"You are mad!" exclaimed his friend, interrupting him, "are you aware of the distance?"

"Perfectly; but go I must and will, for it is indispensable that I should come to an understanding with Sophia without further loss of time. Ah, Powis, she really is an angel. Did I tell you how I first became acquainted with her? One evening"—

At this instant the church clock struck two, whereupon Paul stopping short, rose from his seat, and putting on his hat with that final thump on the crown which indicates a stern fixedness of purpose, hurried away to the door.

"Well, well," said his host, finding it useless to expostulate with him, "a wilful man must have his way; but take my word for it, you will have a storm before you reach Cambridge. See," he added, thrusting his head out, "the clouds are gathering, and the atmosphere is charged with thunder."

"Can't help it—good night," and shaking his friend cordially by the hand, Paul set forward on his journey, with a promise that when they next met, he would acquaint Powis with all the particulars of his first interview with Sophia.

CHAPTER III.

The first part of the young man's road lay through a long, narrow by-path, rough and wrinkled with cart ruts; overshadowed in places with lofty elms; and peopled with a flourishing colony of gnats, which kept humming by thousands scarce six inches above his nose, and settling unceremoniously upon his head whenever he took his hat off to wipe the perspiration from his brow. As Paul hastened along this gloomy cross-road, he kept up his spirits by whistling one of Sophia's favourite airs, which woke an owl, who replied with a shrill hoot, thinking naturally enough—for our hero was no vocalist—that the sounds proceeded from an old acquaintance in a neighbouring ivy-bush.

Quitting this lane, Paul next came out upon a wide, sterile desert, dull, flat, and monotonous as a treatise on Political Economy, and equally devoid of animation. Any thing more dreary than this tract of country is not, I believe, to be met with, except among the steppes of Crim-Tartary. As for a tree, or a flower, or even a shrub, they are as difficult to be found as the longitude. You may indeed see, here and there, the stump of an old elm or pollard; but they are mere sapless skeletons, having long since died of confirmed atrophy. Well may such scenery—and Cambridgeshire abounds in it—have driven Robert Hall mad! It eats, like rust, into the imagination, dimming its sunshine, and blighting all its energies.

When our young Cantab had got about a third of his way across this desert, he found himself gradually descending into a sort of hollow, from which, so far as he could perceive by the sickly light of a half-extinguished moon, several roads branched off. As he had no recollection of having passed this spot in the morning, he took for granted he had lost his way; so after looking about him for a few minutes, in the vain hope of recognising his "whereabout," he put his hands to his mouth, and shouted aloud, thinking that possibly some one might be within hearing, who would enlighten his benighted intellect. But, as was to have been expected at such an hour, no answer was returned to his summons; whereupon, taking the first

path that presented itself, and which brought him out again on the moor, he doggedly resumed his journey.

It was now past three o'clock, and something like a faint apology for daylight would have glimmered in the east, had not the sky been full charged with thunder-clouds. Presently the wind began to get up a little; a few hot, heavy drops of rain fell; and that low, hollow, mysterious sound which invariably heralds a storm, swept, like the wail of a spirit, across the unsheltered heath. These warning intimations were almost immediately followed by a rattling shower, half hail, half rain, and by a tremendous clap which seemed to rend the heavens asunder, and startled Paul into instant sobriety. He now began to be seriously alarmed, for by the quick, vivid flashes of sheet lightning that illumined the whole horizon, he could just perceive that the track he was pursuing was wholly unknown to him. Whether he was going to, or from, Cambridge, he had not the remotest idea—a blessed state for a man to be in at past three o'clock in the morning, and who is, besides, wet through, and knocked up with fatigue!

Nevertheless Paul plodded stoutly onward, keeping, as well as he could, to the path, and after toiling upwards of three miles across the moor, came to a small hamlet, at the entrance of which he caught sight of some lights glancing through the windows of a wayside ale-house. Delighted with this timely discovery, he hurried up to the *cabaret*, and tapped gently at the door, which, after a minute or two's delay, was opened by the landlord, who, in reply to the traveller's request that he would give him house-room till the storm had abated, cast a shrewd, professional glance at him, with his candle shaded with his hand; and then, satisfied apparently with his scrutiny, ushered him into a smoky, sanded kitchen, within the ample range of whose brick fire-place sat four men, two on each side, while five or six others were seated at a curiously notched oaken table; and all were equally busy in the discussion of a jug of nut-brown October ale.

On his entrance, after shaking himself like a French poodle when he

comes out of the water, Paul took his seat on a small bench near the window, and by way of preventive from cold, called for a glass of his host's strongest and oldest ale; and while quaffing it, which he did with infinite relish, occupied himself, not with meditations on the beauty and virtues of Sophia—for the heavy rain had for a time clean washed away all his sentiment—but with observing the people about him. One or two of these were waggoners, as was apparent from the circumstance of their long whips lying in a corner of the room; others were labourers who preferred tipping at an ale-house to going home betimes to their families; then there was the landlord, a jolly dog, fond of hearing the "chimes at midnight;" and, conspicuous above all, an itinerant pedlar—a very Autolycus in look and manner—with round, full-blown cheeks, a spacious cavern of a mouth, and a merry, roguish, twinkling eye, which was constantly directed towards the numerous fitches of bacon that hung temptingly from the rafters above him. Besides these, there might perhaps have been a poacher and a small thief or two among the company, but of this I am not certain.

The first who spoke after Paul entered, was the landlord, who, observing his disconsolate condition, recommended him to renew his potations; and without waiting his answer, placed before him another glass of ale, which was despatched with as much zest as its predecessor. The pedlar then took up the discourse, and told several humorous anecdotes, and wild local legends, such as are still in vogue in some of the more secluded districts of England. The company swallowed these last with the most edifying gravity, not a little to Paul's disgust and astonishment, who hinted his opinion of such nonsense in terms by no means flattering to the narrator's vanity. For some time, however, no notice was taken of him, till at length the pedlar having ventured to repeat the well-known Essex tradition of the murdered oyster-wench who at midnight, on the full of the moon, carries her head through Colchester in a fish-basket, Paul, indignant at such tampering with matters incapable of "demonstration," and put into a sudden ferment by the heady ale he had swal-

lowed, which rendered him utterly regardless of time, place, and circumstance, roundly called on the speaker for "proof" of the truth of what he had asserted. This, of course, roused the fellow's ire; his eyes flashed; his fists instinctively doubled; and a very pretty skirmage would have ensued—for our hero, when once fairly in his cups, was inclined to be dogmatical and pugnacious—had not the landlord adroitly restored harmony by replenishing the pedlar's glass.

The storm had by this time cleared off; the red morning—to quote old Marlowe's fine expression—had "all headlong thrown herself the clouds among;" and the company prepared to separate, with the exception of the carters, who waited the approach of the early waggons for which the ale-house was a place of call. Having received all due directions from his host as to the nearest road to Cambridge, Paul resumed his journey; but, alas, he was in a far worse plight now than he was when he so obstinately persisted in quitting his friend's house, for what with the strong ale, and the effects of sudden exposure to the air after the stifling heat and smoke of the kitchen, he became quite stupefied; and went wandering along the high-road, now tacking over to one side, and now to the other, like Commodore Truncheon on his way to church to be married; with his hands buried in the depths of his pockets, and his shiny, stiffened hat stuck upon the back of his head, till he reached the Castle-end turnpike; when, after staggering about a hundred yards further, irresistible drowsiness crept over him, and he dropped insensible at the door of an inn-yard just at the entrance of Cambridge!

Now it chanced at the moment of Paul's inglorious descent, that one of the slow, heavy northern stage-coaches—for I need not remind my readers that, forty years ago, such vehicles were not the velocipedes that they now are—was stopping at the inn on its road to London. But though this was the case, unluckily for the young Gantab, not a soul saw him fall, for the passengers were all busy within doors at breakfast; the coachman was enjoying his morning glass of toast and ale in the kitchen; and the wooden-legged ostler having finished putting to the horses, was actively employed

in the stables. Paul consequently lay unobserved for some minutes, fast asleep with his heels jutting out on the path-way, and his head just inside the yard, when suddenly a party of Cantabs, men of his own college, came by, on their return to their rooms, after a long night spent in merry-making. As they passed the inn, one of them stumbled up against Paul's prostrate form. "Halloo!" said he, "who the devil have we got here?" then stooping for the purpose of getting the unfortunate wight on his legs again, he added, as he recognised the features of the hardest student in St John's, "Pimpernel, by Jove! and dead drunk too! 'Gad this is a discovery!"

"What, Paul Pimpernel!" exclaimed another of the party, "impossible!"

"Impossible!" observed a third, "nothing more likely; these demure, studious fellows are always sly dogs at bottom. But I say, my boys, now that we've got him here, what shall we do with him? It would be a pity not to have some fun out of him. Hah!" he continued, glancing at the stage-coach, "a good thought; let's clap him into the boot, and give him a ride *gratis* to London!"

When was a Cantab ever slow to relish a practical joke? The proposition was welcomed with enthusiasm, and preparations instantly made for depositing the sleeper in his new bed-

chamber. One kept a sharp look-out about him—a superfluous task, by the by, for it being early yet, not a shop-shutter was taken down, nor a soul visible within a hundred yards—while the others got ready the boot, which, fortunately for their schemes, had been emptied of its contents but a few minutes before; and being one of those roomy, old-fashioned ones now seldom seen, would hold a short, slim man like Paul very comfortably, allowing for his drawing up his legs a little, as people do in bed on a cold night.

These facts being duly ascertained, the senseless student was lifted from the ground, and dexterously popped into the boot, with his head to the aperture, and his knees gently bent, so that he lay as snug as if he were reclining, like Melibœus on a sloping bank. The lid was then just left ajar by a small bit of stick being thrust into it, so as to give him room to breathe; and the party retired to a short distance to watch the result of their manœuvre. It succeeded to a miracle. Before a man could count ten on his fingers, out came the passengers; the coachman mounted his box; the ostler drew off the horse-cloths; "all right" was the word; and away rolled the slow, steady vehicle over Magdalen bridge, past the great gates of Trinity; and so right on—alas, that I should say so!—to the very village where dwelt the idol of Paul's heart, Sophia Dickson!

CHAPTER IV.

Within an hour from the time of its leaving Cambridge, the coach came within sight of the village, when Paul, beginning to wake to something indistinctly resembling consciousness, stretched out his arms as men are apt to do after a heavy sleep; and by so doing, thrust open the lid of the boot, and brought his right hand into involuntary contact with the fat, puffy ankle of an immense woman who was seated next the coachman on the box. Now whether there had been any previous flirtation going on between these two or not, I cannot say; but certain it is that the corpulent dame no sooner felt the slight pressure of Paul's hand, than imagining that her companion was giving her a significant touch with

his foot, she blandly said, "a-done kicking then, Mr coachman."

"What does the woman mean?" replied Jehu, who was a crusty, cross-grained old fellow, with a rough, thick voice that seemed to issue with difficulty from a throat clogged with cobwebs; "'taint me."

"Oh fie, Mr coachman! How can you?—"

"Fie yourself! 'Taint me, I tell you. Why, you're mad, I think, old girl!"

Enraged at this impeachment of her sanity, and still more at the disparaging epithet "old," the good woman, tossing her head back with a "marry-come-up" sort of air, was just about to exchange the language

of meek remonstrance for that of indignant reprobation, when at that very moment the half-awakened Paul, in attempting to stretch out his cramped legs to their full extent, thrust forward his head, which coming with the shock of a battering-ram against the fat dame's calf, she, alarmed by the concussion, gathered her clothes tightly about her, and then looking down to ascertain what could be the cause of such an unaccountable assault and battery, beheld, peeping out from the boot, a huge, strange-looking head—or something that bore the semblance of a head—the hair of which was clotted with mud, and embellished with bits of dirty straw!

Instantly she set up a tremendous scream. "Stop the coach," she said, "and let me get down. Here's a ferocious baboon, or bull-dog, or some such monster in the boot, as big as a bullock—oh Lord! I shall be bit to death—let me get down, I say—the creature's given me one gripe already—do, pray, Mr coachman, let me get!"

Before she could complete the sentence, the coach stopped to water horses at the village ale-house, when the driver, alarmed and astonished at the woman's cries, hurried down from his box, and thrusting his hand into the boot, his unlucky forefinger came in contact with Paul's mouth, which being wide open from the effects of terror and stupefaction, closed convulsively on the coachman's digit, and nearly bit it off.

Roaring with rage and pain, the sufferer with a vigorous jerk pulled out his finger, and then calling to the ostler, while at the same time he kept blowing and shaking the aggrieved joint, "Halloo, Bill," he exclaimed, "lend a hand here, there's a d—d bull-dog has got into the boot, and almost bit my finger off. But I'll have the brute out;" and shoving in his whip on one side, while the ostler shoved in his pitch-fork on the other, they unkenelled—Paul Pimpernel, Esq., student of St John's, who came forth 'mid a shout from the passengers, and the crowd which had gathered about the coach, among which last was our friend the pedlar, who had not yet forgotten Paul's cavalier imputations on his veracity.

"My eyes! Here's a go!" exclaimed the ostler, dropping his pitch-

fork, and staring wildly at Paul, who stood bewildered by the coach-door; "so this is your bull-dog, Tom! Upon my life he's a rum 'un, as ever I seed!"

"Ay—ay—I know the fellow," said the pedlar, winking with amazing significance at the group about him.

"Run for a constable, Bill," shouted the coachman, addressing the ostler, "quick, I've not a moment to lose;" then scowling grimly on Paul, he added "you're a 'cute lad, arn't you now? But I understand your game well enough. 'Twas only last week I had my coach robbed at Godmanchester by just such another trick as you'ren, and most likely you're he as did it. But you won't get off a second time, I promise you."

The passengers—especially the fat dame on the coach-box, whom surprise had bereft of speech—overhearing this dialogue, became on the instant wondrously sensitive on the score of their luggage. The Outsides leaned over the roof to see that their different packages were safe; and the Insides, poking their heads out of the windows, bawled out to the driver to assure him that they should hold him responsible for every thing that was missing. Among these last was a prim, shrill old maid, who addressed the coachman with prodigious gravity, as follows, halting deliberately between each word, so as to make the deeper impression:—"Mr coachman—I have a small portmanteau—mark me, a small portmanteau—on the roof, with the letters C. F. printed on it in brass nails—remember, C. F.—also a blue band-box tied with black tape—observe, black tape, for I'm rather particular in these matters—which dangles, or should dangle—for if the gentleman's a thief, there's no knowing—from one of the hind seats outside. Now will you do me the favour, Mr coachman, just to see if this portmanteau—you will know it by the brass nails—and this blue band-box, are both of them quite safe; for, as I said before, if the gentleman's a thief!"

"Never fear, ma'am, all's safe," replied the coachman, cutting short the old maid's prolixity, and keeping a sharp eye, in conjunction with the pedlar, on Paul's slightest movement. But there was no need of such vigilance, for the unfortunate student's state of mind rendered him wholly

incapable of flight or resistance. He had just clearness of perception enough to see that he was in a "predicament," though how he got into it, or how he should get out of it, he had not the remotest idea. He had no recollection of any thing that had occurred since he quitted the ale-house; all he knew was, that within the last ten minutes he had been mistaken for a baboon, a bull-dog, and a thief—he, Paul Pimpernel, Esq. student of St John's!

While absorbed in these humiliating reflections, he stood aghast and speechless by the coach-door; a loud shout announced the advent of the constable, upon which the coachman, after duly explaining matters to that important functionary, consigned Paul into his custody, and drove off; while the officer, seizing his unresisting victim by the collar, and followed close by the pedlar and a crowd of grinning men and boys, conducted him to the magistrate's house.

When the party reached the great man's dwelling, they found him, early as was the hour, seated at breakfast over a cold sirloin of beef, like a true sportsman of the old school. He was a man of middle age, simple and good-natured in his private capacity, but as a magistrate arbitrary and intolerant. He was, in fact, one of the steel-trap and spring-gun school; the terror of poachers, whom he considered the most atrocious of criminals; and a stanch advocate for the stocks, the black-hole, and the cart's-tail.

"Well, Jenkins," said he to the constable, "another poacher, I suppose."

"I rather think so, your Worship," replied the officer, and then proceeded to tell his story, as he had heard it from the coachman, pointing it, however, with many knowing winks and pregnant epithets, as if he suspected much more criminality than he had evidence to substantiate.

He was in the midst of his narrative when the clerk entered the room. The magistrate immediately beckoned him to a seat beside him, and in an under-tone of voice, said, pointing to Paul, "d——d ill-looking dog, isn't he? There's the gallows in his face as plain as a pike-staff;" then, raising his voice, "harkee, prisoner," he continued, "you're here on suspicion of

being a rogue and vagabond. Can you give a good account of yourself?"

Painfully conscious of his disgraceful position, but resolved on no account to reveal his name and place of abode—so sensitive was he to ridicule—Paul contented himself with simply stating that, however appearances might be against him, he was a gentleman by birth, fortune, and education, and as such, demanded his discharge.

"Gentleman, forsooth!" replied the justice, bursting into a loud laugh; "yes, yes, you look like one, with those bits of straw sticking about your head and breeches! What's your name?"

"Particular reasons prevent me from divulging it."

"Is there any one in the village that can speak to your character?"

At the instant Paul thought of Sophia, but the idea no sooner suggested itself than it was dismissed with contempt. What! allow her, the delicate, the sensitive, to become acquainted with his humiliation? Never! He would die a thousand deaths first.

"Please your worship," exclaimed the constable, "here's a man waiting outside the door who says he can give important evidence against the prisoner;" with which words he stepped out, and in a few minutes returned with the pedlar, whose statement that he had met with the "thief" at day-break at an ale-house, where he deported himself in a most suspicious and ruffianly manner, produced a visible effect on the minds of both the magistrate and his clerk.

Stung to the quick by their manner, Paul, addressing the justice, said, "as you have no charge, sir, to make against me, except the very ridiculous one—which I am wholly unable to explain—that I was found in the boot of a"—

"Well, fellow," interrupted the magistrate, "and is not that enough?"

"Fellow!" replied the prisoner, indignantly.

"Yes, fellow! What should a man want in the boot of a coach, if he did not mean to rob it? Any thing missing, Jenkins?"

"Not as I know of, your worship," replied the logical constable, "excepting the coachman's finger being nearly bitten off."

While this brief dialogue was going

forward, Paul seemed lost in thought. At length, advancing close up to the magistrate, he said, "if you will allow me, sir, to say a word to you in private, I have no doubt I shall be able to convince you that I am not the sort of character you take me for, when I presume I shall be at liberty to depart."

This appeal, and the manner in which it was delivered, somewhat staggered the justice; but looking to his clerk, on whose face he saw a smile of contempt and incredulity, and then again at the prisoner, whose exterior certainly militated strongly against him, for he had lost his hat, and was covered with straw and mud from head to foot, he replied, "your proposal is plausible enough, but it won't do for me. I'll have no tampering with justice; law is law, so what you have to say, say openly."

"Then all I shall say is this—detain me but ten minutes longer in this room, and I will instantly enter an action against you for false imprisonment—I will, by God!" and Paul looked about him with all the stern dignity of insulted manhood.

These words roused the magistrate's fury, who, putting on his most imposing air of authority, exclaimed, "once

more, fellow, I ask you, will you tell me who you are, and what you are?"

"No, I won't," replied Paul with the fierce resolution of a stag at bay.

"Then I'll soon find a way to make you explain; here, Jenkins, away with him to the stocks; let him cool his heels there for an hour or two, when I dare say we shall be able to screw the truth out of him."

"To the stocks?" enquired Paul, doubting whether he had heard aright.

"Ay, to the stocks—away with him; I'll not hear a word more; my toast is getting cold all this time;" and before the astounded prisoner could make any further remonstrance, the constable seized hold of him by one arm, and the pedlar by the other, and by main force dragged him from the august presence. Paul stormed, and kicked, and bit, and vowed ten thousand vengeance against his persecutors; but it was of no avail; the officer was a practised hand at dealing with refractory culprits; and having thrust the student of St John's feet into the round holes of the stocks, he wished him "better luck next time," and accompanied by the chuckling pedlar, left him to his meditations.

CHAPTER V.

The stocks are, without doubt, an admirable, albeit a novel, place for abstract meditation, for after the first quarter of an hour or so, when the fever of curiosity has abated, and the village urchins have become tired of enamelling your pensive visage with eggs and cabbages, you have them usually all to yourself, which is a great comfort to a man of a reflective turn of mind. Moreover, a classical halo surrounds them, for they are associated with the memory of Shakspeare's Kent, and Butler's Hudibras. We must confess to a patriotic partiality for the stocks, for we dote on every thing English; and these are of as indigenous a growth as the gallows. When stepping on shore from a foreign clime, what more gratifying to one's sense of national dignity than to see a brother Briton in the stocks! Such an ennobling spectacle is proof incontrovertible that one is at length at home among civilized beings, whose high-

minded legislators wisely imagine that the stocks are the most efficient of schoolmasters!

Unfortunately, however, Paul could not be persuaded to regard his position in this favourable light. He was sullen, vindictive, desperate, any thing but philosophical. "Yesterday," said he, "I was a gentleman, and the companion of gentlemen; to day I am a rogue and vagabond, destined possibly for the black-hole an hour hence, and for a flogging before sunset. And why am I brought to this pass? Because I look poor and dirty, and have lost my hat! Had I been dressed in my college cap and gown, tolerant justice would have regarded the affair of the boot as a mere practical joke; but the absence of these certificates of respectability makes all the difference between jest and earnest—innocence and guilt!"

While thus brooding sullenly over his misfortunes, and endeavouring, but in vain, to unravel the mystery

of the boot, Paul chanced to cast his eyes along the road, near which, at the edge of the village green, the stocks were situated; and there, moving leisurely towards him, he beheld—whom does the reader suppose?—those very ladies from whom, above all people in the world, he was most anxious to conceal his situation! Fain would he have dropped dead on the spot; but the principle of vitality was still strong in him; so there he sat, panic-struck, like a man who has just read his banker's name in the Gazette; and with but one forlorn hope—namely, that Sophia and her mother might pass by the place of his imprisonment without detecting him. But, alas, his hope, like the fool's palace, was built on the sands; for no sooner had the ladies approached to within a few yards of the stocks, than Sophia at once recognised the prisoner, and, starting back with astonishment, exclaimed, "Mr Pimpernel! Good heavens, sir, how came you in this situation?"

Paul groaned, hung down his head, and looked so exquisitely asinine, that, despite their undoubted sympathy, the ladies were compelled to turn away their faces, which were absolutely convulsed with laughter. Recovering themselves, however, with an effort, yet not daring to venture a second glance at the captive, they instantly went in search of the constable, and mentioning who and what Paul was, that official accompanied them to the magistrate's, who, shocked at the idea of having subjected a Johnian to the ignominious confinement of the stocks, and guessing now—for he was well acquainted with the tricks of the Cantabs—that the supposed vagabond had been made the victim of one of their rough jests, came down in person, together with his clerk, to see to his emancipation, and tender his apologies.

But the captive turned a deaf ear to all explanation. He had been recognised by Sophia—he had been exposed to public derision in the stocks—and the man who had subjected him to such indignities was standing before him! These reflections raised his passions to a height bordering on frenzy; and, scarcely conscious of what he was about, he cut short the magistrate's apologies by a tremendous blow of his fist, which compelled him to change the perpendicular for the horizontal attitude; and

then, having performed the same kind office for the clerk, he flew from the spot as if the "speed of thought" were in his limbs. The dozen or so of men and boys who happened to be looking on—the Dicksons from motives of delicacy had not returned to the spot—no sooner saw these dignified functionaries bite the dust, than they thought heaven and earth were coming together. "High treason!" roared one; "seize him!" shouted another; and presently off went dogs, boys, and men in full cry at Paul's heels; while the good-natured justice, who rose just in time to witness the chase, burst into a hearty laugh, and with true professional gusto, waved his hat and hark'd on the pursuers, as if he were cheering on his own fox-hounds!

Winged with rage, Paul soon distanced all his pursuers, and after throwing them off the scent by doubling like a hare round one or two small hedge-bound fields, he slackened his pace, and finding not a soul within sight, made the best of his way into the Cambridge high-road, where he halted to rest himself behind a broad elm, whence he could see all that passed, without being seen himself. At that moment, had there been a horse-pond near him, he would unquestionably have plunged headlong into it, so intolerable was his sense of shame at having been detected by Sophia airing himself in the stocks!

But even this, dreadful as it was, was not his sole affliction. How was he to get back to the University; how pass down Trumpington Street at the hour it is most crowded, in the disgraceful pickle in which he then was? He had clearly no alternative but either to skulk about in solitude till nightfall, or wait till some returned chaise should come past, when he might bargain with the driver to give him a lift, and set him down in the most retired quarter of Parker's Piece, whence he might possibly sneak home undetected by the back way to his rooms. The last expedient seemed the most feasible, and accordingly Paul waited and waited, looking out like a fox from behind his tree, but no suitable vehicle made its appearance; a waggon indeed came by, and soon afterwards a butcher's cart; but the former was crammed full of goods, and the latter of calves, so had, of course, no room for another.

At length, after having waited half-an-hour, damp, desperate, and in a state akin to starvation, a fierce unclouded sun the while shining down on his unprotected scone, and bringing out in the brightest relief all the varied dyes of his small-clothes—after waiting full half-an-hour in this hopeless plight, Paul observed a hearse rattling along the road towards him. What strange notions adversity puts into one's mind! How it quickens one's wit, and calls forth all one's inventive faculties! Our forlorn Cantab no sooner caught sight of this godsend, than a sudden most original thought flashed across his mind. What if he should bargain with the driver for a ride to Cambridge? It was a strange application to make. But was it for him to be particular or fastidious—he who had already travelled in the boot of a stage-coach, and been clapped in the stocks for a vagabond? No; he would boldly brave appearances, and run the hazard of being considered mad; for any thing was better than sitting alone, and famished, without a hat, under a scorching sun, spotted like a brindled pard with mud, and with not the slightest prospect of bettering his condition till nightfall.

Thus thinking, Paul approached the hearse, which was by this time right opposite him, and stopping the driver, asked him if he would take him as far as a certain solitary spot, which he mentioned, at the corner of Parker's Piece. The man, as he had anticipated, stared at him as if he had been a lunatic; but tickled by the sight of a guinea, which the ingenious Cantab thrust into his hand, allowed him to creep in, when he laid himself down at full-length, and in this state was jolted on to Cambridge.

In about an hour the hearse made a sudden halt, whereupon Paul, who, overcome with fatigue, had fallen fast asleep, woke up in a hurry, and imagining that he had reached the place of his destination, threw wide the half-shut door, and sneaked out; but, gracious Heavens! what was his horror at finding himself, not in the retired spot that he had speculated on, but in the very heart of the Pease-market, about a stone's throw from his own rooms!

A crowd instantly gathered about him.

"O, Jem," said one little boy to another, "do look here! If there isn't a live corpse just got out of a hearse! Well, I never!"

"And he's been curling his wig, too, with straw!" exclaimed a lopsided chimney-sweep.

"Twig his breeches!" shouted a hoarse coal-heaver, staring after the flying Cantab with visible wonder and admiration.

Regardless of these and similar flattering remarks which he encountered at every step of his progress, Paul rushed on with the strides, and very much the aspect, of an ogre; and on reaching his rooms, threw himself on a sofa, tore his hair, smote his forehead, and cursed and swore till his breath was well-nigh gone. When something sobered, he proceeded to make his toilette, after which he rang his bell, and casting, a keen glance at his Gyp, who, greatly to his comfort, seemed ignorant of the little episode of the hearse, ordered him to bring up some biscuits and Stilton cheese. By the aid of these, and a few glasses of choice old port, Paul became in a short time tolerably composed, though gloomy thoughts still pressed heavily on him, especially when he speculated on the probability of the story of the boot becoming circulated throughout his college; and again, when on casting his eyes towards his book-shelves, he remembered how many vexations his neglect of these old friends had cost him, without leading to any desirable result. "But I will neglect them no longer," he said; "I am in my element here. Elsewhere I am like a fish out of water." And with these words he swallowed with a sigh a bumper to the memory of the lost Sophia.

Thus the day wore on—for Paul was resolved on no account to attend the hall dinner, or even stir from his rooms, till he had regained his usual equanimity—when, just as he was putting the closing touch to his bottle, his friend Powis called in to wine with him according to appointment. Our Cantab no sooner saw him than guessing the reason of his visit, he blushed, and looked almost as foolish as when detected by the Dicksons in the stocks. Thinking, however, that as he had already given him his confidence, he might as well tell him

every thing, he seated his guest beside him; and then, after a little hesitation and embarrassment, recapitulated his marvellous adventures from the hour when he had quitted the parsonage. Powis laughed heartily at the recital; but when the speaker came to the episodes of the stocks and the hearse, he was compelled to fall back in his seat, and fairly have his roar out. At first Paul felt seriously annoyed by this fierce cachinnatory explosion; but finding that his wrath only increased his friend's mirth, he made an attempt to appear indifferent.

"Capital joke that of the boot," said he, indulging in a smile worthy of Mephistopheles. "I don't wonder at its amusing you."

"Capital, indeed!" replied Powis; "the best practical joke ever yet played off at Cambridge. How original the conception! How brilliant the execution! And then the stocks and the hearse! Hah, hah, hah! Pray, don't be angry, Pimperl; but upon my soul, I can't help—Ho, ho, ho!"

"Angry, Mr. Powis? I never was more diverted in my life—never!"

"I would have given worlds, Pimperl, to have caught sight of your face when you made your exit from"—

"Confound my face, sir! What have you to do with it?"

"And then to have seen you squatted without your hat in the stocks! Oh, Lord, what a spectacle that must have been!" And again Powis fell back in convulsions of laughter.

"For God's sake," exclaimed Paul, "no more of this! A joke's a joke, but it may be carried too far. Here, fill your glass, and let's talk of something else;" saying which he pushed the bottle towards his guest, and then turned the conversation into a different channel, carefully, however, avoiding any reference to the Dicksons, whose names he did not once mention during the whole time that Powis remained with him.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, having been refreshed by a long night's sleep, Paul summoned up energy enough to attend chapel; and finding that no one there seemed to have the slightest knowledge of his late ridiculous mishaps, he took heart and returned home to breakfast with the elastic pace of one who has just unexpectedly surmounted a difficulty, the burden of which has been long weighing upon his spirits. In fact, he would have become quite as happy as ever, had it not been for the clouding recollection of Sophia, for whom, as his self-confidence increased, his old affection revived. How delicate had been her conduct in not returning to the scene of his humiliation! How prompt and generous her interference with the magistrate in his behalf! Yet she was lost to him; for how could he expect that a lady of her sensitive nature would ever dream of accepting as a husband, a man who had been publicly exposed in the stocks? No; the case was clear. He must resign all thoughts of her, and henceforth, like the Elder Brother in Beaumont and

Fletcher's comedy, "marry himself to mathematics."

He was busy pondering this matter, when a letter was brought to him by the college Gyp. Could he believe his eyesight? It was from Sophia Dickson—from that very paragon of loveliness whose loss he was just then so deeply deploring! The fair writer made not the slightest allusion to his recent misfortune, but enquired kindly after his health, mentioned a beautiful ballad that had been sent her by a friend in London, and concluded by expressing a modest hope that "Ma" might shortly be favoured with a visit from him, when he should hear the lovely air in question. Paul was in ecstasies. All his past griefs were forgotten; and had the scamps who had popped him into the boot appeared at that moment before him, and confessed their delinquency, he would have forgiven them with all his soul.

Having perused the precious billet at least a dozen times, and as often pressed it to his lips, the enamoured student determined on posting off that

very hour to the village, and delivering his reply in person. He had not the slightest apprehension of being discovered by any of the inhabitants; for who could recognise in the well-dressed gentleman of to-day, the hatless, mud-bedaubed vagabond of yesterday? Accordingly, he set forth brisk and confident, with a fixed resolution to abandon the shilly-shally system, make a bold stroke for a wife, and win all, or lose all, ere the sun should have attained his meridian.

As Paul moved rapidly along his road, with a fine bracing wind blowing freshly against him, every object on which his eye rested seemed flush of grace and cheerfulness. The dull square fore-court of Catherine-Hall appeared a model of architectural elegance; and even the formal outline of the Hogmagogs exhibited the *ne plus ultra* of the picturesque. How different from the preceding day, when the same sun, which now lent life and splendour and beauty to all things, looked as though it shone for no other purpose than to mock the dirty and forlorn vagrant!

After about an hour and a half's smart walking Paul drew near the village, and, turning down the well-known lane, soon reached the Dicksons' cottage. And now, for the first time, his courage began to fail him. Suppose, instead of accepting his offers, Sophia should make him the subject of her ridicule! But no; she would not, could not do so; for she was all melting softness, and therefore far more likely—so hope whispered in Paul's ear—to sympathize with, than to laugh at him.

This last encouraging reflection decided him, and knocking at the door, the maid-servant who opened it, and seemed as if she had anticipated his visit, informed him, with a significant simper, that her young mistress was in the kitchen-garden. Thither accordingly he repaired; and in an instant stands in the divine presence of Sophia. How charming she looked, with her light morning-gown fitting close to her taper-waist, the single white rose in her hair, and the glow of health blushing on her damask cheek! The moment she beheld her visitor, she hurried forward, and smilingly held out her hand. Ah, that smile—that irresistible smile! It has dispelled all Paul's doubts. No more

timidity, no more embarrassment; he can now endure to treat his yesterday's adventure as a good joke, and even sympathize with the visible, though subdued merriment of his companion.

And thus the interesting couple, pacing up and down the kitchen-garden, converse in the most sportive and familiar manner, till, suddenly inspired by a strange courage, Paul, just as Sophia is halting in the central walk, seizes her lily hand,—and there, in that sylvan and secluded spot, with a row of potatoes on one side of him, and of cabbages and such-like sentimental vegetables on the other, pours forth the cherished secret of his heart. The lady stared, sighed, blushed, professed the utmost degree of amazement, and then faltering out, “I must speak to Ma,” vanished from her lover's side, leaving him in a state of mind which—to quote the eloquent language of George Robins's advertisements—“may be better conceived than described.”

Luckily, however, he was not kept long in suspense; for in about ten minutes the venerable mother of his Sophia made her appearance, and observing that she could not bear the idea of delaying explanation when the happiness of her “darling child” was at stake, came at once to the point, in a matter-of-fact, business-like style, that somewhat disconcerted the impassioned suitor, who, however, replied frankly and readily to all her questions touching his “prospects,” and so forth, and even felt grateful, when his first surprise was over, for the warm interest she took in one so dear to his heart. Satisfied with his answers, the kind-hearted old lady unhesitatingly gave her consent to the match, which, after some graceful demurrings on Sophia's part, it was arranged should take place that day week, as term would then be ended, and Paul would have the long three months' vacation before him for a honeymoon.

Accordingly, on the appointed day—all the requisite legal preliminaries having been duly settled—Paul, who had previously introduced Sophia to his friend Powis, was married by him in the village church, which stood most conveniently a few yards from the cottage. The ceremony was quite as awful as such ceremonies are apt to

bè; but when it was ended, a cold collation soon restored all parties to their usual cheerfulness; and nothing could possibly exceed the exhilaration of the bridegroom's spirits when, having bade adieu to Powis, he found himself whirling along, as fast as four post-horses could carry him, on the road to Lowestoff, with his wife on one side of him, and his mother-in-law on the other.

On his return, after a fortnight's pleasuring, to a small, ready-furnished house, which he had secured at Cambridge, Paul's Fenstanton friend called over to pay him a visit, and found him quite an altered man. Hitherto he had been grave and reserved in manner. He was now become as playful as a kitten. Then, too, he was so affectionate—so inexpressibly endearing in his ways! If for an instant his Sophia quitted the room, minutes were hours till she returned; and when he addressed her, though it were only to ask her if she would take a slice more mutton, or another glass of wine, the tones of his voice were as sweet as barley-sugar. Never since the Fall was there witnessed such domestic felicity. Adam in Paradise, ere Eve had yet set an example of insubordination, was Paul's only prototype.

So passed the auspicious month of the honeymoon, during which period our Benedick, like the shepherd in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, kept piping and chirping away "as though he

should never grow old." At the expiration of that time, however, his "angel wife," whose love of innocent gaiety was at least as remarkable as her grace and beauty and sensibility, began delicately to intimate her wish for a change of scene, if only, as she observed, to give a new zest to the pleasures of home when they should return to it after a brief absence. Paul, who had a sort of instinctive dislike to locomotion, would far rather have continued in the peaceful seclusion of Cambridge; but Sophia was so pressing; she had such an arch, coaxing manner with her; and was, besides, so dotingly fond of him, that he felt it was impossible to deny her any thing.

Accordingly the happy couple, accompanied by their venerable kinswoman, set out on a trip to London, where they put up at an expensive West-end hotel; and after seeing all that was to be seen, spending large sums of money, and living in a constant state of bustle from morning till night, returned home, infinitely to Paul's delight, who felt persuaded that, now the autumnal evenings were approaching, his wife would give up all further idea of quitting Cambridge, and settle down into a quiet, staid, affectionate, fire-side companion—a matter about which he was the more anxious, as the vacation would terminate in a few weeks, when it was his intention to resume his college studies.

CHAPTER VII.

Gentle reader, the scene is now about to change! Alas that it should be so! but this is a rough, bleak world, exposed constantly to the malign influences of storm and cloud; and love is the most delicate plant that springs up from its rugged soil. At the expiration of his second month, when the novelty of his situation had in a degree subsided, Paul somehow or other felt himself not quite so comfortable as he had been. His darling Sophia, so far from sobering down to the staid, peaceful housewife that he had so confidently calculated on, and esteeming it the pride of her life to administer to the domestic comforts of her husband, was incessantly importuning him to quit that "hum-drum Cambridge," and take up his abode in one

of the fashionable squares of the metropolis. She had no notion, she said, of being moped to death in a stupid country town; where there were no parks—nor theatres—nor balls—nor exhibitions—and where she knew scarcely a single soul. It might be all very well for those who liked the sort of thing, to take long dull walks, and go poring over a parcel of musty books; but she had no relish for such a common-place mode of life; her nature required the excitement of novelty; and if she remained much longer where she then was, she felt it would be her death.

When Paul first heard his wife declare these sentiments, he staggered as if he had been shot. Was this the same Sophia, he asked himself, who

but eight short weeks before had seemed wholly devoted to the simple and unsophisticated pleasures of domestic retirement; whose tastes were so refined; whose nature was so amiable and artless; who had derived such enjoyment from his conversation; and appeared so every way qualified to appreciate him? Fain would he have persuaded himself that this heretofore paragon of perfection was still unchanged, and that he had misinterpreted the tendency of her remarks; but the sad truth was made but too apparent, when, in reply to some observations he had once hastily let drop respecting the increasing predilection of his mother-in-law for strong waters, his wife, as the saying is, "took him up short," and reminded him of his own adventure in the stocks.

When once a hasty word has passed between man and wife, it is surprising how soon the breach widens between them. From having been *one* and indivisible, they become *two* and dissociated. Sophia was naturally hot-tempered, and having once passed the Rubicon, pursued her onward course without the slightest regard to consequences. She no longer took country strolls with her husband; no longer sang to him on the piano; or charmed him with her melodious recitation of sentimental poesy; but sulked from morning till night, like a disappointed thoughtless coquette as she was; and even went so far, on one memorable occasion, as to tell Paul, without reserve or circumlocution, that if he did not shortly quit Cambridge, where she was wasting away by inches, and take up his residence in London, as a man of his means should do, she would plague his life out; asking, at the same time, what else he supposed she married him for!

One day, on his return home from a visit to his sympathizing friend Powis, Paul saw his wife busily engaged in writing letters to London; and about a week afterwards, the driver of the Cambridge Telegraph deposited in the drawing-room a boy about seven years of age, a strapping, broad-faced lad, with a prodigious play of lungs, and an eye full of mischief, who had been consigned to the coachman's special custody by the proprietor of a boarding-school at Hammersmith.

"My God, what's this?" exclaimed Paul, staring grimly at the urchin,

who was clasped in his mother's arms. "Sophia—Mrs Pimpernel, I mean—can you explain this most extraordinary circumstance?"

"Explain!" replied her venerable parent, with a terseness very uncommon in age, "Lord bless us, what is there to explain? This is my grandson, and a sweet child he is, isn't he? Here, Tommy, go and kiss your new Pa!"

"Take it away!" vociferated the indignant and astonished Paul, backing to the very extremity of the apartment; "I know nothing of it—I'll have nothing to do with it—it's none of mine;" and so saying, he caught up his hat, and flung out of the house, banging all the doors after him with the fury of Sir Arthur Wardour, when insulted by his host the Antiquary.

When he returned at a late hour, he found his wife seated with her mother at supper, and looking as composed as if nothing had happened. Not a word was spoken during the meal, except by Tommy, who talked and laughed away with his little mouth full, in a way which, considering his near affinity to him, ought to have made Paul's lungs "crow like chanticleer." But that aggrieved Benedict was in no mood to relish his artless and mercurial prattle. He sat, with an awful scowl on his brow, absorbed in thoughts too deep, and, it is to be feared, too malignant for utterance; and, long after the rest of the family had retired for the night, was heard pacing up and down the room with the hurried strides of a caged tiger.

Early the next morning the aged parent of his "angel wife" set out on a journey to London. Paul was now left alone with Sophia, but his situation was little improved thereby; for she never ceased subjecting him to a thousand petty annoyances; taunting him with his selfishness and stinginess; and—severest cut of all—contrasting his conduct with that of the late lamented Captain Dickson, who, she said, would not have hesitated an instant in taking her a house in town, but even been glad of the opportunity of thus showing the ardour of his affection for her. In vain the ill-starred victim of "love at first sight" repelled these taunts with all the indignation he could muster; in vain swore with an oath that he would be master

of his own actions, and pursue his own course of study and retirement just as he pleased; his wife's dogged perseverance was too much for him; and a shuddering apprehension would at times cross his mind that, after all, he should be compelled to give up his darling studies—now become his only solace—forego all thoughts of the Senior Wranglership; and take up his residence in the metropolis.

Such was Paul's distracted state of mind when his esteemed mother-in-law returned from her visit to London; but, alas, not alone!—for she was accompanied by a laughing dark-eyed girl about five or six years of age, who no sooner entered the apartment than, quitting grandmamma's side, she flew off to Mrs Pimpernel, with all the fond enthusiasm of childhood.

"What, another!" exclaimed Paul, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his lips quivering with passion. "By God, madam, this is infamous! But I'll stand it no longer. I'll have a separate maintenance—I'll sue for a divorce—I'll expose the whole affair to the world—I'll!"

"Hoity-toity!" said grandmamma, "what a fuss the man makes about a trifle! Why, you should be proud of such fine children, instead of!"

"Pray, madam," interrupted Paul, addressing his wife, "why didn't you tell me you were plagued with these infernal incumbrances before you married me?"

"Because it did not suit my purpose," replied Sophia, quietly, and with remarkable candour; for, as her husband had observed to Powis, during his courtship, she was singularly frank in her nature.

"I dare say not," he replied with a malicious sneer; "it was necessary that they should be kept out of the way until you had hooked a second husband."

"For shame, Mr P.," said his mother-in-law, "I never heard of such behaviour in all my born days! But you haven't a spark of feeling. I don't wonder at the dear children being quite frightened in your presence."

"You're a monster," rejoined Sophia, "and I am heartily sorry I ever had any thing to say to you. Ah, if poor, dear Captain Dickson were alive at this moment!"

"I wish, with all my soul, he was,

though I've no doubt he's far happier where he is." At these words Mrs Pimpernel made preparations for bursting into a hysterical flood of tears, with a view to melt her husband's iron heart. She was soon, however, diverted from her sentimental purpose by his addressing her with a spiteful, malignant laugh, as follows:—"Pray, madam, will you be kind enough to inform me how many more of these valuable consignments I am to expect? There are two London coaches will stop at the Eagle-and-Child to-morrow night. Am I to expect a babe by each? Will the darlings come inside or outside, madam?"

"Perhaps they may come in the boot," replied Sophia, giving eager vent to one of those arch sallies that had once so fascinated her husband; upon which his mother-in-law set up a brisk shout, which was chorussed by the two children, and Paul had nothing left for it but to beat an expeditious retreat.

From this time forward he was as miserable as the veriest hypochondriac could reasonably desire to be. The children, in particular, were a perfect torment to him. They entered that *sanctum sanctorum* (his study), when he was absent, dogs-eared his books, purloined his mathematical instruments, and strewed his papers in inextricable confusion about the floor. On one occasion they even went so far as to tear half the leaves out of his "Wood's Algebra," on which he had been entering some valuable marginal notes—the boy, in order to make a tail for his kite, and the girl, to curl her doll's hair with. If their outraged stepfather ever ventured to correct them for these enormities, he was sure to bring the whole house in thunder about his ears, infinitely to the alarm of the old maid next door, who had long since made up her mind that Paul was a miracle of brutality; and the scene would be wound up by Sophia's going off in hysterics, to the imminent peril of her husband, should he venture within sweep of her arm.

Under these circumstances, Paul's only consolation consisted in corresponding with his old friend Powis, who was now passing a few weeks at the sea-port of Cromer. His letters, as might be anticipated, overflowed with spleen and bitterness. Writing to inform him of the unexpected arri-

val of his last step-child, he observed, in that exaggerated spirit of savage ocularity to which despair so often flies for refuge—"Almost every coach now brings me down a child, and I tremble at the very sound of the wheels. I expect twins by the next waggon. Call me no longer Pimpernel—my name is Pidebek, and I keep a menagerie. Oh that I had taken your advice, my kind, disinterested friend! Take mine in return, and whenever you see a petticoat, run from it as you would from the devil. Don't think yourself safe, even with your grandmother. Let my fate hold out a warning to you. I have been married little more than seven weeks, and I feel as if I had served an apprenticeship of as many years. The stocks were nothing to what I now endure; and as for the hearse, I wish to God I had never got out of it, but qualified myself for a legitimate conveyance by it."

On another occasion he addressed the same friend as follows:—"Nothing surprises me so much as my late infatuation. To think that I, who am a steady, reserved student, and dote upon domestic quiet, should have surrendered my happiness into the custody of a frivolous, heartless coquette, ensnared by a show of gentleness and sensibility that ought not to have deceived a schoolboy—to think that I, of all men in the world, should have acted in this blind manner! There must clearly have been witchcraft at work, or I could not have been so infatuated. However, the spell is broken now—my eyes are opened—and I awake to the full wretchedness of my condition. Conceive my deplorable state! My wife's mother has just bought one of the brats a big drum, and the other a squeaking fife, and promises them a rattle to-morrow. Heaven help me! but fiendish thoughts flit across my mind, and I sometimes think I will leave two penny tarts, drugged with arsenic, on the nursery table.

"P. S.—Whenever you take up the county newspaper, be sure you skip all the 'Coroners' Inquests,' or one of these days you may chance to read therein what will wring your fond heart."

But, fortunately for Paul, this sort of life was about to have an end. It is a long lane that has no turning. One morning, while he was seated alone in his study—his wife and her

mother, accompanied by the children, having set out in a hired carriage for the Newmarket races—he was surprised by a visit from his friend Powis, who, entering the room with a smiling face, and grasping him cordially by the hand, told him to cheer up, for that he was the bearer of good news.

Paul looked up at his visitor with lack-lustre eye, and then pettishly replied, "Cheer up, indeed! That advice comes too late now. You might just as well tell a criminal under sentence of execution to cheer up. No, no, my destiny is settled in this world."

"Perhaps not; at any rate listen to this, for it is well worth your attention;" and so saying, the speaker drew the *Times* newspaper of the preceding day from his pocket, and read from it an advertisement signed "Samuel Dickson," wherein the writer, a West India captain, expressed his wish that if this notice should meet the eyes of his wife, Mrs Sophia Dickson, who he had reason to believe had, with many other of his friends and relatives, been deceived by a false report, and supposed him drowned on his last voyage to Jamaica, she would instantly acquaint him with her place of residence.

"Hey, what's that—what's that you say? Read that again!" exclaimed Paul, starting up with wondrous vivacity; "but no, let me read it;" and with these words he snatched the paper from his friend, and having finished the perusal of the precious document, he clasped his hands above his head, and exclaimed with fervour, while the tears of joy started to his eyes, "By G—d, then, I shall be Senior Wrangler after all!"

"Sit down, man, sit down," said Powis, "and let us talk the matter over rationally."

But Paul was far too excited just then to be able to follow his friend's advice. He snapped his fingers, capered about the room, and played so many antics, that Powis at length said, "Why, you're mad, Pimpernel; this news has quite turned your brain."

"True, true, I am mad;—who wouldn't be mad in my situation? I've shaken off my fetters—I'm emancipated—free as the winds! I can say what I please—and do what I please—and spend what I please. No more drums and fifes dinning in my ear

from morning till night! No more petticoat tyranny! I'm free—I'm free—Huzza!" and so saying, the delighted speaker began pirouetting and spinning round on one leg, like John Reeve in Cupid.

"Do, pray, sit down, Pimpernel," said his friend, "or I shall think you cracked in right earnest."

"Sit down! I can't sit, nor stand either. I'm as buoyant and mercurial as—fol de rol!—I say, do you see that chair?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Here goes!" and Paul was actually about to clear the chair at a leap, when Powis, in sheer astonishment at his vagaries, flung himself suddenly back in his seat, and by so doing, overbalanced it, and came to the ground right in front of Paul, who stumbled headlong over him, and both lay sprawling on the carpet, one over the other, in the exact form of a cross.

This accident somewhat moderated our Cantab's ecstasies; and in a short time having, by a prodigious effort, recovered his composure, Powis, at his special request, sat down, and penned an answer to the advertisement, in which a cordial invitation was given to Captain Dickson, who was requested to lose no time in making his appearance at Cambridge, as his faithful and affectionate Sophia was dying with impatience to see him. The letter was then despatched to the post, and Powis left his friend in a happier state of mind than he had known for many weeks.

Two days had passed since the answer had been sent to the advertisement, during which Paul bore with the utmost indifference and good-humour the taunts of his wife and the noise of his step-children; and the third was now drawing towards its close.

"Surely Captain Dickson will come by to-night's coach," thought the anxious Pimpernel, as he kept constantly referring to the watch which he held in his hand. "Ten minutes to six—oh, come, there's hope yet—the stage will not be in till a quarter past;" saying which he threw open the window, and seated himself beside it. For the first time, for many a long day, he listened with eagerness to the sound of the coach-wheels. Hitherto they had brought him down nothing but misfortunes; now, he trusted, they

were about to make compensation, and bring him down a remedy.

Time, mean-while, slipped on; St Mary's church had already struck six, and the college-bells were all ringing for evening chapel—yet still no Telegraph!

"'Tis strange!" exclaimed Paul, starting up from his seat; "but hark, I hear the sound of wheels;" and away he rushed, without his hat, to the hall-door.

It was a damp, foggy evening, one of those evenings which would have justified a horse in poking his nose through a shop-window. The lamps on the opposite side of the street glimmered with a wan, sickly light; and the collegians, as they passed and re-passed, in their dark silk-gowns, close by where Paul was standing, resembled spectres flitting home to the churchyard.

"Surely I heard the sound of wheels just now—ay, and here it comes—pshaw, 'tis only a brewer's dray-cart!" and the disappointed listener heaved a bitter sigh as the lumbering vehicle toiled onwards.

A thousand apprehensions now began to beset him. The coach might be overturned in the fog; Captain Dickson might be pitched head-foremost into a ditch, and choked with chickweed and tadpoles; or, what was more likely, he might repent having acquainted his wife with the fact of his resurrection. This last supposition, than which nothing seemed to Paul more natural, put him into a perfect fever; and he was just in the act of returning to his study, when he heard the welcome sound of a horn. Presently two coach-lamps were seen dimly gleaming through the mist; the clatter of horses' hoofs drew near; and the old Cambridge Telegraph came rattling down the street. How Paul's heart beat at this moment! Will the coach turn round the corner into the Pease-market? No, it keeps right on; already it is within a few yards of his door; the driver tightens his reins; the horses are drawn up right opposite where our hero is standing; and down jumps a good-natured, jolly-looking sailor, whom Paul, guessing at once to be Captain Dickson, welcomes with a convulsive grasp of the hand, and introduces, without ceremony, into the drawing-room!

An extraordinary sensation was created by the bluff tar's appearance. Sophia fainted—Tommy screamed "Pa!" and began turning his coat-pockets inside out—and the grandmother stared through her spectacles at the new comer, as though he had just risen from the dead. An *eclaircissement* immediately took place, after which came an act of unparalleled disinterestedness on Paul's part. That generous young man, in the handsomest manner possible, resigned all claims on Sophia, observing that his sense of justice and honour would not allow him to withhold such a treasure from the arms of one who was so much more deserving of her. At first the Captain seemed inclined to take matters in high dudgeon, but when

the strange circumstances of the case had been minutely and impartially explained to him, more especially when he learned that his wife had secured a settlement for life from her second husband, he agreed to take her back again, because, as he coarsely observed, in justification of his conduct, "After all, she did not seem much the worse for wear."

And so Paul escaped. The Fish out of Water returned to its natural element—that is to say, our emancipated student went back to his mathematical studies and his snug rooms in the Pease-market—and in the fulness of time achieved the great object of his ambition, and was proclaimed—SENIOR WRANGLER!

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

1.

THE lunar light of rhetoric has often a similar effect to that of moonshine in the tropics. It strikes those blind who doze under the effluence. A crowd convulsed by the language of a political or religious fanatic is, for the time, moonstruck. But dreamer, indeed, would he be who should suppose the source of the mischief to be, like Aristosto's moon, the store-house of all the lost wits of the sufferers.

2.

Every man employs, for a large part of every day, a mechanism far more wonderful than the engine of Watt or Babbage; and an additional wonder is, that few know they use so sublime an instrument, though it is worked by distinct acts of his own thoughts and will. What is it?—Language. By this we build pyramids, fight battles, ordain and administer laws, shape and teach religion, are knitted man to man, cultivate each other, and ourselves. How vast is our self-glorification for the art of writing: how infinite for the smaller art of printing; how silent and null for that of speech! Our noblest gifts are too apparently invaluable and divine to be referred as matter of praise to ourselves, and, therefore, we do not think of them at all, but take them for granted as a portion of

ourselves. Yet, are not even we ourselves given to us by a power higher than we?

3.

Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed; and in the hands of the sage and prophetic leaders of the train, these shoot forward a column of light into the darkness before them. The darkness, indeed, is still great, but it is much that by means of the light which contrasts with it, we know it to be darkness.

4.

A man once said, with an air of much self-complacency, I believe only what is proved. Another answered, you seem to think this a merit; yet, what does it mean but that you believe only what you cannot help believing? That which it is important to believe, is that which we need not believe, unless we will to do so. The ancient oracles often deceived men to believe that which it was a duty to disbelieve. There are modern ones which seek to better the instruction by changing it into the exact converse. On all sides mingle and help each other's discord the thin whines and harsh grunts of a

faithless necessity. On all sides yawns before us the grim and stupid falsehood,—the will has nothing to do with the belief.

5.

The prose man knows nothing of poetry, but poetry knows much of him, nay, all that he knows not of himself; and how much is that! as well as all that he does know, which, indeed, is little.

6.

There is a kind of Catholicism of opinion which honours truth in the same way as he who marries many contemporaneous wives honours marriage, or as the man honours property who appropriates as much as possible of his neighbours.

7.

The harmony and correlation of nature as a whole, are far more perfect than in any reproduction of a part of it by art. But because art cannot represent the great whole except typically, it has, as its peculiar function, to unite and round into a minor whole such fragments as it can grasp. If it created only a literal copy, its work would be not a whole, but still fragmentary. He, therefore, who would substitute a literal copy for a true work of art, manifestly wants the sense of that in his original which art most looks to and draws life from, namely, the peaceful and musical unity which pervades it, and blends together all its portions, in one great image, the outward symbol of one God.

8.

A picture-gallery full of spectators, is an excellent image of the relation of art and reality. The unmoving, unblemished faces, and more than living accuracy of forms, the fine interwoven lines and fixed harmonizing colours, are all fitted in each picture to some single end. They are bounded by the definite purpose of the whole, which shuts up each composition as a distinct world. The thought cannot grow upon the canvas from spring to summer, or from year to year. It detains us within its own limits, excluding all the universe beyond. It is unchangeable, indeed, but finite, irreceptive of aught from without, unconscious of aught within, and unproductive. While the beholders look and move before the high, glowing, many-coloured ideals, one recognises with

sparkling eyes, some vivid representation of that which he has himself observed in nature; another is delighted and satisfied by the grace and roundness of the group which reveals some ancient story; a third is lifted up and inspired by the sight of beauty beyond all that experience knows of, and owns the presence of a majestic imagination. But of their own faces no one, to a keen eye, is free from grievous defects and offences, or has the perfectly serene and living expression which all may be led to conceive, though none have seen it. There is weakness, meanness, rancour, ugliness, more or less visible in every aspect. The compositions which these real figures form with each other, are broken and harsh, crowded or vacant, confused and undefined, not centralized by any distinct purpose. Yet, on the other hand, every one of these beings has a life which grows without cessation; stands not in one fixed visible site, but in a thousand shifting and involved relations; is hemmed in by no wooden frame, nor magic circle of an artist's single conception; but has an infinite around it, and works and shapes itself therein, by a destiny that assigns to it no point beyond which it shall not pass.

9.

Emotion turning back on itself, and not leading on to thought or action, is the element of madness.

10.

Goethe sometimes reminds us of a Titan in a court dress. But the Titan is the reality, the clothing only the fleeting appearance. To his greatness nothing was wanting but the sense how far finite greatness, even such as his, is still below infinity; how much weaker is the strongest independence of an earthly spirit than the dependence upheld by Him who alone can abide for ever, unsubdued, yet peaceful. He was the shaping central figure of a world of light and graceful images, a lovely Greek Olympus. But over the smooth and bland aspects of his marble and ivory works, deep shadows and startling lights are thrown from the larger and more earnest sphere of the infinite, the personal,—in a word—the Christian, which encircles like sky and ocean, with huger proportions and immense vistas, his calmer, smaller dominion. These

glimpses too, and gigantic shadows of immortal ideas, he endeavoured to unite by soft connexions with his own peculiar forms, and to invest them with the like serene and rounded beauty. But the element was too vital insurgent, and for ever started away beneath his hand, or burst off in fierce discord from the easier and more pliant material of his art. Hence the inconsistency and painful jarring which not seldom molest us in the midst of his quietest and most seductive creations.

11.

There are persons not merely indifferent to knowledge, but who positively dislike it, because it puts them out in the rotary repetition of their ignorance.

12.

One of the commonest of all delusions is that which leads us to weigh men against each other, and not by an absolute standard. The practical application of this error leads to an immoderate admiration of men of great energies ill applied, and to a corresponding contempt for the weaker and narrower minds which have done all the best in their power with the portion of life and activity intrusted to them. We often estimate the man of abounding and busy faculties, by considering, not how far he has faithfully employed his whole being for high and pure ends, but what overbalance of right and arduous endeavours remains, after deducting all that is base, idle, and self-willed. And this overbalance may easily be so important as to cast altogether into shade the utmost and entire labours of lesser minds, though these may, nevertheless, have wrought with perfect singleness of aim and unwearied self-devotion. Glory to the selfish rich man's gorgeous offering, is still the cry of the world's orators, too often even of those most nobly gifted. Glory to the widow's mite, is that still sweet inward song of the true heart taught in endless harmonies issuing from the face of God.

13.

How often is to execute a thought the same thing as to execute a man, that is, to put an end to it.

14.

Philosophy is a Hermes, the messenger of the gods! who leads up some to those transparent and everlasting

abodes, and others down to the land of shadows and unrealities, and, therefore, of suffering. He sometimes plays divinest music, and is seated hard by Jupiter himself, who listens joyous; at other moments he is a swindler, liar, and thief, among the stalls and styes of earth.

15.

It is worthy only of a Turk to saw down the statue of the Uranian Venus into blocks that may serve as steps to a harem, and to exult in the change. Such is the work of Epicurism.

16.

We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually transparent when we are opaque, and morally opaque when we are transparent.

17.

It was the middle of August. The sun was setting in a rainy sky, which hid the disk behind a dark bank of cloud. The high tide of the distant sea had caused the river to overflow a portion of its green and wooded banks. The whole unbounded plain, from the height on which the two spectators stood, looked a bed of meadow and vineyard, through which the large and quiet river, with a few small sails upon its surface, flowed unheard and waveless to the city, which extended its shapely bridge, and raised its Gothic towers and spires in the becalmed and noiseless evening. The sun was invisible, but hung near enough to the lower edge of the clouds to shoot a bright red gleam obliquely across the river from above the town, and to tinge the lake-like inundation with a glow, broken to the eyes of the gazers by the trees in the hedges of the flooded fields. The town alone broke the straight line of the horizon, and between its buildings and the skirt of the clouds was spread a pale clear amber air, while all around the sky and over the whole landscape the shades of green and grey were dimly blending. The evening bell sounded from a distant village church, and the red light deepened and broadened on the water with a ruby blaze, while the vapours and land below the sun melted in a purple steam. Then the border of the cloud itself kindled, and from below it the sun's rim dropped and seemed to hang a steady benignant fire. Through the broken clouds in the east, now tinged by the same

red light of sunset, the full moon glanced serene. All was so peaceful and unmoving, while the far-off chime scarcely floated to the ear that Time appeared to have ceased its beatings, and for a moment those two hearts lived in eternity.

18.

In the spiritual as in the physical world, for some portion of mankind, day is always dawning; and none are so dark as to want the tradition of past light, and the faith of its return.

19.

To found an argument for the value of Christianity on external evidence, and not on the condition of man, and the pure idea of God, is to hold up a candle before our eyes that we may better see the stars. It may dazzle, but cannot assist us.

20.

There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies, and there is no man who believes only lies.

21.

One dupe is as impossible as one twin.

22.

Physical results can prove nothing but a cause adequate to produce such, that is, a physical cause; though, doubtless, these results, when subservient to a spiritual system, may be used as illustrations of it. But the proofs of a spiritual system must be drawn from itself, must be spiritual proof, and spiritually discerned. Therefore, to the perverted, faithless, loveless mind, they cannot be made manifest; and to attempt to argue a bad, base creature into conscience and religion is a sowing of corn in the sea. Arguments are only valid for any man in proportion as he has the consciousness of the premises they are grounded on. The Epicurean, or greatest enjoyment-man, may, in truth, not reason ill at all from the only grounds that his self-created habits and feelings permit him to be conscious of. His creed is the only logical one for swine and baboons, and if he chooses to make these his sect, it is his moral election, not his dialectic understanding, that we have a right to blame. From all this, it follows that the question, what is spiritual cultivation? how may the spirit in man be cultivated? is, of all practical questions, infinitely the most

important; or, indeed, that all other are but elements of this one.

23.

It is thoughtless to say that because all things we know have each their cause, therefore the whole must have a one cause. We see that within the bounds of nature every phenomenon has a cause; but this does not entitle us to go beyond those bounds to look at nature from without, and say that this too must have a cause; for the argument is evidently drawn only from the parts, and is unduly stretched when we apply it to the whole, though perfectly tenable when we merely reason from analogy, and conclude that as the phenomena we know have causes, so must the phenomena we do not know. But every movement of existence might be in turn cause and result, and the whole be but a great everlasting wheel. It is as easy to imagine such a system eternal and infinite as to suppose an eternal and infinite Author of it. But the real ground of religion is very different, and may be suggested by the question;—Why is the view of the universe, as this great self-included, self-reproducing whole, so weary and fearful, at the very best, so unsatisfying a prospect for the human mind? How can it be but because the sense that we need a God is an infallible indication that there is one, an extra mundane creator, the idea of whom is consistent with all we know of the universe, and absolutely required by our best and deepest knowledge of ourselves and our fellow-creatures.

24.

Leaf. Thou unmoving mass! wherefore dost thou bar my way?

Stone. Thou idle wanderer! Water rolled me hither. Quarrel with it, not with me. But wherefore, I may ask in turn, dost thou flutter against me?

Leaf. Wind blew me hither. Blame it, not me.

Stone. Then may water and wind contend together and dispute instead of us; while thou and I remain at peace.

Leaf. Nay, but water and wind will not struggle in anger. For a sweet bird sang one summer evening amidst my tree, and from him I learnt that they are fair twin-sisters; and when they seem to wrestle, it is but to dance together and embrace; and when they

uplift their voices it is but to join in song.

25.

Every man has consciousnesses worse than the world would endure to hear of, but also wiser and better ones than it approves. Of these more memorable inward awakenings is the idea which has always haunted mankind of a universal, however indefinable, affinity between themselves and the whole universe. We feel at times assured, though often unable to express even to ourselves the fact, that the forms and laws of all other beings are all a portion of the forms and laws of our being. Somehow, although we know not how, it is myself that seems to me repeated, or prophesied, or drawn out into story in every thing I see. It is something of myself, some vast primordial matrix of my life that glooms before me with closed eyes and folded senses in the dark huge rock. The doubts and struggles of my earnest hours are the strivings of a spirit working in fraternal union with that which animates the stormy landscapes, and groans in the bosoms of the ancient pine-trees. It seems to be a single deep and blissful heart, from which proceed at once the gentle and pious breathings of my devotion, and the pervading loveliness of this transparent sunset as it melts into a starry night. So I and all things round me appear but different reflections of one great existence. Some in dimmer, some in clearer, in grey, or purple, or golden, in smooth, or distorting mirrors. But there are still more startling suggestions, when this kind of impression works upon us, not only from all the lower appearances, but from men themselves; when it is revealed to us that all the world of intellect, passion, and imagination, all poems, and histories, and mythologies, all tragic and heroic strains of life, exist by implication in every individual breast. For every man has in truth within himself, though buried, perhaps, under granite pavements of custom and ignorance, and under immemorial beds of cold lava, whatever was taught by the priests of Thebes, or with the sinking towers of Babylon rolled into oblivion before the trumpet of Cyrus, and all that was evoked from darkness by the lyre of Homer. Our whole constitution is prepared for the impulse, as the

electric matter lies folded in the cloud. Give but this shock, and then might the beggar, the negro bondman, or the shrivelled money-hoarder find flashing in his brain an Iago, a Falstaff, a Juliet, a Lear; might rule as Timour a hundred kingdoms, and a million of horsemen; in the person of Cæsar woo a Cleopatra; teach as Plato, hear as Aristotle, die as Socrates; as Columbus fashion a living, substantial world with the lines of a pencil on a chart; and as Isaiah thunderstrike the apostate kings of Judah, in whose wavering, greedy, cruel hearts he would also find an image of his own. So large, manifold, and one is our existence. Yet wo to him who in this contemplation forgets that the life which is at the root of all, and is its substance, is good, is true, is holy; and works its way through an infinite scheme of forms to rest for ever in that godlike consciousness.

26.

There are emotions in man so subtle and precious that he cannot find for them even unuttered words. For sympathy is the vital air of language; and thoughts, and feelings which, by their nature, must be the birth of our deepest and most solitary moments, of those the least disturbed by the murmur of crowds, can never to crowds be communicated without a sense of unfitness and shame in the mind of the speaker, and a sense of irritation and repugnancy in the hearers. This higher and more inward language, therefore, supposing such to be possible, could never have had the opportunity of arising. But the more meditative and vocal spirits may for themselves, and the comparatively few who are as themselves, indicate the shooting or lambent light, in significant images, and perpetuate these in written speech, a legacy for all ages of consolation to the few, and to the many of perplexity. Such things cannot, even in rare moments of serene and devout colloquy, be more palpably expressed than by a glance, a hint, a sigh.

27.

The best and fairest world of which man can form a complete and consistent image, is that in which men live.

28.

Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality, is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but

every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it.

30.

The human heart is made for love as the household hearth for fire; and for truth as the household lamp for light.

31.

Heaven and hell are mixed together to make up this world, as light and darkness to compose the morning twilight.

32.

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled. But when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

33.

All the sad infernal rivers flow from fountains in this upper world.

34.

He who conceived the images of Ixion and Sisyphus, Tantalus, and the Danaids, must have felt those miseries in himself before he transferred them to other names.

35.

Superstition moulds nature into an arbitrary semblance of the supernatural, and then bows down to the work of its own hands.

36.

The rudest granite block is the first sullen and blind attempt at sculpture, of the same plastic force which, working at last by the hands of man, shaped the Olympic Jove, and the Venus of Melos.

37.

Practical life does all for a purpose, yet it is precisely in a reasonable ultimate purpose that it is most likely to be wanting.

38.

The spontaneous life of emotion and imagination ends in powerlessness and emptiness, and mere slavery to outward impressions, unless its free movements be not indeed suppressed, but regulated towards distinct ends.

39.

Daily, customary life is a dark and mean abode for man; and unless he often opens the door and windows, and looks out into a freer world beyond, the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every entrance of light; and in the perfect gloom he forgets that beyond and above there is an open air.

40.

He who is satisfied with existence so

long as it shines brightly, forgets that snuffing the candle will not prevent it from burning to the socket.

41.

Men narrow their views in order to see more distinctly, as they go to the bottom of a well to see the stars at noon. But it is a poor exchange to give sunlight for starlight.

42.

There are characters so utterly and so unconsciously false and hollow, that they seem like casts or impressions of men, similar to those figures of fossil shells in rock, where there is no remnant of the shell itself,—rather than real men, however mutilated and dwarfed. And some such are plausible, full-blown spectacles, on whom daylight and general opinion shine flatteringly; while there shall be some crabbed, uncouth, unhappy fragment of genuine human life that the whole universe scowls on, yet in truth far worthier than the gaudy image which over-shadows and scorns it. The one is but a glaring figure in nature's magic lantern; the other one of her misshapen, disinherited children.

43.

Could we imagine a complete devil's world a world of lies, quacks would in it be the only professors, and proof of entire ignorance and incapacity would be the only requisite for obtaining all degrees and diplomas. Yet so much is there akin to this in our actual world, that many among us would sigh for such a state of things as for a millenium, a golden age—an age in which all literature would be puffs, all discourse compliments and rhetoric; and he who wished most earnestly to pass for a great man, without being one, would be at once acknowledged worthiest of the honour.

44.

An excess of excitement and a deficiency of enthusiasm may easily characterise the same period.

45.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

46.

An age of eager, random movement keeps turning the windmill round and round, in hopes to grind the faster, forgetting that the wind blows from but one point at one time.

2 A

POLITICAL PARALLELS.

ACCORDING to some authorities, a mighty change has lately taken place, not only in our external condition, and the arts which minister to our wants, but also in our character and capabilities. For six thousand years, it appears, we were chained and in darkness: we are now enlightened and unfettered; individual and national perfection are deemed to be nigh at hand, and quite attainable, and even those who are least advanced in our onward course, conceive themselves already entitled to despise the greatest names of the days that are behind us. Were this misconception confined to theory, it might be simply amusing; but when it is thought necessary to speak of Burke with compassion, and to make allowances for Lord Somers; and when we see men daily wandering, through sheer ignorance, from the best settled principles of our government, it may be useful to show, by reference to history, that the new and brilliant discoveries which make the men of the Movement so glorious in their own eyes, are nothing more than a dull reiteration of the exploded blunders and the state expedients of faction: a mere developement of the same passions which have been at work ever since politics first became the subject of popular discussion.

We find this *fancy* of "enlightenment" and "progression" (a mere illustrative metaphor at best) commonly alluded to as a substantive *fact* of positive and undoubted certainty. We even find it adopted in official documents, by dull and unimaginative ministers of state. In a despatch, dated "Whitehall, Dec. 1, 1836," and addressed to the Chancellor of the University of London, Lord John Russell was pleased to express himself as follows:—

"You may be assured that on my part also, I shall esteem it an honour to co-operate in the advancement of an institution destined to confer the distinctions justly due to proficiency in literature, science, or art, without imposing a test of religious opinions, or binding by the fetters of the 17th century the talent and merit of the present enlightened age."—See *Times*, Dec. 13, 1836.

From this sickly sneer at the century of Shakspeare and Milton, of Taylor and Barrow, of Clarendon, Newton, Locke, and Somers!—from this stupid impertinence, let us turn to a writer who at least expresses with talent and animation the current opinions of his party:—

"A modern boarding-school miss could tell the most learned professor of Anne's reign some things in geography, astronomy, and chemistry, which would surprise him. The science of government is an experimental science, and therefore it is, like all other experimental sciences, a progressive science. * * * Society, we believe, is constantly advancing in knowledge. The tail is now where the head was some generations ago."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lvi. p. 535.

Society is advancing, no doubt, in acquaintance with physical facts, and in power over material nature. But the question is not whether more facts are known, but whether more real wisdom,—a quality not depending upon the mere accumulation of certainties—is incorporated with the characters of men, and influences their actions:—not whether a young lady could point out to Swift, or to Addison the locality of Boothia Felix (or Boothia Petrea), but whether she is without levity and caprice, and whether she is wiser and better than her ancestors. In some respects we are distinctly gaining ground. It is truly gratifying to see that some old vices are discarded, that some new and creditable tastes prevail, and that society is really undergoing improvement by the prevalence of education, which, if conducted on true principles, may do much to counteract the evils peculiar to the new social condition which has arisen in modern times. But education cannot change our nature. It may, indeed, bring our powers into play; but we are born with the same limited faculties as our forefathers, and the same proneness to error.

Command over *matter* adds little to intellectual discernment or to moral worth. A man may travel by the railroad, and wear the finest cloth; and yet be as dull as his grandfather, who

jogged along on his back, in a frieze coat. We cannot perceive that government has been studied in the calm spirit of scientific enquiry, or that it has been regarded as a science at all, by those who have been engaged in public life. Philosophers may trace principles, and establish conclusions. But who can quell the strife of opinions,—who can fix or methodize the fleeting passions of man? Accordingly, we shall find that parties have been content to revolve in a cycle—a recurring series—of political movements. It is curious to observe, in Horace Walpole's account of the Parliamentary warfare of the last century, traits and expressions which would not be misplaced in letters of our own time.

"The Opposition, who invent every method of killing Sir Robert, intend to make us sit on Saturdays; but how mean and dirty is it; how scandalous? when they cannot ruin him by the least plausible means, to murder him by denying him air and exercise."—*Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, vol. i. p. 56.

But this brutal conduct, it will be said, was in the spirit of the times: no such idea could be harboured by any one in the nineteenth century. Here then is the language of a leading Whig paper in 1835. "It is gratifying to observe that we are gradually killing Sir Robert!"

Again. "— is another; no man would trust him in a wager, unless he stakes; and yet he is trusted by a whole borough with their privileges and liberties."—*Ibid.* 66.

Such a fact would not now be deemed worthy of remark.

The following is recommended to Lord Brougham's especial digestion.

"There is not only no present prospect of any further alterations; but, if there were, none that will give that person any interest. He really has lost himself so much, that it will be long before he can recover credit enough to do any body any service. His childish and troublesome behaviour, particularly lately, has set him in the lowest light imaginable." *Ibid.* 149.

The next may afford an useful hint to our patriotic townsmen, when they order the Attorney-General's portrait. "I would have him drawn like Edward V., with the coronet hanging over his head."—Vol. iii. p. 19.

The next might have been written in April, 1835.

"Next week Sir Robert resigns—never was fallen Minister so followed."—Vol. i. p. 94.

"Sir Robert's health is now drunk at all the clubs in the city. There they are for making him a duke, and placed again at the head of the Treasury."—*Ibid.* p. 276.

But to return to our reviewer.

"An aged clergyman of the name of Peacham was accused of treason on account of some passages of a sermon which was found in his study. * * This wretched old man was put to the rack, and, while undergoing the horrible infliction, was examined by Bacon. * * * Mr Montague tells us most truly, that we ought not to try the men of one age by the standard of another. * * But Bacon was here distinctly *behind his age*. * * Bacon far behind his age! Bacon far behind Sir Edward Coke! Bacon clinging to exploded abuses! Bacon withstanding the progress of improvement! Bacon struggling to push back the human mind! The words seem strange. They sound like a contradiction in terms."—*Edin. Rev.* vol. lxx. p. 35.

So that Bacon's conduct was wrong, only as *tested by the public opinion of his age!* As if God had given no commandments, or man had framed no laws—as if there were no moral sense within, causing us to loathe and to shudder at such detestable and hideous cruelty! A dunce lately defined conspiracy as "an agreement among men to do in concert that which each of them has a right to do separately." The reviewer seems to think the converse true, and to hold that it is excusable for the men of any class, or of any age, to do in concert that which none of them can singly do without disgrace. What! do the eternal principles of religion and morality depend on time, or place, or public opinion? This mischievous dogma reappears in the following paragraph.

"That Walpole practised corruption on a large scale, is, we think, indisputable. But whether he deserved all the invectives which have been uttered against him on that account may be questioned. No man ought to be severely censured for not being beyond his age in virtue. * * The

publicity which has of late years been given to Parliamentary proceedings, has raised the standard of morality among public men. The power of public opinion is so great, that even before the reform of the representation, a faint suspicion that a Minister had given pecuniary gratifications to members of Parliament in return for their votes, would have been enough to ruin him."—*Ibid.* vol. lviii. p. 242.

"Even before the reform of the representation!" We say, *even since* the reform of the representation, and *only since* that reform, we have heard rumours which might make Walpole almost deem his time was come again. Who will unfold the mysterious operations by which so many railways and joint-stock companies have of late obtained preference, and been dignified with legislative sanction?

It appears from the letters to Mann, that the judicial conduct of the House of Commons in the last century was by no means exemplary.

"I must confess that to be sure there is not so bad a court of justice in the world as a House of Commons, and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there."

Those who have witnessed the proceedings of the two first reformed Parliaments may most emphatically repeat this observation. Unhappy Ipswich agents, arrested, committed, examined, remanded, re-examined, re-remanded, abused, and tormented—(and that by a majority in which Mr Hall, whose late revelations on the subject of bribery have been so edifying, was, we presume, a constant voter)—you were taught to feel how wicked that may be at Ipswich, which is virtue at Stafford, and how unpardonable a thing it is for Tories to do that which a Whig, even though he be Attorney-General, may do without remark.

But as "Government," to use the words of our reviewer, "is a progressive science," our experience has enabled us to add to Horace Walpole's the further confession, how easy it is for any man to have his cause tried there if he pleases, and how certainly may the result be predicted. Mr Harvey, bending under the weight of the most deliberate and unfavourable decisions of judges and benchers, enters a committee-room of the House of

Commons. The burden falls off his shoulders in that magical atmosphere, and he stands erect again, propped by the report of his ally the Agitator. The blackamoor leaps out of the tub *an Albino*.

But that purity of public character was fully appreciated before Walpole's time appears from the following portraits of Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and of Lord Halifax, drawn by the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, whose correspondence has lately been published. How far the delineation is accurate or impartial it is not here important to enquire: they prove, at least, that integrity was a ground of praise, and corruption a topic of attack, and they show that the reviewer has mistaken the prevailing theoretical standard of public morals.

"He (Godolphin) was a man of few words, but of a remarkable thoughtfulness and sedateness of temper; of great application to business, and of such despatch in it, as to give pleasure to those who attended him upon any affair; of wonderful frugality in the public concerns, but of no great carefulness about his own. He affected being useful without popularity; and the inconsiderable sum of money, above his paternal estate, which he left at his death, showed that he had been indeed the nation's treasurer, and not his own, and effectually confuted the vile calumnies of his enemies and successors."—*Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough*, vol. II. p. 125.

"Notwithstanding this character of him (Lord Halifax), which is all true, he was thought so necessary by the Whig party that they made him an Earl, gave him the blue ribbon, made him First Commissioner of the Treasury, and allowed his nephew, Mr Montague, to be Auditor of the Exchequer, who was his heir, and that place is chiefly designed to be a check on the Treasury. This was a good precedent for Sir Robert Walpole, who gave his son the same post. Though Mr Montague had but a small estate, he (Halifax) allowed him to take out of that vast employment but L.500 a-year, and had the rest himself."—*Ibid.* p. 156.

Have these things ceased? Have we seen no one at the Treasury whose *civil* character resembled Godolphin's? Have we seen no Whig earl First Commissioner of the Treasury grasp

a (*supernumerary*) blue ribbon, and load sons and nephews with undeserved preferment? And did not Lord Grenville, the Whig First Commissioner of the Treasury in 1806, actually take to himself this identical office of Auditor of the Exchequer, which even such strong-conscienced men as Walpole and Halifax, in the supposed hey-day of corruption, shrunk from for very shame? And this, notwithstanding the noble and disinterested example shown by Mr Pitt some years before in declining an office not incompatible with the Premiership!

There follows a curious sketch of Whig tactics in the last century, by the able and learned Dr Hare. It can hardly be necessary to explain, that in all the quotations we are about to make, a general resemblance in moral features is all we look to, not being disposed wholly to identify any of our parties with the parties of former times, nor to assert that the circumstances alluded to correspond exactly with subsequent events to which they may be compared.

"To judge how well they have acted up to their principles, 'tis not enough to consider their principles in themselves, but what things they are opposed to, which I think are these:—*To the introducing Popery and French power from abroad, and the setting up arbitrary power and persecution at home.* Now, before the Revolution, the Whigs, who were shut out of the Court, and were generally Whigs on principle, and by inheritance, did always, so far as I can see, act steadily to these principles, and 'tis to their immortal honour they struggled so hard for the Exclusion bill, to the miscarriage of which we owe all the mischiefs we have felt for more than twenty years. But how far this virtue of theirs was the effect of a sour temper, that loves always to thwart a court, or was owing to the want of temptation, we may guess by what followed after the Revolution, which, I think, shows that their rigid and inflexible self-denying virtue could not bear the sunshine of the Court, but melted away before the warm beams, like the manna of the Israelites. As long as men are men, self-interest will have a mighty influence; and if the Whigs have escaped the faults the Tories are blemished with, I suspect 'tis their good for-

tune more than their superior virtue, or the power of better principles. 'Twas their happiness to be out of play in those reigns, when the princes had such corrupt purposes to serve; for as soon as they came into play, they were as errant courtiers as their predecessors. 'Twas their good fortune to serve a prince who put them under no temptation to favour France, Popery, or persecution. In these points, therefore, they were of a piece with their principles: but as to other matters, which regarded the balance of power between prince and people, such as the bills before mentioned (the Habeas Corpus, Treason, and Triennial Acts, which he says were owing to the Tories), to which I may add the Irish grants, and the management of the revenue, and the partialities to the Dutch, they always, when in, took the side of the Court, and every bill gained in the last reign was owing, as it commonly is, to the side that at that time was out. I must not forget their usage of the India Company, and the changes of the lieutenantancies and justices all over the kingdom, which created an odium against them they could not stand: to say nothing of their voluntary associations and other contrivances, made use of for no other end but to ensnare honest men, and secure a faction for themselves."—*Ibid*, p. 6.

"And for the lieutenantancies and commissions of the peace, such methods were used, by adopting in clubs, all over the kingdom, voluntary associations, for a pretence to put the old gentry out, and such scandalous little wretches were put in, as rendered that ministry universally odious."—*Ibid*, p. 49.

So that the Whigs of those times had their tongues as delicately "attuned to courtly accents," and practised the arts of servility as exquisitely well, as—to judge from Lord Brougham's and the Premier's generous interchange of compliments (the Premier's dexterous and original repartee being in the form called "*tu quoque*," Anglice, "you're another,")—those two "noble friends" can mould their blandest genuflexions. Of clubs and voluntary associations we had heard more than enough, even before the Radicals of Marylebone thought fit to demand of the Lord Chancellor that the political opinions of the Borough

should be represented on the bench of magistrates; and "for the pretences that have been resorted to to put the old gentry out of the commission of the peace, and to put scandalous little wretches in," mark Colonel Verner's dismissal, and read Lord Wharncliffe's exposure, in the House of Lords, of the nomination of Borough Justices by Lord John Russell.

(Dr Hare then talks of the conduct of the Whigs during the war). "A battle having been lost in Spain, I can't forget how clamorous they were in the Lords' House, what faults they found with the scheme of the war. * * * Next summer my Lord Duke loses Gaud by surprise, and in great danger of raising the siege of Lisle * * * they talked of nothing but impeachments. * * * This difficulty was overcome, and the campaign proved very glorious to his Grace, but before the end could be known what it could be, a new Parliament was to meet the 16th of November, the memorable day on which his Grace, to his eternal honour, repassed the Scheldt. Can one forget what the party then did when they would have forced Sir Peter King upon the Ministry for Speaker, when the Ministry had before, *with their consent, or rather in compliance with them*, pitched upon Sir R. Onslow? * * But nothing would do, they had the Ministry under difficulty, and notwithstanding all former obligations, they would take their advantage of it, and the Ministry must be distressed, or come entirely into them. * *"—*Ibid*, p. 11.

Our Whigs go a little further than their ancestors. If any one is unaware "how clamorous they were in the Lords' House, and what faults they found with the scheme of the war," even "when battles had been" won "in Spain," let him peruse, as a specimen, Earl Grey's speeches about 1812.

But again, "can one forget," can England ever for one moment forget the factious, base ingratitude, evinced by "what the party then did when they" *actually*—(still distancing their ancestors in the race) "forced" Mr Abercromby "upon the Ministry for Speaker, when the Ministry had before, with their consent, or rather in compliance with them," and in deference to their opinion recorded at the first meeting of the reformed Parlia-

ment, pitched upon Sir Charles Mansel Sutton?

Now let us hear Dr Hare.

"'Tis certain they took all opportunities to throw contempt on the clergy, and no care was taken to gain the universities, they were neglected to the last degree, and run down in the most opprobrious manner in all Whig conversation, and one of them, Oxford, has been all along treated as a professed enemy. Your Grace knows who always calls the most considerable body of them Jesuits; and that whole university was disobliged to the last degree, by putting upon them a divinity professor, after the Queen had promised Dr Smalridge, who had discharged the office as a deputy some years before, greatly to their satisfaction, and indeed he is, as far as I can judge, the most valuable man of the whole party." *Ibid*, p. 18.

Could any words more exactly delineate the conduct of our Whigs towards the universities? Do not Lord Brougham and Lord Holland keep sentences about "Jesuitism" constantly standing by them, as an infallible specific against any argument proceeding from the Episcopal bench, which they find it inconvenient to refute? Dr Hare says that it was a subject of just complaint against the Whigs of that day that they appointed a Divinity professor in contempt of the wishes of the university. It was reserved for our Whigs, who condescend to take the pleasure of the inhabitants of every petty municipality in the kingdom as to the appointment of the magistrates of the Crown, not only to disoblige and overbear, like their predecessors, the whole University of Oxford, but to commit the sin of endeavouring to introduce heresy and schism into the church, by tainting the very fountain of English theology. Nor are they satisfied with oppressing Oxford—even their darling University of London, on deviating into decency, and actually evincing a sense of religious duty, has been sternly checked by the authoritative disapproval of the "enlightened" Home Secretary and Minister of Public Instruction. So entirely are the Whigs bent on the subjugation and degradation of all men of learning, and the depression of "the talent and merit of the present enlightened age."

The following anecdote of the Wind-

sor election scarcely exceeds what has been reported of the Windsor election in 1837. It reminds us of the two Dublin postmen who were dismissed from His Majesty's service for voting against Mr O'Connell.

"A poor soldier, whose arm was shot off under the Duke of Marlborough, and who had a pension from Chelsea College, was ordered to give his vote for Lord Vere, having a house at Windsor, and a right to do it,—and told, if he did not, his pension should be taken away. To which he answered, 'I will venture starving rather than it shall be said that I voted against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues.' And, accordingly, he voted against Lord Vere. I don't know whether they have taken away his pension; but I hope they will, for I have sent him word, if they do take it away, I will settle the same upon him for life."—*Ibid*, p. 226.

Not only do the corrupt tricks of electioneering continue, but the very common-places of parliamentary invective remain unaltered since last century. In reply to some well-deserved and spirited animadversions, Lord Melbourne, when just installed as Premier, and scarcely warm in his new seat, thought fit to say, in the House of Lords, on the 17th July, 1834, that "he might impute to him (the Earl of Wicklow) that he was actuated by two passions, the worst that human nature could be actuated by—*mortified vanity, and disappointed ambition.*"

This was thought new and cutting. Alas! Burke had anticipated Lord Melbourne.

"Then the whole *Ministerial cant* is quickly got by heart. The prevalence of faction is to be lamented. All opposition is to be regarded as the effect of *envy and disappointed ambition.*"—*Observations on a late State of the Nation.*

So quickly had Lord Melbourne got by heart the whole Ministerial cant!

But what an era of purity has commenced "since the reform of the representation!" Let us peep into the dark ages to see how these things were once managed, that we may enjoy our superiority, and be thankful

that we are not as those narrow and ignorant persons who preceded us.

Hallam's Const. Hist. i. 360, note. —" (In the time of Henry VIII.), Sir Robert Sadler writes to some one, whose name does not appear, to inform him that the Duke of Norfolk had spoken to the King, who was well content he should be a burgess of Oxford, and that he should 'order himself in the said room according to such instructions as the said Duke of Norfolk should give him from the King.' If he is not elected at Oxford, the writer will recommend him to some of my lord's towns of his bishoprick of Winchester."

In the October Number of the Quarterly Review, the following passage occurs:—

"We remember, that in the discussion of the Reform Bill, the Marquis of Tavistock indignantly repelled the insinuation that his family would ever again exert any influence in that borough. It happened, however, that in the first reformed Parliament the members for this little town were Lord Russell, the son of the self-denying Marquis, and Colonel Fox, the son of Lord Holland, a close ally of the house of Russell."

The self-denying Marquis says (in a letter to *The Times*, of November 16, 1837), after a good deal of uneasy verbiage—

* * * "I made no such declaration as that which the reviewer has attributed to me. What I did say, in answer to a remark of the preceding speaker, Mr Alexander Baring, was, that I did not believe that if such a measure of reform should pass, and the borough of Tavistock should be enlarged and opened to L.10 householders, the Duke of Bedford would continue to return *both* its members, or even to attempt it.

"Upon this opinion of mine, given hastily and in the heat of the debate, the Duke of Bedford was in no way bound to act; but so entirely did he participate in the feeling I then expressed, that he has never, since the Bill passed, exercised any influence, direct or indirect, in favour of a *second candidate.* The electors now make their own free choice" [*i. e. as to the second seat*], "and I feel persuaded that no influence the Duke of Bedford possesses would induce them

to elect" [i. e. to the second seat] "any man whose political principles are at variance with their own.

"Having been a Radical Reformer all my life (!), I should have been better pleased with the Reform Bill if the disfranchisement clauses had been extended to Tavistock, and to all other boroughs of the same size. I stated this in the House of Commons at the period in question; but the total abandonment of all fair political influence, arising from private property, and identified with public character, was never declared or contemplated by me. Those who have been at all acquainted with my political opinions know that I have always considered it as one of the advantages of reform that the just influence of property would be more equally diffused." * * *

Poor Tavistock! both lord and borough have been completely disposed of in the last number of the Quarterly Review—a melancholy warning to Whig Lords against meddling with the plebeian implements of pen and ink. Other boroughs there are akin to Tavistock, but they escape notice, *carent quia vate sacro*; they have no champions like Lord Tavistock.

But though a little nomination remains in high patriotic families, who will not abuse it, at least borough and county *jobbing* is at an end.

Is it at an end? Colonel Fox abandoned Stroud to Lord John Russell! brother of the self-denying Marquis, and he has got a good place in the Ordnance.

Mr Kennedy (the one English member who voted for *Repale*) evacuated Tiverton in favour of Lord Palmerston. Mr Kennedy has got a good place in the West Indies.

Lord John Churchill (the confidential attendant of a royal Duke in close connexion with the Government) says, that "it strikes him very forcibly that he could manage" to get Lord Blandford called up to the House of Peers, if Lord Blandford would rat, and return him for Woodstock.

Mr O'Connell, believing Mr Ruthven to have been guilty of a grossly immoral action, offered to procure him a sum of money or a colonial appointment, to induce him to make a vacancy for Kildare.

Could any thing worse have happened under Walpole?

Again, let us look at the demeanour of the Whigs of last century towards a sovereign who necessarily ascended the throne with a very limited knowledge of his people. The following passage is taken from Goldsmith's History of England. (See *Times*, Jan. 13.)

"The king of a faction is but the sovereign of half his subjects. Of this, however, the new-elected monarch (George I.) did not seem sensible. It was his misfortune, and consequently of the nation, that *he was hemmed round by men who soured him with their own interests and prejudices*. Only the zealots of a party were now admitted into employment. The Whigs, while they pretended to secure the crown for their King, were with all possible acts confirming their own interests, extending their connexions, and giving laws to their sovereign. An instantaneous and total change was made in all the offices of trust, honour, or advantage. The Whigs governed the senate and the court: whom they would, they oppressed; bound the lower orders of the people with severe laws, and kept them at a distance by vile distinctions, and then taught them to call this liberty."

This was bad enough, but we do not learn that Ministers incessantly obtruded themselves on the privacy of their sovereign. We are not told that the royal presence was pertinaciously haunted by persons who had been demonstrated, in the face of the whole nation, to be eminently—alarmingly unfit for such association.

The remembrance of all these humiliating facts may well check the vain-glorious self-sufficiency of the age,—may convince us that "the standard of morality among public men" must be raised, and must be supported by far higher and holier means than the publication of debates, and the fallible, inconstant, and floating public opinion which is now so blindly worshipped. These considerations may well dispose us not to lose hope for the future, but to acknowledge that much still remains to be done, and to appreciate the wisdom and eloquence of the following observations of the illustrious South:—

"There were the same objects to

work upon men, and the same dispositions and inclinations in men to be wrought upon, before, that there are now. All the affairs of the world are the births and issue of men's actions; and all actions come from the meeting and collision of faculties with suitable objects. There were then the same incentives of desire, on the one side—the same attractiveness in riches, the same relish in sovereignty, the same temptation in beauty, the same delicacy in meats and taste in wines; and, on the other side, there were the same appetites of covetousness and ambition, the same fuel of lust and intemperance.”

“And these are the wheels upon which the whole visible scene of affairs, ethic and politic, turns and depends. The business of the world is imitation, and that which we call novelty is nothing but repetition.”—*South's Sermons*, v. 236.

It was thought a novelty, last summer, when Joseph Hume propounded the doctrine that the late Lord Castle-reagh was a dishonest politician, but an honest man. That is, that a man may vote black white in the House of Commons, and walk up Parliament Street in the full pride and bloom of moral integrity. In short, that the common restraints of religion and morality are laid aside in the lobby, to be resumed on coming out. But the fellow cannot be original in any thing; this sinful folly is only repeated from the dunces of South's time.

“But that people may not be wicked without some plea or pretence to cover and protect them from being thought so, there has a very serviceable distinction been found out and asserted by some, *between a religious and a political conscience*, in every one that is a governor.”—*Ibid*, 132.

But Joseph, according to Sir Walter Scott, the best judge of character in Europe, “is an ass, and not worth any man's thinking about.” Yet some such vicious sophistry must have possessed the mind of Dr Pye Smith, when he penned that extraordinary and portentous document, in which, after stripping Joseph's character of all that could give him moral or political weight, he ordains, nevertheless, that the said Joseph is to be deemed the soundest of all guardians of religion; and assuming a truly pontifical tone, issues his bull in the

character of *Pope Pye-us I.*, decreeing that the faithful shall vote according to his will. The same delusion must have perverted the hearts of those who so basely came forward in 1837 to propose an enquiry into the pension list, which enquiry they had themselves called “*disgusting*” in 1836! Nay, is it not a fact that no man thinks himself entitled to complain of the grossest abuse, or of charges of the utmost immorality, if they are explained as affecting only his political, and not his personal character? This may be a convenient method of smoothing the asperities of debate, but it encourages a most wretched moral misconception.

“What we call novelty is nothing but repetition,” observes the language of a professed friend of the Church.

In the debate on Lord John Russell's resolution respecting Irish Church property, April 2, 1835, Mr Fowell Buxton said, that “in his mind there never was so unfortunate a mistake as to suppose that a *church acquired weight and influence by wealth and power*. . . . But he should like now to see the experiment tried of a body of men who, if they entered the church, *could enter it from no other motive than that of doing good; who could be influenced by no hope of affluence*; and though he thought it was natural, and to be expected, that mere human and worldly means should be inefficient, yet, he said, it was not in human nature to resist the efforts of a man, who, by his disinterested energy—by his *self-denial*—by living in *decent privacy*—by the purity of his conduct—by his charity—by what he would call the visible influence of his virtuous life, showed that he sought higher rewards than mere worldly acquisitions. *He would, therefore, dispense with these advantages, which the Protestant Church possessed*. . . . The ministers of the Protestant religion in Ireland had been exposed to the fire of persecution, and out of that flame had arisen as pure and apostolical a ministry as any in the world. He would not for the world do those good men an injustice.”

So he voted for the Appropriation Clause!

Was this argument new? It had been refuted by South 150 years ago. “If our Church cannot be great; which

is better, she can be humble, and content to be reformed into as low a condition as men for their own private advantage would have her; who wisely tell her, *that it is best and safest for her to be without any power or temporal advantage*; like the good physician, who, out of tenderness to his patient, lest he should hurt himself by drinking, was so kind as to rob him of his silver cup."—*South's Sermons*, i. 139.

"The second way by which the low despised condition of the ministers tends to the ruin of the ministry is, because it discourages men of fit parts and abilities from undertaking it. * * * But we have took all ways to affright and discourage scholars from looking towards this sacred calling: for will men lay out their wit and judgment upon that employment, for the undertaking of which both will be questioned? Would men, not long since, have spent toilsome days and watchful nights in the laborious quest of knowledge preparative to this work, at length to come and dance attendance for approbation, upon a junto of petty tyrants, actuated by party and prejudice, who denied fitness from learning, and grace from morality? Will a man exhaust his livelihood upon books, and his health, the best part of his life, upon study, to be at length thrust into a poor village, where he shall have his due precariously, and entreat for his own; and when he has it, live poorly and contemptibly upon it; while the same or less labour, bestowed upon any other calling, would bring not only comfort but splendour, not only maintenance but abundance? It is, I confess, the duty of ministers to endure this condition; but neither religion nor reason does oblige either them to approve, or others to choose it."—*Ibid.* 114.

The real tendency of Mr Buxton's plans is thus unmasked.

"With a certain sort of men there can be no such thing as a thorough reformation, till the clergy are all clothed in primitive rags, and brought to lick salt at the end of their table, who think the crumbs which fall from it much too good for them."—*Ibid.* iv. 221.

One would think that South had actually heard the wealthy brewer's praise of poverty, as well as the reforming earl's noted wish, "that the

day might come when the clergy should sit at *his second table*."

We regard it as new and marvelous that many sects of Protestants, who dissent from the Church solely on account of its alleged resemblance to Romanism, still unite most cordially with the Roman Catholics in all political operations. South, however, had observed the same phenomenon.

"Now that while the Papists were attacking the government on the one side, the Puritans should fall upon it on the other, and that both these parties should so exactly keep time together in troubling it, if there were not something of peculiar harmony, or rather a kind of unison correspondence [*Query, 'compact alliance?'*] between them, requires (in my poor judgment) a more than ordinary reach of understanding to conceive. *If the Papists and the fanatics are really so opposite to one another, how came it to pass that, while they sat together in Parliament, they constantly also voted together in all things that might tend to the weakening and undermining of our Church?* Both of them with one heart and voice promoting indulgences and comprehensions, and such other arts and methods of destroying us; so that in all such cases our Church was sure to find an equally spiteful attack from both sides."—*South*, iv. 216.

The despicable perversion of the holy name of conscience, in order to justify the indulgence of the worst and most vindictive feelings, is not new and peculiar to our time. Let those who lavish all their sympathy on the violators of law, and reserve none for those who suffer by its violation—let the patrons of *tithe-martyrs*, and *church-rate martyrs*, read the following manly expression of truth:—

"But as to the *plea of conscience*, I shall only say this, that I will undertake to demonstrate to any one possessed of the least grain of sense and reason, that there neither is nor can be any such thing as government in the world, where the subject is allowed to plead his private conscience in bar of the execution of the laws. *For if, while the prince is to govern by law, the law is to be governed by the subject's conscience, whosoever the name and title of sovereignty may be lodged, the power is undoubtedly in those who over-rule the law.*"—*Ibid.* iv. 223.

What follows is worthy of the most serious consideration of the Church Commission.

"And now, when both sense and experience as broad as daylight has shown us what the party means by *Popery*, what by *true Protestantism*, and what by *Reformation*, and the like, is this a time of day for any who profess and own themselves of the Church of England to play fast and loose, to trim it and trick it, and prevaricate with the Church by *new schemes and models*, new amendments and abatements of its orders and discipline, *in favour of a restless, implacable faction, which breathes nothing less than its utter destruction?* Has not the Church of England cause above all other churches in the world to complain and cry out, 'These are the wounds which I have received in the house of my friends?'—IV. 229.

The next is worthy of notice in the present state of affairs.

"But I hope no clergyman of the Church of England will ever debase and prostitute the dignity of his calling so far, as to want either courage or conscience to serve the government, by testifying against *any daring, domineering faction which would disturb it, though never so much in favour with it*, no man certainly deserving the protection of the government, who does not in his place contribute to the support of it; as, on the other side, those who at their utmost peril have spoke, and others who have fought for the support of it, surely of all others have least cause to be discouraged or forsook by it; *howsoever it has sometimes happened otherwise.*"—IV. 240.

The extravagant claims of privilege which were advanced by the late House of Commons (misled by a garbled Report), startling as they were, were not new; they emanated from the Long Parliament, "who murdered the King, annihilated the Lords, and established the worst sort of democracy that ever existed." Lord Clarendon disposes of this question—South shows its practical tendency—yet have we, in the nineteenth century, returned to this vomit! It is again a crime—or, at least, it was so under the last Parliament—for any man to affect "to understand their privileges, which *pass all understanding but their own.*"

Lord Clarendon says—" 'We are,' say they, 'and have always been confessed, the only judges of our own privileges; and, therefore, whatsoever we declare to be our privilege is such: otherwise, whosoever determines that it is not so, makes himself judge of that whereof the cognizance only belongs to us.' And this sophistical riddle perplexed many, who, notwithstanding the desperate consequence they saw must result from such logic, taking the first proposition for true, which, being rightly understood, is so, have not been able to wind themselves out of the labyrinth of the conclusion, I say the proposition rightly understood; they are the only judges of their own privileges; that is, upon the breach of those privileges which the law hath declared to be their own, and what punishment is to be inflicted upon such breach. But there can be no privilege of which the law doth not take notice, and which is not pleadable by and at law."—*Hist. of Rebellion*, Book iv.

The sort of use which would be made of this privilege when acquired is explained by South:—"I have heard of a certain sort of men not far off, who, when they had tied up their prince from detaining any dangerous or seditious subject in prison, thought it yet very reasonable for themselves to imprison whom they pleased" [*e. g.* the men of Ipswich in 1835], "and as long as they pleased, according to that unerring rule of equity and right reason (forsooth), their own pleasure. So that (it seems) it must pass for slavery for a subject to be kept in prison by his sovereign, but liberty for the same person to be held in durance by his fellow-subjects. Oh! the tyranny and impudence of some men!"—*South*, iv. 257.

It is all old—we are stumbling over the very blocks which our fathers tripped on. Even the new brilliant system of concession which has conciliated Canada into rebellion, and made crime rampant in Ireland—where, indeed, Popery is as much in the ascendant as it could be after the most successful rebellion—even this is old; it has not escaped South. Hear him, ye soothers of Papineau and throwers of sops to O'Connell!

"A third thing that makes a governor justly despised is, fearfulness

of and mean compliances with bold popular offenders. Some, indeed, account it the very spirit of policy and prudence, *where men refuse to come up to a law, to make the law come down to them.* And for their so doing have this infallible recompense, that they are not at all the more loved, but much the less feared; and, which is a sure consequent of it, accordingly respected. But, believe it, it is a resolute, tenacious adherence to well-chosen principles that adds glory to greatness, and makes the face of a governor to shine in the eyes of those that see and examine his actions. *Disobedience, if complied with, is infinitely encroaching, and having gained one degree of liberty upon indulgence, will demand another upon claim. Every vice interprets a connivance as approbation.*"—South, i. 142.

Enough of this. Yet let us hold up the mirror to this conciliating, tempering Ministry.

"In the mean-time, that power, which all these changes aimed at securing, remains still as tottering and as uncertain as ever. *They are delivered up into the hands of those who feel neither respect for their persons nor gratitude for their favours; who are put about them in appearance to serve, in reality to govern them; and, when the signal is given, to abandon and destroy them, in order to set up some new dupe of ambition, who, in his turn, is to be abandoned and destroyed.* Thus living in a state of continual uneasiness and ferment, *softened only by the miserable consolation of giving now and then preferments to those for whom they have no value, they are unhappy in their situation, yet find it impossible to resign; until,*

at length, soured in temper, and disappointed by the very attainment of their ends, in some angry, in some haughty, or some negligent moment, they incur the displeasure of those upon whom they have rendered their very being dependant. *Then perierent tempora longi servitii; they are cast off with scorn; they are turned out, emptied of all natural character, of all intrinsic worth, of all essential dignity, and deprived of every consolation of friendship. Having rendered all retreat to old principles ridiculous, and to old regards impracticable—not being able to counterfeit pleasure or to discharge discontent—nothing being sincere, or right, or balanced in their minds—it is more than a chance that, in the delirium of the last stage of their distempered power, they make an insane political testament, by which they throw all their remaining weight and consequence into the scale of their declared enemies, and the avowed authors of their destruction.* Thus they finish their course. Had it been possible that the whole, or even a great part, of these effects on their minds—I say nothing of the effect upon their fortunes—could have appeared to them in their first departure from the right line, it is certain they would have rejected every temptation with horror. The principle of these remarks, like every good principle in morality, is trite; but its frequent application is not the less necessary."—*Observations on a late State of the Nation*; and this was written, not in 1837 or 1838, but the best part of a century since! Well might South exclaim—"What we call novelty is nothing but repetition!"

HOW TO AVOID FIGHTING A DUEL.

"I NEVER fought a duel,—I never shall fight a duel; not that I have registered a vow to excuse poltroonery, and give license to foul speech, for that has in it all the blasphemy of a villain, and baseness of a coward. But I never will fight a duel: for I have not that hot temper which pushes too many by the shoulders into a sudden quarrel, and irrational resolution to do the most unreasonable things, out of which they have not the after courage to extricate themselves by taking the shame, as they ought, to their own doors. In the first place, I never yet hated any man sufficiently to desire to take away his life; and never loved one sufficiently to give him the chance of taking mine. For to give him that chance upon the plea of hating him, is the most unreasonable of all unreasonable follies. I cannot conceive, therefore, any excuse to myself for a breach of the commandment, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' but the extreme of weakness, which would make me submit to that which I abhor, and out of mere cowardice assume the valiant air. Come what may, I will act the man to myself, nor to the world avow my reasons, and bear with what fortitude I may imputations against my courage. I have often thought upon this subject, so often that I do not expect it will take me unawares, and catch me, through mere surprise, into the folly, nay, the wickedness I condemn." Such were the words, as well as I can recollect, or at least the substance of what I heard, uttered at a dinner party not long since, by a gentleman who had seen active service in the Peninsular war, when duelling became the subject of the conversation. There were none present that did not applaud the declaration; though some doubted if on trial he would keep his word to himself. I trust greatly to physiognomy; and have no doubt he will, for he had that calm look of resolution which is the index of a brave man. Some doubted the general policy of suppressing duelling, if practicable; but most denied the practicability. The usual arguments for and against the practice were brought forward—but as it is a subject that has already been exhausted, and on which nothing

new can be said—the question really resting upon conscience, and the degree of moral courage—I will not repeat what was said in defence, or in condemnation of duelling, but rather extract the more useful part of the conversation—how to avoid it. In doing which I will tell an anecdote or two, which much amused me, especially one wherein may be discovered a very novel mode of extricating one not very much disposed to fight from the consequences of a challenge.

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for the story was very positive that nearly all challengers and challenged are extremely obliged to seconds, who will have the goodness to settle the business amicably. He declared that the first year he settled in the town of T—, he was seven times called upon to act as second, but there had not been one duel. That tired of this troublesome office of being the "Redresser of Wrongs," he declared publicly, that the next time he was determined to smell powder, and after this declaration he never was again called upon to be second. I wish I could show the peculiar grave humour with which my friend related his story; as well as I can, I will recollect the wording of it, and that is all I can do; at the same time I will not do him the injustice at all to insist upon the accuracy of my memory.

A gentleman whose taste for fashionable expense had made it necessary for him to retire to one of our quondam Norman islands, formed an acquaintance with an "*Honourable*," who had established himself in the same place for similar reasons. Both called themselves Captains, and the Honourable had really held that rank in the army, and was in fact a brother of Lord Victone, who, like Falconbridge, was "Lord of his presence, and no land besides." Our Honourable hero, therefore, derived but little from his descent but the prefix to his cognomen. And his "half-pay" (all that his military career had procured for him, although amply sufficient to reward his military services, which invidious history had neglected to record) was wholly inadequate, in a country where brandy was thirty shillings the gallon, to meet his

habitual wants, there being a woful disagreement between his ways and means. The comparative cheapness of this essential article in Guernsey had, therefore, attracted the Honourable Captain to that island, with almost as much force as the dread of duns had expelled him from England—these two sets of evil spirits acting on him like the opposite magnetic or electric forces. The other Captain had insulated himself from dread of duns alone. Sagacious cooks determine when a roasting-pig is sufficiently done by the rolling, and at last dropping out of the eyes. Now the optics of the Honourable bore a striking resemblance to those of the roaster at that interesting crisis, and showed that he was *nearly done*. They surveilled unsteadily towards his nose, with the same lack-lustre, and looseness, whenever his still more unsteady hands were engaged in raising the oscillating glass to his mouth, and were generally suffused with tears, as if sensitive at the loss of the precious liquid, always largely spilt in its agitated passage, for in this instance *practice* had failed to make the hand *perfect*; and though there were certain scintillations from the nose, they were not sufficient to dry up the moisture. The rest of the contour of this dilapidated appendage to nobility may be more lightly sketched. Nearly sixty years had not passed over his head, so much as lighted upon it, and by their weight seemed to have depressed it, so that the loose folds of skin beneath his chin hung like a dingy crimson festoon, or upper fringe to his waistcoat, reaching the third button. The remainder of his person was so loosely enveloped in negligent and somewhat threadbare habiliments as not to be defined, with the exception of his legs, which came under Euclid's definition of lines "without breadth," they, saving the ankles, bore about the same proportion to the diameter of his pantaloons as that of the ramrod of a musket does to the calibre of a ninety-two pounder. Such was the Honourable Captain M. Our other hero, Captain R. was a totally different personage. He was a smart dapper little man, and yet wanting some years of middle age. He had in many a town in England assumed the character of a spruce, knowing squiret—a critic in gigs, horses, and frock-coats—of which articles he had just one of each in his

possession; by squaring his elbows, and wearing his beaver with a dashing air, he evidently flattered himself that he made the most of them, and certainly knew that those who supplied him with those commodities made much less. On his arrival at Guernsey, an acquaintance with an Honourable became the object of Captain R.'s ambition. The Honourable Captain M. being a personage of easy access, his wishes were soon accomplished. In a few days the two Captains were inseparables; but brief, alas! was the duration of this suddenly formed friendship. The honour of the company of the two Captains was solicited at the mess of the — regiment, then stationed in the island. The invitation was accepted; the festive day passed with the usual routine of toasts, songs, hiccupping of thanks; "unaccustomed to public speaking," &c. &c., common to such occasions; and at night the two friends were safely conveyed by an orderly to their respective lodgings. So far all was well. But the following morning rose under other auspices. The two Captains discoursed on the events of the preceding day; and certain observations were made, and unfortunately overheard and reported, which were considered to be injurious to the reputation of the mess. The officers of the — regiment were indignant, and promptly sent two of their number to wait on the Honourable Captain and his friend, and demand an explanation, and, as the case might require, an apology. The Honourable at once denied that he had made any observations whatever on the subject referred to, adding, that in fact he had suffered so much from a giddiness in his head on that day, to which he was constantly subject, that, so far from noticing what had passed at the mess, he could but very indistinctly remember that he had dined there at all; that his friend Captain R. had told him something of the reports in question, but what he could not recollect; and therefore, if the officers wished further information, he thought they had better wait on Captain R.

The news that two officers had been deputed to call to account the authors of some expressions reflecting on their regiment soon reached Captain R., whose olfactories were gifted by nature with a highly sensitive percep-

tion and antipathy to the most distant smell of gunpowder; and he had scarcely relieved his nose from a disagreeable and premonitory irritation, when the two officers made their appearance, and announced their business. Captain R. put his handkerchief to his nose again, begged the gentlemen to take seats; hemmed; had heard of such reports certainly; the Honourable Captain M. had mentioned them, but did not know from what authority; no doubt the Honourable would give a satisfactory explanation. The officers replied that they had already called on the Honourable Captain M., and related the result of their visit. Captain R., surprised at this statement, repeated his assertion more decidedly, largely commenting on his worthy friend's imperfection of memory, throwing in sage and conciliatory observations on the difficulty of tracing idle reports, and of the impossibility that such reports could in the least affect the character of so distinguished a corps. The officers gravely replied that they should feel it their duty to call again on the Honourable Captain, and report to him the conversation which had taken place; and receiving and returning many formal obeisances, left Captain R. to his own meditations, which were not of the most agreeable character. He threw open the window to ventilate the room, for to his delicate nostrils the scarlet uniforms seemed to have left an odour as if they had been fumigated with sulphurated hydrogen; but he soon became calm enough to reflect that, should the affair proceed further, his most prudent course would be to fix the charge on his Honourable friend, who in all likelihood would have neither the will nor the ability to take any dangerous measures for his own vindication. Fortified by this reflection, he received the officers, on their return from the Honourable's lodgings, with an air of gallantry; and when those gentlemen informed him that the Honourable Captain M., in repelling his charge, applied to it in round terms the lie direct, and therefore that, until Captain R. had an opportunity to take what measures he might think necessary to prove himself a man of honour, they should consider the object of their mission suspended. The little Captain felt so confident of the non-

combativeness of his antagonist, that he began to look and talk fiercely. He assured the officers the sun should not set before he had avenged so flagrant an insult; and, satisfied with this assurance, they withdrew.

Relieved by the disappearance of the uniforms, the Captain paused to form the plan of his unavoidable campaign. The challenge was to be written, and a prudent second provided. One was fortunately at hand, in the person of a late haberdasher, who had retired to the island for reasons best known to himself and his creditors, who lodged in the same house; and who, whether for a more convenient disguise, or upon the plea of having borne some temporary rank in one of the numerous volunteer corps, had assumed, with the addition of a pair of nascent mustaches, the imposing appellation of Major Frogs. The Major had professed a warm friendship for our Captain, and had often conversed with him on affairs of honour, which he affected perfectly to understand. The *eclat* of being concerned in a duel would ensure his aid on this occasion, and our Captain had good reasons to feel assured that a more discreet and less sanguinary Major could not be found, either on or out of the list of the whole British army. The next point was to make his will—the thought raised a sigh—but this proceeding was judicious, that the Major and his landlady might be summoned to witness it. From this solemn act two advantages would be obtained—the Major would be impressed with great ideas of the resolution of his friend, and the landlady would form a notion that he had really something to bequeath. A notary was not required, as the formula of Rabelais, “I owe much—I have nothing—I bequeath the rest to the poor,” was sufficient to define and dispose of all our hero's worldly possessions. These preliminaries being arranged, and the Major having acceded to the Captain's proposal, the two friends immediately held council-of-war, and sat down to pen the challenge and determine on the time and place for the combat. It is recorded as an instance of extraordinary military foresight, that Napoleon, before he quitted Paris to command the Army of Italy, pointed out on a map the Plains of Marengo as the spot on

which he conjectured that he should be able to fight a great battle decisive of the fate of the campaign; and the result fully proved his sagacity. Our heroes were not less prospective: They knew the neighbourhood, and fixed on the summit of a steep field, half a mile from the town, as the place best fitted for the hostile meeting, and the time, six o'clock p.m. precisely, was not less judiciously chosen. The Honourable Captain M.'s legs daily struck work long before that hour; and even in the morning had long declined to bear their master with much certainty on any surface approaching to an inclined plane. If, therefore, contrary to all reasonable calculation, the Honourable Captain's courage and legs should convey him to the bottom of the hill, it was deemed, by Captain R. at least, to be physically impossible that he should ever reach the top of it. Assurance thus made doubly sure, the Captain penned his defiance in fierce language and a bold hand, and despatched the Major to deliver it in due form to his Honourable antagonist.

Of some undecided subjects it has been said that the reasonings are all on one side, and all the facts on the other. Experience has proved the effect of blood in dogs, horses, and game-cocks, and yet not without some plausible arguments this energizing influence has been denied as existing in the human race. Be this as it may, our Honourable had good blood in his veins, which he had never diluted with water; so that when the politic Major Frogs called and presented the challenge, he was astonished at the sight of a huge pair of horse-pistols which their owner, sitting in his easy-chair, was busily employed in putting into fighting trim. From the unsteadiness of his hands, he had cut his thumb with the flints, and had twice pricked his fingers instead of the touch-hole, but nevertheless he was going on with his work, and the brandy-bottle stood with cork undrawn on the sideboard. By the aid of his spectacles, the Honourable managed to decipher the formidable epistle, and then coolly saying that he had expected, from what had passed that morning, to receive some such communication from Captain R., instantly accepted all its conditions.

The Major's homeward meditations

were of a mixed character. He felt proud of the importance of his position. He believed himself competent to undertake all the usual duties of a second; *videlicet*, to present a challenge with due formality and decorum—to arrange the meeting with another equally punctilious second, and talk of the custody of the honour of their respective friends—to procure pistols in the most public manner with an air of mysterious secrecy—and then at a well-chosen crisis to prevent the necessity of a meeting by the aid of the gentle conjunction—your *if* is your only peacemaker—"If, sir, your friend will acknowledge—and I can have no hesitation to admit on the part of my friend that," &c. &c.—and the affair is finally settled, to the mutual honour of both parties. When it is tolerably certain that both parties can be brought into the field, the *if* should not be employed until the ground be measured and the arms loaded, and then the firing the pistol in the air makes a most imposing report both in their own ears and in the newspapers. All this theory of modern chivalry was well understood by the Major; but theory and practice are like a pair of scissors—excellent when united, but unscrew the blades and neither is good for any thing. Now our Major was essentially a theorist; his rank in the army was purely theoretical—he had never loaded a pistol in his life but in idea—and although practically acquainted with the art of measuring, in all his *countermarchings* he had never measured paces in the open air in his life, and whether a pace was three-quarters or ell wide was not to be found in his arithmetic. On these and other points of practice he had calculated on extracting, by his acquiescence, sufficient information from the Honourable Captain M.'s second. But the Honourable had not named his second, but simply said he was provided and would bring him. This unanticipated circumstance had subverted the whole scheme of his diplomacy. How, when, and to whom was he to propose the pacific *if*? A pistol in the unsteady hand of the Honourable might be as dangerous to the second as to the principal. But then the hill—the enemy must die of asthma or apoplexy before he could accomplish one half of its ascent.

During the absence of the Major,

our Captain, like a prudent general, had made a recognisance of the destined field of battle, and had returned so perfectly convinced that it was absolutely inaccessible to his antagonist, that he received the Major's report that the challenge had been promptly accepted with admirable composure. Arms were provided. At dinner the heat of the weather had destroyed appetite and created thirst, and the conversation became less animated as the fated hour approached. The Major, in fact, appeared to be more abstracted than his friend—the horse-pistols and the difficulty of negotiation haunted his imagination. The Captain, looking at his watch, was the first to announce that the hour was come. The march began in military state, and at the precise moment principal and second stood on the summit of the grassy knoll.

It was a brilliant evening; the sun gloriously backed our champions, and, as if to urge them onwards, threw their long shadows before them towards the opposite side of the hill, down the steepest declivity of which a path, overshadowed by coppice-wood, wound, which led by much the nearest course to the residence of the enemy. As the Honourable Captain's walking experience had not made him acquainted with the difficulties of this passage, it was thought that he would by this path make his line of approach to the place of combat.

Notwithstanding, however, their confidence in the strength of their position, the Captain and his "*fidus Achates*" at first looked somewhat pale and anxious—both breathed quick and were silent—both at the same moment, as if by one instinct, looked at their watches. They were punctual to their appointment—but where was the foe? Two long minutes elapsed, and still they remained sole masters of the field. The faculty of speech returned. The Captain ventured to assert that the Honourable had not the courage to meet him, and muttered the word "*poltroon*"—in another second talked of exercising a horse-whip, and affected to marvel that his friend's penetration had not discovered the intended base deception when he received the pretended acceptance of the challenge. Touched by this remark, the Major replied that he had every reason to believe that his antagonist

fully intended to give him the meeting, and then first mentioned to the evidently surprised Captain the circumstance of the long horse-pistols—at the relation of which fact it was apparent that a change came over the spirit of the Captain. He looked again at his watch, and then asked, in a manner gentle but quick, how long a man of honour ought to wait for his antagonist? The Major, whose ear and eye seemed at the moment attracted to something taking place at the opposite side of the knoll, answered instantly—"Two minutes; it would be derogatory to a gentleman to wait longer; and we have been here five minutes, and ought instantly to leave the ground." Then facing about, both heroes began to descend the hill by the same path by which they had advanced.

This memorable field has been described as a green knoll with steep sides, and two paths leading to its summit, the one on its eastern, the other on its western side. But it should have been noticed that the top of this hill for about thirty yards was so slightly convex, that for all purposes of chivalry it might have been considered as a plane; and this plane was so much elevated, that a person emerging from either path would find the opposite line of the hill the boundary of his horizon, with nothing but sky beyond it. Parties might therefore be at no great distance, and not see each other. And so it happened in this case. So, while Captain R. and his second, Major Frogs, are making the best of their way to the bottom of the hill, and the Honourable is just reaching the top, it may be a good opportunity to go back in the story, to give full time for escape. It has been seen that when Major Frogs left the Honourable Captain perplexed with the prompt acceptance of the challenge, the latter gentleman was busily employed in preparation for battle. He had not thought proper to name his second to Major Frogs, but, nevertheless, he had not been unmindful of the necessity of such an appendage—nor was he at a loss to find a friend worthy of his confidence, and willing to take upon himself all the responsibility of the office. The Quartermaster of the — Regiment, a brawny Caledonian, whose legs had often scaled Ben-Nevis, and whose Atlanteans should

ders seemed almost broad enough to have carried that mountain, was a near neighbour to the Honourable, and although but a recent acquaintance, had bound himself to him by a tie indissoluble in a true Highland heart;—he had recognised in the Honourable the brother of the noble head of his clan—he had assisted in the consumption of his cogniac—and for either of these considerations would quite as readily have fought a duel for his friend as have been his second. Provided thus with a trusty squire, he gallantly moved forward to meet the foe at the appointed hour. The Quartermaster, indeed, knew the spot, and took the nearest way to it; but it had never occurred to him that it was a place by no means very accessible to his friend. He never doubted that a Scot would fight anywhere and could go anywhere where mortal man could go, to fight. It was only when they had reached the foot of the hill, and he saw his friend black in the face and nearly breathless at the third step of the ascent, that he was undeceived in his long-established opinion. After a pause, the strong arm of the Quartermaster applied round the Honourable's back helped him a few yards higher up the path, which then became so steep, that advance by such means was obviously impracticable. Another pause. The Quartermaster looked at his watch—not quite ten minutes to spare—ten hours at that rate of march would not suffice to gain the height. But if Hercules had endowed the Quartermaster's shoulders with strength, Pallas had inspired his head with knowledge how to make the most of the gift. "Gude faith, Captain," said the Scot, "your shanks are nae canny at a scaur, so we must e'en mak' a pair serve for baith;"—so, pocketing his watch, he deliberately mounted the Honourable on his back, and by dint of passing strength bore him pick-a-back to the top of the hill; and at the moment when the two heads of our ascending heroes had risen full orb'd above, the crowns of two hats might be discerned rapidly disappearing at the head of the opposite path.

The Honourable shouted, and the Quartermaster strode across the platform to try if he might see the expected foe. What the Captain and Major Frogs had seen or heard of their antagonists does not appear, but the

Captain did not look back more than once, and the Major not at all; there is reason to believe that neither were deaf; but they made such good speed that they reached a part of the path which is concealed by a high bank, and did not stop till they were out of danger; certain it is, that they who remained masters of the field were unconscious that it had been previously occupied. They, therefore, waited patiently on their station, until the shades of evening closed in, and scorning even the semblance of retreat, descended, the Honourable mostly in a sitting position, by the less precipitous path which led towards the enemy's quarters. As they entered the town they were informed by a friend that their intention had been made known to the municipal authorities—that Captain R. and Major Frogs had been bound over to keep the peace. The two friends, therefore, made the best of their way to the Honourable's lodgings, and found the bottom of the brandy-bottle with much greater facility than they had found the top of the hill. On the following morning infinite were the rumours spread through the island respecting the cause of the quarrel, the courage of the parties, and the precaution of the authorities. In her application to the magistrate to prevent bloodshed, the landlady had stated that her lodger, Captain R., had that morning required her to witness his will—that the poor gentleman looked melancholy; that Major Frogs was quite an altered man—that he came into the kitchen about four o'clock with some lead and a tobacco pipe, and asked leave to use the fire for casting some balls, begging her on no account to mention the circumstance to any one; that he and his friend the Captain merely meant to try some pistols that evening on the top of the hill, but cautioned her by no means to mention where they had gone; the Major had also said that the witness to a will could not gain a legacy but might lose a lodger. Upon this deposition, the authorities despatched two constables to the spot, who hid themselves behind some bushes, observing all that passed. When it was clearly ascertained by every one as well as Captain R., who never doubted it, that the Honourable had been long in possession of the appointed station, he magnanimously

gave up his expressed intention of posting him as a coward. The Honourable, however, could not so easily satisfy himself with the state of things; he therefore, without delay, went across the water to St Maloes, first taking care, through his friend the Quartermaster, that an intimation should be given to Captain R. that he would there wait for him, and might be seen every day during the next fortnight at a certain place; and that there might be no mistake, he caused a paragraph to be inserted in the Guernsey newspaper, signifying his arrival. This intelligence, private and public, was very distressing to Captain R.; but trouble seldom comes single-handed. Scarcely was he aware of his antagonist's warlike intentions when a letter arrived by post to Captain R., but directed to "Ensign R." This being the first address of the kind that had reached him since his sojourn in the island, considerably shook both his nerves and his credit. He well knew the consequences would be enquiry, and enquiry is a very stout rope to pull truth out of her well. This letter was from Captain N., adjutant to the S. local militia, requiring the presence of Ensign R. at the town of T—, where, before he came to the island, he had left a few friends and many creditors. If an ardent desire for his society and safety might constitute friends, indeed, they must have been numerous; a happiness peculiar to debtors, who have ever more who wish them well than any other persons on earth. Irritated by this unlooked-for cause of humiliation, our hero writes an indiscreet and indignant reply to Captain N., the adjutant, whom he addressed as plain Mr, not thinking at the moment of the consequences, that "*Lit-
era scripta manet.*" Captain N., immediately on the receipt of it, made no very gratifying reply, and demanded the "satisfaction of a gentleman." Poor Captain R., reduced to an Ensign, has now the honour of having two duels on his hands, to what way soever he may turn him, nor indeed could he say he would "be happy with either, were t'other away." Nor could the municipal authorities now kindly exonerate him from peril. He was in a sad strait. For many reasons it was absolutely necessary that he should appear at the appointed day

at the town of T—. He determined, therefore, at once to abandon the Honourable Captain to his promenade at St Maloes, and spent one whole night racking his brains for invention how best to disguise himself, so as not immediately to be recognised, appease Captain N., the adjutant, and trust finally to plausibilities to reconcile his creditors. The devil, as Mr O'Connell observes, always plants his potatoes in a good soil; finding, therefore, the heart of our hero likely for a good crop, he readily planted his most favoured suggestions, and the result answered his expectations. The remainder of the story will be better told by transferring the scene to the town of T—, in —shire. Imagine yourself at the sign of the Crown, just at the moment that the stage-coach stops. There is an outside passenger, you must observe, pretty much enveloped in his cloak; from under which you see an eye cautiously scrutinizing the by-standers. He descends—his face and figure become discernible; you see a small man with a smooth unwhiskered face, remarkably meek in aspect, and sedate; the hair smoothed down over the forehead; his hat somewhat shabby and large; his dress black (excepting his stockings, which are white), and none of the newest; his hand holding a small cotton umbrella. Well, you see him, you have marked him. Can this be Captain R.—the dandy—the critic in gigs, horses, and frock-coats? It is the same. Wonder not that a creditor could not know him. Our hero had so metamorphosed himself—he would have asserted that the whole inner and outer man were changed. Moustaches, whiskers, air, fashion, all had vanished; and instead, the metamorphosis presented, as he alighted on the ground, the demure and highly respectable—preacher. It is even so. First follow him to the lodgings of the adjutant, and you will at once see the double benefit of this assumption. He is shown into the Captain's parlour. Captain N. enters. Leaving his hat and small cotton umbrella on a chair, now, alas! Ensign R. advances to meet him, holding out both his hands, and in the meekest and sweetest voice imaginable, calls him his dear and much respected friend; begs ten thousand pardons for his hasty and sinful expressions, the purport of which, he thanks

the Lord, is now far from his changed heart, he trusts regenerate heart; tells how the conviction of his guilt came upon him after having challenged his dear friend. That by grace he had been rescued from committing murder, and concludes by earnestly requesting his permission to preach to the soldiers in the barrack-yard.

Captain and Adjutant N. stared. Finding he had challenged his friend, he did not at all suspect his courage; and not being versed in this sort of conversion, pitied, forgave him, and bowed him out. But the ensign's good fortune went far beyond this happy stroke. The news of his conversion spread; some of his creditors were struck with awe; others he most smoothly conciliated; and gave such reasons to each that all were willing to wait for a while. Now was he ever to be seen at conventicles, at "tea and prayer meetings," a prompt speaker at Missionary meetings, and those for conversion of the Jews, the latter of which he took no ordinary pains to bring about. He became a lion at the parties of the serious, at which he was often invited to descant upon his sudden conversion and experience. Upon which occasions he narrated his bloodthirsty intentions towards the Honourable Captain N.—his challenge—how his wicked intentions were providentially frustrated by the Honourable Captain's not keeping his appointment. He poured out with much eloquence the vials of divine wrath against his former self, as if they had been in his own hands, and then felt himself, the vilest, raised to favour. He terminated his account invariably with a prayer for unconverted sinners, and when he spoke not, his look was eloquent and devotional.

"E'l silentio ancor suole
Haver prieghi e parole."

By these and other soft, and smooth, and soothing means, he became a prodigious favourite with those among the old who felt that their "darning time" was come, and with such of the younger as were nervous and hysterical. Nor did he spare to detail to them much of his former profligacy, nor to sigh over the debts contracted in his evil days, and which still lay heavily on his conscience. And he so by turns worked upon their feelings of love and

pity, that before he had been a month in the town, there was a special meeting of good ladies by private summons (of course he was unacquainted with the whole proceeding), and a liberal sum was collected for the payment of his debts; and an additional considerable sum, in a new purse purposely woven by the fair hands of a lately disconsolate widow, the bosses of whose tassels were angels' heads, was conveyed to him with a delicate note, as a mite, to be expended in the service of the Lord. Thus was our quondam Captain, Ensign R., by the taking upon himself the habit of piety, saved from two duels and many creditors, and was left with such a choice of female blessings as falls to the lot of few men; and if all of them were not angels, most in one respect resembled them—for *they* are the oldest of the creation.

The subject did not drop with this story of my friend. Many anecdotes were given—some amusing enough. That is perhaps well known of the Irishman who shot his friend through the heart, because he dared to smile when he asserted he had seen cockles growing upon bushes. When he saw his friend leap upwards, as they do who are so shot, he cried, "Oh! 'twas a mistake of mine—'twas capers I meant." I hope this is rather a well-invented satire on duelling than founded on truth. I believe the following is authentic. A dandy of high family, of which he was somewhat too proud, gives offence to the son of an army tailor. Both are military. The tailor's son calls out the high-bred gentleman, who, after the first shot from his antagonist, discharges his pistol in the air, and coolly observes, "Now then fire away as much as you please, and welcome; but I shall not return the fire of the son of a tailor."

"Stand your ground, then," replied the other, and deliberately taking another pistol, aims with the greatest precision at the dandy—then firing his pistol in the air, he says, "No, I will not fire at you, that you may learn by this forbearance that the son of a tailor knows how to be a gentleman."

Upon this the other cries, "You're a fine fellow, and now I will do which you please—I will either return your fire, or shake hands with you."

The latter offer was accepted, and they afterwards became good friends and respected each other.

My next story is from the friend who narrated the first.

Close to the town of H—, two gentlemen lived under the same roof of very opposite principles—the one, Mr A., a violent Radical, the other a confirmed Tory, Captain B.—Continued discussions produced continual squabbles, and these squabbles brought on enmity and antipathy to each other. The Tory, who was a half-pay captain, and had really seen service with credit to himself, under strong provocation challenged the Radical, and, to his surprise, the challenge was accepted. The challenger, however, was not very well pleased with himself for risking the comforts and continuance of his half-pay so unadvisedly. Whether it was that his nerves, not naturally weak, had during the peace been put by and oiled, together with his military weapons, and were not upon taking down quite fit for use; or whether continual thinking alone upon the disagreeable subject, had damaged them, the effect was the same; and had the feeling taken possession of an army instead of an individual it would have been called a panic. He at length determined, as there were yet some hours before the dreaded meeting, to go into the town of H—, and consult a friend as to how he might best extricate himself from the affair. On his way, in a narrow part of the road close to the town, unfortunately he meets his enemy, a man of great stature, and very violent; and the road being very narrow, he is greatly put to, to know how he should pass him. But as he could not turn back without giving him the advantage, and losing that of his conference with his friend, he thought it best to look as fierce and determined as possible, and so walk by. He did so, calling up with all his effort a very terrible aspect. His big antagonist, too, must have his part of intimidation to play, and therefore calls out to him as he passes, “Mind your time and place, and bring your coffin with you.” The Captain was the more frightened at this, and did not reach his friend’s house (a Tory attorney) without plainly indicating his fear by his pale face, trepidation, and whole manner. He tells his friend, with little circum-

locution, the dreadful predicament he is in—mentions his recently meeting his enemy in the narrow road, and enlarges upon his atrocious blood-thirsty and cruel intentions—“Oh, sir, he bade me bring my coffin with me.” His friend first gave him a couple of glasses of wine, and then desired him to wait in his office, and assured him that he would walk to the man’s residence, endeavour to see him, or hear something which might prevent mischief. And upon this errand the attorney started. He had just passed the narrow entrance to the town before mentioned, when he saw a man running very fast, who stopped a moment, and asked him, for God’s sake, to tell him where he should find the doctor, for that Mr A. was dying. That he had been taken into a cottage about an hundred yards farther on, where he remained in a very desperate condition. This very much astonished the attorney, expecting nothing less than to find the object of his mission dying in a cottage. Thither, however, he ran, and saw a most surprising sight, namely, Mr A. seated in the middle of the room—one old woman pushing a smelling-bottle to his nose, and another throwing water in his face. After awhile he came a little to himself, but still faint, and frightened to the last degree. Seeing the attorney, and feeling himself somewhat under the protection of the law, he seized his hand, and said—

“I’m very glad, indeed, you’re come, sir—I’ll have the law of the villain—he liveth on the blood of the country” (the poetry of fear, meaning he was an half-pay officer).

“Whom, and what,” said the attorney, “do you fear or mean?”

“Why, that villain Captain B.,” replied Mr A. “He wrote me a challenge—and so, as I thought he did it only to frighten me, God forgive me, I wrote and said I’d meet him. It isn’t long ago he pass’d me going into the town, and I told him to mind time and place, and to bring his coffin with him, thinking ’twould have led to some jaw, and there would have been an end on’t; but he looked at me as if he would have the heart’s blood o’ me, and I know he’s now gone to buy powder and ball for my murder; but I’ll prosecute him, sir.”

The lawyer told him plainly that,

having accepted the challenge, he could not prosecute, but that he thought Captain A. would forgive him; upon an apology being given. It was given—and it was accepted; the attorney riveted for ever to him two friends, and acquired the reputation of a most able and most humane negotiator.

“Who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day” —

So says Butler—and Demosthenes had said it before him. But in the last story there was running without fighting first, and it may be very questionable if either will live to fight again. The propensity that some have to duelling is quite astonishing; it is an insanity, like suicide, but more dangerous, for its mischiefs are in pairs. Upon what very slight grounds do persons so infected start up and suddenly demand the life of a friend or neighbour, to expiate some supposed or supposable offence, or to maintain an opinion merely, and that perhaps hastily taken up and ill-digested!

An Italian nobleman fought sixteen duels upon the question, which was the better poet, Ariosto or Tasso, and being mortally wounded in his sixteenth, with his dying words confessed that he had never read either. This folly is bad enough; but that the seconds should stand by to witness and participate in a murder, perhaps two murders, without the excuse of any personal quarrel themselves or irritation, shows that the furious insanity is infectious. What can we think of it in a woman? They have been known to fight duels, and to be present at them. The Countess of Shrewsbury, in the time of Charles the Second, is reported to have held the Duke of Buckingham's horse, in disguise of a page, whilst he fought a duel with her husband. It was a whimsical conceit of the knights-errant to make all comers bite the dust, in compliment to their mistress's beauty, as if love were nursed and fed by cruelty.

“When ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued with blows their lovers felt;
So Spanish heroes with their lances
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies,
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows.” —

Hudibras.

An admirable ridicule is cast upon

this by Don Quixotte demanding of the discomfited Biscayan, or rather of the ladies in the coach for him, that he should pass his word of honour to go to Toboso and present himself before the Lady Dulcinea. It was certainly a happy change when this duelling in honour of lady-love beauty degenerated into more whimsical, but more harmless challenges. I have extracted (I think from Malone's edition of Dryden's Prose Works) the following entertaining account of the practice, with an instance that must show its inconvenience—we now a-days take the wine, and part with nothing.

“In those days (Temp. Ch. II.) when a gentleman drank a lady's health, as a toast, by way of doing her still more honour, he frequently threw some part of his dress into the flames, in which proof of his veneration, his companions were obliged to follow him, by consuming the same article, whatever it might be. One of Sir Charles Sedley's friends, after dinner at a tavern, perceiving he had a very rich laced cravat on, when he named the lady to whom honour was to be done, made a sacrifice of his cravat, and Sir Charles and the rest of the company were all obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loss with great composure, observing that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled when Sedley had drunk a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously stationed for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good fellowship clearly required that every one of the company should lose a tooth also, but they hoped he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. All their remonstrances, however, proving vain, each of his companions successively, *multa gemens*, was obliged to put himself into the hands of the operator; and while they were writhing with pain, Sir Charles continued exclaiming, ‘Patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised I should have my frolic, too!’”

But I fear I am digressing from the title of this paper, which title alone

will, I am well persuaded, attract many readers; for how to avoid fighting a duel is as much an object of study with many, as the fighting them with a few. Seeing the facility with which some very bold speakers extricate themselves from apparently inevitable combats, and the little disparagement they receive thereby, it may be thought superfluous to treat of such a subject; but the world will get tired in time of the same method, and novelty has its charm. Not that I have any thing new to offer; nor did I think, in commencing this paper, to do more than give an example of a very novel mode of avoiding a duel; but as few will have the necessary qualifications for that trial, which so made up the whole man of the Ensign, it is to be doubted if that story will be of much use. Indeed the pretensions assumed by him are much oftener brought to bear for the purpose of swindling widows and orphans, or espousing rich widows, and to the mere man of pleasure propose such disagreeable and perpetual watchfulness of life, that none but the most absolute coward, gifted with peculiar hypocrisy, will follow it. To a man who, like Mr Hume, will at a moment say "black is white," there is little difficulty; but such a one must be cautioned not to write long letters, such as he did to Lord Castlereagh, lest he as miserably flounder, confound, in his fright, sense with nonsense, truth with falsehood—be foolishly led to the confession of an impossible creed, that a man may be a very honest private character, and at the same time a dishonest statesman—and thus by doing, or rather saying too much, bring a retort, and insult, and contempt upon his own head, worse than the first mischance. Such things are. There is something very ingenious in the "nothing personal" constructions put upon the foulest language, in which the very name of the person may be stigmatized. Yet there is nothing personal, because it was only in his public capacity that the man was spoken of—branded, perhaps, as a public robber, dedicated to the gallows and the scorn of mankind;—as if a man who robs many who are the public, were a better man than he who robs but a few, and as if public duties were scarcely any duties at all;—as if man in his

public capacity were an eidolon, an image, an effigy to be thrown at, and finally burnt by the common rabble, all the while that in *propria persona* he may be walking about unharmed—a very inoffensive honest gentleman, worthy of every private trust and friendship. It reminds one of Huntingdon's "Sinner Saved," who was not answerable for the iniquities John Huntingdon might commit. Really the world is very good—it sees, it laughs, and it forgives. But as all this meanness, and subterfuge, and prevarication tends to keep the peace, it is as well not to quarrel about it. And there may be some excuse for natural timidity. There are persons of no imagination said to be all nerve, because they have no nerves, who very coolly in battle walk up to the cannon's mouth; and with iron intrepidity, or thoughtless unconcern, as if neither body nor mind were sensitive nor sensible, step out of a warm bed, and out of a sound sleep, to be shot at at twelve paces, and that by a practised duellist. But picture to yourself a nervous, imaginative creature, very undesirous of leaving this warm and comfortable life, and all its little endearing domestic blessings,—what does such a one think of between the first conception or reception of a challenge, and the "acting of the dreadful thing?" He lies in his bed without sleep, counting up all he has worth living for—all the inconveniences of his not living, and weighs over and over again the chances of his being shot. He goes over the anatomy of his person, thinks of all the places where he may be hit, where he will probably be hit; in some of which, at twelve paces, he is sure to be hit. Suppose him to be very sensitive to pain. "Shall I," says he to himself, "be hit in the nose—how painful—just on the bridge of it; in the mouth, taking away all my front teeth, and breaking the jaw-bone—the ball lodging behind the root of the tongue to be probed, and probed and poked out? Shall I be hit in the ball of my left or my right eye, or between both, or sideways through both? Shall I be hit in the body or in the groin? Then, how many surgeons shall I have, if I survive, poking at me three or four times a-day, and for how long—shaking their heads at every visit—and whispering nurses, and friends to question

me about my will, and the clergyman of the parish to reprove me, and bid me repent?" Then in imagination he goes through another scene. A rap at the door, or a ring at the bell, conjures in the undertaker for orders—the measuring him for his coffin—the laying him out—how shall he look?—the suffocating black box—the closed windows—and the doing his funeral by talking of the affairs of the world, and drinking his wine—and walking forth in black cloaks, and riding in a coach behind him—all at his own poor cost. All this is perhaps thought of over and over again, each time with new and appalling circumstantiality. He rings his bell violently—calls for pen, ink, and paper—and writes that he meant nothing "personally offensive." His friend so manages it as to save his honour in print; and thus these few words send him forth into the open air, which he now breathes freely, in his conceit for the moment, an undying immortal man; and ere the day be closed, with what extraordinary relish he drinks the wine, which but now he had devoted to the malicious and grinning undertaker.

Nothing seems more absurd than the unequal terms upon which duellists meet. One shall be weary of life, racked with pain, and in the contemplation of suicide; his antagonist in full health, and in enjoyment of it. One shall be just on the eve of marriage with the loveliest of women, an angel to his thought, in his moment of hazard; the other shall be glad to get rid of his wife, even at the chance of a bullet through his brains. One man shall have lost his all, and the other shall have won it. One shall be a dependent beggar, with just five sovereigns in his pocket; his antagonist the titled and courted possessor of half a county. The one man, if he be shot, shall leave his widow and children destitute; the other may enrich his nearest kindred by his death. And all this daily takes place for the poor "satisfaction of a gentleman!" The legislature may certainly find a remedy for the last case, by enacting that in all duels, where the necessity of the case requires it, the slayer shall maintain, by adjudication of the court, the family of the slain. But besides all this inequality of circumstance, of condition, of happiness, or misery, there is the inequality of consummate skill

against consummate inexperience—the shot who has half his life practised the snuffing a candle with his pistol, and the wretched ignoramus who has never fired one off—between the man who will, before walking out, wager as to what inch of his friend's person he shall hit, and the man who could not hit a barn-door—the man who never hurt a mouse, and the man who insults for the reputation of a fighter. I have heard a story of an encounter, in which, under such unequal circumstances, much presence of mind was shown. An inoffensive English gentleman, without any intention whatever to insult or injure, had, nevertheless, given offence to a Frenchman in Paris, among a number of the friends of the latter. It was immediately insisted upon that the Englishman should fight. Swords were ready. He had heard the Frenchmen boast of their skill, whereas he had never even learned to fence;—he was certainly a dead man at that weapon, and proposed other—pistols—no, no, no; all was for a while bluster and vociferation; fight he must, and with swords. "Well, if it must be so, it must," thought he. The sword is put into his hands. He holds it as if he had never handled one before—one hand near the point, the other at the hilt—and thus, in the best French he could muster, but which I give in English, addresses the Frenchmen, standing, at the same time, close to his antagonist,—“Well, gentlemen, I know nothing about it; I never fought with a sword in my life, nor a duel. I don't in the least know how to use it—but I suppose that's the way,”—with the word, whipping his more skilful challenger through the body; and then making his bow, he walked coolly out of the house, the staring Frenchmen standing aghast, and not knowing whether they should stop him, or assist their friend. Here is certainly another way to avoid “fighting a duel.” I verily believe that if the seconds had not the looking to the pistols, there are but few that would go off, or that there would be but few balls to have a chance of hitting the duellists. Hot tempers get men into the scrape, and shame keeps them in it. Very few, when standing at twelve paces from each other, very much like their situation; and however, in their Bobadil humours, they may discuss

the excellence of their hair-triggers, a pair that would not go off would be of inestimable value. There is a witty reply on this point in "Castiglione's Courtier," "when John Thomas Galiotto expressed himself amazed at the demand of 200 ducats for a horse which he was sure was not worth a farthing, having, among many other ill-qualities, that of running from all arms; nor could any thing engage him to approach them. If so, I am astonished, said the Prefect, reflecting on the other's cowardice, that the owner does not insist on a thousand ducats." If you could raise a troop or company only of men who have fought duels, and you were a great commander, would you put them above all others upon the "forlorn hope?" Coolness of mind, one mark of courage, will generally keep the possessors out of quarrels. But your professed fighter and fire-eater, though some even of them lack not animal courage, have seldom much in them to carry them through real dangers and difficulties with very great success. It was a good conceit in old Ben Jonson, when he put into Bobadil's mouth the proposal to challenge a whole army. There are some who nowadays act as if the thing were feasible; and we can imagine such an offer to be found among Lord Palmerston's records. But as they will not see the light, and we are to suppose her Majesty's enemies still exist, by the armaments provided and providing—the passage from old Ben may be worth quoting.

"*Bobadil.* Indeed that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private and under-seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but, were I known to her Majestie and the Lords (observe mee), I would undertake (upon this poor head and life) for the publick benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in generall, but to save the one-halfe, nay, three parts of her yearly charge, in holding warre, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?"

"*Ed. Knowell.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

"*Bobadil.* Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene, more, to myselfe, throughout the land; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong, and

able constitution. I would choose them by an instinct, a character, that I have; and I would teach these nineteene the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*, till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as myselfe. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, wee twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us. Well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would wee kill, every man, his twenty a-day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kill them all up, by computation. And this will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcase to perform (provided there be no treason practis'd upon us) by faire and discreet manhood, that is, civilly, by the sword."

It is surprising that in the present advanced stages of civilisation, when law should take the place of personal combat, and that the occupations of most men rather require the more peaceable virtues, that courage, that most useful quality, but ambiguous virtue, should, in the walks of private virtue, keep its value, its inordinate value. There may be many very worthy and good men that have but little of it, yet who, if the fact be known, will meet with nothing but contempt from man, woman, and child. Civil life purposely establishes law to put down that other means of defence, yet civil life treats with mockery those who dare not use it. This seeming inconsistency is perhaps in part right, for it is necessary and wise in a state to foster courage, as it will want armies; and a due portion of mankind are doubtless born with a greater share of it for that very purpose. But in more humble and busy and private life, I cannot but think the lack of it should be visited with more mercy. A young man once confessed to me that he was a coward. I could not but admire his moral courage shown in the confession, and respected him for it. And why was it not at least equal to the animal courage for which

without his confession, I should have given him credit? Who would not rejoice to see a custom established that should exempt at least plain, honest tradespeople from these "splendid vexations," to use an expression of Pindar's, and to have the words Cervantes puts into his hero's mouth made municipal law in every town in England? "For I would have thee to know that those wounds that are given with the instruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand do not really disgrace the person struck. We read it expressly in the law of duels, that if a shoemaker strikes another man with his last which he held in his hand, though it be of wood as a cudgel is, yet the party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgelled." The new Municipal Law has done so much to set people by the ears, and as we must expect that when the town oratory is run dry, men will come to blows, it would be well if Lord John Russell would communicate "the Law of Duels" to all his new authorities.

I have hitherto spoken rather of persons who would avoid duelling from a sense of fear. There is surely a higher principle under which, it is to be hoped, many do abstain from the practice. Courage is the common property with man and brute. Some creatures in this respect have more than others, but none have it in the same degree as man; for he alone has it with a full sense of his danger, of the nature of death, and of his unfitness for it. And there is no braver man than he who will bear the scoff of the world, and perhaps very great injury, from an offender, and will neither give nor accept a challenge; and for this reason, because he is expressly commanded by Him who made him, "to do no murder." Such a one will, however, have his cross to bear; and it is best for him it should be so, his courage is strengthened by it, as gold purified in the fire. And such a man

will be the last to give offence. When or where was there a braver man than he who thus replied to a personal insult, "Strike, but hear me?" And was there not wisdom, worthy to be stored in the heart that would collect prudence, in the answer of Socrates, when he was reproved for not resenting what all men will agree to be the vilest of personal affronts—"If an ass had kicked me, would you have me kick him again?"

But as neither wisdom nor high principle, which is the perfection of it, will be commonly acted upon, I will not conclude this paper without in some respect fulfilling the promise of the title, which professes to show "how to avoid fighting a Duel." Let there be a Court of Honour—the object of which shall be to take cognizance of all offences between gentleman and gentleman, especially those for which the law provides no remedy. Let it be established upon the principle of the Jockey Club, and let every member bind himself to submit to its decision, whether it be to fight or to apologize, or make or receive any other amends. It is not to be expected that even under such a society duels will be altogether avoided, but at least all those will be set aside by the cool judgment of the court, which now take place on trivial occasions. It should be a rule that a member should not fight even with one who is not a member, without permission. Two good things would arise from such a society or court. The offender would meet with his reproof in the censure of the court; and he who does *not* fight, obeying its injunction, would receive more honour than if he did. Why has not something of this kind been established? It is very practicable. Let men of undoubted courage and character set the example of being its members, and it would soon become the pride, and perhaps the mark of a gentleman to belong to it.

CANADA AND IRELAND.

THE democratic party in Canada and in Ireland appear to entertain almost identical objects, and to be guided by the same principles, and to be placed in very similar circumstances. In Lower Canada, the large majority of the people are Roman Catholics, while in Upper Canada an equal or a larger proportion are Protestants, and of British extraction. In this respect there appears a singular resemblance between Ireland, divided as it is into North and South,—the former peopled by British Protestants, and the latter by native Roman Catholics,—and Canada, situated and divided as we have described. And this analogy may be carried much farther: In Ireland the North is tranquil—the population is attached to the British connexion—and at all times its loyalty has been proved. In Upper Canada the same feelings and circumstances may be noticed. On the other hand, the Lower province is, like the rest of Ireland, torn with intestine dissensions, peopled by a class alien in feelings to the British, anxious for separation from this country, regarding her as a conqueror, and not forgetful of the humiliation of defeat; ardently attached to the Roman Catholic religion, and subject to the sway of unprincipled demagogues and priests.

In Ireland and in Canada the Whigs have treated the anti-British party in the same spirit. In Ireland, Protestantism has been discouraged, and ten out of twenty-six bishopricks abolished. In Canada the same indifference to the truth has been displayed; and the bishoprick of Quebec has been abolished likewise. In Ireland the Protestant clergy, defrauded of their rights, have been compelled to appeal even for alms to the English public; and last spring a deputation from Canada from the Protestant clergy there, arrived in London, from the operation of the same cause, and for the same purpose. In Ireland a grant of pub-

lic money has been made for education after the fashion of the Church of Rome; an annual grant has been made and increased to a Roman Catholic ecclesiastical seminary; the Jesuits have been allowed, in direct contravention of express laws, to land and settle; and the Government, in all manners and at all times, has shown its perfect indifference between the two religions in respect of faith, while in matters of policy the preference has been awarded to deluded followers of the Papacy. We lament to say, that in Canada all this and very much more has been done and avowed, and has been gloried in. It is a singular fact, that when the United States revolted from England, one of the principal causes of offence stated was the patronage given to Popery in Canada. It was declared by the friends of American independence, that the British settlers went from England on the faith of the understanding that they were to live abroad under British government, and with all the blessings of the British constitution; and yet they no sooner arrived in Canada than they found French laws, and a Roman Catholic Established Church. We regret to say that statement was correct, and that the grievance mentioned was a real and most pressing one. But if we regret the state of things existing sixty years ago, what shall we say at present, when by the wisdom of the Whigs the revenues of the Crown have been yielded up, on no express understanding, contrary to the advice of the best statesmen, and particularly of the Duke of Wellington, to a Popish House of Assembly; and have been continued to that Assembly long after it had shown its disposition to abuse all confidence, and after Lord Stanley (just prior to his leaving office) had obtained the sanction of Lord Grey's cabinet to a repeal of the bill which reposed that violated trust? It is almost unnecessary to say, that

* This most important fact has never yet been explained by the Whig Ministers or their partisans. It appears that Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Glenelg, were parties to an assent in the Grey Cabinet to Lord Stanley's proposal for taking from the House of Assembly the management of the revenues they refused to

this policy has resulted in the constant depression of the British interest, in insults to the British Government, and in an attempt, similar to that made and openly acknowledged by the Irish people, to *starve out* the Protestant clergy. Some persons may perhaps conceive, that notwithstanding these evils of the Whig measure of conciliation, other benefits counteracting those evils have arisen. It may be argued, that by giving license to the majority, by complying with their demands, a state necessarily attaches them and contents them. If the colonial concessions were made on this flimsy calculation, the advisers of them must have felt sadly disappointed when they found increased clamour, and irritation and ambition, excited by them. In Ireland the Whigs have acted in the same manner: They have conceded and conciliated; they have joined with the persons they so lately exposed and denounced; they have acted there as they acted in Canada, yielding through fear to the majority what they had denied before to the pretended claims of justice, and the effects have been the same. Every thing received has been deemed an instalment; nothing has been given us in return; separation is still demanded in Canada, and repeal is expressly reserved as a *dernier resort* in Ireland. We know that there are many who are inclined to treat the subject of these various concessions by the Whigs in our colonies, and nearer home, as a purely civil and political question. We oppose them on a higher ground, and protest against concessions to the rapacity of Popery, made through fear, received as instalments, and calculated not to settle differences or create union, but to add fresh force to that democratic power, which Popery has brought to bear against Protestantism in every quarter of the globe. In the conduct of the Whigs we unhappily recognise

a total disregard of these considerations. Lord Mulgrave and Lord Glenelg agree in displaying a complete contempt for all religious scruples, as though they were ancient and groundless prejudices. No matter whether the confederacy to which they yield assume a religious character or no; they concede still, under pretence of toleration, and by that very disregard of the religious party they sacrifice, betray an ignorance of the true spirit of that toleration they so loudly extol. It is the cant of the present day to praise a certain novel liberality, which seems to imply the preference of foes to friends; and by this fraudulent and shallow pretence—itself a mere “weak invention of the enemy”—the present rulers affect to justify their proceedings. They acknowledge that they deal “a heavy blow and great discouragement to Protestantism;” but then, forsooth, their new-fangled liberality helps to explain that the end justifies the means, and palliates the commission of wrong for the avoidance of difficulty or the chance of good. They want to educate the people of Ireland, but then they discover this cannot be done without robbing the church by an appropriation to pay the expenses; and so in Canada they betray an equal love to Protestantism by yielding up to the tender mercies of a Popish assembly the revenues of the Crown, out of which the Protestant clergy were formerly partly supported; and when the injustice of this deed is detailed—when the clergy find the Papists seize their grant or refuse to vote it—when even the Bishop of Montreal is compelled to live on contributions or his private fortune—in fact, any how—why then we are told that this is an unavoidable evil resulting from a necessary “Liberal” measure. But this is liberality of so strange a nature, that, like a Will-o'-th'-wisp, it eludes all detection—we never know where to find it; like some

apply as they promised. If that decision were a correct one, why was it not acted on when Lord Stanley left office, just as it would have been if he had remained in? If it were an incorrect one, nothing can be more evident than that the Grey cabinet—the Liberals par excellence—are alone responsible for it, and must be convicted first of an error in judgment, then of irresolution in action. But there can be little doubt that Lord Stanley's plan was just and politic, and that if followed up, instead of having been meanly, through personal spite and pique, abandoned by the Whigs, it would have brought the disaffected to their senses, and obviated all the evils that, through Whig misrule, have happened.

complicated patents, it is of no use to any but the discoverer. For in Ireland the Whigs pronounce it high treason against Liberalism to make a man pay for a religion he does not approve; and therefore they back the people in not paying tithes to the Protestant clergy, while they raise taxes from the Protestants to pay for the Popish College at Maynooth and the Popish system of education! The Voluntary principle seems perfect so long as it can rob the Protestants; but then let it once be brought into play against Popery, and away vanishes its virtue, because the Roman Catholics are a majority! In Ireland, as we have observed, these Liberals raise taxes for Maynooth and other Popish purposes; by the Poor-Law Bill they want to raise more for Popish chaplains to workhouses; and many of them are for raising more taxes to pay the Popish clergy *en masse* by the State, while they will not allow the Protestants even to enjoy their own property in peace. In Canada they act in a similar spirit, and so preserve consistency; for there we find a Popish Church Establishment—the Protestants are taxed to support it—not a word is whispered by the Liberals about the Voluntary principle, and all because the Roman Catholics are a majority!

Such is Whig policy and Whig consistency in evil. It is now proposed by them to form Upper and Lower Canada into one, when the Protestants and the Roman Catholics will be almost balanced. Not a word, however, is said about the enormity of taxing the Protestants for the support of idolatry; oh no! there is to be ample conciliation for the revolted and pampered Roman Catholics. Sir Robert Inglis and others, following Sir Robert Peel's statesmanlike suggestion, call on the Government to abandon half-measures, and instead of consolidating only Upper and Lower Canada, to unite with them the whole of our British North-American possessions lying contiguous. If this were done, the majority of the population would be Protestant; but then we are told, even then, the "*consciences*" of the Roman Catholics shall be respected—they shall still be allowed to tax the Protestants for their church. On the very night this proposition of uniting all the provinces was made, Mr

Grote, on behalf of the Liberals, amidst loud cheers from the Ministerial benches, entered his caveat and protest against a Protestant Establishment, even when the majority were disposed to it. Forgetting his Benthamite motto of "the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number," he objects to the Establishment of a Protestant Church for the majority; yet he, like the Whigs, never sees the force of the reasoning against compulsory religious taxes when the Roman Catholics, as in Lower Canada, are benefitted thereby.

Now on all this it is needless to expatiate or to comment. It must be clear that the Whigs, as opposed to the Conservatives, assume in Canada and in Ireland the same character of hostility to Protestantism and the same unthankful patronage of Popery. This part of the subject may well be left to our readers without further remarks—it speaks for itself alike of the spirit of the Ministry, the description of the support on which they rely, and the tendency of their plans of pretended conciliation. We will therefore go on to the other analogous circumstances observable in the Whig government of Canada and Ireland. In both countries, we have remarked, the majority, being Roman Catholics, are under the influence of certain priests and demagogues. In both countries, the Whigs have treated those destructives alike. M. Papineau in Canada is merely Mr O'Connell, with a little more courage, and very little understanding. In their fates they have differed, for the former, having gone too far, was obliged to cross the boundary line, and for a time (like his illustrious predecessor in mischief, Mr Barrington, the highwayman) "to leave his country for his country's good." But, in the estimation of the Whigs, the two demagogues are much alike. With Mr O'Connell a strict league, offensive and defensive, was formed, and by its force they succeeded in expelling their predecessors from office; on the same principle of meek conciliation, forgetting all mutual aggressions and abuse, resolving to forget all M. Papineau's declared ultimate designs, they condescended to send a certain commission, of which Lord Gosford, an Irish Radical, was chief, to conciliate and enquire. Lord

Mulgrave went to Dublin with the same purpose. Immediately on assuming the reins of office, Lord Gosford invited M. Papineau to dinner, and Lord Mulgrave, in like manner, entertained Mr O'Connell. On arriving in Canada, Lord Gosford found great alarm among the loyalists, and discovering that they had organized themselves (being a minority); in order to prepare for aggression, should it occur, he, magnanimously depending on M. Papineau's promises and professions, commanded the abolition of the loyal confederacy. Not to be outdone in confidence in the agitators, Lord Mulgrave managed to get rid of the Orange institution, which had become obnoxious to those who had been rebels in 1798, and formidable to those who were threatening another rising. In this way "conciliation" proceeded; in Ireland Mr O'Connell was included in the commission of the peace; in Canada M. Papineau was joyfully approved as Speaker of the House of Assembly. Lord Gosford admitted certain Liberals to the Executive Council; Lord Mulgrave made a Popish judge, and took most of his new officers, from the friends, connexions, or supporters of Mr O'Connell. But still this kind of favouritism has not effected its purpose in Ireland, for, with all his boast of tranquillity, Lord Mulgrave could not spare a regiment from Ireland when rebellion broke out in Canada; and with all Lord Gosford's declarations that all serious apprehensions were groundless, he was compelled to borrow all the troops from Upper Canada and Nova Scotia, without being able, even with their assistance, to prevent insurrection. At present, in Ireland, there are all the symptoms which preceded Canadian revolt; there is an extensive disloyal organization; the Members of Parliament connected with it, who profess to have been conciliated by Lord Mulgrave, are advocates for an hereditary House of Lords, as M. Papineau was in Canada for an elective Legislative Chamber (and, therefore, opposing Government, as they do, on the principal point of all, and on many others, their friendship must be hollow like M. Papineau's), and the state of the country, the nightly seizures of arms (conveyed, the police know not whither), the persecution, in detail, of the loyalists, are

precisely similar to the events that occurred in Richelieu and elsewhere in the revolted colony. Nor is this all. The language of the press in the two countries is the same. In Ireland a rebellion is threatened if the Conservatives come into office; and the ultimate designs of the demagogues in both cases is avowed to be Roman Catholic ascendancy and complete separation. Up to the last moment Lord Gosford wrote home that all was tranquil, and that there was no peril; and now Lord Mulgrave, equally deluded, brags of the tranquillity he has established, by feasting with Mr O'Connell, and promising to plunder the church. The circumstances, too, attending the last election in Lower Canada, and the recent general election in Ireland, were singularly alike. The demagogues triumphed by the boldest intimidation, and by fraud, which was shown in Ireland at the registration, and in Canada by scandalous impediments to the recognition of titles to land.

With these circumstances before us there can be no difficulty in perceiving the strict analogy between Whig management in Canada and Ireland; and in declaring their responsibility in the one land, and their peril in the other. It is idle to speak of the Irish having been satisfied by the conciliation plan of Lord Mulgrave, which, like Lord Gosford's, consists in giving them time to organize, and in discouraging the Protestant population. In Ireland nothing has been settled under Lord Mulgrave; even the Poor Law Bill, to which the Opposition are willing to render all assistance, has been delayed, and is now proposed without serious intentions. So in Canada the Whig Commission produced nothing, Lord Gosford produced nothing, and, of course, Lord Glenelg and the Whigs advised and suggested nothing but another commission and another report. In every respect, therefore, the position of Government in the two countries and their conduct has been the same. The only question that remains concerning it is whether the deplorable consequences produced abroad are likely to occur at home; whether submission to the democracy here is calculated to excite the same hopes, and ultimately the same disappointments as led to civil war elsewhere? We fear that there

can be little doubt of great cause for apprehension existing on this ground. There is no part of the proceedings which ended in Canadian revolt, which has not been imitated by the Whig party in Ireland. The only defence, indeed, they could produce, would necessarily be allowed at the expense of their consistency; that is, they can only show that similar evils to those of Canada will not occur in Ireland if they can prove that they governed the two countries on different principles. This, however, cannot be done. Unfortunately for the hopes of the country, and especially for the prospects of the Protestant part of the Irish population, the faction which has avowed designs in the sister island similar to those of M. Papineau, has received as much, if not more sanction from the Government, than that person so fatally experienced and abused. The chief distinction between the cases seems to be, that the pretended conciliation and liberation which form the basis of the Whig policy in Ireland, are more dangerous there than elsewhere, because the power they give to the disaffected will be more warily used, and because the democratic party is there more powerful and better organized than the followers of the conquered colonial rebels. These facts are well known; history and recent experience prove that the political party allied with the Church of Rome in Ireland never became the recipient of any confidence it did not betray. In this state of affairs it becomes a matter of deep interest to know how far our rulers in Ireland are competent to recover their ground, if they find themselves deceived, and how far we may rely upon them for ability to manage their concessions with prudence, and to preserve sufficient authority for the laws?

We can only determine this matter by looking to Whig conduct under similar circumstances, at other times and elsewhere; and here at once the memory recurs to Lord Glenelg and Canada. It is on record against that Minister, that having failed in his Commission of Enquiry, having discovered the folly of his Conciliation Scheme, he has attempted to adjust matters by sending out another Commission, and by recommending the same timid policy of pretended concession. It is proved against him

that he delayed for four months in Parliament the resolutions which are the assumed ground of revolt in the colony, when they might with ease have been carried in four weeks; that being warned of the effect of those resolutions, he nevertheless supplied the colonial governor no troops to enforce them; and that, by a constant system of delay and vacillation, he damped the ardour of the friends of British connexion, and imparted confidence to the advocates of separation. In all this the Government defend him and applaud him. Can, then, such miserable Ministers be expected to pursue towards Ireland any vigorous measures, even when they are required, or to act so as to overawe and to prevent all insurrections? Many of the Repeal party, in alliance with the Whigs, do not affect to conceal that the vaunted tranquillity and peace of Ireland hangs on the slender thread of Whig official existence, and that, with the end of that existence, they will cease only to be replaced by violent popular and general movements. We do not pretend to be alarmed by these empty threats; we are not so weak as to give credence to boasts so absurd, or to heed threats so ridiculous. We know that if there were really such an insurrection, as the supporters of the Whigs prognosticate, as the accompaniment of Conservative government, it would be repressed, like M. Papineau's rebellion, without much bloodshed; and we are disposed to ridicule the threat, partly on account of this certainty of failure, and partly from a conviction that the Irish demagogues have not valour or spirit for such a movement; and if they had, we have sufficient reliance on their tactics to be sure that they would take warning by the Canadians, and learn, as these have lost their constitution by their folly, so the Roman Catholics by treason might forfeit justly their privileges till it was safe to restore them. Our hopes of the avoidance of all insurrections in Ireland, originate then in the known power of England to repress them, and in the conviction, on the part of the demagogues, of the existence of this power. So far as Whig government has gone, it has manifestly tended to produce the same results as it wrought in Canada. In both cases Conservative governors were replaced by men who could show

no vigour but against the friends of British connexion and of Protestantism. In both cases, the grievances of which the disaffected complained were the same, namely, the rejection by the Upper House of Legislature of measures carried in the Lower; and in both cases, moreover, the Whigs felt themselves supported in authority by men who originated and sanctioned this clamour; and as a remedy, proposed the introduction of the elective principle into the Conservative portion of the Senate. In Canada, under Lord Gosford, the rebels were allowed to agitate unimpeded, and to organize unopposed; in Ireland, in the same manner, the National Association was formed with the tacit, if not the expressed approbation of Government, for the avowed object of organizing what is called the Liberal party. We are at a loss to know how any persons can be so blind, though many are so, as to advocate Lord Mulgrave's system in Ireland, and nevertheless to affect to condemn M. Papineau in Canada, and Lord Gosford's and Lord Glenelg's connivance at his designs. Certainly there is nothing to justify the Whig Lord-Lieutenant if the Colonial Secretary be condemned. It is impossible to show a single instance of folly in the one that has not been imitated by the other.

Had Lord Amherst gone out to Canada when Sir Robert Peel was in office, as it was proposed, every thing intended to have been conceded would long since have been settled. We should have heard nothing now of the 'Tenures' Act, of the Land Company, of improper members of the Executive Council, or of the stoppage of supplies; still less would the country have been alarmed first with accounts of rebellious organizations permitted by the Government, then of the repression of legal confederacies for self-defence, then of the want of troops to suppress or prevent disorder; and lastly, of positive insurrection. There would have been no blind conciliation of men not to be conciliated, and who would only pretend to be satisfied, in order to gain time; nor would there have been an occasion for the act of tyranny the Whig system of Liberalism has ultimately produced (as all Liberalism eventually must produce)—a dictator, and a suspended constitution. Lord Amherst was sent out, not

to enquire and conciliate, but to act; not to pander to the passions of the disaffected, but to encourage and reward the loyal, to check disorder, to discourage agitation, to redress all real grievances, and with full authority not to report but to settle. Lord Gosford's mission was altogether a different affair—it has ended in far different consequences—it has put the country to the risk of an American war, and provoked a civil contest in a thriving colony, the effects of which must long be felt in the embittered state of party feeling, the jealousy of the French population, and probably the seizure for a time of their liberties. The Radicals themselves admit that Lord Aberdeen's plans were most calculated at once to satisfy and to pacify. Mr Ellice, a leading Whig, acknowledges his approbation of the Conservative policy; no one says one word in the Whig system's defence, though the hirelings, of course, endeavour partly to palliate, and partly to disown it. The most respectable portion of Lord Grey's Cabinet, including, we believe, Earls Grey and Spencer, do not conceal their contempt for it; and thus the Whigs, ridiculed on all sides, confessedly the authors of a most disastrous and perilous revolt, are convicted of incapacity the most glaring, or of blunders the most gross and ridiculous.

But the country would not regret the danger of war it has escaped, if the lesson had taught wisdom to our rulers. Strangely, however, they still seem fascinated with the policy in Ireland, which in Canada worked so unfortunately. It is idle to pretend that in the sister island there are any circumstances which justify measures which they found so dangerous abroad. The positions of Canada and Ireland, we repeat, are the same. Lord Mulgrave in succeeding Lord Haddington, was placed precisely in the same situation as Lord Gosford in replacing Lord Amherst. Had Lord Haddington remained in office, the Irish Tithe bill would have been settled two years ago. Lord Mulgrave came into power, and in order to conciliate the majority, refused to settle that fruitful source of disorder, without a certain appropriation, which the Whigs themselves have now abandoned. Had Lord Haddington maintained that place he was so well qualified to fill,

the Poor Law bill would have been long ago settled, and Mr O'Connell would thereby have been prevented working on the passions of the starving and miserable population. Distress would have diminished, and crime, probably, diminished with it. Public works would have been carried on; agitation connected with prædial outrage would have been properly checked, and the authority of the laws maintained. There would have been no illegal associations, no permissive and wholesale intimidation, no patronage liberally dispensed amongst the repeal party.* Under Lord Mulgrave the Tithe bill remains the fertile source of discord; the poor are still unprovided; the law has been remissly executed; the amount of crime considerably exceeds that which the Whigs in 1833 thought justified a personal allusion to O'Connell in the King's Speech and a coercion bill; and, above all, the demagogue has been fondled and fostered, his force in Parliament has increased, and his boldness has increased with his power. What must be the consequence? The case is plain, so far as Lord Glenelg and Lord Mulgrave are concerned; both have pursued the same policy; and all that can be said for the Whigs in Ireland is, that the disasters which have attended their policy in Canada have not *yet* appeared in the sister island. But no one will deny, when recent events are fairly considered, that that policy consists in alliance with the party that strives for the subversion of the constitution and for separation from the mother country; and that such policy can have but one tendency, to give power and audacity to the persons it is the duty of Government to discourage.

On this statement, imperfect as it may be, we trust we have in some measure shown the analogy between Whig misrule in Canada and in Ireland. To those who do not think, with modern infidels, that success is the only criterion of merit, the proof that Lord Mulgrave and Lord Glenelg pursue a similar line of conduct will be a sufficient warrant for concluding, notwithstanding the greater luck of one in having been saved from an open outbreak, that both are alike guilty, if not of serious mischief, at least of great mistakes. To those who are content with the new theory of morals, the Irish Viceroy may seem very well adapted to his station, and the unfortunate Lord Glenelg worthy of any condemnation; but we hope that there are few who will be degraded so much as to judge thus. We hope that a sounder criterion will be applied, and that the two officials will be convicted on reference not to the success of their schemes, but to the principles of their conduct. Tried by this rule, Lord Glenelg may lay claim to far more indulgence than his colleague. The former, to whom, as Lord Aberdeen rightly said, vacillation was a habit, appears often to have erred from weakness and from ignorance; still the general outlines of his plan were unsatisfactory, and the principles of it, so far as it was carried out, were extremely mischievous. The latter seems at times to have been carried away by vanity, and deluded into foolish measures by the flattery of the demagogues, and thus frequently has been carried even beyond the bounds of that very liberal system of concession he has conceived. Of the two, Lord Mulgrave certainly appears the more reckless

* We think it may be useful, once more to mention, that out of the 39 members who voted for a repeal of the Union, the following have been provided for or rewarded by the grateful Lord Mulgrave:—

Mr O'Connell and Mr Cassidy have been placed in the Commission of the Peace. Colonel Butler and Sir R. Nagle have been restored to it. Mr Kennedy has been made Slave Commissioner at Havanna on £2000 a-year. Mr Fitzsimon has been made Clerk of the Hanaper, which is worth nearly as much. Mr O'Dwyer has been created Stipendiary Magistrate. Mr Lynch has been made Master in Chancery at £4000 a-year; Mr Finn has been also placed in some situation; Mr Vigors honoured as a Whig Commissioner; and Mr Ruthven, as all the world knows, has been offered a Colonial office he declined.

Of the rest of the Repealers, Lord Mulgrave is doubtless, not forgetful. Two of them, Mr Ruthven, senior, and Mr Ronayne, unfortunately for him, are dead. Three of them are unworthy of patronage, as having turned against Mr O'Connell,—namely, Mr Galway, Mr F. O'Connor, and Mr Wallace. On the whole, the Tail cannot complain of ill-treatment.

and unscrupulous. From the first moment of his official career in Ireland he has been the head, not of the state, but of a party, and instead, like most of his predecessors there, whether Whig or Tory, of endeavouring to be impartial between the various contending faiths and interests, he has plunged headlong into all the projects of the disaffected. In these days this can excite no surprise.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

But if no cause of astonishment, it may justly produce alarm. Political wisdom consists in a just appreciation of analogies, prospects, and contingencies, and experience; and, therefore, if Lord Mulgrave suppose that he can with impunity follow courses which have always ended hitherto in peril or confusion, he must have a confidence in his own abilities which it is needless to say no one shares.

The only calculation he can make of success must depend on the assumption that a policy which has failed under the direction of others will be productive of good under him; and this assumption must necessarily be proved fallacious, because his abilities are mediocre, and his judgment undoubtedly less powerful than that of the statesmen he hopes to rival and outvie. In truth, the Whigs, as is proved in the conduct of his Lordship and many more, are in that position which Sir Edward Dering and Prynne took prior to the great Rebellion, and which the unfortunate Girondists in France found so deceptive prior to the Revolution of 1789. There is nothing whatever in the character of the Ministry to sanction the expectation that they can "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Not only will they bear no comparison with former statesmen, but they are contemptible even when contrasted with their own contemporaries. They are tools in the hands of the Revolutionary party, who use them as they choose, whenever the Conservatives are not appealed to for relief and assistance. They may indeed flatter themselves that they will be able to steer a middle course between the preservation and destruction of British influence abroad and our valued domestic institutions; but they have no excuse for the gratifying and gratuitous pretensions. There are but two

principles on which they can act, and they have chosen the worst; they have professed publicly their resolution to rule in obedience to the majority, without reference to other considerations; they have tried the system in the colonies, and finding demands increasing, they were compelled at length to fall back on a firmer policy, and then disappointed ambition, relying on their imbecility, lighted the torch of war. So in Ireland Lord John Russell has pronounced the policy of Government to be concession; he has quoted to the House of Commons a speech of Mr Fox, to the effect that when one concession does not satisfy, another shall be made; and he has done this in the knowledge of the real ultimate designs of the demagogues (which, on his own system, he must be eventually called on to sanction), being no other than those which he is now at length opposing in Canada.

Let it not be supposed that we are advocates for any harsh policy or any oppressive principles. But we conceive the position and duty of the British Government to Canada to be this; the country was conquered, and was found partly peopled by natives and partly by French settlers. Emigration from England was encouraged, and when the emigrants went out to the colony, they had a right to be treated as if they were going to any other part of the British dominions; because the French, who with themselves were equally intruders on the aborigines, were a majority, the English were not to be oppressed, or to be excluded from the advantages they would have derived in other British colonies. Therefore in all the demands of the French settlers for political changes, it was necessary to have regard to the just rights and expectations of the British inhabitants; and if it were argued that the former constituted a majority, then it was to be borne in mind that the latter were yearly increasing by increasing emigration; that the prospect was, that in less than twenty years the British would outnumber the French, and consequently it would be absurd to make laws intended to last, on the supposition that a majority of a certain class existed, which majority was shortly to be converted into a minority. In Canada, therefore, the Liberalism which

would concede to the majority as such, and sacrifice the minority who had been induced with other expectations to emigrate, would be gross injustice. Where, then, was the justification for the Whigs, careless of the British and loyal part of the population, to attempt to conciliate by adding power to the French settlers, whose interests and feelings directed them to oppress and discourage British trade and British emigration? When the Canadas were conquered, the French became adopted citizens of the British empire, and as through the process of emigration they were about to become merged in a British population, it was the duty of Government to treat them all alike, enforcing English laws, and allowing an English Constitution. But when the Whigs, in obedience to the Liberals, set about extolling the majority and suiting their laws to French tastes, and sanctioning Popery, and in this manner rendering Canada any thing but a tempting asylum for emigration; when Lord Glenelg and Lord Gosford neglected making Canada a still more peaceful and inviting home for British settlers by maintaining the authority of the laws, and repressing all revolutionary conspiracies against British laws, they in both cases greatly mistook the true interests of the colony, the claims of justice, the rights of the emigrants who had been induced to settle, and their own duty to their Sovereign and country.

We conceive that the strictest analogy may be traced between the position of Canada, as we have described it, and the duties consequent thereon, and the situation of Ireland and the necessities arising upon it. We contend that it is unfair and unjust to argue on the state of affairs in either district, as if there were no peculiar circumstances common to them both, which call into action peculiar considerations and motives. When settlers were induced to settle in Ireland under James I. and subsequently, will it be pretended that they were henceforth to be out of the pale of the Constitution, and deprived practically of religious toleration, and even of civil protection? If the voice of the majority, of which we hear so much, is to be in all cases a guide, certainly there never would have been an Irish Union; and be it remembered, if the voice of the peo-

ple, which the Liberals pretend to follow, is to be a decisive authority, the Popish Bill of 1829 would never have passed in this country. Well, then, we ask if the Liberals, who approve of the Irish Union and the Relief Bill, sanction in those cases disregard of public opinion, why should not others have a right of exercising discretion on other points, and of using the power of doing what they deemed just, even when a majority offered? We laugh to scorn the absurd pretence that the majority shall be not only consulted, but obeyed; we claim, as well for statesmen as for legislators, the right of deliberating on all matters. We recognise that right as necessary; we believe that without it popular passion would soon involve the nation in revolution at home, and dissensions with surrounding nations. Let the Whigs, who assume to be ruling Ireland on the principle of submission to the majority, and who have been driven from that absurd policy in Canada, say how they defend themselves in affecting to govern throughout on liberal principles, which they have in one case positively renounced, and which they more covertly, but not less positively, violate, even in the other case, by refusing what a majority demand—a repeal of the Irish Union. Clearly there can be no explanation of this inconsistency; there can be, therefore, no further excuse for the pretence of the Whigs, that they monopolize a regard for public opinion, when they merely follow it where it is not their interest, or in their power to resist. Consequently when the Conservatives assert that, in Canada and Ireland, one uniform rule should be applied—that the British settlers should be favoured and protected, because they went not to amalgamate with the majority, but to form a British interest—there is more consistency in this policy than the Whigs display, and we contend that there is not less true justice and liberality. Lord Mulgrave, however, thinks differently, and confidently relies on his own opinion, which must be some pleasure and comfort to him, as no one else does. He allies himself with the majority, echoes all that is talked about “the people,” treats the Protestants merely as a minority, refuses to recognise either their peculiar claims or their peculiar

position, and, with that originality of genius for which his Lordship is distinguished even in his novels, undertakes to strengthen the connexion with Great Britain by strengthening its declared opponents. If there be proof that the Protestants are intimidated at elections, the Whigs, with their viceroy, serenely excuse the fervour of "the people;" if it be shown that there is no security for property, they complacently palliate the offences by referring to an excited state of feeling, and a marvellous zeal for that singular kind of liberty which tramples on all law, and establishes contentment by confounding *meum* and *tuum*. The benefits of this policy are, to be sure, slow in their developement, and some persons may question the moral rectitude of sacrificing any class, even for a time, for some possible ultimate good, or for the completion of some Utopian theory. But then the Liberals make out, with great applause, from all sorts and shades of persons, including Papists, infidels, Socinians, and political dissenters, that it is *only* the Protestants who suffer, *only* the minority who, in the name of liberty, are deprived of freedom, and *only* English settlers who are perilled in their property and lives. Away with this shallow and unprincipled mockery of justice and honesty! It is intended only to delude—it is invented only to betray. Nothing can be more sophistical than the reasoning that upholds it—nothing more dangerous or disgraceful than the actions that precede and accompany and follow it. By this wretched policy of conciliating men whose demands it is impossible to satisfy, the rebellion of 1640 was produced; through it was a monarch led to the block, and an iron despotism established. By this paltry and shuffling system, the Girondists in France delayed the torrent of revolution, only to give it time to gather such strength as eventually overwhelmed their king and themselves in the devastation. In ancient times the same causes of timidity, of vacillation, and of false liberalism have operated, and in all instances they have produced the same consequences, and left their character written in pages of misery and disaster. And now, in these days, we have lived, it appears, to see a weak and trembling Government, holding office through the

patronage of the revolutionary faction, stoop to concede where it is a duty to discourage, and to conciliate where it is necessary to reprove—we have seen this trimming and wavering course end, in Canada, in revolt—and we have now only to look to Lord Mulgrave for the prevention of the same result from the same cause in the country he, by the grace of the demagogues, is permitted to imagine he governs.

Though the demagogues may bluster and boast, there is no doubt they have been sadly disappointed at the result of the Canadian insurrection, and greatly humbled in being compelled to deny their associates in the colony. This, then, is the time to show that the supporters of the Constitution have been proportionably strengthened in confidence, and much enlightened with respect to the ultimate plans, the slender forbearance, and the questionable loyalty of their opponents. If the opportunity be lost, and, through the baneful operation of vulgar apprehensions, concessions be made in a shrinking spirit to the Irish democracy, one result only can ensue, and the Conservatives will be responsible for not having foreseen the tendency of measures which could possibly have but one conclusion. The same voice that shouts Justice to Ireland, and implies the eventual separation of that land from Great Britain, spoke for Justice to Canada, and sanctioned revolt and disunion. It may suit, then, the Whigs, now alarmed at the effects of their own folly, to adopt measures to one place they dare not extend to the other, and to excuse the inconsistency of alternate resistance and concession by the wretched plea that expediency approves the dereliction of principle, and condemns proceedings across a narrow channel which may be safely adopted across an ocean. It would be perfectly reasonable in the Whigs to do just what they found convenient in respect to Canada, and to keep up a pretended zeal for the integrity of the British monarchy there, by suppressing a sedition long after it has exhausted itself, which never could have existed but through their apathy; and at the same time in Ireland to trim their sails to another breeze, and continue to conciliate, to foster, and to concede. But we look to the

Conservatives for firmer principles and for more honest conduct ; we look to them for the exhibition of consistency, and for an example of true justice. By this course of conduct the difficulties of office will be diminished when encountered, and the expectations of the people more strictly adapted to the Conservative policy. Dictates of conscience and duty, the instructions of experience, the necessities of the time, and all the highest motives that can operate on action, combine to point out a firm Protestant system as the only resource for the country. To other systems there may be less opposition from some classes, and more determined hostility from the remainder of the destructive factions, but to this all will unite in enmity and resolute opposition. It is the bond of sympathy occasioned by this opposition that now constitutes the only link between the different sections on the Ministerial side of the House of Commons: it is this opposition that has rendered Lord Glenelg and Lord Mulgrave's proceedings so similar, which has tempted Lord Palmerston to trample on the Protestants of Holland, and to encourage the infidels of Spain. But strong as the hatred of this policy may be, we feel assured that success will at length crown it, and that this nation, under its influence, will flourish with the blessings of the Most High. Instead of yielding to Popery either in the colonies, because it is strong in human might or energy, the Conservatives, if they fulfil what we believe their duty and their destiny, will raise up afflicted truth, and give liberty which never can fade, by basing it on the solid foundations of religion. Any other proceeding may delay disaster, or may tend to mitigate its effects ; but ultimately, when the rising generation supply the places of the present actors on the theatre of life, it will be found that education, which magnifies only the divinity of reason, sows the seeds of presumption and crime, and must certainly destroy all social distinctions and order, which is the parent of freedom. When too late it will be seen that Liberalism means indifference to truth, and leads at once to infidelity and revolution.

The consequences of a firm Protestant policy must be far different. The very spirit of it must breathe a

hatred of oppression, as well as a stern enmity to viciousness and crime. We can conceive, indeed, no position of worldly affairs more glorious than the pre-eminence of a great empire like Britain, distinguished for patronage of a pure faith, and adherence through good report and evil report to its sacred cause. Than this there can be no nobler conception ; no statesman can gain immortality by the acknowledgment of a more splendid aspiration. The people in such a case would be educated on solid principles, and for great purposes ; the rulers would be worthy of their choice ; and the nation's possessions would be secured in harmony by the strongest bonds of interest and sympathy. At present, unhappily, when the bramble may reign in the forest, or the jackal in the desert ; when the governors of the state are mere agents of popular passions ; when the limits of executive or legislative folly are defined by the force of temptations, instead of the power of virtue, there seems little hope for any thing in England but an increased departure from all the great guides of policy, which have been the safeguard and honour of the country in the worst of times, and in every crisis. But still, to the imagination, though the mind is disturbed with anxiety, a ray of better promise seems breaking through the mists of prejudice and error, and stealing with invigorating warmth into the undeadened hearts of many among the people. We ardently hope that this source of comfort and rejoicing may not prove an illusion. We appeal to the Conservatives to stand forth at this period, in defiance of minor or of personal motives, for the settlement and security of Protestantism, which has been assailed both in Canada and in Ireland, that it may shine forth more brightly than before—fanned, not extinguished by the storm. No conjuncture of affairs was ever more important, no occasion of well-doing ever more conspicuous. The prospects promised by a proper use of the opportunity are enticing and most cheering ; the plan of action is simple ; the principle distinct and unquestionable ; the consequences are in the hands of Him, through whom truth throughout the globe shall at length mightily triumph.

HYMN TO CERES.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS.

SHOUT, women, shout your voices out,
 In chant to Ceres showing,
 That follow in train the sacred wain
 Of the Calathus onward going.
 Hail, Ceres, giver of glorious fruits,
 And measures of corn o'erflowing.
 And let none dare, from tower or stair,
 Look on our pomp in wonder ;
 Ye profane around, your feet to the ground,
 For Ceres has blessed it under ;
 Child, mother, and maid, that without a braid,
 Spreadeth her locks asunder.
 Let none come nigh, with the haggard eye
 That fasting and thirsty languish,
 That none may bring to her mind the sting
 Of the mother's fruitless anguish.
 Hesperus only looketh down,
 Clouds his head o'erarching,
 On the train of our sacred wain,
 Onward slowly marching,
 For he urged her to dip in the stream her lip
 That wearisome thirst was parching.
 How could thy feet their toil complete,
 Toil sad and never ending ;
 Now towards the west, now sorely press'd,
 To the far Æthiops tending ;
 And where the boughs of the beauteous trees
 With their golden fruit are bending.
 Nor didst allay thy thirst the way,
 Nor food nor bath restore thee ;
 Thrice Achelous' white waves lay,
 And all to cross before thee ;
 Thrice beauteous Enna's inland plain
 Sad and wailing bore thee.
 Thrice didst thou throw thee sad adown
 Beside Callichorus, welling
 Sweet waters round the smiling ground,
 Thine unregarded dwelling ;
 All parch'd with heat, and with weary feet,
 And woes in thy bosom swelling,
 Hungry and faint. But spare me the pla
 That tells the mother's wailing,
 For it were best her love attest
 To nations never failing ;
 She gave them laws, and did acquaint
 With arts still more availing.
 Tell how she taught Triptolemus
 To reap, and bind asunder
 The sacred sheaves, and send the beeves
 To tread them strongly under.
 'Twere best to tell (that mortals well
 May shun too haughty daring)
 How her wrath on Erysiethon fell,
 For his audacious bearing—

Ere yet did the Pelasgi dwell
Their homes in Cnidia rearing.

For they in sacred Dotium made
A grove, that from its centre
To th' outward skirt was shade-begirt—
No arrow there could enter ;
And with the consecrated depth
Did in their love present her.

There with proud pine did elms entwine,
Their branches largely throwing ;
Rich pears grew round, and to the ground
Hung luscious fruitage glowing,
And crystal streams in many a line
Throughout were sweetly flowing.

Nor Ceres lov'd Triopium more,
Nor more the famed Eleusis ;
Nor Enna's vale, where flowers exhale,
The sweetest earth produces.

But when from the Triopidæ,
Their better Genius turned ;
Of ground and tree the sanctity
Proud Erysiethon spurned.
For in his breast—the human pest,
An evil counsel burned.

Then forth he fared with his twenty men,
Men-Giants, stout, courageous,
Whose strength might make a city shake—
Away they rush'd outrageous,
With axe in hand, a brawny band,
Into the grove umbrageous.

There rose to the sky a poplar, high
And stately, all outvying ;
And nymphs alway at the noon of day
Under its shade were lying.—
—It receiv'd the stroke—and a groan outbroke
As the voice of one was dying—

And it uttered a sound, to the trees around,
That over the wood prevailing,
To Ceres flew, and straight she knew
Her sacred tree's bewailing.
—" Who dares ? " she cried, " ah ! wo betide
The hand my grove assailing."—

Then straight she took the form and look
Of Nicippe her Priestess, bearing
The Poppy crown, and the mystic key
Over her shoulder wearing—
And in gentle way, first strove to stay
The wretch from his impious daring.

" O spare ye these, for sacred the trees,
The Gods themselves revere them ;
O, my son, command thy ruthless band
To depart—nor axe come near them.
Mercy I claim, in thy Parents' name,
If e'er thou didst love or fear them.

" O spare, my son, lest the foul deed done,
Awaken the sleeping power
Of the Goddess dread—and on thy head
The wrath of great Ceres lower."

But as a roaring Lioness,
When hunters keen have found her,

Where deep recess, and savageness
Of the Timarian mountains bound her,
Glares with red eye, as she draws more nigh
Her new-born whelps around her ;

So stern was Erysiethon's look,
Ceres awhile surveying—
And he cried, as his vast axe high he shook,
“ Away, or await my slaying ;
Away, or this stroke for pine or oak
Shall divide thy limbs delaying.

“ Beshrew me well, the trees I fell
Shall serve me for beam and rafter,
A mansion to make for to merry-make—
With my comrades in feast and laughter.”
Then Nemesis heard the words he spake,
And writ them for vengeance after.

Now Ceres glow'd—and the Deity flow'd
Within her—and burst unclouded,
Enlarged around—she stamp'd the ground,
And her head Olympus shrouded,
And the wretches their axes left in the wound,
Far from her presence crowded.

Then away they ran, but not a man
She stay'd from his quick endeavour,
But spake to the wretch that the crime did plan,
And bade them the trunks dissever.
“ Go, dog, go build—and thy house be fill'd—
And feasting be thine for ever.”

Ere the words had pass'd, came the mischief fast
Within him, all evil boding,
Fierce burning, furious hunger cast
In his vitals, raged, corroding,
For the more he ate, insatiate,
The more was his hunger goading.

Twelve pour'd out wine, as he did dine,
And twenty dinners he swallow'd,
Yet more than at first was his hunger and thirst,
And his cheeks more pale and hollowed—
For Bacchus and Ceres ever combine—
So the wrath of Bacchus followed.

Sore was the shame to his parents came,
Seeing their son voracious ;
Perplex'd in his name excuse to frame
For invitations gracious.

Then first came the Armenidæ,
With their solicitation ;
“ The Etonian games draw nigh, and he
Must come to their celebration,
And to Minerva's sanctity
Approve his veneration.”

Ready pretext the mother makes ;
“ To Cranon he directed
His journey yesterday—there takes
The tribute long expected,
One hundred beeves—or the sacred games
My son had not neglected.”

Polyxo next the mother vex'd,
“ 'Twas her Actorion's marriage,
Nor sire, nor son, must the bridal shun,
Or 'twould the rites disparage.”

O tears did flow from her heart of wo,
And mournful was her carriage.

She cried, "Alas! my Triopas
Shall go—my son surrounded,
Nine days ago, a frightful pass
Of Pindus; out there bounded
A monstrous boar, and rent him sore,
And deeply he lies wounded."

Poor mother, distrest was thy parent breast,
To find false tales availing—
Did any call to banquet hall,
"He journies or is sailing;"
To marriage feast, "By disc or beast
Sore hurt, he lies bewailing."

Now "uttereth groan from chariot thrown;
Or in Othrys' dale abiding,
He counts his stock of herd and flock."
Mean-while, within close hiding,
The glutton eats, and still defeats
The skill of their quick providing.

As food they heap, his bowels leap,
With hunger more fierce and rending—
And down flow the meats, with an ocean sweep,
Into their gulf descending.

As snow, that the eye of the burning day
Ever dissolveth spying—
Or waxen image melteth away,
Under the sunbeams lying;
So he wasted within, till bone and skin
Alone were left for dying.

His mother still wept—two sisters crept
Sadly about him groaning;
Ten maiden slaves, and the nurse, all wept—
And Triopas deeply moaning,
Tore his aged hair in his despair,
His Father—God, disowning.

Yet prayed—"Oh Neptune, cans't thou be
My father—so to name thee;
Or fair Æolian Canace,
My mother, were to shame thee,
This third from thee, oh, cans't thou see
Thus dying, and not blame thee?"

"O would these hands had buried him!
Would Phœbus' gentle arrow
Had struck to sleep those eyes that keep
Dire watch—while to his marrow,
Eats famine in—and wasting limb
Denotes our means how narrow.

"Neptune arrest this raging pest,
Or thou thyself must take him—
Thyself must feed—or, in our need,
Supply must soon forsake him.—
For lack of beasts and flocks, no feasts
Our cooks can longer make him.

"Fold, pen, and stall, are empty all,
The big mules, wont to rattle
Our waggons on, are cook'd and gone—
The steeds for race and battle.
And th' heifer his mother for Vesta rear'd,
He ate with all our cattle.

"The heifer and steeds were sleek and fat,
But, for I naught dissemble,
Though shamed thereat—he ate the cat,
That made the small mice tremble.

"While aught his father's house retain'd,
Within, he ate secluded;
Alone the conscious house was pain'd,
And public fame eluded—
But when his teeth, above and beneath
Had it's depth and breadth denuded;

"Then forth to the streets he fared for meats,
And, a monarch's son! he seated
Himself before the banquetter's door,
And the offal and scraps entreated.
But his hunger sore, it grew the more,
—No—never to be defeated.

"O Ceres, let me harbour none,
Under thy wrath that labour;
O may I shun them every one,
For I hate an evil neighbour."

Shout, maidens, shout, and mothers throw out
The chant, while onward going—

"Hail, Ceres, giver of glorious fruits,
And measures of corn o'erflowing."

The pomp proceeds with four milk-white steeds,
So four fair seasons attending,

Great Ceres shall bring—the gentle Spring,
Summer, Autumn, with fruitage bending,
And Winter white,—and the new year bright
Shall rise 'at the old year's ending.

As now with bare heads and unshod feet

The city round we're going,
Our heads and feet so no evil meet!
And gold, as 'tis richly glowing
In the canisters fair, the women bear,
Be it so in our coffers flowing.

But let th' untaught of our mystery,
At the Prytaneum leave it;

And the women of three-score years must be,
And sedate, that there receive it.

Nor the Pomp shall decline, till it reach the shrine,
But the aged alone achieve it.

Who pray for relief from pain and grief,
Or the goddess of births to aid them—

O let them stay in the weary way,
Where their fainting limbs have laid them,
Great gifts the goddess to them will bring,
And not for delay upbraid them.

Hail, Ceres, hail! let concord prevail!

Our state in prosperity flourish,
Let fold and field abundance yield—
And do thou the people nourish.

Feed herds and flocks! and wheaten shocks
Into our garners heaping.

Sweet peace bestow, that all who sow
May surely abide the reaping.

On me, great queen, look down serene,
With the eye of thy gracious keeping.

KING EDWARD'S DREAM.

On lofty Windsor's terraces and bowers
 Fair fell the radiance of the sun's last ray,
 And purple beam'd her palaces and towers
 With the calm lustre of departing day.
 The scented air wooed fragrance from the flowers ;
 In the far west a streak of crimson lay,
 As though the day god, loath his race was sped,
 Had dropp'd his glowing mantle as he fled.

On many a regal chamber fair to see,
 The dusky light with fitful ray was streaming,
 Through heavy folds of crimson drapery,
 On gorgeous canopies where gold was beaming,
 On many a sculptured form's light tracery,
 On many a pictured brow of gallant seeming,
 On many a kingly throne and queenly bower,
 And sombre hall, and darkly frowning tower.

There is a voice of mirth in Windsor's glades,
 For England's nobles join the festive throng,
 And guide the silken rein, where high-born maids
 Blend their sweet voices with the wood-bird's song,
 Or urge the bounding steed through silvan shades,
 And loudly cheer the panting hound along.
 Yet, though the pride of England's youth is here,
 There lacks her fairest flower, her rose without a peer.

In one vast chamber of that princely pile
 There was a fair and sickly boy reposing.
 While all without, with revelry and smile,
 Hail'd the glad summer's day, so mildly closing,
 England's young monarch sat in hall the while,
 A volume dark of olden time unclosing ;
 And save a prelate old, that stay'd beside,
 He was alone, within that chamber wide.

Pale was the princely brow, and high and fair,
 On the small hand, so pensively reclining,
 Parted the ringlets of his chestnut hair ;
 And in the bright eye, through the dark lash shining,
 There dwelt a tender, melancholy air,
 As though the gentle soul within were pining,
 And long'd to lay its earthly vesture down,
 And leave its earthly throne, and wear a brighter crown.

Pallid his hue, with many a hectic streak ;
 It seem'd, as though their ancient contest ended
 That deluged England many a bloody week,
 The White Rose with her Red foe still contended
 For which should reign upon that fair young cheek :
 His mien was majesty and mildness blended—
 Noble and firm as prince's eye should be,
 But meek and gracious in its dignity.

He that would look upon that fair young brow
 Must seek some lofty pictured gallery,
 Where painter's skill would seek to give us now
 The perish'd forms of England's majesty.
 Or would he sterner memory ? I trow
 He must go tread the tombs of royalty,
 And o'er young Tudor's bier the fond tear shed
 For him, the early wise, the early dead.

But for that prelate seek no tombstone lone,
 No grass-grown grave where rustics come to weep,
 No sculptured shrine or monumental stone
 Where England lays her hallowed names to sleep,
 For till the hour when God shall claim his own,
 From the red pile, and from the stormy deep,
 Till fire and flood alike their dead return,
 Of Cranmer's resting-place thou shalt not learn.

Long on his pupil look'd the prelate grey,
 And in his eye the big tear gathered warm,
 For he had watched the progress of decay,
 And marked the tender graces of his form
 Withering before the spoiler day by day,
 Even as the wild-flower shrinks before the storm,
 And well he deemed that he was marked for death,
 That fairest rose on England's royal wreath.

In the full eye, as yet unquenched in fire,
 The prelate gazed, and there he seemed to find
 His inward musings were of grief and ire ;
 Troubled his look that brought to Cranmer's mind
 The fiery glances of his restless sire,
 And yet the look was chastened, sad but kind,
 Even as the stream reflects the orb of day,
 But burns not, blights not, with its gentler ray.

Slowly he laid aside the unheeded book,
 And his lip heaved with many a gentle sigh,
 As rose-leaves tremble by the soft wind shoo,ok,
 And the tear glistened in his deep blue eye ;
 But when he marked that prelate's anxious look,
 And how he watched his inward misery,
 Fondly the honour'd hand he took and prest,
 And thus revealed the burden of his breast.

" Cranmer, I have a wondrous tale to tell.
 Deem it not fantasy of o'erwrought feeling,
 When yester-eve, the night's gray curtain fell,
 I lay, and heard the solemn vesper pealing
 From the far chapel, like a funeral knell,
 And awful sadness o'er my soul came stealing,
 And fearful visions all the livelong night,
 Came wandering before my fever'd sight.

" Methought I stood alone, in greenwood bower ;
 It was a lonely and a silent dell,
 From sultry radiance of the noontide hour,
 The long green chestnut branches kept it well ;
 Mid the rich grass there blossomed many a flower,
 In the still shade the wood-bird loved to dwell,
 And a bright stream, as heavenly ether blue,
 Laugh'd to the breeze that o'er its waters flew.

" Even while I gazed upon the scene around,
 That sooth'd the soul, the while it charmed the eye,
 Amid the breathings of unearthly sound,
 There came an angel pinion floating by,
 A heavenly form, that dropped into the ground
 One single seed, that tranquil fountain nigh,
 And then, on radiant wing, far upward driven,
 His bright form mingled with the hues of heaven.

" Methought I bore fresh water from the stream,
 And o'er that seed the cooling draught I shed,
 And first, like tender plant its growth did seem,
 And then into a goodly tree it spread,

And ever mounting toward the glad day-beam,
At length, it waved its branches o'er my head,
And when they stirred those branches green and fair,
Unwonted sweetness filled the silent air.

"On every waving bough, it seem'd to me,
That golden fruit and snowy flowers did spring;
Nor withered stem, nor broken, might you see,
Nor weed unsightly to the root did cling;
But seeking shelter from that goodly tree,
Came many a weary bird, on drooping wing;
And many a wild flower blossom'd in the shade
Of those green boughs, that seem'd not form'd to fade.

"There came a sound, like to the trumpet's swell,
When hostile armies are on battle bent;
And a strong whirlwind hurried down the dell,
And true, as shaft from foeman's bowstring sent,
Full on my blooming tree its fury fell,
And many a strong bough from the stem it rent,
And many a blossom bright was borne away,
Or, soiled and withered, on the green earth lay.

"The bosom of the earth seemed rent in twain,
And forth there sprang a mass of living fire;
And every fair branch, scatter'd on the plain,
Fed the red flame's unquenchable desire,
Till nought of bud or blossom did remain,
Save the cold ashes on their funeral pyre;
Till from each pile of ashes lone and white
There rose a spirit form, I may not tell how bright.

"Ethereal frames, not shaped in earthly mould,
Were theirs, and angels' azure wings they wore,
Around their heads were crowns of beaming gold,
And one the face of gentle Ridley bore,
Of Hooper one, and Latimer the old,
And one, beloved and honoured even more,
For where the martyr-fires did fiercest shine,
Heavenward a spirit rose, and, *Cranmer*, it was thine.

"And many another saintly form and dear
Rose from those glowing piles, in vesture white,
And glancing through the silent air and clear,
Shot the red flames in pyramids of light,
And volumes vast of smoke came rolling near,
Hiding that fair tree from my anxious sight,
So the dull mist on Scotia's mountain-peaks
Shrouds from the shepherd's eye the lonely home he seeks.

"There came a breath from Heaven all cold and chill,
As angels sighed above that ruthless scene,
The heavy smoke that did the blue air fill,
Fled far before it, down the valley green,
And lo! that graceful tree was standing still,
More beautiful than it before had been,
With brighter fruits and riper flowers it stood,
The rich boughs waving o'er the smiling flood.

"Peaceful and still, as oft the calm blue sky
Sleeps for a while in April's changeful hour,
Till comes the dark cloud, sweeping from on high,
Bears on its wing the storm-gust and the shower,
And blinds the genial ray in Phœbus' eye,
So came the spoiler's desolating power,
Sweeping in havoc o'er that tranquil glade,
Gathering by that still stream and round that olive shade.

“ Two mighty chieftains did those spoilers lead,
 Sullen and cold their aspect and their bearing,
 In their dark lowering glance the eye might read,
 Many a foul tale of sacrilegious daring,
 Of ruthless fury, and of savage deed ;
 Stern was their rigid brow, their eye unsparing,
 Each, ere he struck, did look to Heaven and kneel,
 Fanatic Wrath was one, and one mistaken Zeal.

“ First, with destroying hand they tore away
 Each snowy flower, and every silver bud ;
 And then they stripped the green leaves from each spray,
 And scatter'd them upon the ruffled flood.
 Methought I had no power their wrath to stay,
 When I their savage fury had withstood ;
 And then the warm tears gush'd into mine eyes,
 And veil'd the sight of that sad sacrifice.

“ Again, again, that other change was done,
 And bright, and beautiful, and all unfearing,
 Its blossoms renovate, its spoilers gone,
 I saw my glorious olive-tree appearing,
 Fresh as the landscape when the bright day-sun
 From nature's face the dark night-mist is clearing,
 Like a young warrior risen from repose,
 Strengthen'd, refresh'd, and perfected it rose.

“ And all was calm as noon of summer's day,
 When scarce the murmuring zephyr dares to breathe
 Its tell-tale whisper to the trembling spray,
 The fair flowers hung in many a snowy wreath,
 Bow'd to the earth the burden'd branches lay,
 And Britain's guardian lion, chain'd beneath,
 Watch'd o'er his cherish'd charge with eye of fire,
 And mock'd the spoiler's rage, and dared the scorner's ire.

“ Long, long I look'd, and still it was the same,
 No ruder blast upon the waters play'd,
 No spoiler past, no desolater came,
 And grateful couch'd the lion in the shade,
 Or proudly raised him, when the voice of fame,
 Waking the echoes of that tranquil glade,
 With Britain's triumphs rife, came floating by,
 As glory's distant call enkindled his red eye.

“ It was a little cloud, rose all alone,
 Casting a shade where nought but light had been ;
 It was a low wind, like a mourner's tone,
 That marr'd the stillness of that peaceful scene ;
 There was a sickly touch of yellow thrown
 Across the brilliant hue of evergreen.
 It was a stranger passed that tree around,
 Measured its stately girth, and told its boughs, and frowned.

“ The name Reform was graven his brow above,
 Specious his aspect, white the robe he wore,
 Smooth was his speech, full swiftly did he move,
 And sharpest shears and pruning-hook he bore,
 And still I marked where'er his weapons drove,
 The brightest branches from their stem he tore,
 While bland Expediency, with traitor smile,
 Approved the needless task, and aided him the while.

“ More open foe, red-handed Bigotry,
 Showed his rude blood-hounds from afar their prey.
 Fiercely they came. Misrule's dark progeny,
 Clamour and Faction, led the wild array,

While ever smiled pale Infidelity,
 In conscious triumph at the coming fray.
 I looked for him that should the tree have kept,
 For Britain's guardian lion—and he slept.

“Proud Rome sat near upon her fallen throne,
 And as she watched, before her prescient eye
 Rose scenes of priestly triumph all her own.
 Visions of crosiered abbots pass'd her by,
 Of kingly sceptres at her altar thrown,
 And still she pointed to those branches high,
 And still she sought their fall, for well she knew
 She might not enter where that olive grew.

“Then all confused, before my aching vision,
 Strange forms on ebon wing swept o'er the earth,
 Not angel pinions, radiant, and Elysian,
 But fiend-like spirits of Tartarean birth,
 And ever, rose the voice of their derision,
 In tones of triumph, mockery, and mirth;
 ‘Britain,’ they said, ‘thy day of strength is o'er.’
 ‘Thy Church is falling, thou’rt a Queen no more.’”

Here paused the Prince, and on the Prelate's arm,
 Wistful he laid his small white wasted hand,
 “Oh! have I not good cause for great alarm?
 The fairest olive in my fertile land,
 Which we had hoped, unknowing scathe or harm,
 Should proudly, firmly, to all ages stand,
 For which our hearts have yearned, our lips have prayed,
 Oh! is my Church to fall, and is there none to aid?”

“Prince,” said the Prelate, “sees't thou yon slight bark
 Moored by the shore, upon the Thames' blue tide?
 The waters close around it deep and dark,
 The current swiftly rolls, the stream is wide,
 And they who pass thereby, and careless mark
 How frail the skiff, how fast the billows glide,
 Might deem each wave of force to bear away,
 And break the fragile shell, or overwhelm it in the spray?

“And yet, it hath sure anchorage below,
 In the blue depth, where never eye has sought,
 And though the swollen billows madly flow,
 Crested with foam, with direst ruin fraught,
 Vainly they come, unheeded onward go,
 That anchor'd bark is firm, it fears not aught,
 But ever doth it ride triumphantly,
 And stems the waves, however rude they be.

“So to man's faithless ken it doth appear,
 The Church thou lov'st is but as shallop frail;
 And when the tide of earthly wrath or fear
 Doth round her foam, they deem it shall prevail,
 And that her hour of ruin draweth near;
 Yet she abideth firm, she shall not fail,
 She hath an anchor too man may not see.
 Thy God will guard His church, His favour'd olive tree.”

STANZAS WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM IONA, THE SEAT OF ST COLUMBA.

[It is hardly necessary to remark, that the name of this venerable isle is derived from the Hebrew correlate *צֶלֶב* to the Latin Columba, a Dove. The Arkite allusion of the legend is very beautiful, as the Tutelary fled hither from persecution, here preserved the remains of religion, and hence disseminated, by his missionaries, the benefits of knowledge and faith to the surrounding nations.]

SEE I then *Thy* wave-beaten shore, lone isle,
Whose vision oft hath mingled with my dreams,
When all fair, holy forms around me smile,
When with the types of beauty fancy teems,
And Earth a pictured allegory seems?
Barren thy soil, and rude thine iron shore,
Where nature seldom blooms, and sun scarce gleams;
Thy nodding structures moulder 'neath Time's hoar—
And without bulwarks Thou scorn'st the Atlantic's roar!

The tide of ages rushes through my heart!
I live in olden days upon thy coast—
The veils of history, dissolving, part
As I perforce allow thy hallowed boast!
Here lived, and greatly bled, thy martyr host! *
Here the chaste choirs of pious virgins sung! †
Here holy hermits were in heaven engrossed! ‡
Science her torch on thy wild region flung,
And to Jehovah's shrine the contrite sinner clung!

How oft along thy cliffs was heard the toll
From yonder Tower, § with its sad, soothing note,
To cheer the parting, waft the passing, soul,—
That, like sweet music, it upborne might float!
But, hark! a dirge-like summons now has smote
Upon the wind! a solemn bark draws near,
With drooping oar and ensign! Kingly coat
And diadem surmount that hearsed bier!
The murder'd DUNCAN seeks anointed burial here!!

And often too upon this sterile strand
Has nobly stood the armament of Truth!—
Sure God had touched each heart of all that Band! ¶
The grey-haired sage, the soul-enkindled youth,
With dint of courage, and with tear of ruth,—
Great was the Company! ** To and fro they ran,
The sorrows of the barbarous horde to soothe;
To win to love and law the roving clan;
And arch o'er all the earth the Covenant Rainbow's span.

Amidst this shatter'd roof, this crumbled wall,
What anthem-peal, with Sursum Corda, woke,

* The Bay of Martyrs is still shown to the stranger.

† The Nunnery of St Oran.

‡ The Cell of Monks.

§ The Cathedral.

|| "Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."—*Macbeth*.

¶ Samuel I. Chap. x. ver. 26.

** Psalm lxxviii. 11, ver.

When prayer and song rung out high Festival,—
 And music in its sweetest surges broke,
 Bathing the soul beneath each rippling stroke !
 When Requiem, Eleison, Sanctus-bells,
 Did thousand gushing griefs and joys evoke,
 Thrilling the farthest of these blessed cells,
 Where still, the last responsive votaress, Echo dwells !

Thine is not Staffa's columned Sanctuary,
 Isle for its dome, its pavement of the Waves !
 That magic architecture of the Sea,
 Which yet, as in fresh-hewn perfection, braves
 The tempest strife which round it endless raves !
 But what the Hope and Peace *it* ever taught
 With all the truth that Nature there engraves ?
 But Mercy's Altar *here* the wretched sought,
 And long-tost shipwrecked souls *here* moored in Quiet's Port !*

Hail to thine awful Ruins, and farewell !
 Their sacred bounds I ne'er shall trace again :
 Long since has vibrated thy funeral knell,
 Prolonged by tremulous crag and moaning main !
 Thy desolation prints no guilty stain,
 As when strongholds of evil are o'erthrown :
 The tears we weep for thee we do not feign :
 Thy memory lives ! though centuries have flown,
 And thousand trophied piles have sunk of brass and stone !

And in the Day of final ire and doom,
 When every island shall have fled away,
 Out many a yawning grave and bursting tomb,
 Shall not a glorious army deck this clay ?
 And having made the Saviour all their stay,
 And led the Pagan savage to his feet,
 Shall they not shine as stars of brightest day ? †
 Shall they not near His right hand find a seat ?
 And a Columba his loved convert-children greet ?

What though in scene so dark, and age so rude,
 Deform'd was Truth, and desecrated, Rite ?
 What though into the Shrine did e'en intrude
 The Idol, Sense, which ever doth incite
 Vain Passion's ardour, Superstition's blight ?
 Their heart a heavenly Charity subdued !
 It swelled the onset of their holy fight !
 Intrepid, melting, every power embued !
 All triumph they abjured but in the Bleeding Rood !

Nor shall I lose thine impress, wondrous Spot !
 Howe'er my pilgrim feet may stray afar ;
 Nor shall thy lustre fade, whate'er the lot
 Haply thy renovation shall debar,—
 Of faith the Pharos, of mankind the Star !
 Nor call it fickle chance or cruel fate—
 The Olive blooms that not a Flood could mar !
 Rest thee, Blessed Ark ! for new-born ages date
 Thine honoured wreck ! new heavens and earth thy Dove await !

Leeds.

R. W. K.

* "Ad Portum Quietis et Aram Misericordie tandem, Luci, venisti."—*Apuleius*, lib. xi.

† Dan. xii. 3.

DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

No. VI.

WE left the Duke in 1809, when, having by summary ejection driven Soult from Oporto, he was preparing to lead his army into Spain. Thither we shall not follow him, it being our intention to pause in our historical survey, and select, from the vast mass of documents before us, a few which may contribute to illustrate the qualities of Wellington, not merely as a warrior or statesman, but—what is more interesting than either—as a man. The work of Colonel Gurwood is one to which the German epithet *many-sided* is strikingly appropriate; and when we consider the vast variety of topics of which it treats, and the accuracy of knowledge and soundness of judgment which are brought to bear on each, we cannot doubt that it will be read by various classes of men with very different objects. To one it will appear chiefly valuable for the deep knowledge it displays of human character and motives, and the sagacity with which these are made subservient to the accomplishment of great ends; to another as affording materials for history of undoubted authenticity and unrivalled importance; to a third, as illustrating the successful application of the higher and more recondite principles of tactic and strategy; and to the moralist as exhibiting the records of a public life, untarnished by a single deviation from the straight course of rectitude and honour. We believe, that of all these classes not one will seek instruction from these volumes in vain, and even those readers who are merely influenced by curiosity, may probably not rise from their perusal unbenefited or unimproved. But certain we are, that no one who resorts to this great work with a narrow object, and who views it only in one aspect and in one relation, can possibly form any just appreciation of its character and value; like a physiognomist who limits his observation to a single feature of a countenance, he will remain ignorant of all the higher results produced by harmony and proportion.

It cannot be denied, we think, that an exact knowledge of those qualities

by which Wellington was enabled to confer such memorable benefits on his country, is at once desirable and important. Great men there have been, in whom the moral part of their nature has not been equally elevated with the intellectual, and the question will undoubtedly be asked, "Was this so with Wellington?" The answer will be found in the collection of his correspondence now before us; and we believe that a more accurate resemblance of the external form of this remarkable man was never produced on canvass or in marble, than it affords us of his mental lineaments. In this respect the work occupies a place which could be filled by no other. It gives us what could not possibly be obtained from any other source. No biography could be so authentic or minute. It affords a key to all the recesses of thought and feeling, of principles and action, and it is probable that the character of no other public man will be so thoroughly understood by posterity.

Though the work of Colonel Gurwood be still incomplete, yet, as it already covers a period of fifteen years actively devoted to the public service, it may even now be fair to ask "what has been the result?" Has there been discovered in his motives or conduct one maculate point, one solitary deviation from the strict rule of right; or among the multitude of transactions in regard to which the most ample disclosures have been made, does there exist one in which the slightest suspicion can attach to his character or principles? Had there been such, how gladly would it not have been seized upon, and perverted to the basest purposes of party hostility! But on the contents of these volumes the voice of censure has been mute. No man has hitherto dared to found a charge upon them. No chink in the panoply of the mailed warrior has yet been discovered; and even the bitterest of his political opponents, though abundantly willing to wound, have been afraid to strike. With the records of a life before them, they have ventured to frame no in-

dictment, and even O'Connell has been forced to limit his hostility to a declaration that Wellington is merely "A STUNTED CORPORAL." We record the expression as being perhaps the very silliest blackguardism that was ever drivelled from the lips of an impotent and irritated ruffian.

All observers of human character are aware that the intellect of most men has its strong points and its weak ones, and that it is only by some fortunate or judicious direction of their talents that success can be attained. But that of Wellington has neither; it appears equally armed at all points, and is perfect in all its parts and proportions. In his case the attainment of distinction has not been the result of any fortuitous combination of circumstances, or felicitous adaptation of his powers to one particular pursuit. We cannot conceive that a mind of such extraordinary energy, so perfectly and symmetrically organized, could, under any circumstances, have encountered failure. Whatever profession he might have followed, in that profession he must have been *the first*. It has been said truly of him, that in no quality of his intellect is his superiority to ordinary men more strikingly displayed than in the extraordinary capacity for grappling successfully with every subject, however large or minute, intricate or simple, new or familiar; and the same unrivalled power of accurate and comprehensive induction which has raised him to military pre-eminence, would most assuredly, in every other pursuit, have been followed by similar results. We do not, therefore, understand what is meant by those who talk of *Wellington's military genius*, as if the qualities it involves were something separate and distinct from all others, and not simply the result of general mental superiority. The truth is, that Wellington is quite as eminent in the closet as in the field, and no less remarkable for his talent as a writer than his powers as a strategist. His style is remarkably clear, concise, vigorous, and full of meaning. When writing on subjects of importance, he is evidently too much engrossed by the matter to take much care of the manner of expressing it. Yet, withal, there is never any thing bald or disjointed in his writings; no ambiguities, no meanings imperfectly brought

out—nothing introduced for the mere purpose of embellishment.

On whatever subject Wellington writes, he does so with *precision*—a quality neither compatible with redundancy, or too great brevity of expression. The statesman and diplomatist are often elaborately obscure, and affect openness when most anxious to conceal their motives or designs. But the General who issues orders, on the exact observance of which depends the safety of an army, or the success of a campaign, must write so clearly as to render misapprehension impossible. In this respect Wellington never fails. He uniformly goes straight to his point, and not only expresses his meaning in the best words, but in the fewest. What, indeed, can be more absurd than a general balancing periods on the field of battle: illustrating the current of "a heady fight" in well-turned antitheses; and bewildering the brains of the War-Secretary by a regular exordium and perorations? Yet officers of distinction have occasionally fallen into this error. Lord Hutchinson did so in his despatch from Alexandria; and that of Sir John Hope, written after Corunna, is partially obnoxious to the same censure. Lord Nelson wrote admirably. His style was clear without being diffuse, and such as befitted a British Admiral. We cannot accord the same praise to Lord Exmouth. His account of the bombardment of Algiers savours of the prize essay of a schoolboy. As it happens to be before us, we shall illustrate our meaning by quoting the first sentences, which appear to us to be written in the worst possible taste. It begins thus:—"In all the vicissitudes of a long life of public service, no circumstance has ever produced on my mind such impressions of gratitude and joy as the event of yesterday. To have been one of the humble instruments in the hands of Divine Providence for bringing to reason a ferocious Government, and destroying for ever the insufferable and horrid system of Christian slavery, can never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it. I may hope to be permitted, under such impressions, to offer my sincere congratulations to their Lordships on the complete success which attended

the gallant efforts of his Majesty's fleet, in their attack upon Algiers of yesterday, and the happy result produced from it on this day by the signature of peace." We think the Admiral must have called in the chaplain to assist in the composition of this elaborate passage, which has the double—though not unusual—fault of being ambitious and confused.

Sailors, however, generally write well; and in this respect may arrogate superiority to their military brethren. One cause of this may be, that having only to treat of matters nautical, they thoroughly understand their subject, which rarely involves the necessity of much collateral detail. The circumstances of a naval battle are comparatively few and simple, and independent of geographical peculiarities. The sea is the same every where, and the manœuvres of a squadron, admit of being so clearly elucidated, that the dullest landsman may comprehend them. But we much doubt if it be in the power of language to convey a definite and true conception of the conflict of armies. To effect this it would be essential, in the first place, to render the reader thoroughly familiar with the ground. Roads, trees, rivers, hills, valleys, houses, villages, must all occupy their true and precise position in his imagination. Then the armies must be correctly posted; and not only must he bear in mind every movement of every portion of those, but the exact time at which it was made. In short, he must follow every manœuvre of horse, foot, and artillery; calculate the bearing and influence on the opposing force, and do what we verily believe to be very nearly, if not quite impossible.

Wellington's talent for description is very considerable. From never attempting too much, he uses his pen boldly and with perfect confidence of success. His account of a battle is just what it ought to be. Not minute and elaborate, but lucid and succinct. The more prominent features are always judiciously selected and happily arranged. In the despatches meant for publication, he simply details facts, and leaves the Quidnuncs to draw their own conclusions as to consequences; and it is a remarkable circumstance, considering the haste in which his despatches were often necessarily written, that during the whole

progress of the Peninsular war, he never once committed himself by any imprudence of expression, or allusion to future operations.

But independently of the quality, the mere quantity of Wellington's writings is astonishing. During the Peninsular war, one of Colonel Gurwood's volumes contains only the correspondence of six months, and in quantity of matter is nearly equal to one of our own. It should be remembered too, that this vast amount of literary labour, was performed in the scanty and irregular intervals afforded by other avocations, by one who in the use of the pen can scarcely be considered to the manner bred, having at an early age been transferred from Eton to the army. In this view it may not be uninteresting to compare him with Sir Walter Scott, the man who, in our days, has most astonished the world by the number of his voluminous productions, and the rapidity with which he composed them.

Scott was an author, a sheriff, and a Clerk of Session. His duties in the latter capacities demanded little of his time, and received no more. Literature was the engrossing occupation of his life, the cynosure of his thoughts, the foundation of all his hopes, both of opulence and fame. To this object, therefore, were his great powers exclusively devoted. The world knows the result. This great man broke down under the severity of his mental labour. He died of overwork.

Unquestionably, therefore, the intellectual wear and tear of Sir Walter Scott from intense and continued excitement was excessive; but what proportion will it bear to that of Wellington during many years of his life? What cares, anxieties, or labours did Scott suffer from, which could for a moment be compared with those which must have pressed, for an unbroken series of years, on the mind of Wellington? How few men are there who could have borne up under his awful responsibilities at a time when the smallest miscalculation must have perilled not only the safety of England but the liberties of Europe! While thus circumstanced, the correspondence of Wellington is not to be considered simply as a labour *per se*, but as a measure of other labours. The fact, therefore, is in the highest degree re-

markable, that *during the whole progress of the war in Spain, Wellington actually wrote more than Sir Walter Scott, the most gifted and voluminous author of the age!* Should this be doubted, let the volumes of the Despatches, from 1809 to 1814 inclusive, be compared in amount with the works published by Sir Walter during the same period, and the statement we now make, startling as it appears, will be found strictly accurate.

The Despatches of Lord Wellesley offer a striking contrast in point of style to those of his more gifted brother. They are verbose, elaborate, and full of ornament. One may fancy him to have written them in robes and coronet, and with a diamond pen. Being a nobleman, and moreover a Governor-General, he evidently considers it beneath his dignity to write like a plebeian. His periods are marshalled in stately and imposing order, full of pomp and circumstance, and often signifying—very little. We soon grow tired of this sustained grandiloquence. It is like feeding on soup-maigre from a golden porringer—the vessel gratifies the eye, but the fare does not satisfy the appetite.

Lord Wellesley seems continually experimenting how many well-sounding words may, by the exercise of ingenuity, be employed in the expression of a given thought. In his writings there is no want of ideas, but they are so immersed in rhetoric, the reader is in continual danger of forgetting them. Give him true premises, and he will probably arrive at a sound and (it may be) an ingenious conclusion; but his advance in an argument is like that of an Eastern potentate through a conquered province. It is made with all the circumstances of barbaric pomp. There are the elephants and the banners, and all the other insignia of a great *Bahander*. The effect, no doubt, is at first imposing; we admit that the pageant is admirably got up, but prefer getting over the ground with more rapidity and less ostentation.

Wellington writes differently. As a specimen of the easy style of his correspondence, we shall give a letter to Marshal Beresford, which will likewise show how thoroughly his presiding mind superintended and directed the most minute details by which the efficiency of the army might be affected.

“ MY DEAR BERESFORD,

“ Abrantes, 27th June, 1809.

“ The money having arrived, the army marches this day. I have received from you three letters of the 24th, and one of the 25th.

“ I shall speak to Colonel Fletcher respecting the employment of Captain Chapman with the army; but I rather believe that his business having been interrupted in consequence of the terror occasioned by Victor's movement to Alcantara, he has not finished what I sent him upon. If, however, we should not want him at Lisbon, I shall call him to the army, as you do not require his services, and you shall keep at Lisbon the Lieut. of the Germans.

“ I should wish you to delay, if possible, all arrangements respecting the rank of the English officers, till I shall receive the answer to my letter of the 7th instant. I think it probable that none of the officers whose names are mentioned in the letter from the Commander-in-Chief of the 1st June, will come out before that answer shall arrive. But if they should, at least if they are all of the same stamp with Colonel ———, you would be much better without them, as he is the person who was obliged by Sir John Moore to retire from the —th regiment, for incapacity in the last campaign.

“ If Mr Rawlins has not been already directed to place himself under your orders, he shall be so in the General Orders of this day. I shall speak to the Commissary-General respecting the three clerks to be appointed assistants, and you shall have them, if he can spare their services. Mr Belson shall be ordered this day to place himself under your orders.

“ I do not recollect whether I sent home the return for your saddles. If I did, the letter went to yourself, I believe. I think you had better send to Cooke, in a private letter, the amended return which was sent home by me. Tell Cooke also to take care that your saddles are made with narrow trees. I shall order Captain ———, of the 9th, to place himself under your orders.”

The few following paragraphs are peculiarly worthy of attention. It appears that Beresford was very indignant at some unwarrantable reports made by an inferior officer to the Portuguese Government, and was probably desirous of inflicting summary and severe punishment on the offender. Wellington calmly reproves this propensity to act under the influence of

irritated feelings, and recommends the Marshal to disarm censure by the uniform exercise of "forbearance, lenity, and good-nature." We find innumerable instances in these volumes of this accurate perception of character, and of counsel so appropriate and so skillfully administered, as to correct the failings without wounding the self-love of individuals.

"——'s conduct appears, by your account of it, to be very bad. These people are so much accustomed to trick, that they cannot refrain from it, and they have recourse to it now to acquire popularity, in the same manner as they did formerly to acquire Court favour. There is only one line to be adopted in opposition to all trick; that is, the steady straight line of duty, tempered by forbearance, lenity, and good-nature.

"The Government having published ——'s letter, you can have nothing to say to him upon that ground. But you ought to call upon the Government to furnish you with the original, or with official copies of the reports from —— which they have published. You ought then to call —— to account, first, for having made any report to the Government instead of to you, his superior officer; secondly, for the difference between his report to Government and his reports to you; and thirdly, for his deviations from the truth in his reports to Government, in respect to his operations, at which you were present.

"Having received his answers upon these subjects, you ought to publish an order to forbid any officer to make a report to any superior authority, excepting through the medium of his immediate commanding officer; and you ought to point out the variations, the inconsistencies, and the falsehoods in the report made by ——, as the cause of the order at that moment.

"I think that by these means you will give a check to the propensity of these gentlemen to endeavour to acquire popularity at your expense, by trick and falsehood. I would insert in this order, or in the correspondence, no severity or asperity, only a plain and short abstract of the facts.

"I have not got (but I will get) a return of our medical gentlemen at Lisbon; you shall have all the assistance of this kind that I can give you. I think that the French are drawing out of Galicia, and it is not impossible but that they may take a look at Braganza as they pass by. I conclude that that place is dismantled, as all the other Portuguese places are.

"You are acquainted with my opinion respecting the position for your corps, in case the enemy should move to his left; that is, that you move to your right upon an inner and of course a smaller circle, being convinced that they are moving from Galicia into Castile. You have done quite right, therefore, to halt your corps upon the Douro, at Coimbra and Guarda. In respect to the place for assembling them, you must recollect that your object is twofold: first, to organize and discipline your troops; next, to observe the motions of the enemy, and to cover and secure, by your appearance, your numbers, and your reputation, the entrance into Portugal, which may at the moment be threatened by the enemy.

"In choosing your position, you should take care not to put yourself too forward towards the enemy, otherwise you may be interrupted in your measures for obtaining your first object; and indeed you may put to risk the security which you might give to the country, if you were at a greater distance from them.

"In respect to me, I conceive that, at present, whether you march a day or two farther one way or another, it can make but little difference to my operations. You must depend very much upon the movements of the French. If they should hang about the Guadarama in strength, I must move that way; if not, I shall certainly go upon Segovia, and, in doing so, I shall try to keep as near the Portuguese frontier as possible.

"I have already told you that you shall have the best of the new battalions coming out. Would you like the second battalion of your own regiment? I shall likewise try to send you some riflemen.

Believe me," &c.

The rule of conduct which Wellington recommended to Beresford was that on which he uniformly acted. It is a singular circumstance, and one strongly indicative of character, that there is not one letter in these volumes which appears to have been written under the impulse of irritated or indignant feeling. Under no circumstances can we discern any trace of Wellington's judgment having been influenced by temper. In cases where

he had suffered personal offence, and even insult, he seems to have been, if possible, more than ordinarily temperate in his expressions, and deliberate in his measures. The passages we are about to quote will afford a striking illustration of this. The first consists of an extract from a letter to Lord Wellesley, then Ambassador in Spain, and will explain both the nature of the insult and the deep sense entertained of it by Wellington.

"I have the honour to enclose to your Excellency copies of letters which I have received from General Eguia, and copies of my answers. Your Excellency will observe in General Eguia's letter to me of the 19th instant, a very injurious, improper, and unfounded assertion, that I made use of the want of provisions as a pretext for withdrawing from Spain; and that it was a false one, for that there were plenty of provisions for the army. I assure your Excellency, that on that very day the troops in my camp at Jaraicejo received only three quarters of a pound of flour, and the cavalry and the other horses of the army no forage, excepting what they could pick up.

"Until this insulting assertion was withdrawn, it was impossible for me to continue any correspondence with General Eguia after I should have replied to his letter, which I hope I did with the temper which became my situation and character."

We now give the letter to General Eguia, who seems to have been a true specimen of a Spanish General, at

once blustering and pusillanimous; promising every thing and performing nothing.

"Sir,

"Jaraicejo, 19th August, 1809.

"I have had the honour of receiving your Excellency's letter of this day's date, and I feel much concerned that any thing should have occurred to induce your Excellency to express a doubt of the truth of what I have written to you. As, however, your Excellency entertains that doubt, any further correspondence between us appears unnecessary; and accordingly, this is the last letter which I shall have the honour of addressing to you.

"Although your Excellency has expressed a doubt of the truth of what I have written to you, I entertain none of what your Excellency has written to me; and I am well convinced that your Excellency has given orders, and that all the contents of the magazine at Truxillo will be given to the British troops, even though the Spanish troops should want food.

"But notwithstanding these orders, and an obedience to them, the British troops are still in want. Yesterday they received but one-third of a ration, and that was in flour; this day they received only half a ration, likewise in flour; and on neither of these days have the horses of the army received any thing.

"These deficiencies arise not from the want of orders by your Excellency, or of your faithful execution of your promises to me, but from the want of means in the country, and from the want of arrangement by the Government in the adoption of timely measures to supply the wants which they were informed long ago existed.

"But to whatever cause the deficiency of means of supplying the troops with provisions may be attributed, it is obvious that it exists.

"According to the return of the state of the magazine at Truxillo, sent to me by your Excellency yesterday, it did not contain a sufficiency to feed the British army even for one day. This being the case, the wants of the army must continue; I must lose men and horses daily; and therefore in order to save the army, I must remove to a country in which I know that I shall get food, and other assistance which I require.

"Whatever your Excellency may think of the truth or falsehood of my assertion, I repeat, that want, and the apprehension of its further consequences, are the only reasons for my quitting Spain.

"I have the honour to inform your Excellency, that besides the ammunition left at Deleytosa, I shall be obliged to leave here another large quantity, from the want of means of moving it. I shall send an officer to Deleytosa to-morrow, to deliver to the officer whom you may appoint to receive it, the ammunition which is there; and if you will send an officer here in the course of the day, he shall receive charge of the ammunition which will be left here, if your Excellency wishes to have these articles. If you should not wish to have them, I propose to destroy them, as I have no means of moving them from hence.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

We shall next direct attention to an instance in which the plans of Wellington were seriously and unpardonably deranged, by the disobedience of a general officer. Yet even in this flagrant case, the censure, though severe, is administered with the most dignified composure.

MEMORANDUM FOR * * * * *

"Jaraicejo, 13th August, 1809.

"From the orders sent to ——— yesterday, of which a copy is enclosed, he will see how important it is that an officer should strictly obey the orders which he receives; and having obeyed them, that he should patiently wait for further orders.

"He could not suppose that he was forgotten; or that the depots at Castello Branco, or Abrantes, were forgotten; or that any of those points respecting which he has taken upon himself to give orders, such as the march of the 11th regiment, and of the artillery from Lisbon, &c., had not been attended to at headquarters; or that means did not exist for communicating the orders upon them which might be necessary.

"The orders given yesterday contain a detailed plan for the defence of Portugal, combined of the operations of different corps, and the whole founded upon a supposition that they were in certain situations ordered for them; and that they would find, particularly Marshal Beresford's corps, a depot of provisions at Castello Branco, which would have supported it while at and in the neighbourhood of that place, and while passing through the mountains to the rear.

"In consequence of ———'s orders and arrangements, all this now becomes a matter of doubt; and the enemy being in force at Plasencia, it is uncertain, not only whether there will be troops to oppose him in the stations supposed, if he should invade Portugal, but whether there will be magazines of provisions to support those bodies of troops whose commanders may have obeyed their orders.

"If it should be possible, it is still wished that the orders of yesterday may be carried into execution; and ——— will understand that his movements and orders have involved him in a very serious responsibility."

It has often been made a charge against Wellington by his political opponents, that his principles of government were more arbitrary than befitted the Minister of a free country. The allegation being supported by no evidence, and founded on no single action of a long public life, deserved,

and indeed admitted of no other answer than a broad and positive denial. But the vitality of a falsehood, like that of an eel, is not easily destroyed, and the one in question has long continued to afford a convenient topic of declamation to orators at Whig dinners and Radical tea-drinkings. At such meetings it has often been triumphantly demanded whether a leader of armies, accustomed to the discipline of camps, and the despotic exercise of military authority, could be supposed qualified, either by principles or habits, for the discharge of high civil trust. To such questions Colonel Gurwood's work affords a triumphant reply.

From that it appears that in 1810, Mr Stuart, the British Minister at Lisbon, did strongly represent to Lord Wellington the advantage which would result from having the whole of Portugal subjected to military law. Had Wellington consented to this measure, there can be no doubt that it would have been carried into effect, and the consequence would of course have been, that the dictatorship of a kingdom would have been vested in his own person. How he acted under such circumstances is worthy of being known, and we particularly direct attention to the following admirable letter.

Lieut.-General Viscount Wellington, K.B., to C. Stuart, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Viseau, 19th April, 1810.

"I think it would be desirable to define with precision our ideas respecting the establishment of military law, before we determine to alter the established law of the country in any case.

"The following questions are worth consideration and decision on this topic. What is military law? Military law, as applied to any persons, excepting the officers, soldiers, and followers of the army, for whose government there are particular provisions of law in all well-regulated countries, is neither more nor less than the will of the General of the army. He punishes, either with or without trial, for crimes either declared to be so, or not so declared by any existing law, or by his own orders. This is the plain and common meaning of the term military law. Besides the mode of proceeding above described, laws have been made in different countries at different times to establish and legalize a description of military constitution.

"The Commander-in-Chief, or the Government, has been authorized to proceed by military process, that is, by Court Martial or Council of War, against persons offending against certain laws, or against their own orders, issued generally for the security of the army, or for the establishment of a certain government or constitution odious to the people among whom it is established. Of both descriptions of military law there are numerous instances in the history of the operations of the French army during the Revolution; and there is an instance of the existence both of the first mentioned description and of the last mentioned in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, when the people were in insurrection against the Government, and were to be restrained by force.

"The next question which is worth our consideration, is, For what object is military law of either description to be established in Portugal? Upon this point I would observe, that I believe there is no instance in history of the establishment of military law, excepting with a view to restrain the people. We have no such object in Portugal.

"What we want is:—

"1st, To make the magistrates do their duty. We may try them by Court Martial or Council of War for neglect of duty; but what punishment would a Court Martial inflict upon them for neglect of duty, however criminal, except dismissal from office? And that punishment can be inflicted by the Government at any time without trial.

"2dly, We want to induce the people to perform the duties, and to supply the articles required from them by the law, and by the orders of Government. The law which imposes these duties, and requires these supplies and assistance for the armies, furnishes the means of its own execution, and imposes

the penalties of non-performance of its provisions; and it is the duty of the inferior magistrate to inflict the penalty of the law for its breach.

"We are mistaken, if we suppose that a peasant who has deserted from the militia or the line, or who has avoided to give his grain, or his straw, or his bullocks, or to supply his cart when called for, will attend the General to receive the notification of his will regarding his punishment, or the sentence of a Council of War. Inferior officers and persons must seek for him. If military law is to supersede every other authority, the troops must be the executive officers of the law; they must be employed to seek and bring forward the criminal; and probably at the period when the enemy may be in the province governed by this law, the troops must be employed in the civil government, instead of in opposing the enemy.

"I wish these points to be maturely considered before we go farther.

"Let us define our notions; and depend upon it, we shall find that the establishment of military law will only increase our difficulties.

"Believe me," &c.

Many of our readers, we think, will learn with astonishment, that even while Wellington was leading the British troops from victory to victory, so trifling was his interest at the Horse-Guards, that his recommendation of officers for promotion was rarely attended to. On this subject, he natu-

rally felt strongly, not so much for the indifference it betrayed to his own personal claims, as the injustice done to the meritorious officers of his army. In August, 1810, he thus writes to the Secretary of the Duke of York.

"While writing upon this subject, I am also tempted to communicate to you my opinion upon another branch of it, viz., the disposal of the patronage of the troops serving on foreign service. In all services, excepting that of Great Britain, and in former times in the service of Great Britain, the Commander-in-Chief of an army employed against the enemy in the field had the power of promoting officers, at least to vacancies occasioned by the service, in the troops under his own command; and in foreign services, the principle is carried so far, as that no person can venture to recommend an officer for promotion belonging to an army employed against the enemy in the field, excepting the commander of that army.

"It was pretty nearly the case formerly in our own service; and I believe the greater number of the general officers of the higher ranks of the present day were made lieut.-colonels by Sir W. Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, General Burgoyne, Lord Dorchester, &c. But how is it now? The form remains still in some degree the same; that is to say, my secretary keeps the register of the applications, memorials, and regimental recommendations, a trouble which, by the by, might as well be saved; but the substance is entirely altered; and I, who command the largest British army that has been employed against the enemy for many years, and who have upon my hands certainly the most extensive and difficult concern that was ever imposed upon any British officer, have not the power of making even a corporal!!! It is impossible that this system can last. It will do very well for trifling expeditions and short services, &c.; but those who are to superintend the discipline, and to excite and regulate the exertions of the officers of the army, during a long continued service, must have the power of rewarding them by the only mode in which they can be rewarded, that is, by promotion.

"It is known to the army and to strangers, and I am almost ashamed of acknowledging, the small degree (I ought to say nullity) of power of reward which belongs to my situation; and it is really extraordinary that I have got on so well hitherto without it; but the day must come when this system must be altered.

"I do not entertain these opinions, and communicate them to you, because there are any officers attached to me in the service for whom I desire promotion. All my aides-de-camp, respecting whom I do feel an interest, have been promoted in their turn in their regiments, or are to be promoted, for carrying home the accounts of victories. The only person, respecting whose promotion

I ever interested myself personally, was that of Colin Campbell, which the Duke of York had promised him, in consequence of his having brought home the accounts of two victories at the same time; and the difficulty which I experienced in obtaining his promotion, notwithstanding that promise, is a strong practical proof of the effects of the system to which I have adverted.

"The consequence of the change of the system in respect to me would be only to give me the power of rewarding the services of those who have exerted, or should exert, themselves zealously in the service; and thus to stimulate others to similar exertions.

"Even admitting that the system of promotion by seniority, exploded in other armies, is the best for that of Great Britain, it would still be an advantage that those who become entitled to it should receive it immediately, and from the hand of the person who is obliged to expose them to danger, to enforce discipline, and to call for their exertions. I would also observe that this practice would be entirely consistent with the unvaried usage of the British Navy.

"I admit that it may be urged with truth that a larger view may be taken of the interests of the public, in the mode of promoting officers of the army, than I am capable of taking; and this view may have suggested the expediency of adopting and adhering to the mode now in use; at the same time I must say that the public can have no greater interest than in the conduct and discipline of an army employed against the enemy in the field; and I am thoroughly convinced, that whatever may be the result in my hands, a British army cannot be kept in the field for any length of time, unless the officers composing it have some hope that their exertions will certainly be rewarded by promotion; and that to be abroad on service, and to do their duty with zeal and intelligence, afford prospects of promotion not afforded by the mere presence of an officer with his regiment, and his bearing the King's commission for a certain number of years.

"I have been induced to communicate these opinions to you, from the consideration of the claims of those officers to which I have drawn your attention at the commencement of this letter, from a strong conviction of their truth, and not, I assure you, from any interest I feel in the result. I would not give one pin to have the disposal of every commission in the army.

"Believe me," &c.

In spite of this strong representation, we subsequently learn that the same state of things was suffered to continue. The Duke of York, with many good qualities, was jealous of his patronage, and would not suffer it to be shared by any one. Indeed, Colonel Torrens intimated to Wellington, that in discussing this subject he had got on delicate ground, and recommended his avoiding it for the future.

Another source of annoyance to Wellington, was the number of persons appointed to situations connected with the army, for which neither their habits nor their talents at all fitted them. Indeed, so lax was the system of patronage in some departments, that men actually convicted of disgraceful offences were selected sometimes to conduct them. Surgeons were sent out who had never handled a scalpel. Many who arrived in that capacity had little pretension to the manners, and none to the education of gentlemen. The Commissariat was recruited from the ranks of broken

tradesmen and ruined gamblers, with an occasional nobleman's butler, for whom his master was desirous of providing. Under such circumstances it was necessary that the eye of Wellington should be every where, enforcing the performance of duty, and punishing the neglect of it. In no department could merit escape his observation, or fail to meet with encouragement. On the other hand he permitted no man to fill a responsible situation for which he was not qualified, both by talent and personal respectability. It may be too much to assert that Wellington knew the character of every man in his army, but he certainly did possess that knowledge of all whom he ever placed in a situation of trust. The following letter relates to an individual who had been sent out from England to become the head of the Commissariat at Cadiz. It shows how little enquiry into character was deemed necessary by those in whom the patronage of that department was vested.

*Lieut. General Viscount Wellington, K.B., to Colonel Gordon,
Commissary-in-Chief.*

"MY DEAR COLONEL, " Cea, 17th April, 1810.

"I am afraid that Mr —, who is gone to Cadiz at the head of the Commissariat, is a man very little to be trusted. If I am not mistaken, he was in the military service of the East India Company, on the establishment of Fort St George. If he was, he was dismissed from the service under the following circumstances:—

"An officer of the army accused him of having robbed him; that is to say, he literally stole his purse from him. The officer in question (whose name I do not recollect) was brought to trial before a General Court Martial for defamation, and was acquitted.

"I understand that the Commander-in-Chief, General Stuart, wanted to bring Mr — to trial, on a charge to be framed against him, on the accusation of the officer who had been acquitted of defamation; but Mr — declined to stand his trial, and was dismissed from the service.

"When he was dismissed from the service, other persons recollected having lost their purses when in company with him; and I understood that he had once been accused of taking a purse out of an officer's writing-box, but that the accusation was deemed so improbable, that it was scouted.

"Although I think that a person who has an itch for taking purses is not a fit person to be a Deputy Commissary General, in charge of the department, I should not have mentioned this subject to you upon my own recollection of these facts, if I could not point out to you the means of ascertaining them precisely.

"Lieut.-General Stuart, who was the Commander-in-Chief at Fort St George at the time to which I refer, and Colonel Agnew, who was the Adjutant-General, are both in London. The former lives in Charles Street, and the latter in Harley Street; and either, but particularly the latter, will be able to give you an accurate and authentic account of the causes and manner of Mr —'s quitting the service of the East India Company.

"If Mr Commissary — is the *cut-purse*, it is difficult to account for his becoming an officer of the Commissariat; but being one, I can easily account for his being promoted, and for his having given satisfaction to his superiors, as I recollect having him under my command in charge of a post, as an officer, and I never knew one more active, or more intelligent.

"Believe me," &c.

We do know any compositions more beautiful than the letters of Wellington to the relatives of those who fell in the discharge of their duty while serving under him. There is no cant about them—nothing of the *falsetto*, either in feeling or expression. They

contain every thing which it could be consolatory to the heart of a parent to know, without having recourse to topics of vulgar or commonplace condolence. We consider them as models of fine taste and true feeling. We quote two. They tell their own story.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Gallegos, 29th January, 1812.

"I am sorry to tell you that your son George was again wounded in the right arm so badly last night, in the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, that it was necessary to amputate it above the elbow. He, however, bore the operation remarkably well, and I have seen him this morning well free from pain and fever, and enjoying highly his success before he had received his wound. When he did receive it, he only desired that I might be informed that he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen.

"Having such sons, I am aware that you expect to hear of those misfortunes, which I have more than once had to communicate to you; and notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction they are daily acquiring for themselves, by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you,

"Under such circumstances I perform the task which I have taken upon myself with less reluctance, hoping at the same time that this will be the last occasion on which I shall have to address you upon such a subject; and that your brave sons will be spared to you. Although the last was the most serious, it was not the only wound which George received during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was hit by the splinter of a shell in the shoulder on the 16th.

"Believe me," &c.

"*The Lady Sarah Napier.*"

"My Lord,

"Villa Toro, 11th October, 1812.

"As I have before had the honour of writing to you respecting your son, I cannot allow my despatch to go to England with the melancholy account of the loss which you have sustained, without addressing a few lines to you.

"Your son fell as he had lived, in the zealous and gallant discharge of his duty. He had already distinguished himself in the course of the operations of the attack of the Castle of Burgos to such a degree as to induce me to recommend him for promotion; and I assure your Lordship, that if Providence had spared him to you, he possessed acquirements, and was endowed with qualities to become one of the greatest ornaments of his profession, and to continue an honour to his family, and an advantage to his country.

"I have no hope that what I have above stated to your Lordship will at all tend to alleviate your affliction on this melancholy occasion; but I could not deny myself the satisfaction of assuring you that I was highly sensible of the merits of your son, and that I most sincerely lament his loss.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

"*Lord Somers.*"

While Wellington was fighting the battles of his country abroad, he was, as our readers well know, the object of unmitigated abuse to the Whig party at home. The honours bestowed on him by his Sovereign were declared to be unmerited; his victories were pronounced defeats; his talents were depreciated, and even his motives impugned. When a vote of thanks was proposed to him after Talavera, it encountered vehement opposition; and Lord Grey, in particular, declared it to be an imposition on Parliament and the country. In his speech (26th January, 1810) he denied that the battle of Talavera was a victory, and declared that he who fought it deserved punishment and not reward. "It had been trumpeted as such," he said, "by his Majesty's Ministers; but, in so doing, they had practised an unworthy deception.—*Lord Wellington had displayed want of capacity and want of skill, and the*

consequence had been most disastrous; nor, indeed, did we yet know the extent of the evil, for our army had been forced to retreat into Portugal, where he feared (hoped?) it was now in a very critical situation, and where, from the unhealthiness of the position which it occupied, disease had made such an alarming progress among the troops, that he believed their number did not now exceed 9000 effective men." We have given the preceding extract from Lord Grey's speech, not with the view of exposing the malice and ignorance of a statesman now retired from public life, but because we are enabled to show the exact impression which his unmerited abuse produced on the mind of its object. The following passages are from a letter to Lord Liverpool, written after perusing the debate in question. If Lord Grey be now too old to blush for himself, we think his family and friends will blush for him when they read it:—

"I assure you that what has passed in Parliament, respecting me, has not given me one moment's concern, as far as I am personally concerned; and indeed I rejoice at it, as it has given my friends an opportunity of setting the public right upon some points on which they had not been informed, and on others on which the misrepresentations had driven the truth from their memories. But I regret that men like Lord ——— and others should carry the spirit of party so far as to attack an officer in his absence, should take the ground of

their attack from Cobbett and the *Moniteur*, and should at once blame him for circumstances and events over which he could have no control, and for faults which, if they were committed at all, were not committed by him."

. Whitbread, though a violent politician, was an honest and true-hearted Englishman. No man had taken a more decided part against Wellington during the first campaigns of the war, but, blinded by party spirit, he had done so conscientiously. By degrees his eyes opened, and he became not

only conscious of the injustice of which he had been guilty, but anxious to repair it. He made public retraction of his opinions in Parliament, and wrote Wellington a letter, the contents of which may be gathered from the reply, which we give without comment. It requires none,

Lieut.-General Viscount Wellington, K.B., to Samuel Whitbread, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Elvas, 23d May, 1811.

"I was most highly gratified by your letter of the 29th April, which I received last night; and I beg leave to return my thanks for the mode in which you have taken the trouble of informing me of the favourable change of your opinion respecting affairs in this country.

"I acknowledge that I was much concerned to find that persons, for whom I entertained the highest respect, and whose opinions were likely to have great weight in England and throughout Europe, had delivered erroneous opinions, as I thought, respecting affairs in this country; and I prized their judgments so highly, at the same time that I was certain of the error of the opinion which they had delivered, that I was induced to attribute their conduct to the excess of the spirit of party.

"I assure you that, highly as I am gratified and flattered by the approbation of ———, and yourself and others, that which gives me most pleasure in the account which I received last night from England, is to be convinced that such men could not be unjust towards an officer in the service of the country abroad; and that the opinions which they had delivered, however unfavourable to him, were the real dictates of their judgments, upon a fair view of all the circumstances which had come to their knowledge. To the gratification arising from this conviction, to one who appears destined to pass his life in the harness, you have added that which I receive from your obliging letter, and I assure you that I am very sensible of the kindness towards me which induced you to write to me.

"Believe me," &c.

BLACKWOOD'S

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VOL. XLIII.

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DISCONTENTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THOUGH the lapse of a little interval has deadened the impression at first produced, it is impossible to look back on recent occurrences and disclosures, without a strong and melancholy conviction that there are widely diffused among the working classes of this country a deep discontent with their own state and position, a real or assumed opinion that they are unduly and unjustly depressed in the social scale, and a bitter hostility against the laws and institutions under which they live. We are far from thinking that, along with these feelings, there is an equally prevalent purpose among them to assert their supposed rights by a violation, not only of conventional, but of natural law, by crimes of oppression or violence committed on those who obstruct their plans. But it is certain that a system of organization exists, which, in the eager prosecution of its object, may and in fact has, put in operation agents and instruments, guided by the more violent, instead of the more humane members of the body, and not restrained within the bounds which, under other circumstances, the great mass of the individuals implicated would desire to observe.

It is impossible to contemplate this perversion of opinion and sentiment

pervading so important, so numerous, and otherwise so estimable a class of our fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen, without anxiously desiring, both for their sakes and for our own, to remove or amend it. The first step towards this object is to ascertain, if possible, the causes which have produced it. But it is not our purpose here to enter upon those various questions of a politico-economical nature, which may have operated to excite or aggravate this evil. We propose merely to notice a class of circumstances of a more general and popular kind, which we conceive to be a main cause, if it be not the chief one, of the present unhappy position of our social relations.

We consider that the discontents which prevail among the working classes are mainly to be ascribed to the system which for years has been pursued by a particular faction in the state, with the view of bringing the established laws and institutions of the country into hatred or contempt. When, in the observations we are about to make, we impute this result to the principles or practice of the Whig party, we must be understood, not as extending the accusation to the more moderate or enlightened men who have been comprehended under

that appellation, but as pointing at the more prominent champions and active organs by whom the party has been practically represented, and from whom unavoidably its doctrines and tendencies must, generally speaking, be collected.

Neither must we be understood as indicating that we consider this party, even in the sense now explained, as accountable for the result referred to upon the footing of having wilfully and deliberately sought to produce it. We conceive that in the calamitous course which they have pursued, though their criminality has been great, their folly and blindness have been infinitely greater.

Of the many evils of modern Whig principles, one of the most striking and most mischievous is their want of practical adaptation to the habits and social condition of those upon whom they must necessarily operate. The doctrines which the Whigs profess are often erroneous and often hurtful, as understood by themselves; but they are almost always false and ruinous as understood by others to whom they are promulgated. Their creed, at best, consists chiefly of articles which form the exceptions in politics, instead of the general rules; or of propositions which, if true at all, are only so, when guarded and modified by restrictions and limitations with which they are seldom accompanied. But even when their maxims abstractly are not open to direct objection, the selection of those on which they chiefly enlarge, and their mode of dealing with them in reference to the materials of which society is composed, are frequently calculated to produce popular delusion, and terminate extensively in misery and crime.

One fundamental error of this system seems to consist in the flattering but fallacious opinion, or at least in the profession of the opinion, that mankind in the mass are wise and good, calm and considerate; that they are capable of being easily taught what is right and expedient, and that when so taught, they are sure to act accordingly. It would be nearer the truth to say that the generality of men are foolish and wicked, violent and reckless: that it is difficult to enlighten them either as to their duty or their interest; and that after they are so enlightened by

attaining to the knowledge of good and evil, they are still far off from the practice of virtue and wisdom. Religion and experience alike teach us not only that men naturally are weak and blind, but that their minds are disordered by a moral disturbance, exceeding in extent even their intellectual defects. The "*video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," is a principle of universal and constant operation. The predominance of sense and appetite over reason and conscience, the triumph of the present temptation over the future or distant consequence, are matters of observation as trite and familiar as they are certain and invariable. Truths so important in religion and ethics cannot be false or immaterial in politics and government. Power lodged in the great mass of society will be exercised in folly and converted to injustice. An attempt must be made to place it in hands where it will be employed more according to the rules of reason, and less under the influence of recklessness or passion. We are thus compelled to look to those causes which tend in different degrees to soften and restrain the vices of mankind. Long and careful training will tame the bad propensities of our species, want of temptation will lull them to repose, vanity and pride will lead them into harmless channels. But wherever these or better controlling causes do not operate, the human race will be left a prey to all the vultures of the mind, to wrath and covetousness, lust and cruelty, under the influence of which, but for the strong arm of some overruling power, this goodly frame the earth would become a sterile promontory, this fair and blooming garden a den of worse than wild beasts.

It is impossible to disguise the fact, though the trimming spirit of the times makes it often expedient to suppress it, that among the extremely poor classes of society, who form so large a portion of the whole, violent passions and lawless habits must always be greatly more prevalent. We dare not, and we are far from desiring to say, that there is a greater proportion of mental guilt in those classes than in others. The rich have their full share of sins to answer for, and with their fairer opportunities and better light, they will doubtless be con-

demned as heavily for sloth and luxury as their less favoured neighbours may be for dishonesty or outrage. We speak here not of moral accountability, but of external conduct; not of occasional exceptions, but of general rules. And in these points of view it cannot be hid, that among the very poor, we must mainly expect to find those violations of law, and those irregularities of feeling and conduct that are most dangerous to the fabric of society. Poverty, as it is exhibited in our great towns, when amounting to actual want and pinching destitution, must involve active elements of vice and disorder. Vice, in many cases, will produce poverty; poverty, in many cases, will produce vice, and either way they must too generally go hand in hand. The poor can never by possibility be educated as the richer classes are; the great proportion of them must be greatly less open to factitious feelings of honour, or self-respect, or regard for opinion; and the manifold temptations which destitution creates to the commission of crime and the indulgence of debasing habits, must keep the passions in a state of stronger excitement, and often produce those outbursts of violence which lead to wretchedness and guilt. When we look around us and see how much suffering is endured, how many violent impulses are raging, among those masses of men whose collective physical force would be sufficient to overpower all that is prosperous and settled in society, we must tremble at the mysterious machinery by which the many and the strong are held in subjection by the few and the weak, and own, with reverence and humility, that our social, like our bodily frame, is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made.

To any one reflecting on these serious considerations, it must appear most strange that men, having a stake in society, and pretending to an acquaintance with the merest elements of human nature, should be found disposed to tamper with a fabric so liable to be disordered, and in which even the slightest disturbance must be attended with such alarming consequences. Yet it is certain, that for years back the doctrines and language of the most busy of the Whig party have been, if not intended, at least calculated to

unsettle this nice social mechanism, and to stimulate the poorer classes of society to throw off those restraints of law and government which are equally essential to their own welfare and that of their superiors. Invectives in season and out of season against the institutions of the country; exaggerations of every abuse or inconvenience to which the best of human laws must unavoidably be subject; declamations on themes of liberty or oppression, appropriate only if the British Constitution were a despotism, and its population in slavery; these have been the main burden of the Whig song for a period of more than forty years; and the fruits of that system are now growing up into that harvest of discontent and disaffection, of which, by a strange fatality, those who sowed it on other men's ground, seem in a great measure destined to be the reapers.

Acting upon the elements of excitement which we have attempted to describe, it was impossible that a system of continued disparagement of the constitution and administration of the British Government could be continued for so long a period without producing extensive effects. It was impossible that the effects produced should not, in some quarters, far exceed what the first promoters of the agitation intended. The Whigs succeeded in disseminating feelings of dissatisfaction and opposition to established things, among millions to whom they could not convey the limitations of meaning, or of practical views which accompanied the same feelings in their own minds. Their language was assented to by those who attached very different ideas to the words employed, and who had very different notions of the remedies to be resorted to. The Whig declaimed generally against the grievances entailed upon the country by the policy of Tory wars and Tory profusion. The labouring and starving classes applied to their own severe, but inevitable, hardships the reasoning which their betters made use of as to grievances of an infinitely lighter kind. The feeling has been propagated in every corner, and modified in each class by the circumstances of their situation, and the character of their minds. The Whig railed at the predominance of an exclusive oligarchy, which the mecha-

nic understands as embracing every power of restraint which may be vested in the minority of society over the majority. The Whig denounced as an intolerable oppression the monopoly enjoyed by a few persons in possession of Parliamentary influence; and the poor man echoes the same cry in the sense that every system of representation which excludes his own class, is monopolizing and unjust. The Whig held out vague and undefined benefits to the country as the sure result of his own political system; and all who suffer in any form have been led to dwell upon this illusive prospect, and to look for a system of government under which their own miseries are to be relieved. The effect of all this is to produce in each class that has occasion to be discontented with their lot, a habit of repining at existing institutions, and of longing for political ameliorations, instead of making the best of their condition, whether by industry or by resignation; a habit of connecting all evils with political causes, and a corresponding opinion that no political system has reached its acmé of improvement, or is entitled to popular respect, under which any social evils whatever continue to be endured by the people.

The great grievance which prompted the political vituperations of the Whigs was their own exclusion from power. To gain popularity and sympathy from the country, it was their aim to connect that circumstance as much as possible with every other grievance that the depressed classes of society might feel. The system was artful and dishonest, but it was, we have already said, as much characterised by ignorance of mankind and of society, as by any other quality. We are convinced that these agitators were not aware of the meaning or manner in which their doctrines were to be received and acted upon. They foolishly dreamed that they would be taken up nearly in the same sense by others in which they were understood by themselves. They idly anticipated that others would make no demonstration in consequence of them much more violent than they were themselves prepared to countenance. They forgot that while they were uttering their speculations in disparagement of Government and authority, and inveighing against the laws and

constitution of the country, in the midst of all the comforts of life, and with all the coolness of polite or philosophical habits, the seed was mainly to drop on much ranker ground, where it might grow up into a whirlwind or a pestilence. They forgot the change that would occur, when the feelings they expressed were transferred to the minds of men smarting under poverty and privation, wild with hunger and grief, and untamed by education or refinement. They forgot that what in them was but passing peevishness or sarcastic levity, would in the breasts of the miserable, the ignorant, and the coarse-minded, become, by necessary analogy, a moody sullenness or open rebellion against the whole government and institutions of the country. They saw not, that if complaint and clamour were so loudly manifested by themselves for matters that comparatively affected their own comfort as little as the ruffled rose-leaf on the Sybarite's bed, it was a precedent and sanction to reasonings and feelings, proportionably more intense and enduring, in those who had to taste of the true bitterness of misery, and who had not been educated to enlighten their own understandings, or to restrain their passions. But the Whig sciolist continued his declamatory career, careless or unconscious of what others might feel, and probably wholly ignorant that any human breast could be agitated by emotions of greater violence than the petty rhetorical storm which was displayed in his own oratory.

If the Whigs were at all aware of the effects which their system of fault-finding was calculated to produce, their consciences were quieted by an error, with which their whole conduct has shown them to be incurably tainted. We allude to the belief which that party have so constantly evinced, that, whether or not the people are capable of governing themselves, they are at least sure to be docile and tractable under Whig instruction. We have already adverted to the fallacy of supposing that correct intellectual instruction can be widely diffused, or that it will generally in any circumstances, much less under temptations of want and misery, lead to blameless or laudable conduct. But among the party to which we have referred, there exists an indestructible conviction that by means of

pamphlets, and reviews, and lectures, they can communicate to all classes of society the most accurate acquaintance with the most abstruse ideas, and direct them on mere utilitarian grounds to the most calm and commendable course of life and sentiment.

Nothing can be more preposterous than this chimera of intellectual cultivation and intellectual morality. It is as impossible that the mass of society can attain more than the simplest elements of knowledge, as that the mass of society should possess wealth or enjoy leisure. It is a delusion to think that accurate philosophical or political knowledge can be inculcated without opportunities and time for study, which can never be within the reach of any but those who are exempted from the necessity of manual toil. To those who know how many years in early youth, how many morning and midnight hours in maturer age, have been devoted to gain even a faint and doubtful perception of scientific truth, it must appear the grossest folly, as well as presumption, to suppose that a few lecturers and speech-makers can invert the laws of nature, and can convey any profound knowledge to the poorer classes, which would emancipate them from dependence on others, or give them safe or sound principles which they might be trusted to apply. It is as base to flatter a mob as to flatter a monarch; and as a prince of old was informed that there was no royal road to science, so it is right that the populace should be told that neither is there a democratic road to it. It is impossible that those whose early years of instruction are cut short by the necessity of earning a subsistence, and whose leisure and means of study are so limited, should ever attain clear or correct ideas on any abstruse subject out of their daily walk. Even if this were done, the more difficult problem remains behind, of stilling their stormy passions, of regenerating their moral nature, of teaching them to follow what they may have learned to be good, and of strengthening them to resist the peculiar temptations which the lot of poverty inevitably creates.

The error into which Whig speculators have fallen upon this subject arises in a very obvious way. They do not really believe that they will

ever get the mass of the lower classes to investigate knowledge for themselves, or to acquire it differently than upon trust from others. But the Whig philosopher hopes that they will take their political and philosophical creed upon trust from him, and he thinks that he sees examples of their having done so. It is here that the fallacy lies.

It is quite true that the mechanical and poorer classes will seem to be teachable and promising scholars so long as the doctrines taught coincide with their own inclination and apparent interest. Some of the Whig doctrines possess this great recommendation, and these, it happens, have hitherto been put forward in the van. While the Whigs teach, whether truly or falsely, the justice and expediency of popular influence,—while they assail existing institutions imposing restraints upon human passions or democratic tendencies,—while they flatter the malice or vanity, or self-importance of the popular masses, they will be eagerly listened to and enthusiastically followed. If they declaim to mechanics against the impolicy of the corn laws, or in favour of the great principle of free trade in labour, *as opposed to the interference of the masters*, they will find a willing, and apparently an intelligent audience. But this is no guarantee that, in teaching other doctrines equally or more true, they will be equally successful and influential. All men are ready to believe upon the slightest proof, or on mere credit, or in the face of proof, such doctrines as tally with their own wishes and propensities. But those things which run counter to their feelings, which import an acquiescence in hardship, humiliation, or self sacrifice, so far from being taken on trust, will scarcely be acceded to on mathematical demonstration.

Exactly the same thing may be said of Whig influence in restraining the feelings or temper of the excitable classes. The success they may have had in rousing the passions of this portion of society is any thing but a proof of their ability to allay them. The south wind himself, "*quo non arbiter Hadriæ major, tollere seu ponere vult freta*," does not quell the waves he has stirred the very moment that he ceases to blow;—the engineer cannot recall or guide the

projectile which he has once launched from his hand;—the repentant incendiary cannot arrest the explosion after he has fired the train. Whether in the region of understanding or of passion, the demagogue is always powerful to stimulate, feeble to repress; omnipotent for mischief or error, powerless for goodness or truth. In this instance human nature is only obedient to its general laws; the popular mind is like that of headstrong youth,—*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper*. Pliant as wax in the direction to which its own bias inclines, obstinate as oak when urged into a shape hostile to its own bent.

But while these shallow and self-sufficient views of Whig agitators afford a palliation of their conduct, they leave them still obnoxious to a large amount of blame and a heavy burden of responsibility. They have to answer for the crime of acting rashly and presumptuously in a matter involving such serious consequences to society at large, and to the unhappy subjects of their experiments. They have the guilt of those who throw about fire-brands among combustibles, and think it sport. They are censurable, as their purpose was selfish, and their representations dishonest. They must have felt that their views, if not false, were partial, and that in dwelling exclusively or chiefly on causes of discontent, they suppressed, if they did not pervert the truth. Be it that there were abuses to amend, and grievances to redress, every educated man knew that these were less than specks upon the disk of the sun. Every man capable of calmly judging, was conscious that the British Constitution contained, after all, so glorious a mixture of freedom and protection, such admirable encouragement to every virtue, and such unrivalled materials for social improvement, that any deformities upon its surface, were but as a few freckles upon a lovely skin, tending to set off the fairness more strikingly. If it seemed a duty to contend for the reformation, even of trifling and scarcely avoidable irregularities, still conscience and reason must have prompted that this was to be done calmly and dispassionately, rating the proposed amendments at their true value, and never ceasing to acknowledge in the same breath the overwhelming predominance of general good in the system. To dwell

upon its defects, as if they were its prominent features; to be silent or lukewarm as to its excellences, was a course founded in falsehood and fraud. To pretend that the British Constitution contained any serious justification of complaint, or hostility, or that it ought to inspire any other predominant feeling than gratitude to God for so noble a blessing, was as untrue in philosophy, as it has been mischievous in practice. In this deviation from truth and justice, the Whig party have no excuse. They felt in their full force the benefits of the Constitution. They knew that its evils, even by their own estimate, were but as drops in the ocean: that it was the purest, and freest, and most solid frame of government that the world ever saw. Their own occasional admissions establish that fact against them. And inasmuch as these opinions were not, in their popular declamations, adequately pressed upon the minds of others, but kept back or slurred over to suit the purpose in view, they have the deep condemnation that must always attend upon interested insincerity, even though they be acquitted of a full perception of the great and unmanageable mischiefs that were destined to ensue.

At any time a course of popular agitation by such men upon political themes would have been wicked and injurious. But it was doubly hurtful and unjustifiable in these later times, when the tide was of itself setting in so strongly in favour of democratic principles, and when the fluctuations of public or private prosperity prepared the minds of men for excitement. There is gross folly and guilt in adding fuel to a raging fire, in goading on to excesses those unbridled passions which are already too highly roused. If at no other time, it was at least at such seasons the sacred duty of men so deeply beholden to their country and her constitution for innumerable enjoyments and advantages, and in particular for the very freedom which they possessed of doing harm, to speak of her defects with filial tenderness, to weigh well every expression, to guard every syllable of their complaints with reference to the effects which they might produce on their fellow-creatures, who might thereby be misled into vain repinings or lawless attempts, into the misery and sin of political disaffection. It was their duty

to speak of grievances in no stronger language than was justified by the strict truth, and to see that what they advanced was incapable of misconstruction where misconstruction would be so disastrous. Neither in what they said nor in the way in which they said it, can the Whigs stand excused; if men are answerable even for idle words that lead to mischief, it is impossible to hold that party guiltless; and if it be conceded that their system was the child merely of faction begotten upon ignorance and rashness, it is the most mitigated judgment that can be pronounced upon their case.

The accession of the Whigs to power was a proof of the hopes they had encouraged and the character they had gained. Democracy under their sway, made rapid strides. In Ireland, there was at once a surcease of law and government, and confusion and crime grew to so alarming a height, that a Coercion Bill soon became necessary, exceeding in severity the strictest measure of restraint that a Tory Administration had, in any ordinary times, been obliged to enforce. In Great Britain, if there was at first less appearance of lawlessness, it was because the party of the Movement seemed to have every thing as they wished it. The increased violence and strength of the democratic principle, however, appeared in full developement at the first attempts that were made to oppose its progress. The Reform Bill having been introduced as a propitiation or excitement to popular feeling, an end was thenceforth put to the free operation of the Constitution or the laws until that measure was ultimately carried through the Legislature by a virtual revolution. During the interval between the proposal of the measure and its accomplishment, there was no liberty in this country except for one party and one class of opinions. No protection existed for individuals who opposed the people's will; no voice was allowed to that branch of the Legislature whose deliberate concurrence is essential before any measure can constitutionally become a law. A loose was given to every popular passion and prejudice; demonstrations of the physical power of the multitude formed the favourite and familiar machinery by which the Government was assisted in its measures; a city was wrapped in flames, and

blood flowed in many a street, on no other pretence than that men were found to differ as to the propriety of a political measure, which was the subject of debate in Parliament, and which had but recently divided in opinion the very men who proposed it.

The events of that period, there can be little doubt, have contributed greatly to the discontents which now exist among the working orders of society, and must add seriously to the responsibility of the Whig party in connexion with this subject.

The Reform Bill, we had the misfortune to think, was vicious in principle and dangerous in tendency, as throwing overboard the ballast of the ship, and endangering the balance of the Constitution. But there was less mischief in the measure itself than in the way in which that measure was promoted and carried, and in the precedent it held out for further changes.

The Reform Bill could not by a calm or constitutional Reformer be supported on any other footing than as a measure calculated to remedy some anomalies, and introduce some inconsiderable improvements into a constitution already admirable, and already affording every practical security for liberty and virtue. It was false to say that the British constitution was radically or seriously diseased—or that any great amelioration of men's social condition was to be expected from the alteration. A few blemishes at the utmost were to be removed—the balance was to be adjusted in another way with nearly the same result, and the changes were to be made more to remove pretences for discontent than to redress practical evils. But this was not the tone, these were not the topics adopted on the occasion by the leading men of the party who promoted that measure. It was thought necessary to rouse an excitement, that by threatening danger to the whole constitution, and even to property itself, might concuss into submission the opponents of the bill. It was necessary with this view to operate upon the excitable classes—upon those multitudes of men whose lot lay far below the reach of any measure that was contemplated, who had in truth no earthly concern or interest in that question, who had nothing to gain by

its success, or to lose by its failure. In order to produce the co-operation of these allies in its desired extent and degree, it was necessary to advance arguments that were wholly inapplicable, as well as to exaggerate the present evil that existed, and the future benefits that were to attend a change.

On the one hand, the people's *rights* were made a main foundation of the contest: a plea as groundless as it was mischievous. Men have indeed a right to practical freedom, but no abstract right to political power. It is a question of pure expediency in whom the franchise shall be vested: and no class of people have a right to demand it, except by first proving that their exclusion from it is injurious, and that their possession of it will be safe and salutary. Bitter indeed are the fruits involved in the principle that any class had this supposed right to an extension of the franchise. If the ten-pound householder had the right, how could it be denied to the nine-pound, or seven, or six, or one-pound occupant when he came to demand it? Why should any man be excluded from such a right, who was to live under the laws, or to contribute to the revenues of the country? Expediency admits of adjustment. Expediency of one kind is balanced by expediency of another. But *right*, acknowledged *right*, admits of no compromise, nor is any man bound to sacrifice it, for any consideration but his own choice.

Again, the Reform Bill was carried by the old cry of rottenness and corruption in the Constitution. The exclusive monopoly of the House of Lords, the oligarchy of the borough-mongers, were the chief themes of agitation. Dangerous and fearful analogies! No sooner was the bill passed than it was found that the same topics were equally applicable in a new state of things. It was impossible to remove all anomalies, or to realize a perfect theory of representation. It was impossible to open the door of the constitution to all. The franchise was still confined to a few as compared to the many who were excluded from it. Not the House of Lords only, but the elective constituencies of the House of Commons were oligarchical monopolies in the sight of the immense masses into whose mouths the word had been put, and the lesson they had thus been

taught they were ready to use at the first demonstration which they received, that they had been employed as auxiliaries only to effect a change of their own masters.

Finally, the Reform Bill was successfully supported by representing the former system as the cause of all possible evils, and the new measure as the harbinger of the most beneficial changes in the practical administration of affairs. The burdens of the country, the depression of trade, the price of food, were all ascribed to borough-mongering influence, and were to present a totally new aspect when that evil was removed. A fatal promise, fraught with disappointment to those who believed, and with danger to those who made it. The bill is past; and years roll on without the removal of one practical grievance, or the introduction of one beneficial measure. Taxes remain the same, or in so far as they are diminished, the ability to pay them is diminished also. Hunger, and nakedness, and labour, which were all along the true and only grievances of the poor, are still as biting and as burdensome as ever. The bubble bursts, and those masses who were lauded as the means of carrying the measure, find out that they were acting but as tools in the hands of a new oligarchy, with less nobleness, generosity, or honesty than their predecessors. The working classes might thus say of the Reform Bill what some of the trusty cavaliers said of their restored monarch,—

"Te magis optavit reditum, Carole, nemo,

Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus."

"None wished thy coming more, none felt it less."

But, alas! with the disappointment that thus came, there came not also a perception of their past errors, or of their proper condition and interests. The lessons which for half a century their betters had taught them of contempt for authority, of disregard for law, of hatred of the constitution, and of the necessity of political changes to remedy social suffering, still remained in their minds with equal force as ever. Authority is still as irksome as when the Whigs first railed at it; the laws are still as great an obstacle to their designs as before the Whig reformations; the constitution is still

as exclusive, so far as they are concerned, as when a peer could nominate to half a dozen boroughs; and those practical grievances which first roused them to political innovation, remain as yet unredressed, and point forward to further and fatal revolutions.

This is now the condition of society as respects the working classes of this country. Flattered into high ideas of their own importance, intellect, and power, smarting under many real sufferings and many imaginary disadvantages, taught by the example of their betters to murmur at authority, and to catch at political change as the only means of social and personal amelioration, they are now for the most part banded together in a civil war, signalized already by bloodshed at their hands, and not destined, we fear, to be bloodless as regards their own ranks. We are told by their advocates and apostles, that the contest is between the rich oppressor and the poor oppressed. It is in truth a war between capital and labour; between wealth and poverty; between education and ignorance; between government and violence. A deep seated animosity lurks in the breasts of our opponents; a deep laid mine lies under the whole fabric of society. Murder and maiming, and fire-raising, are the implements with which secret brotherhoods threaten to accomplish their objects in private, while their public efforts are every where directed to the attainment of an universal diffusion of political power that would legalize their usurpations, and to the introduction of a system of secret voting that would strike at our rights and liberties in the dark, without a possibility of averting the blow, or finding the source of the attack.

We are seriously inclined to think that the Reform Bill, in so far particularly as it was a measure of change, has not placed us in a favourable position for combating this evil. So long as the old anomalies existed; so long as many of the rich and better educated were excluded from direct representation, exclusion was no badge of disgrace. But now, the uniform extension of the franchise to a certain point, and its abrupt termination there, seems to mark off the line between intelligence and respectability and their opposites, and must be odious and irritating to those who are left beyond the

boundary. The sacrifice of the former constitution was made, not to practical improvement, but to the personal impatience and self-conceit of the lower section of the middle classes, and it is thus become more difficult to answer the demands, or appease the dissatisfaction of those who are still excluded. It is at least certain that, by the change that was made, the better classes, in a great degree, lost the opportunity of giving to others an example of contentment and submission to authority, which would have been of the highest service to all. They could formerly point to their own case, and say, that while they were content with practical good government, and sat down quietly under the privation of political privileges, it was neither unreasonable nor insulting to ask their inferiors to do the same. In departing from this ground, we have furnished to the lower classes an *argumentum ad hominem* which can only be met by personal distinctions of a painful kind, and such as we cannot expect them readily to acknowledge.

It is not our intention to follow successive Whig Administrations through those other measures by which, as well as by the Reform Bill, an undue impulse has been given to popular encroachment. It is notorious that the tendency of the party has gradually been more and more towards the centre of the democratic vortex; and that, in the course of their progress, they have gradually lost the support of their most able and respectable allies, who refused to yield to the pressure from without. The increasing demands of the Movement party must, indeed, have been sufficiently pertinacious when they elicited from a member of the present Government the observation that it was too much to expect a new revolution every week. But we must be allowed to notice that, independently of any positive measures which they have promoted, the Whig party, as identified with the adherents of the present Government, have in several ways contributed to keep alive popular discontent.

In the first place, the language of the present Ministerial party has, throughout their official career, been distinguished by a disregard of the responsibilities imposed on them. The servants of the Crown, and the sworn

guardians of the Constitution, they have yet given utterance to reckless declarations, which have done much to shake the authority of the laws, and endanger the stability of our institutions. Here, again, they seemed ignorant of the effect which must have resulted from their conduct. They could not, or would not, calculate the increased *momentum*, which must attend encouragements to excitement falling from the lips of men in power. How was it possible that the laws should be respected or obeyed, when those intrusted with their execution were found to vilify and call in question the foundations on which they rest? When the Attorney-General sneers at the House of Lords, how can he expect that the House of Commons will escape the scorn of those to whom it appears equally exclusive and oppressive; and if the country is taught by a high law-officer of the sovereign to despise the Legislature, how can it venerate the laws which that Legislature enacts? When Lord Howick proclaims that the Irish are entitled to consider the Established Church as an insult upon their nation, how can he suppose that the rights and privileges thence arising, will be longer recognised; or that any other institution or authority will be acquiesced in by those who may think it as insulting or as inconvenient as the Established Church? Of all the examples, however, of this monstrous combination of the agitator with the placeman, the most singular, and perhaps the most successful, is the individual at present intrusted with the seals of the Home department. At a former time, the petulant taunt by which his Lordship characterised the conscientious opposition of a large portion of the community and of the Legislature, as "the whisper of a faction," was probably the warrant on which many dangerous and disgraceful scenes of that period were transacted. And now, with a pomp and pedantry peculiarly his own, he has announced as the principle of his political code a maxim that would be the most dangerous that was ever promulgated, if it did not happen also to be the most ridiculous. With Ireland in a condition of lawless barbarism, with the lower classes throughout the kingdom in a state of criminal conspiracy, with Canada on the brink of rebellion, it has

been seriously and self-complacently avowed by this profound statesman, that the true method of governing a country is by concession—that if one concession is not enough, another must be made, and that the only limit to the concessions is the extent of the demands. Such a principle is either a quibble upon words, or a falsehood and an impossibility. If it is meant that a country is best governed by making proper concessions, the maxim may be true, but it is neither new nor remarkable, and it leaves as it was before the question what concessions are proper, and what are not. If it is meant that every thing must be conceded by the government, which is demanded by those who are governed, the rule is one which nothing but insanity could recognise or follow. Yet it is clear that such language as this, operating upon the ignorant and excitable, must have the strongest tendency to create groundless hopes, and encourage dangerous encroachments. Estimated either by their intrinsic value, or by the true weight of the authority which promulgates them, these silly declarations may seem unimportant and innocuous. But unfortunately a spark from a rush-light may kindle a mighty conflagration, if the materials among which it falls are sufficiently inflammable.

In the second place, popular excitement has been continued by the sympathy which the Ministry have hitherto shown for the party in the state who advocate the prosecution of organic changes in the constitution. The encouragement which they have given to that party may be judged of by the feelings which seemed to be excited by declarations of Lord John Russell on this subject at the commencement of the present Session, which were not more, and were perhaps less, than ought to have been expected from any one professing the character of a constitutional Reformer. The tone of surprise and resentment assumed by the revolutionary party on that occasion indicate most significantly the favour, or at least the neutrality, which Ministers must previously have shown towards extreme opinions. It cannot be said that Ministers generally had ever avowed themselves converts to the Radical creed; they had even indeed professed the contrary; but the recent statements of their leader in the House of Com-

mons could not have been received as they were, if there had not previously been those ambiguous givings out, those juggling equivocations, which are more dangerous than open hostility to the constitution, inasmuch as they sufficiently encourage her enemies, without fully alarming her friends. Even now, probably, after all that has passed, the revolutionary party still believe that Ministers, if not secretly favourable to their wishes, are at least so open to conviction, and of such easy virtue, on this subject, that a little more pressure, and a few favourable opportunities, will greatly abate the pertinacity of their resistance, and ultimately convert their coy denials into a yielding affirmative. Such a belief is not complimentary to the character of the Ministry, as it implies an opinion that they are possessed neither of firmness nor of principle; but it is not necessary to such alliances that either party should think favourably of the other's character or honour. It is sufficient if the cement of interest or ambition be sufficiently strong to keep them in conjunction. While such an opinion has hitherto existed of the Ministerial party, it must have had, and so long as it continues in any degree to prevail, it must still have, a most baneful effect on the lower classes in leading them to expect further experiments upon the constitution, under which they may attain an ascendancy by their numbers, which they can never otherwise possess. The prevalence of such an expectation among them must necessarily keep alive excitement, must nourish the sense of supposed injustice under existing things, and must prevent them from subsiding into that state of submission to social subordination, which alone can help them to the true means of securing their welfare.

In the third place, the present Ministerial party have contributed to maintain popular disaffection by the countenance which they have given to persons notorious for their violations of the law. The restoration of the present Ministry to power, and their maintenance in office, are avowedly due either to a compact or a compact alliance with the enemies of the Irish Church. Those auxiliaries, and most conspicuously among them their great leader, have passed their lives in hostility to the laws of their country, and in combinations

for evading them with impunity. They have been denounced from the throne itself, and that too by a former Whig Ministry, as persons whose illegal and dangerous attempts were the main source of those outrages which rendered it necessary to suspend the British Constitution in Ireland. Yet with such men the Ministry are not merely accidentally connected, but deliberately leagued; not merely politically united, but personally identified. Patronage is distributed, legislative measures are introduced or modified at their bidding: their very libels and scurrilities are shielded and palliated by the Ministerial leaders. It was impossible that this alliance should exist without weakening the authority of the laws. It was impossible that the sanction thus given by Government to law-breakers, merely because they were politically powerful, should not encourage others to try the experiment whether they too could not break the laws with impunity if they could bring sufficient numbers to the work. It is nothing to say that the Irish agitators combined only against the payment of tithes. The law knows no such distinctions, and sense and experience take the same view. The payment of tithes is as much a legal obligation as any other debt or duty, and combinations against such payment are as illegal as any other conspiracy to defeat the rights of property. It is open to every one constitutionally to promote a legislative change on any established right; but no one, without incurring guilt deserving punishment, can resist or evade the law while it is established. If this were permitted in one case, every man would plead for an extension of the dispensation to the province in which his own feelings and interests were involved; and where is the tribunal that could adjust the competition? O'Connell and his anti-tithe conspirators are as truly guilty of a violation of the laws as the unhappy mechanics who combine to raise by violence the rate of wages. Is it to be tolerated that the one shall be countenanced, courted, and rewarded, while the others are reviled, prosecuted, and punished? Justice and policy alike forbid such a gross and insulting distinction. Both are amenable to condemnation, and both should meet it, or both should be absolved. When it is said that the Irish Papist has a

plea of conscience to justify his resistance of a heretical impost, the mechanic will as conscientiously, and not more fallaciously, assert that his own conduct is dictated by the voice of nature, and by the demands of justice to himself and his starving children. The men who are to make distinctions in the administration of the laws, and in the treatment of law-breakers, are unfit for those public stations which they thus occupy only to violate their duty, to make injurious distinctions, and to stimulate popular disobedience. As to those who are themselves breakers of the laws, how is it possible with patience to see them exhorting others to that obedience which they have never themselves observed? It is indeed a sight to draw laughter from Democritus, or tears from his rival, to behold a hoary conspirator, fresh from lawless agitation, stained with the blood of those whom he has instigated to resist legal authority, bearing still in his looks the death's-head and crossbones with which he would crush the independence or the lives of those who thwarted him in his purpose; to behold this man lifting up his voice against the unions of miserable and ignorant mechanics, merely because their point of attack is different, while their measures and their criminality are the same with his own. But to see this very person received at the table of his sovereign's representative, continued in the list of magistrates of the land, allowed to sway the counsels and distribute the favours of the Government, is a spectacle which we firmly trust will not be long suffered by the indignation of a just and high-minded people.

We rejoice, indeed, to see that this consummation seems in part at least to be near at hand. The present Session has afforded an important indication, both of the subserviency of Ministers to the Irish demagogue, and of the reluctance felt among their general adherents to countenance them in such degradation. The proceedings of the House of Commons on Lord Maidstone's resolutions must have been gratifying to every one interested in the security of the constitution, or in the character of the country. The gross, deliberate, and selfish calumnies of a live-long libeller were punished as they deserved; by majorities which demon-

strated that English gentlemen of all parties had no sympathy with such outrages upon decency and honour, and that the claims of that person to despotic ascendancy are not likely to be soon realized. The position of Ministers was most humiliating. Their conduct, indeed, can be explained in no other way than by supposing them under a compulsion of the most cogent kind. Not content with endeavouring in the first instance to evade the subject, they persisted, in the face of repeated majorities against them, to throw a shield over the calumniator, and sought to screen him from punishment even after his guilt had been deliberately recorded by the House. Many of their party are little scrupulous in the political support which they give to Ministers. They have on other occasions followed them to no inconsiderable depth in the moral scale, but when urged thus to descend to the lowest abyss of debasement, there they left them; and Ministers had the shame of straining every nerve for a disgraceful object, and of failing in the attempt. The tacit but pointed reflection thus cast on their conduct by the seceding members of their party, as well as the feeling thus unequivocally expressed by a majority of Parliament towards the individual whose character was more directly involved, will not be lost on the country, and seem to afford a better omen than we have for some time witnessed of returning independence and honourable feeling.

While we have made these charges against the Ministerial party, in reference to their conduct both before and since their accession to office, we must observe that we refer to the past chiefly with the view of gathering a lesson for the future. We trust that all are now fully sensible of the importance of the subject, and of the danger of trifling longer with so formidable an enemy. The means of checking the mischief are obvious, and if vigorously employed may yet be successful.

In the first place, it must be held as a fixed and final point, that the British Constitution is to receive no new disturbance, that its fundamental elements are to undergo no further change. That constitution, deprived as it is of some of its prescriptive authority,

must now be treated and acknowledged as unalterable. The hope of change must be excluded from the minds of those unhappy men, whom it has hitherto blinded to their true condition, and led on into misery and crime. All who desire the ascendancy of property and intelligence, must combine in this sentiment, that no material interference is to be permitted with the institutions of the country; that we are to make the best of them as they stand; and that it is only in the gentle and gradual improvement of details that there is room for legislation; consequently that all radical alteration of the balance of power or the rights of property is out of the question.

In the next place, the Executive must be compelled, in all circumstances and situations, to enforce obedience to the laws while they are unrepealed, and to testify their own respect for the authorities of the country. There must be no favoured enclosures where pet agitators are fattened and rebels allowed to run wild. There must be no distinction between different sets of laws or different sets of legal rights, of which one is to be maintained and another left to be violated with impunity. In order to be enabled with justice and effect to repress one class of offenders, a similar measure must be dealt out to all. The sacred majesty of the laws, as such, so long in comparative abeyance, must be re-established, without distinction of persons or places, and habits of uniform and unquestioning obedience must be enforced on every one who lives under their protection.

But it is not enough that the Ministers of the country abstain from giving direct encouragement to insubordination. They must cease to hold fellowship with those who act otherwise, or whose doctrines tend to foment the mischief. If they wish it to be supposed that they seriously disapprove of popular encroachment, they must renounce the alliance which identifies their party either with those who violate the laws, or with the advocates of revolutionary principles. They may make what distinctions they please in their own minds—they may employ what language seems most plausible on their lips, but they will never be believed in earnest till they have shown their detestation

of popular agitation by holding no communion and showing no favour for its promoters. Their coquetry with the enemies of the constitution will ever involve them, if not in guilt, at least in suspicion, and is sufficient to keep alive that which must now be extinguished, if this country is to be happy or prosperous, the hope of successful exertions in any quarter for attaining those ulterior objects that are so odious and alarming to every honest or reflecting mind.

Finally, one remedy more must be applied to the disease of which we have been speaking—a remedy alike applicable to every disease and to every sufferer—we mean the increased dissemination of Christian instruction. We have more than once enlarged upon this subject; but its intrinsic importance, as well as its peculiar adaptation to the evil now under consideration, compel us to reiterate our exhortations. In this view, and in the arguments which we have already urged on other points, we are merely endeavouring to restore to their pristine honour and stability those two pillars of our national prosperity, which have for some time been obscured, if not undermined, by those to whom the charge of them has been unworthily intrusted. Church and State, the observance of the laws and the diffusion of religion, are the sum and substance of the British Constitution. Christian worship and instruction are as much the law of the land as justice or moral obligation. Impelled by motives which natural wisdom and revealed duty alike concur in enforcing, our ancestors have adopted the inestimable principle, so well announced by the first theological philosopher of our country, "That pure and unstained religion ought to be the highest of all cares appertaining to public regiment; as well in regard of that aid and protection, which they who faithfully serve God confess they receive at his merciful hands; as also for the force which religion hath to qualify all sorts of men, and to make them in public affairs the more serviceable; governors, the apter to rule with conscience; inferiors, for conscience' sake the willing to obey." This paramount care, however, is but imperfectly provided for, so long as the means of religious worship and the instruments of religious instruction

tion are not so extended as to reach all classes of the community, and most of all that class, whose abject and suffering condition in this world, as well as the temptations to which they are thereby exposed, more peculiarly call for the consolations and restraints of religious principle. That the ecclesiastical establishment of the country is not commensurate with its necessities must be apparent to every rational observer; and religion, humanity, and self-interest alike call for national interposition. Without that remedy, the increase of prosperity and population with which Providence has blessed us, must become an evil instead of a good; and the poorer classes, in particular, must be left to the uncorrected dominion of their own passions, and must either rise in judgment against their rulers, or be kept in reluctant subjection by force of arms. The universal dissemination of religious instruction would indeed go far to realize those hopes of social improvement, which on any other foundation can never be looked for without presumption and danger. Here, indeed, is at once a royal and a popular road to wisdom and virtue, not long or tedious, not requiring painful education or complicated enquiry, not beset with either difficulties or uncertainties; but sure and simple, accessible alike to the child and the man, the peasant and the prince, and which if attained will make the simplicity of the unlettered mechanic more than a match in goodness and wisdom for all the erudition of the irreligious scholar. In the perfect fitness of the Christian dispensation for the wants and welfare of mankind, we see the strongest proofs of its divine origin, as well as its total contrast with the partial and short-sighted theories of men. Bringing to each station and to each individual a spirit capable of meeting every exigency, it leads to no errors or defects that can counteract its benefits. It leaves men free to consult calmly and cautiously as to every fair and desirable improvement in their political or in their private condition, but it discountenances change for the sake of change, or change for the sake of gratifying feelings of vanity or ambition. It teaches that government and subjection, as well as riches and poverty, are the ordinances of God, who has given to

different men different walks of life, which each should humbly or patiently pursue, and which in different ways tend equally to try the character, and, if improved, to perfect the virtue of his creatures. More especially it brings to the poor man the only support that can outweigh the sufferings of his lot. When we see, however, the feelings manifested, and the conduct pursued by so many of the poorer classes, we feel assured, that they are in too great a degree strangers to the influence of religious obligation. Yet Christianity was sent to all men, without distinction of ranks or conditions; and it is impossible to doubt that its more extensive diffusion would go far to eradicate the evils now in operation. It is cruel to the poor, that while the severest pressure of the laws is destined to fall upon them, they should not also be provided with that religion which the state provides to others, and which is so eminently fitted to ameliorate their lot and elevate their character. It is unjust, that while the state must require of them a strict submission to their hard fortunes, it should not extend to them the means in its power of best qualifying them for obedience. It is almost impious that those whom accident alone may have thrown into indigence and misery, should be outlawed from the religion of their country, and left to endure all the evils of this present life without being taught to know or to prepare for that future existence to which it leads. But if we are deaf to the calls of humanity, justice, and religion, self-interest points to the same line of conduct. Do we prefer that the millions of our fellow-subjects who are struggling to throw off the yoke of poverty, should be religious or irreligious? Do we think that this makes no difference as to the probable means by which they will prosecute their ends? Can it be doubted that religion is calculated to bring humility, patience, kindness, sobriety, and obedience to the laws, and shall we have no better security if these results be effected, than if these masses of our fellow-creatures remain to any considerable extent in their present vices, the victims of pride, discontent, cruelty, intemperance, and disaffection towards their governors? If we believe that these feelings at present exist, and render formidable the classes of society which are under their influence; and if it cannot be

doubted that increased religious instruction would remove or mitigate these evils, every rational man concerned for his own welfare, must seek eagerly for the extension of the Ecclesiastical establishment. The constitution is mutilated so long as any portion of the community is beyond the reach of the National Church. The laws may and must be enforced in all quarters, against the ignorant as well as against the instructed, but they will never receive their due reverence till a religious spirit of obedience is diffused over the whole limits to which the laws themselves extend.

We fear that in more ways than one the present Government will impede the accomplishment of those objects which the peace of society demands. They will do as they have hitherto done; they will cling for the sake of place to the support of the revolutionary and lawless; they will blow hot and cold on alternate days; now breathing defiance against democratic empiricism, and now hinting that their opposition to it is not so insuperable as it appears to be. Thus a succession of vague hopes and prospects will still be fostered; the establishment of political tranquillity will be postponed; and outbreaks of violence will be precipitated, which must be repressed and punished, with the concurrence of all good men, though some will be disposed to doubt whether at times the accusers and the accused might not without moral injustice change places.

In drawing to a close our remarks on this important subject, we may express a hope that no expressions which we may have used will be considered as indicating uncharitable or unfriendly feelings for the humble orders of our fellow-countrymen. We yield to none in a most earnest desire for their welfare, and for every amelioration of their condition consistent with the preservation of social security and order. But it is because we have this desire that we do not pursue that deceptive course which their flatterers and false friends have chosen, and that we wish their true position and prospects to be clearly defined, in order that all may see what way of improvement is open to them, and what is shut against their entrance. It is not in reproach but in pity that we speak of their errors

and defects; neither are we insensible to the moral worth, the pure feeling and the intellectual energy by which many of them are distinguished, and which are the more creditable to them from the general disadvantages of their condition. But we cannot be silent when we see claims advanced on their behalf which are equally mischievous and groundless, and attempts made by them which can only lead to anarchy or to despotism. We cannot, without a remonstrance, suffer the subordination of society to be shaken to its base, and the eternal truths of nature to be treated as exploded sophisms.

"For just experience tells in every soil,
That those who think must govern those
who toil."

And just experience, as well as plain reason, tells equally that those who toil can never be the same class with those who think. Education may do much to humanize and enlighten all orders of society, and we anxiously wish to see it promoted on proper and practical principles. But it would be a libel upon all that is useful and venerable in learning, to suppose that, by any process whatever, the mechanical classes generally can ever possess the same relative mental cultivation as even the least instructed of those in a higher station. It would be a contradiction to the whole laws of mind, and a discouragement to the social progress of our species, if it could be generally doubted that wealth, exemption from manual labour, access to the stores with which the page of literature is filled, and intercourse with cultivated and intellectual companions, must infallibly confer a vast superiority on the average condition of the higher classes as compared with the poor. It is the worst of sycophancy to persuade them otherwise, or to fill their minds, as is often attempted, with scorn for the educational attainments of their superiors, or any lofty opinion of their own. In like manner, it is cruel, as well as false, to encourage the idea that they can ever, as a class, by any political or social revolution, cease to be poor, or gain exemption from daily labour. It is the truest friendship to teach them that such are not the means to better their condition. It is open to each of them,

as individuals, by the cultivation of any peculiar talent, or by exemplary industry, frugality, and good conduct, to raise the station of themselves or their children by those many avenues that the free institutions and unprejudiced feelings of this country have struck out in all directions ; and it is in the power of all, and we trust the progress of time will enable and constrain them still more to use that power, even without at all rising from the social place which they occupy, to find, in the daily discharge of duty, in the testimony of a good conscience, and in the consolations of religious belief, a felicity denied to those among the rich, who do not add to their worldly wealth these unpurchaseable sources of enjoyment. By an opposite course, by impatience, insubordination, and violence, the poorer classes will but increase their uneasiness without removing their misfortunes. They will but make the load more irritating, which might become lighter by being patiently borne. They may incur much misery by assuming a hostile position ; but they can gain no good. They may alienate from them the upper classes—they may chill those sympathies, and check that benevolence, which at present are employed to alleviate their lot, and relieve their most pressing exigencies ; but they may rest assured that they can never succeed in stirring up society from its depths, and rising to permanent ascendancy. Even by their seeming political friends, every manifestation of lawless disorder, on the part of the poor as a class, will ultimately be put down ; and if one government hesitates in the task, the country will easily find another to accomplish it. The continuance, therefore, of illegal combinations, and still more the commission of criminal outrage, will be as fruitless in its result as it is sinful in its character, and miserable in its operation.

One more remark will conclude what we have at present to say on these topics. We think that the evil with which we have been visited in this shape will not be without some good use. The fearful glimpses we have had of the guilt and confusion thus threatening society, may remind many who had forgotten it that there is a danger on the popular side of the balance at least as great as on the other. The admirable institutions and moral spirit of the country, so long successful in repressing popular violence, had produced an unfortunate impression that its barriers were of no use, just because they had served their purpose. It was beginning to be thought that the ascendancy of numbers was no evil ; that the populace would use power as moderately and responsibly as the better classes have done. The manifestations we have had of the designs and dispositions of the mechanical classes and their leaders, have helped to dispel that delusion, and democracy, we think, is now somewhat at a discount. The true meaning of the cries for Reform, and the true tendency of constitutional innovation, are better understood. Reason and authority, and the wisdom of former times, will resume some of the sway from which they have lately been dethroned ; and men will begin to believe that the bulwarks so long erected around the constitution have not been placed there without a cause. The horrors of the French Revolution were required in previous times to awaken many weak, but well-meaning Reformers, to a full sense of the dangers of popular encroachment ; and the lesser excesses of the cotton-spinners in our day may perhaps have an analogous effect. It will be happy for us all, if the plain hints we have already received shall serve this salutary end, without our needing the ruder shock of a general convulsion to rouse us from our lethargy.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

PART II. CHAP. I.

WE intended at the outset, that these papers should be as little of a controversial character as possible. But a mature consideration of the state in which psychology, or the science of man stands throughout Europe generally, and in this country in particular, leads us to deviate considerably from our original plan. We find, too, that we cannot clear out a way for the introduction of our own doctrines, without displacing, or at least endeavouring to displace, to a very great extent, the opinions usually held on the subject we are treating of. And, besides all this, we are sensible that, without having gone far enough, or completely made good our point, we have yet committed ourselves so far already in our previous strictures on the prevailing doctrine of "Mind," that there is no drawing back for us now. We must either be prepared to corroborate and illustrate our argument by many additional explanatory statements, or to incur the stigma of leaving it very incomplete, and, as many may think, very inconclusive. In order, therefore, to escape the latter of these alternatives, we will do our best to embrace and comply with the former of them. Such being

our reasons, we now *nail our colours to the mast*, and prepare ourselves for a good deal of polemical discussion on the subject of "the human mind." And the first point to be determined is: what is the exact question at issue?

That man is a creature who displays many manifestations of reason, adapting means to the production of ends in a vast variety of ways—that he is also susceptible of a great diversity of sensations, emotions, passions, &c., which, in one form or another, keep appearing, disappearing, and reappearing within him, with few intermissions, during his transit from the cradle to the grave—is a fact which no one will dispute. This, then, is admitted equally by the ordinary metaphysician and by us. Further, the metaphysician postulates, or lays down, "mind," and not "body," as the substance in which these phenomena inhere; and this may readily enough be admitted to him. "Mind," no doubt, is merely an hypothesis, and violates one of the fundamental axioms of science—that, namely, which has been called the principle of philosophical parsimony: *Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*.* The ne-

* That is—*entities are not to be multiplied without necessity*; or, in other words, unless it should appear that the phenomena observed cannot possibly inhere in any *already admitted* entity. Dugald Stewart's reasoning on this subject is curious, not because the argument, or that which it regards, is of the smallest interest or importance in itself, but as exhibiting the grossest misconception of the question that ever was palmed off upon an unwary reader. "Matter" must be owned to be the *first in the field*. We are conversant and intimate with it long before we know any thing about "mind." When the immaterialist or mentalist, then, comes forward, it is his business either to displace matter entirely, substituting "mind" in the place of it; or else to rear up alongside of it, this, the antagonist entity for which he contends. If he attempts the former, he involves himself in a mere play of words. If he maintains that all the *material* phenomena are in fact *mental* phenomena, he does nothing but quibble. The author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm has grievously mistaken the potency of this position. [See The *physical* (!) theory of another life, p. 14.] It is plain, we say, that in this case the immaterialist resolves himself into a mere innovator upon the ordinary language of men. He merely gives the name of "mental" to that which other people have chosen to call "material." The *thing* remains precisely what it was. If, on the other hand, he embraces the latter of the alternatives offered to him, and, without supplanting matter, maintains "mind" to be co-ordinate with it—then he is bound to show a *necessity* for his "multiplication of entities." He is bound to prove that the phenomena with which he is dealing, are incompatible with, or cannot possibly inhere in the entity already in the field. But how is such a proof possible or even conceivable? Let us see what the immaterialist makes of it. It is his object to prove by reasoning, that

necessity in this case has certainly never been made manifest. Nevertheless the hypothesis may be admitted, inasmuch as neither the admission nor the rejection of it is of the smallest con-

ceivable importance. Like Dugald Stewart, we reject the question as to the entity in which the admitted phenomena inhere, as altogether unphilosophical; but he and we reject it upon

a certain series of phenomena cannot inhere in a certain admitted substance "matter," and must, therefore, be referred to a different substance "mind." Now all reasoning is either *a priori* or *a posteriori*. If he reasons in the former of these ways; he forms *a priori* such a conception of matter that it would involve a contradiction to suppose that the phenomena occasioning the dispute should inhere in it—he first of all fixes for himself a notion of matter, as of something with which certain phenomena are incompatible—something in which they cannot inhere—and then from this conception he deduces the inference that these phenomena are incompatible with matter, or cannot inhere in it—a *petitio principii* almost too glaring to require notice.—Or does he reason upon this question *a posteriori*? In this case he professes to found upon no *a priori* conception of matter, but to be guided entirely by experience. But experience can only inform us what phenomena do or do not inhere in any particular substance; and can tell us nothing about their abstract compatibility or incompatibility with it. We may afterwards infer such compatibility or incompatibility if we please, but we must first of all know what *the fact is*—or else we may be abstractly arguing a point one way while the facts go to establish it in the opposite way. In reasoning, therefore, from experience, the question is not, can certain phenomena inhere in a particular substance, or can they not? but we must first of all ask and determine this: *do they inhere in it, or do they not?* And this, then, now comes to be the question with which the immaterialist, reasoning *a posteriori*, has to busy himself. Is the negative side of this question to be admitted to him without proof? Are we to permit him to take for granted, that these phenomena *do not* inhere in matter?—Most assuredly not. He must prove this to be the case, or else he accomplishes nothing—and yet how is it possible for him to prove it? He can only prove it by showing the phenomena to be incompatible with matter—for if he once admits the phenomena to be compatible with matter, then his *postulatum* of mind is at once disqualified from being advanced. He has given up the attempt to make manifest that *necessity* for "mind," which it was incumbent upon him to show.

It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to the very life of his argument that he should stickle for the incompatibility of these phenomena with matter. To prove that these phenomena *do not* inhere in matter, he must show that they *cannot* inhere in it. This is the only line of argument which is open to him. But then how is he to make good this latter point? We have already seen the inevitable and powerless perplexity in which he lands himself in attempting it. He must, as before, adopt one of two courses. He must either recur to his old *a priori* trick of framing for himself, first of all, such a conception of matter, that it would be contradictory to suppose the phenomena capable of inhering in it, and then of deducing their incompatibility or contradictoriness from this conception—a mode of proof which certainly shows that the phenomena cannot inhere in his conception of matter, but which by no means proves that they cannot inhere in matter itself. Or he may follow, as before, an *a posteriori* course. But here, too, we have already shown that such a procedure is impossible, without his taking for granted the very point in dispute. We have already shown that, in adhering to experience, the immaterialist must first of all go and ascertain *the fact* respecting these phenomena—*do they inhere in matter, or do they not?*—before he is entitled to predicate that they *cannot* inhere in it, lest while he is steering his argument in one direction, *the fact* should be giving him the lie in another. We sum up our statement thus: He wishes to prove that certain phenomena *cannot* inhere in matter. In proving this he is brought to postulate the fact that these phenomena *do not* inhere in matter; and then, when pressed for a proof of this latter fact, he can only make it good by reasserting that they *cannot* inhere in matter, in support of which he is again forced to recur to his old statement that they *do not* inhere in matter,—an instance of circular reasoning of the most perfect kind imaginable. Thus the immaterialist has not given us, and cannot possibly give us any argument at all upon the subject. He has not given us the proof which the "necessity" of the case called for, and which, in admitting the principle of parsimony, he pledged himself to give as the only ground upon which his postulation of a new substance could be justified. He has, after all, merely supplied us with the statement that certain phenomena *do not* inhere in matter, which is quite sufficiently met on the part of the materialist, by the counter

very different grounds. He, indeed, rejected it because he did not consider it at all a true psychological question; and we do the same. But further than this, we now give, what he never gave or dreamt of giving, the *reason* why it cannot be viewed as a psychological question; which reason is this, that the very phenomena themselves, inherent, or supposed to be inherent, in this entity, do not, properly speaking, or otherwise than in the most indirect manner possible, constitute any part of the *facts* of psychology, and therefore any discussion connected with them, or with the subject in which they may inhere, is a discussion extraneous and irrelevant to the real and proper science. Further, he rejected the question as one which was *above* the powers of man: we scout it as one which is immeasurably *beneath* them. He refused to acknowledge it because he considered the human faculties

weakly incompetent to it: we scorn it, because, knowing what the true business and aim of psychology is, we consider it miserably incompetent to *them*. In short, we pass it by with the most supreme indifference. Let the metaphysician, then, retain "the human mind" if he will, and let him make the most of it. Let him regard it as the general complement of all the phenomena alluded to. Let him consider it their subject of inherence if he pleases, and he will find that there is no danger of our quarrelling with him about *that*. We will even grant it to be a convenient generic term expressing the sum-total of the sensations, passions, intellectual states, &c. by which the human being is visited.

But the metaphysician does not stop here. He will not be satisfied with this admission. He goes much further, and demands a much greater concession. By "mind" he does not

statement that these phenomena *do* inhere in matter. In struggling to supply us with more than this, his reason is strangled in the trammels of an inexorable *petitio principii*, from which it cannot shake itself loose: while the materialist looks on perfectly quiescent. All this, however, Mr Stewart totally misconceives. He speaks as if the materialist (of course we mean such as understand and represent the argument rightly) took, or were called upon to take an *active* part in this discussion. He imagines that the *onus probandi*, the task of *proving* the phenomena to inhere in matter, and of *disproving* "mind," lay upon his shoulders. He talks of the "scheme of materialism" (Elements, p. 4), as if the scheme of materialism, supposing that there is one, did not exist, *merely because* the scheme of immaterialism cannot, as we have seen, bring itself into existence. If the immaterialist cannot (as we have proved he cannot, logically) set up the entity of mind as a habitation for certain houseless phenomena, will he not permit the materialist charitably to give them shelter in the existing entity of matter? Surely this is a stretch of philosophical intolerance, on the part of the immaterialist, not to be endured. He cannot house these phenomena himself, nor will he permit others to house them. Before concluding this note, which has already run too far, we may point out to the logical student another instance of Mr Stewart's vicious logic contained in the paragraph referred to. We will be short. "Mind and matter," says he, "considered as objects of human study, are *essentially* different,"—that is, are *different in their essence*. Now turn to the last line of this paragraph, and read—"We are totally ignorant of the *essence* of either." That is to say, being totally ignorant of the essence of two things, we are yet authorized in saying that these two things are essentially different, or different in their essence. Now, difference being in the opinion of most people the condition of knowledge, or, in other words, our knowledge of a thing being based upon the difference observed between it and other things, and our ignorance of a thing being generally the consequence of its real or apparent identity with other things, it appears to us that our ignorance of the essence of these two things (if it did not altogether disqualify us from speaking) should rather have induced us to say that they were essentially the same; or, at any rate, could never justify us in predicating their *essential* difference, as Mr Stewart has done. If we know nothing at all about their essence, how can we either affirm or deny any thing with respect to that essence?

From all that we have here said, it will not be inferred by any rational thinker that we are a materialist, and just as little that we are an immaterialist. In point of fact we are neither; and if the reader does not understand how this can be, we can only explain it by repeating that we regard the whole question in itself as silly and frivolous in the extreme, and only worthy of notice as marking certain curious windings of thought in the history of logic.

mean merely to express the aggregate of the "states;" that is, of the sensations, feelings, &c. which the human being may or may not be conscious of; but, somehow or other, he blends and intertwines consciousness (or the notion of self,—self-reference) with these "states," and considers this fact as their necessary, essential, invariable, or inextricable accompaniment. He thus vests in mind, besides its own states, passions, sensations, &c., the fact of the consciousness of these, and the being to whom that consciousness belongs; thus constituting "*mind*" into *the man*, and making the one of these terms convertible with the other.

Now here it is that we beg leave to enter our protest. We object most strongly to this doctrine as one which introduces into psychology a "confusion worse confounded;" as one which, if allowed to prevail, must end in obliterating every thing like science, morality, and even man himself, as far as his true and peculiar character is concerned—substituting in place of him a machine, an automaton, of which the law of causality composes and regulates the puppet-strings.

This, then, is the precise point at issue between us:—The metaphysician wishes to make "*mind*" constitute and monopolize the *whole man*—we refuse to admit that "*mind*" constitutes any part of the *true and real man* whatsoever. The metaphysician confounds the *consciousness* of a "state of mind," and the being to whom this consciousness belongs, with the "state of mind" itself. Our great object is to keep these two distinctly and vividly asunder. This distinction is one which, as shall soon be shown, is constantly made both by common sense and by common language—a consideration which throws the presumption of truth strongly in our favour. It is one which appears to us to constitute the great leading principle upon which the whole of psychology hinges—one without the strict observance of which any science of ourselves is altogether impossible or null.

We are still, then, quite willing to vest in "*mind*" all the "states" of mind. But the fact of the consciousness of these states—the notion of himself as the person to whom this consciousness belongs, we insist in vesting in *the man*, or in that being who calls himself "*I*;" and in this

little word expresses compendiously *all* the facts which really and truly belong to him. The question in dispute, and which has to be decided between the metaphysician and ourselves, may be thus worded:—He wishes to give every thing unto "*mind*," while we wish to give unto mind the things which are mind's, and unto man the things which are man's. If we can succeed in making good our point, psychology will be considerably lightened—lightened of a useless and unmarketable cargo which has kept her almost *lockfast* for many generations, and which she ought never to have taken on board; for our very first act will be to fling "*mind*" with all its lumber overboard, and busying ourselves exclusively with *the man* and *his* facts, we shall see whether the science will not *float* then. But our first problem is to vindicate and make good the distinction we have pointed out.

Before going further, let us make use of an illustration, which will, perhaps, be of some preliminary assistance in rendering our meaning, together with the point at issue, still more distinct and manifest to the reader. The mountains, let us say, which the eye beholds are the *objects* of its vision. In the same way the passions, sensations, "states of mind," &c. which the man is, or may be, conscious of, are the *objects* of his consciousness, of his conscious self. But no one ever supposes that the *fact* of vision is the same as the *objects* of vision. The former appertains to the eye; the latter constitute the mountains seen. The *objects* of vision may exist and do exist without the *fact* of vision, and do not create or enforce this fact as their necessary and invariable accompaniment. To make no discrimination between these two things would be confessedly in the highest degree absurd. It is just the same with regard to the *fact* of consciousness and the *objects* of consciousness. The *fact* of consciousness belongs to the man himself, to that being which calls itself "*I*," and this, truly speaking, is all that belongs to him. The *objects* of consciousness, namely, man's passions, sensations, &c., are not, properly speaking, his at all. The fact and notion of self do not necessarily or always accompany them. They may be referred to "*mind*," or

to what you please. They are indeed within the man's control, and it is his duty to control them. But this is not because they *are* himself, but only because they are *not* himself; because they are *obscurations* of himself. You may call them the *false* man if you choose; but if they were the *true* man where would be the truthfulness of that mighty truth which says that the man waxes just in proportion as he makes his passions and his sensual feelings wane? How could this be the case if the man himself were identical with his passions and his desires? Can a creature live and thrive by suspending its own animation? Is it conceivable that a being should increase and strengthen in proportion as it is weakened and diminished? To return to our illustration: the point of it is this—the *objects* of consciousness, namely, the passions, emotions, &c., and Reason itself, might perfectly well exist (and in animals do exist) without any one being conscious of them, or combining with them the notion of self, just as the objects of vision exist without any eye perceiving them: and the *fact* of consciousness, or the fact that a being is conscious of these states, is just as distinct from the states themselves as the fact that the eye *does* behold mountains is distinct from the mountains which it beholds. These two things, then, the fact and the object, are in both cases distinctly separate. In the case of the eye and its objects they are never confounded; but in the case of consciousness and its objects we venture to affirm that the metaphysician has invariably confounded them. Our great primary aim is to remedy this confusion; to establish the fact of consciousness (and the being to whom it belongs) as something quite aloof from, and transcending, the objects of consciousness, namely, mind and all its states, and then to confine our science entirely to the elucidation of this fact, which will be found to be pregnant with many other facts, and with many mighty results,—neglecting the *objects* of it as of little importance or of none.

There is one ground, however, still left open to the metaphysician, which he may consider his impregnable stronghold or inner fortress, and which, if he can maintain it, will certainly enable him to set our strictures at defiance; and successfully to

defend his tenets against all our objections. We are quite willing that he should intrench himself in this strong citadel, and, with his permission, we will place him fairly within it with our own hands—to stand or to fall. The metaphysician, fully admitting the distinction we have been insisting on, may say, “but this discrimination is itself a mere analysis of mind. The ‘state’ of which the being is conscious is mind; and the *fact* of consciousness, with the being to whom it belongs, is also mind. In a word, both terms or factors of the analysis are mind. Mind in a state of dualism perhaps; *two* minds, if you choose to call them so; but still susceptible of synthesis, still capable of having the one of them added to the other of them; and hence, though *two*, still capable of being united, and of being viewed in the amalgamation of *one*. Therefore,” continues he, “mind, view it as you please, analyze it, or make what discriminations within it you like, is still rightly to be regarded as constituting the real and complete man, and as monopolizing the whole of that which is truly he.”

If this argument be valid, we must own ourselves completely foiled, and the fight is done. For if it be true that the distinction we are contending for be merely a dead analytical discrimination, and not a real and wonder-working antithesis, a vital antagonism in human nature which, practically operating, brings about all the good and evil of man and of society; and which, working ceaselessly throughout all time, as well as in the individual breast, increases in energy the longer it maintains itself, marking distinctly the progress of the species, and advancing it on and on from that which it once was to that which it now is, and to that which it shall yet be—if it be not, we say, a distinction of this kind, but merely an inoperative “analysis of mind,” then we give it up as virtually void, as altogether insignificant, and unworthy of a further thought.

But our whole system proceeds upon the reality and vitality of this distinction. It founds itself not upon any principle arising out of an analysis of mind; not upon any distinction made *within* mind; but upon a real antithesis to be established between what belongs, or may be admitted to

belong to mind, and what does not and cannot belong to it; and therefore we will not yield up this distinction by owning it to be analytical at all. We allow the metaphysician to take all man's passions, sensations, emotions, states, or whatever else he may choose to call them, and refer them to "mind," making this the *object* of his research. But when he attempts to lay hands on the fact of consciousness, and to make "mind" usurp this fact together with the being to whom this fact belongs, we exclaim, "Hold. Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther; here shall thy weak hypothesis be staid." If he resists, the question must be put to the proof. Can the fact of consciousness, together with the man himself, be conceived of as vested in the *object* called "mind," as well as the sensations, passions, &c. which have been admitted to be vested therein? or must not this fact and the man himself be held *transcendent* to this object, and incapable of being objectified, or conceived of as an object at all? Unless we can make out this latter point, we shall fail in realizing, in its truth and purity, the only fact with which, in our opinion, as we have already said, psychology ought to busy itself, namely, the fact of consciousness.

We have now, then, brought the question to its narrowest possible point. Can the fact of consciousness, together with our conscious selves, be conceived of as vested in the *object* called "the human mind?" It was to prove the negative side of this question, and thereby to support a conclusion which forms the very life and keystone of our system, that the argument contained in a former part of this discussion was intended; and the reader may, perhaps, be now placed in a situation which will enable him to perceive its drift more clearly. We will recapitulate it very shortly, and in some what different words from those formerly used.

An *object* is that which is either *really* or *ideally* different from ourselves; or in other words, is either different in itself, or is conceived of as different by us. Suppose, now, that the metaphysician makes use of the expression of common sense and ordinary language, "my mind." He here certainly appears, at first sight, to lay

down a *real* discrimination between himself and his mind. Whatever he may *intend* to say, he clearly *says* that there are *two* of them, namely, his mind and himself; the "I" (call it the *ego*), possessing it. In this case, "mind" may contain what it likes, but the *consciousness* of what it contains, certainly remains with the *ego*. In this case mind is *really* destitute of consciousness. Does the metaphysician disclaim this view of the matter? Does he say that mind is *really* himself, and is only *ideally* an object to him? Then we answer, that in this case mind is *ideally* divested of consciousness, and if the metaphysician thinks otherwise, he imposes upon himself. For how can he make it contain consciousness without first of all ideally replacing within it himself, the *ego* which he had ideally severed from it. But if he does make this re-investment, mind (his object) at once vanishes from the scene; for none of us can attribute consciousness *directly* to another; we can only attribute it directly to another by becoming it, and if we become it, it ceases to be another; it becomes we; that is to say, nothing but the *ego* is left; and we have no *object* either ideally or really before us. The dilemma to which the philosophers of mind are reduced is this: *unless* they attribute consciousness to mind, they leave out of view the most important and characteristic phenomenon of man: and *if* they attribute consciousness to mind, they annihilate the *object* of their research, in so far as the whole extent of this fact is concerned.

So much in the shape of mere abstract reasoning upon this question. It appears to us that our point is now in a fair way of being completely made out. We think that as far as mere reasoning can do it, we have succeeded in extricating the fact of consciousness from the oppressive and obscuring envelopment of "the human mind." But our views, their correctness, and their application, still require to be brought out and enforced by many explanations and observations of *fact*. We now, then, descend to various statements, illustrations, and practical considerations which will probably be still more plain and convincing than any thing we have yet said. These, however, we reserve for the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

One of the fundamental and soundest canons of philosophy is this : never violently to subvert, but to follow gently through all its windings any fact submitted to us by common sense, and never harshly to obliterate the language in which any such fact is expressed, or precipitately to substitute in place of it another expression, drawn, probably, from some mushroom theory, and more consonant, as we may think, with truth, because apparently of a more cultivated cast. The presumption is, that the first expressions are right, and truly denote the fact, and that the secondary language, if much opposed to these, is the offspring of a philosophy erroneously reflective. In short, if we neglect the canon pointed out, the risk of our missing the real facts, and running into false speculation, is extreme. For common sense, being instinctive or nearly so, rarely errs, and its expressions not being matured by reflection, generally contain within them, though under very obscure forms, much of the deep truth and wisdom of revelations. What though its facts and its language may often be to us, like the mirage to travellers in the desert, for a time an elusive and disappointing thing ! Still let us persevere in the pursuit. The natural mirage is often the most benign provision which Heaven, in its mercy, could call up before the eyes of the wanderers through barren wastes. Ceaselessly holding out to them the promise of blessed gratification, it thus attracts onwards and onwards, till, at length, they really reach the true and water-flowing oasis, those steps which, but for this timely and continual attraction, would have sunk down and perished in despair amid the unmeasurable sands. And spread over the surface of common life, there is a moral mirage analogous to this, and equally attractive to the philosopher thirsting after truth. In pursuing it we may be often disappointed and at fault, but let us follow it in faithful hope, and it will lead us on and on unto the true and living waters at last. If we accept in a sincere and faithful spirit, the facts and expressions of common sense, and refrain from tampering unduly with their simplicity, we shall perhaps find, like those fortunate ones

of old who, opening hospitable doors to poor wearied wayfarers, unwittingly entertained angels, that we are harbouring the divinest truths of philosophy in the guise of these homely symbols.

It is comparatively an easy task to exclude such facts and such expressions from our consideration, and then within closed doors to arrive at conclusions at variance with common sense. But this is not the true business of philosophy. True philosophy, meditating a far higher aim, and a far more difficult task than this, throws wide her portals to the entrance of all comers,—come disguised and unpromising as they may. In other words, she accepts, as given, the great and indestructible convictions of our race, and the language in which these are expressed : and in place of denying or obliterating them, she endeavours rationally to explain and justify them ; recovering by reflection steps taken in the spontaneous strength of nature by powers little more than instinctive, and seeing in clear light the operation of principles, which, in their primary acts, work in almost total darkness.

Common sense, then, is the problem of philosophy, and is plainly not to be solved by being set aside—but just as little is it to be solved by being taken for granted, or in other words, by being allowed to remain in the primary forms in which it is presented to our notice. A problem and its solution are evidently not one and the same thing ; and hence, common sense, the problem of philosophy, is by no means identical, in the first instance at least, with the solution which philosophy has to supply : (a consideration which those would do well to remember who talk of the “ philosophy of common sense,” thus confounding together the problem and the solution.) It is only after the solution has been effected, that they can be looked upon as identical with each other. How then is this solution to be realized ? How is the conversion of common sense into philosophy to be brought about ? We answer, by accepting completely and faithfully the facts and expressions of common sense as given in their primitive obscurity, and then by construing them without violence, without

addition, and without diminution into clearer and more intelligible forms.

In observance and exemplification, then, of this rule, let us now take up an expression frequently made use of by common sense, and which, in the preceding chapter, we had occasion to bring forward—that expression, to wit, constantly in the mouth of every one, “my mind,” or let it be “my emotion,” “my sensation,” or any similar mode of speech; and let us ask what does a man, thus talking the ordinary language of common life, precisely mean when he employs these expressions? The metaphysician will tell us that he does *not* mean what he says. We affirm that he *does* mean what he says. The metaphysician will tell us that he does not really make, or intend to make any discrimination or sundering between *himself* and his “mind;” or we should rather say his “state of mind.” We affirm that he both intends to make such a separation, and does make it. The metaphysician declares that by the expression “my emotion” the man merely means that there is *one* of them; namely “emotion,” that this is himself (the being he calls “I”), and contains and expresses every fact which this latter word denotes: and in making this averment the metaphysician roughly subverts and obliterates the language of the man. We, however, reverencing the canon we have just laid down, refrain from doing this gross violence to his expressions, because, if we were guilty of it, we should consider ourselves upon the point of falling into great errors, and of confounding a most essential distinction which has not escaped the primitive and almost instinctive good sense of all mankind—the *genus metaphysicorum* excepted. This tribe will not admit that in using the expression, for instance, “my sensations,” the man regards himself as standing aloof from his sensations: or at any rate they hold that such a view on the part of the man is an erroneous one. They will not allow that the man himself and the fact of consciousness stand on the *outside* of the sphere of the “states of mind” experienced: but they fetter him down *within* the circle of these states, and make him and consciousness identical with them.

In opposition to this, the ordinary psychological doctrine, we, for our

part, prefer to adhere to the language of common sense; believing that this represents the facts faithfully and truly, while the formulas of metaphysics misrepresent them grievously. We affirm that the natural man, in using the words “my mind,” expresses and intends to express what is, and what he feels to be *the fact*—namely, that his conscious self, that which he calls “I” (*ego*), is not to be confounded, and cannot be confounded with his “mind,” or the “states of mind,” which are its objects. Let us observe, he merely views “mind,” and uses this word, as a term expressing the aggregate or general assemblage of these states, and connects with it no hypothesis respecting its substance. On the other hand, to the *ego* he never thinks of applying the epithet “my.” And why not? Simply because it *is* he; and if mind also was he, he never would dream of applying the word “my” to it either. The *ego* is he—not something which he possesses. He therefore never attempts to *objectify* it, because it will not admit of this. But he can talk rightly and intelligibly of “my sensations;” that is to say, he can tell us that this *ego* is visited by various sensations, because he feels that the *ego*—that is, himself—is different from these sensations. At any rate, he never, of his own accord, confounds himself and his sensations or states of mind together. He never, in his natural state, uses the word “mind” as convertible with the word “I;” and if he did so, he would not be intelligible to his species. They would never know that he meant himself; and simply for this reason, that the fact of self-reference or consciousness is not contained or expressed in the word “mind,” and cannot, indeed, be denoted by any word in the *third* person. It has been reserved for the “metaphysics of mind” to introduce into thought and language a confusion which man’s natural understanding has always steered clear of.

We have found, then, that this distinction between the man himself (that called *ego*) and the states of mind which he is conscious of, obtains in the language of common sense, and we do not feel ourselves entitled to subvert or to neglect it. But to leave it precisely as we found it, would be to turn it to no account

whatsoever, and would allow the metaphysician still to triumph in our failure to accomplish what we have declared to be the true end and business of philosophy. The distinction is espoused by common sense, and is thrown out on the very surface of ordinary language: therefore the presumption that it is correct is in its favour; but it still remains to be philosophically vindicated, and made good. Let us, then, accept it faithfully as given; and gently construing it into a clearer form, let us see whether every fact connected with it under its philosophic aspect will not prove it to be the most important and valid of all possible discriminations.

To mark this distinction, this conviction and expression of common sense, by a philosophical formula, let us suppose a line terminating in two opposite poles. In the one of these we will vest "mind," that is, the whole assemblage of the various states or changes experienced; all the feelings, passions, sensations, &c. of man, and in the other of them we will vest the fact of consciousness, and the man himself calling himself "I." Now, we admit, in the first instance, that these two poles are mere postulates, and that our postulation of them can only be justified and made good that they are mutually repulsive:—by the fact that there is a reciprocal antithesis or antagonism between them, and between all that each of them contains: or, in other words, we must be borne out by the fact, that an increase of intensity at the one pole is always compensated by a corresponding decrease of intensity at the other pole—and *vice versa*. For if, on the contrary, it should appear that these two poles agree and act so harmoniously together, that the vividness experienced at the one pole (say that in which sensation, &c. reside) is answered by a proportional vividness at the opposite pole of consciousness—and that a depression at this latter pole again takes place in accordance with a diminished intensity at the former pole: in short, if it should appear that these two poles, instead of mutually extinguishing, mutually strengthen each other's light—then we must own that the antithesis we are endeavouring to establish is virtually void and erroneous: that sensation and consciousness are really identical, and that the two poles are in fact not two,

but only one. In a word, we will own that the distinction we have been all along fighting for does not exist, and that the ordinary doctrine of psychology upon this head is faultless, and beyond dispute.

This point, however, is not to be settled by speculation, or by abstract reasoning. What says *the fact*? The fact is notorious to every one except metaphysicians, who have seldom paid much attention to this or any other fact, that the degree of our consciousness or self-reference always exists in an inverse ratio to the degree of intensity of any of our sensations, passions, emotions, &c.; and that consciousness is never so effectually depressed—or, perhaps, we may say, never so totally obliterated within us, as when we are highly transported by the vividness of any sensation, or absorbed in the violence of any passion. While, on the other hand, returning consciousness, or increasing self-reference, has always the effect of deadening the sensation and suspending the passion, until at length, when it reaches its *ultimatum*, the sensation or passion becomes totally extinct. This is decidedly the fact, and there is no denying it. Look at a human being immersed in the swinish gratifications of sense. See here how completely the man is lost in the animal. Swallowed up in the pleasurable sensations of his palate, he is oblivious of every thing else, and consciousness sinks into abeyance for a time. The sensation at the one pole monopolizes him, and therefore the consciousness at the other pole does not come into play. He does not think of himself—he does not combine the notion of himself with the sensation, the enjoyment of which is enslaving him. Again, look at another man shaken by wrath, as a tree is shaken by the wind. Here, too, the passion reigns paramount, and every thing else is forgotten. Consciousness is extinguished; and hence the expression of the poet—*Ira brevis furor est*—"Rage is a brief insanity"—is strictly and pathologically true; because consciousness, the condition upon which all sanity depends, is for the time absent from the man. Hence, too, the ordinary phrase, that rage transports a man *out of himself*, is closely and philosophically correct. Properly interpreted, it means that the man is taken completely out of the

pole where consciousness abides, and vested entirely in the opposite pole where passion dwells; or rather we should say that *as a man* he is extinct, and lives only *as a machine*. In both of these cases the men lose their personality. They are played upon by a foreign agency.

"Infortunati nimium sua si mala norint!"

But as yet they know not how mean and how miserable they are. Consciousness must return to them first, and only they themselves can bring it back; and when it does return, the effect of its very first approach is to lower the temperature of the sensation and of the passion. The men are not now wholly absorbed in the state that prevailed at the sensual and passionate pole. The balance is beginning to right itself. They have originated an act of their own, which has given them some degree of freedom; and they now begin to look down upon their former state as upon a state of intolerable slavery; and ever as this self-reference of theirs waxes, they look down upon that state as more and more slavish still, until at length, the balance being completely reversed and lying over on the other side, consciousness is again enthroned, the passion and the sensation are extinguished, and the men feel themselves to be completely free.

The first general expression, then, of this great law (which, however, may require much minute attention to

calculate all its subordinate forces and their precise balances) is this:—When passion, or any state of mind at the one pole, is at its *maximum*, consciousness is at its *minimum*—this *maximum* being sometimes so great as absolutely to extinguish consciousness while it continues; and, *vice versa*, when consciousness is at its *maximum*, the passion, or whatever the state of mind at the opposite pole may be, is at its *minimum*,—the *maximum* being in this case, too, sometimes so great as to amount to a total suspension of the passion, &c. What important consequences does the mere enunciation of this great law suggest! In particular, what a firm and intelligible basis does it afford to the great superstructure of morality! What light does it carry down into the profoundest recesses of duty! Man's passions may be said to be the origin of all human wickedness. What more important fact, then, can there be than this, that the very act of consciousness, simple as it may seem, brings along with it, to a considerable extent, the suspension of any passion which may be tyrannizing over us; and that, as the origination of this act is our own, so is it in our own power to heighten and increase its lustre as we please, even up to the highest degree of self-reflection, where it triumphs over passion completely? These matters, however, shall be more fully unfolded when we come to speak of the *consequences* of the fact of consciousness. *

* Dr Chalmers has a long chapter in his *Moral Philosophy* (Chap. II.) on the effect which consciousness has in obliterating the state of mind upon which it turns its eye. But to what account does he turn his observation of this fact? He merely notices it as attaching a *peculiar* difficulty to the study of the phenomena of mind. It does indeed. It attaches *so* peculiar a difficulty to the study of these phenomena, that we wonder the Doctor was not led by this consideration to perceive that these phenomena were no longer the real and important facts of the science; but that the fact of consciousness, together with the consequences it brought along with it, and nothing else, truly was so. Again, on the other hand, this fact attaches so peculiar a *facility* to the study of morality, that we are surprised the Doctor did not avail himself of its assistance in explaining the laws and character of duty. But how does Dr Chalmers "get quit of this difficulty?" If the phenomena of mind disappear as soon as consciousness looks at them—how do you think he obviates the obstacle in the way of science? Why, by emptying human nature of consciousness altogether; or, as he informs us, "by adopting Dr Thomas Brown's view of consciousness, who makes this act to be," as Dr Chalmers says, "a brief act of memory." Whether this means that consciousness is a short act of memory, or an act of memory following shortly after the "state" remembered, we are at a loss to say; but, at any rate, we here have consciousness converted into memory. For we presume that there is no difference in kind, no distinction at all between an act of memory which is brief, and an act of memory which is not brief. Thus consciousness is obliterated. Man is deprived of the notion of

CHAPTER III.

What then is the precise effect of our argument against the prevailing doctrine of the "human mind?" If the word "mind" be used merely to express the general group, or assemblage of passions, emotions, intellectual states, and other modifications of being, which both man and the animal creation are subject to, we have no objections whatever to the use of the term. If it should further please the metaphysician to lay down "mind" as a distinct entity to which these various states or changes are to be referred, we shall not trouble ourselves with quarrelling with this hypothesis either. All we say is, that *the man himself*, and the true and proper facts of the man's nature, are not to be found here. In the case of animals, we shall admit that "mind," that is, some particular modification of passion, sensation, reason, and so forth, constitutes, and is convertible while it lasts with the true and proper being of the animal subject to that change; because, here there is nothing *over and above* the ruling passion of the time. There is no distinction made between it (the state) experienced, and itself (the animal) experiencing. The animal is wholly monopolized by the passion. The two are identical. The animal does not stand aloof in any degree from the influence to which it is subject. There is not in addition to the passion, or whatever the state of mind may be, a consciousness, or reference to self of that particular state. In short, there is no *self* at all in the case. There is nothing but a machine, or thing agitated and usurped by a kind of tyrannous agency, just as a reed is shaken by the wind. The study, then, of the laws and facts of passion, sensation, reason, &c., *in animals* might be a rational and legitimate enough pursuit; because, in their case, there is no fact of a more important and peculiar character for us to attend to. These phenomena might

be said to constitute the proper facts of *animal* psychology.

The total absorption of the creature in the particular change or "state" experienced—which we have just noticed as the great fact occurring in the animal creation—sometimes occurs in the case of man also; and when it does take place in him, he and they are to be considered exactly upon a par. But it is the characteristic peculiarity of man's nature, that this monopolization of him by some prevailing "state of mind," does not always, or indeed often happen. In his case there is generally something over and above the change by which he is visited, and this unabsorbed something is the fact of consciousness, the notion and the reality of himself as the person experiencing the change. This fact is that which controls and makes him independent of the state experienced, and in the event of the state running into excess, it leaves him not the excuse or apology (which animals have), that he was its victim and its slave. This phenomenon stands conspicuously aloof, and beside it, stands man conspicuously aloof from all the various modifications of being by which he may be visited. This phenomenon is the great and leading fact of *human* psychology. And we now affirm, that the enquirer who should neglect it after it had been brought up before him, and should still keep studying "the human mind," would be guilty of the grossest dereliction of his duty as a philosopher, and would follow a course altogether irrelevant; inasmuch, as passing by the phenomenon *peculiar* to man, he would be busying himself at the best (supposing "mind" to be something more than hypothesis) with facts which man possesses *in common* with other creatures, and which must of course be, therefore, far inferior in importance and scientific value to the anomalous fact *exclusively* his. In study-

himself. He no longer is a self at all, or capable of any self-reference. From having been a person, he becomes a mere thing; and is left existing and going through various acts of intelligence, just like the animals around him, which exist and perform many intelligent acts without being aware of their existence, without possessing any personality, or taking any account to themselves of their accomplishments.

ing "the human mind," we encounter, whichever way we turn, mere counterfeit, or else irrelevant phenomena, instead of falling in with the true and peculiar phenomena of man; or shall we say that consciousness, like the apples in the gardens of the Hesperides, grows on the boughs of humanity, and grows nowhere else, and that while it is the practical duty of all men, as well as the great aim of philosophy, to grasp and realize this rare and precious fact, it has ever been the practice of "the human mind," like the dragon of old, to guard this phenomenon from the scrutiny of mankind; to keep them ignorant or oblivious of its existence; to beat them back from its avenues into the mazes of practical as well as speculative error, by raising its blinding and deceitful aspect against any hand that would pluck the golden fruitage.

Does the reader still desire to be informed with the most precise distinctness *why* the fact of consciousness, and we ourselves, cannot be conceived of as properly and entirely vested in "mind?" Then let him attend once more to *the fact*, when we repeat what we have already stated: perilling our whole doctrine upon the truth of our statement *as fact*, and renouncing *speculation* altogether. In a former part of this discussion we illustrated the distinction between the *objects* of consciousness (the passions, namely, and all the other changes or modifications we experience) and the *fact* of consciousness, by the analogous distinction subsisting between the objects of vision and the fact of vision. It was plain that the objects of vision might exist, and did exist, without giving birth to, or being in any way accompanied by, the fact of vision; and in the same way it was apparent that the objects of consciousness by no means brought along with them the fact of consciousness as their necessary and invariable accompaniment. But we have now to observe that this illustration is not strong enough, and that the two terms of it are not sufficiently contrasted for our purpose. Or, in other words, we now remark that in the case of consciousness and its objects, the rupture or antagonism between the two is far stronger and more striking than in the case of vision and its objects. It

is not the tendency of the objects of vision, on the one hand, to quench the vision which regards them; it is not, on the other hand, the tendency of the fact of vision to obliterate the objects at which it looks. Therefore, though the fact of vision and the objects of vision are distinctly separate, yet their disunion is not so complete as that of the fact of consciousness and the objects of consciousness, the natural tendency of which is, on both sides, to act precisely in the manner spoken of, and between which a struggle of the kind pointed out constantly subsists. This, then, we proclaim to be *the fact* (and upon this fact we ground the essential distinction or antithesis between mind, *i.e.* the complement of the objects of consciousness, and the fact of consciousness itself) that mind, in all its states, without a single exception, so far from facilitating or bringing about the development of consciousness, actually exerts itself unceasingly and powerfully to *prevent* consciousness from coming into existence, and to extinguish it when it has come into operation. The fact, as we have said before, is notorious, that the *more* any state of mind (a sensation or whatever else it may be) is developed, the *less* is there a consciousness or reference to self of that state of mind; and this fact proves how essentially the two are opposed to each other; because if they agreed, or acted in concert with one another, it would necessarily follow that an increase in the one of them would be attended by a corresponding increase in the other of them. How, then, can we possibly include, or conceive of as included, under "mind," a fact or act which it is the tendency of "mind" in *all* its states to suppress?

Is it here objected that unless these states of mind existed, consciousness would never come into operation, and that therefore it falls to be considered as *dependent* upon them? In this objection the premises are perfectly true, but the inference is altogether false. It is true that man's consciousness would not develop itself unless certain varieties of sensation, reason, &c. became manifest within him; but it does not by any means follow from this that consciousness is the natural sequent or harmonious accompaniment of these. The fact is, that conscious-

ness does not come into operation in consequence of these states; but in spite of them: it does not come into play to increase and foster these states, but only actively to suspend, control, or put a stop to them. This, then, is the reason why consciousness cannot develop itself without their previous manifestation; namely, because unless they existed there would be nothing for it to combat, to weaken, or to destroy. Its occupation or office would be gone. There would be nothing for it to exert itself against. Its antagonist force not having been given, there would be no occasion for its existence. This force (the power existing at what we have called the mental pole) does not create consciousness, but as soon as this force comes into play, consciousness creates itself, and, by creating itself, suspends or diminishes the energy existing at that pole. This fact showing that consciousness is in nothing *passive*, but is *ab origine* essentially active, places us upon the strongest position, which as philosophers fighting for human freedom we can possibly occupy; and it is only by the maintenance of this position that man's liberty can ever be philosophically vindicated and made good. In truth, possessing this fact, we hold in our hands the profoundest truth in all psychology; the most awful and sublime truth connected with the nature of man. Our present mention of it is necessarily very brief and obscure: but we will do our best to clear it up and expound it fully when we come to discuss the problem: *how* does consciousness come into operation? We will then *start* man free. We will show that he brings himself into existence, not indeed as a being, but as a *human* being; not as an existence, but as an existence *calling itself* "I," by an act of absolute and essential freedom. We will empty his true and real being of all *passivity* whatsoever, in opposition to those doctrines of a false, inert, and contradictory philosophy, which making him at first, and in his earliest stage, the passive recipient of the natural effluences of things—the involuntary effect of some foreign cause—seeks afterwards to *engraft* freedom upon him;—a vain, impracticable, and necessarily unsuccessful endeavour, as the whole history of philosophy, from first to last, has shown.

We are now able to render a dis-

inct answer to the question: What is the precise effect of our argument on the subject of the human mind? Its precise effect and bearing is to turn us to the study of *fact*—of a clear and a *peculiar fact*—from the contemplation of an object which is either an hypothesis, or else no object at all (not even an hypothesis but a contradiction), or else an irrelevant object of research, and one which cannot by any conceivability contain the fact which it is our business to investigate. Even granting the human mind to be a real object, still we affirm that our argument, and the state of the fact, show the necessity of our realizing and viewing consciousness as something altogether distinct from and independent of it—inasmuch as it is the tendency of every modification of mind to keep this fact or act in abeyance under their supremacy so long as that supremacy continues—and, therefore, it never can be the true and relevant business of philosophy to attend to this object (however real) when engaged in the study of man; because in doing so, philosophy would necessarily miss and overlook the leading, proper, and peculiar phenomenon of his being. The fact of consciousness, expressed in the word "I," and its accompanying facts, such as the direct and vital antithesis subsisting between it and passion, sensation, &c.—these are the only facts which psychology ought to regard. This science ought to discard from its direct consideration every fact which is not *peculiarly* man's. It ought to turn away its attention from the facts subsisting at what we have called the sensitive, passionate, and rational pole of humanity; because these facts are not, properly speaking, the true and absolute property of humanity at all; and it ought to confine its regards exclusively to the pole in which consciousness is vested; and, above all things, it ought to have nothing to do with speculations concerning any transcendent substance (mind for instance) in which these phenomena may be imagined to inhere.

Let us conclude this chapter by shortly summing up our whole argument and its results, dividing our conclusions into two distinct heads: 1st, concerning the "science of the human mind;" and 2d, concerning the "human mind" itself.

In the first place, does the science

of the human mind profess to follow the analogy of the natural sciences? It does. Then it must conform itself to the conditions upon which they depend. Now, the primary condition upon which the natural sciences depend and proceed, is the distinction between a subject and an object; or, in other words, between a Being enquiring, and a Being enquired into. Without such a discrimination they could not move a step. Very well: man in studying himself follows the same method. He divides himself into subject and object. There is *himself*, the subject enquiring, and there is "the human mind," the object enquired into. There is here, then, at the outset, distinctly *two*. The principal condition of the enquiry demands that there *shall* be two. We will suppose then the science of the "object enquired into" to be complete. And now we turn to the man, and say "give us a science of the *subject enquiring*." He answers that he has already done so—that, in this case, the subject and object are identical—and in saying this is it not plain that he violates the very condition upon which his science professed to proceed and to depend—namely, the distinction between subject and object? He now gives up this distinction. He confounds the *two* together. He makes *one* of them: and the total confusion and obliteration of his science is the consequence. Does he again recur to the distinction? then we keep probing him with one or other horn of our dilemma, which we will thus express for the behoof of the "philosophers of mind." Do you, in your science of man, profess to lay down and to found upon the distinction between the subject (yourself) and the object (the human mind), or do you not? If you do, then we affirm that while studying the object you necessarily keep back in the subject the most important fact connected with man, namely, the fact of consciousness; and that you cannot place this fact in the object of your research without doing away the distinction upon which you founded. But if you do away this distinction, you renounce and disregard the vital and indispensable condition upon which physical science depends: and what, then, becomes of your science as a research conducted, as you profess it to be, upon the principles of physical investigation? You may, indeed, still

endeavour to accommodate your research to the spirit of physical enquiry by talking of a *subject-object*; but this is a wretched subterfuge, and the word you here make use of must ever carry a contradiction upon its very front. You talk of what is just as inconceivable to physical science as a square circle or a circular square. By "subject," physical science understands that which is *not* an "object," but something opposed to an object, and by "object," that which is *not* a "subject," but something opposed to a subject: and can form no conception of these two as identical. But by "subject-object" you mean a subject which becomes an object, *i. e.* its own object. But this is inconceivable, or, at any rate, is only conceivable on this ground, that the subject keeps back in itself, *itself* and the consciousness of what is passing in the object; because if it invests itself, and the fact of consciousness in the object, the object from that moment ceases to be an object, and becomes reconverted into a subject, that is, into *one's self without* an object. This, at least, is quite plain: that in talking of a subject-object, you abandon the essential distinction upon which the physical sciences found: and the ruin of your science as a physical research (that is, as a legitimate research in the only sense in which you have declared a research can be legitimate) is the result.

The difficulties, then, in the way of the establishment of a science of "the human mind," are insuperable. Its weakness and futility are of a twofold character. It starts with an hypothesis, and yet cannot maintain this hypothesis, or remain consistent with it for a single moment. Man makes a hypothetical object of himself, and calls this "the human mind;" and then, in order to invest it with a certain essential phenomenon, he is compelled every instant to *unmake* it as an object, and to convert back again into a subject, that is into himself—a confusion of the most perplexing kind—a confusion which, so long as it is persisted in, must render every thing like a science of man altogether hopeless. Such being the state of things, it is indeed no wonder that despair should have settled down upon the present condition, the prospect, and the retrospect of psychological research.

In the second place, let us say one

or two words on the subject of "the human mind" itself, before we have done with it. Let us suppose it to be not an hypothesis, but a *reality*. We will further suppose, that all the forms, states, or modifications of this real substance have been separately enumerated and classified in distinct orders; and now we will imagine the question put,—Would not a science of this kind, and of this substance, be still worth something? Would it not, in fact, be the true science of human nature? We answer—No. Whatever might be its value in other respects, we aver, that as a science of *man*, it would be altogether worthless and false. And for this reason, because the object of our research here, not only does not contain the proper and peculiar fact of man, namely, the fact of consciousness, but it contains, as we have seen, an order of phenomena which tend unceasingly to overcloud, keep down, and extinguish this fact. In studying this object, therefore, with the view of constructing a science of man out of our examination of it, we should be following a course doubly vicious and misleading. We should not only be studying facts among which consciousness is not to be found, but we should be studying and attaching a scientific value to facts—esteeming them, too, to be characteristic of man's proper nature—facts which actually rise up as obstacles to prevent consciousness (that is, his proper nature and peculiar fact) from coming into manifestation. If, then, we would establish a true science of man, there is no other course open to us than this, to abandon, in the first instance, every consideration of "the human mind," whether it be an hypothesis and a reality, together with all its phenomena, and then to confine our attention closely and devoutly to the examination of the great and anomalous fact of human consciousness.

And truly this fact is well worthy of our regard, and one which will worthily reward our pains. It is a fact of most surpassing wonder; a fact prolific in sublime results. Standing aloof as much as possible from our acquired and inveterate habits of thought; divesting ourselves as much as possible of our natural prepossessions, and of that familiarity which has blunted the edge of astonishment,

let us consider what we know to be the fact; namely, that existence, combined with intelligence and passion in many instances, but unaccompanied by any other fact, is the general rule of creation. Knowing this, would it not be but an easy step for us to conclude that it is also the *universal* rule of creation; and would not such a conclusion be a step naturally taken? Finding this, and nothing more than this, to be the great fact "in heaven, and on earth, and in the waters under the earth," would it not be rational to conclude that it admitted of no exception? Such certainly would be the natural inference, and in it there would be nothing at all surprising. But suppose that when it was on the point of being drawn, there suddenly, and for the first time, started up *in a single Being*, a fact at variance with this whole analogy of creation, and contradicting this otherwise universal rule; we ask, would not this be a fact attractive and wonderful indeed? would not every attempt to bring this Being under the great general rule of the universe be at once, and most properly, abandoned? would not this new fact be held exclusively worthy of scientific consideration, as the feature which distinguished its possessor with the utmost clearness from all other creatures, and as that which would be sure to lead the observer to a knowledge of the true and essential character of the being manifesting it? Would not, in fine, a world entirely new be here opened up to research? And now, if we would really behold such a fact, we have but to turn to ourselves, and ponder over the fact of consciousness; for consciousness is precisely that marvellous, that unexampled fact which we have been here supposing and shadowing forth.

"I never could content my contemplation," says Sir Thomas Brown, "with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of the Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north, and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which, without farther travel, I can do, in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and her prodigies in us. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies

wisely learns in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece or endless volume.*" Let us observe, however, that in studying man it is our duty, as philosophers, and if we would perceive and understand his real wonders, to study him in his sound and normal state, and not in any of the eccentricities or aberrations of his nature. Next to physiological metaphysics, pathological metaphysics, or the study of man as he appears when divested of his usual intellectual health, are the most profitless and false. In preference to such things it were better for us to go at once and study what Sir Thomas Brown so unceremoniously condemns as far less worthy of admiration than the great wonders of ourselves—"the increase of Nile"—"the magnetic needle"—"Africa and her prodigies," her magicians, and her impostures. Let us then turn to better things—to the contemplation of a fact in human nature, common indeed, but *really miraculous*—common, inasmuch as it is the universal privilege of man to evolve it; but miraculous inasmuch as it directly violates (as shall be shown) the great and otherwise universal law which regulates the whole universe besides:—we mean the law of causality—Oh ye admirers of somnambulism, and other depraved and

anomalous conditions of humanity! ye worshippers at the shrine of a morbid and deluded wonder! ye seers of marvels where there are none, and ye blind-men to the miracles which really are! tell us no more of powers put forth, and processes *unconsciously* carried on within the dreaming soul, as if these were one-millionth part so extraordinary and inexplicable as even the simplest conscious ongoings of our waking life. In the wonders ye tell us of, there is comparatively no mystery at all. That man should feel and act, and bring about all his operations *without* consciousness, is just what we would naturally and at once expect from the whole analogy of creation, and the wide dominion of the law of cause and effect. And wherever he is observed to act thus, he is just to be looked upon as having fallen back under the general rule. But come ye forward and explain to us the true miracle of man's being, how he ever, first of all, escaped therefrom, and how he acts, and feels, and goes through intelligent processes *with* consciousness, and thus stands alone, a contradiction in nature, the free master and maker of himself, in a world where every thing else is revolved, blind and unconscious, in the inexorable mechanism of fate.

* Religio Medici, § 15.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. XVI.

Courts are generally dull places. Etiquette is fatal to candour, and candour is the mother of wit. But clever things transpire now and then. When the late Duke de Richelieu, who, during his emigration, had been for some years Governor of Odessa, was appointed Prime Minister by Louis XVIII., some one happened to ask Talleyrand at the Tuilleries—"What qualities could have raised the Duke to that high situation?" "Qualities!" said the Ex-Minister with a sneer, "Oh, he knows a great deal about Odessa." A *bon mot* in exactly the same spirit has been flying about the Court on Lord Durham's appointment to Canada. This little lord is certainly an extraordinary instance of the whimsicality with which Fortune sometimes showers her favours on the smallest of mankind. If bitterness and blundering, narrow ability and mushroom pride, Radicalism when out of power, and indolence when in, could make a choice ridiculous, it was in the choice which appointed Lord Durham to play the dictator, and restore peace to Canada. Some one at Court the other day asked—"What possible merits in Lord Durham could have justified the appointment?" "Oh," was the answer, "he has been just two years in Russia, and he is hardened to a cold climate."

William IV. sometimes had the happy art of saying the most eccentric things with the most amusing simplicity. On Talleyrand's first coming over as ambassador he was one day dining at St James's with most of the foreign ambassadors, when the King, after conversing on some indifferent topics, suddenly turned, and asked Talleyrand what was the last news of Casimir Perrier, the Prime Minister of France, who had been seized with the cholera. "He is either dead or dying," said the ambassador, in his sepulchral tone. "Ha!" said the King in one of his fits of abstraction, "very unfortunate; a great man and an honest one; the only honest statesman in France dead!—the only man capable of ruling such a pack of sanguinary rogues; is it not so?" turning

to a foreign diplomatist at his side. The diplomatist, much embarrassed, looked unutterable things, and muttered unintelligible ones. All the ambassadors, not knowing where else to look, looked into their plates, and could scarcely restrain their laughter. Talleyrand alone applied himself vigorously to his soup. He had been in the habit of swallowing Royal compliments, and the practice was useful to him on this occasion—he never moved a muscle.

It was said of this imperturbable Minister, that if a man were kicking him behind as he was speaking to you, you would never know it by a change of his visage.

What have our novelists been doing when this anecdote was waiting for them? Charles Theodore D'Estainville found himself, at twenty-one, walking in the Gardens of the Luxembourg without the smallest coin of the realm in his pocket. He was a subaltern in a regiment of hussars, had served in the last years of Napoleon, and had received two slight wounds, two crosses, and was in a fair way to become a field-marshal, when Charles X. was sent into exile, and two-thirds of his regiment was put upon half-pay. Charles was among the two-thirds; the world was before him, and with twenty Napoleons, a handsome figure, and a hundred talents, he came, as every Frenchman does, on the first opportunity to Paris. Paris is notoriously the centre of the world, the paradise of women and wits, the region of enchantment, and the spot where every pleasure is to be had at the lowest price. Still, even in Paris, men cannot live upon air, and Charles found his twenty Napoleons rapidly diminishing. Of course it is to be presumed that he was not without expedients; what Frenchman ever was? and Charles, brilliant, young, and buoyant, tried every expedient natural to a man of genius. His first was to ascertain the tenderness of heart and weight of purse that was to be found among the heiresses. Among his own countrywomen he found the

tenderness of heart in great abundance, but the purse remarkably light—smiles never fed any man, and sighs were his aversion. He next tried the English heiresses, but the day for captures there was past; the ladies might be tender, and the name of Chevalier, Marquis, or Count, was irresistible by the daughters of Irish Earls and London traders; but the Irish ladies having nothing but their blood, were determined to sell it dear, and insisted on solid settlements in France for imaginary estates at home; and the fair daughters of trade were so watched by hideous aunts and herculean brothers that the game was not worth the candle. *Rouge et noir* was next tried. Fortune smiled for one night on her new votary, and frowned for two; the Napoleons went down faster and faster, until at length the last portrait of the *grand homme* was the solitary tenant of the purse of Charles Theodore D'Estainville. It was this discovery that had sent him to meditate in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, a pleasant place for the last walk of despairing lovers, and the *demi-solde*, where he had his choice of walking a hundred yards to the right, and blowing out his brains undisturbed of man, or a hundred yards to the left, and plunging into the Seine, according to the native style, in the midst of the national admiration.

But while he was pondering on the alternative, night fell, the wind whistled keenly, the bell rang for the closing of the Garden, and Charles was forced to leave the place of his philosophy. In going through the streets he passed by three successive theatres, with each a pang, and never felt the calamity of an empty purse so pungently as at that moment. He now approached the Seine. That muddiest of rivers looked more muddy than ever, and Charles naturally shrank from a plunge which would so effectually disfigure him. He again felt his last Napoleon; and in the heroism of his recollections was putting the portrait of his great leader to his lips, when the sudden opening of a *café* door, the sound of the scraping of fiddles, and the hum of voices within, told him he might make better use of both himself and his coin than to bury either in the Seine, at least for that night. A Frenchman has always two reasons for every thing, a strong

one and a weak. He generally gives way first to the weak one, on the rational ground that the strong one will make way for itself. One of his reasons for determining to live for at least the next half hour was, that he owed a week's rent to his landlady, which he was bound in honour to discharge; and the other was, that he was desperately in love with one of the prettiest girls in Lyons, an exquisite blonde who had given him all her heart, but having not a sou to give along with it, had pledged herself to wait till Monsieur Charles should be a colonel. It was plain that neither of those purposes could be accomplished if he was to make his bed that night in the bottom of the Seine. He therefore postponed the performance until at least he should break the matter to the fair Euphrasia, in a billet worthy of a Frenchman in despair.

Ordering coffee, pen, ink, and paper, he sat down to write. To give him a clearer view of the subject, the smart *garçon* of the *café* lighted a small lamp in the rather dark box into which he had thrown himself and his sorrows. He began; dashed off a few sentences of supreme tenderness, and then paused, as is usual even with the most enamoured, for a fresh flow of ideas. The lamp had thrown its radiance on a showy mirror, and the mirror had returned the radiance on Charles. His eye caught sight of himself at full length in the mirror. Few men, Frenchmen not excluded, think themselves altogether destitute of personal charms; and Charles was really a handsome figure, such as might captivate its possessor, peculiarly when it was his last look. But why should it be his last look, was the thought that glanced into his mind? "Shall this classic head, jetty moustachios, exquisite imperial, and air chivalric go for nothing? Are the hearts of the women turned to stone? Are there not hundreds of maids, wives, and widows that every week marry monsters compared to this brilliant physiognomy; and am I good for nothing but to be picked up by a fishing-net, laid out in the *Morgue*, and paragraphed in to-morrow's *Moniteur*? Something must be tried."

But that something has formed the difficulty of heroes and geniuses since the beginning of the world. While he paused he was struck with the

voice of a Jew Rabbi, who had marched from the further end of the *café*, offering the tickets of a lottery, in which the prizes were *bon-bons*. The sound caught his ears, and the idea flashed into his head like lightning. "A lottery! why, every thing is done by lottery,—the world's a lottery,—Fortune is a lottery,—commissions in the hussars are a lottery,—the throne is a lottery, in which Louis Philippe has only drawn the first prize. Marriage is a lottery;—why, then, should not husbands be a lottery? Why should I drown myself, when I could be drawn for by half the females of France, make some pretty woman the happiest of the happy, and make myself rich into the bargain?"

He threw aside his paper, called the Jew into the box, found, by a few leading questions, that he was a Jew who knew the world—a quick, sagacious, sharp-witted rogue—discussed the project of the live lottery with him, and before he left the box, had converted his love-letter into a charming address to all the charming women of France to purchase tickets in a lottery, of which the capital prize was to be the most captivating of mankind.

The Jew was delighted with the project, exhibited all the eagerness of his tribe in a sure speculation, and promised, for a per centage, to dispose of all the shares at the synagogue in a week. To make the matter more secure, he insisted on Charles receiving fifty Napoleons on the spot, and finishing the night by supping with him at his own apartments. The Napoleons were accepted, and so was the invitation. The Jew packed up his *bon-bons*, called a *cabriolet*; the pair got into it, and were whirled to the Fauxbourg St Antoine. A whole labyrinth of streets, narrow as sewers, and dark as pitch, led them to the Jew's domicile. A passage like the entrance to a jail there led them into a room which had a very striking resemblance to a dungeon, and Charles began to think that he had trusted the Jew too far—but what could he be robbed of? Still, he might be sold to the surgeons. The idea was not the most agreeable; and he cast a glance upon the Jew's motions, with a full resolve, if he saw any treachery, to fly on him and strangle him on the spot. But his valour was unnecessary; the Jew simply touched a bell, the

door opened, and to his astonishment he found himself in a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost magnificence. Splendid carpets, gilded fauteuils, costly pictures met the eye every where, and at the end of the suite, in a room of still more exquisite proportions and furniture, a table was laid with a luxurious supper. "You think all this," said the Jew, smiling, "rather odd for a seller of *bon-bons*, but this is the custom of my people; we thus make up for the troubles of our day and the scorn of the Gentiles. Now, to supper and to business."

Three or four domestics, evidently Hebrews, in showy liveries, attended at table. On their retiring the plan was constructed. The Jew exhibited his extent of that mysterious correspondence which connects the children of Abraham with each other throughout the world. The lottery was arranged, and the night was concluded in discussing the not less agreeable topics of the vintages of France, Spain, and Italy. Charles made but two reserves. One was of a ticket to be sent to Euphrasia, and the other a stipulation for himself, that in case the drawer of the prize should not strike his taste, or he should not strike hers, the profits of the lottery should be divided between them, and the parties be free. In two months the ten thousand tickets were sold at a Napoleon a-piece. The drawing took place. In a few days after, the fair Euphrasia was waited upon by a handsome widow, *enbonpoint*, who came in her own equipage. "Save my life, mademoiselle," said she; "send me the lottery ticket in your possession." Euphrasia had received the ticket, but utterly unconscious of its value, had thrown it into her *escritoire*. "You shall have a thousand Napoleons for that ticket," said the showy widow. "Your ticket has drawn the prize."

The idea occurred to Euphrasia that though a thousand Napoleons would be a very satisfactory sum under other circumstances, it was unlucky to sell her good fortune until she knew what it was. The widow had bought thirty tickets in a determination to make sure of the prize. Her negotiation had failed, and she retired. In five minutes after, a travelling chariot drove to the door. Charles leapt up, and was in the arms of the fair Lyon-

nese. He had not discovered into whose hands the prize ticket had fallen a moment, before he was on the road to Lyons, driving as fast as four horses could carry him. The *dénouement* was complete; he brought her five thousand Napoleons as an instalment, and forswore drowning himself for at least twelve months to come. The whole affair is registered before the civil tribunal of Lyons. The showy widow was an opulent landowner of Carcassonne. The happy pair are at this moment spending their honeymoon at Narbonne.

Some fruits of the Revolution now and then exhibit themselves in France. In those days the guillotine was the great master of society, and to escape from it became the business of life, as to die by it became little less than a law of nature. In the period of this confusion, one evening, as Citizen Jacques Tissot, a *Federé* in one of the hovels of Paris, was buckling on his cartouche-box, and getting his musket ready for the night's guard, he heard a tap at the door of his attic in the Marais. He opened the door, and saw a figure wrapt in a large cloak, and with a man's hat, standing outside.

"I want your assistance for a moment," said the stranger.

"Then you cannot have it," was the answer of Jacques, "for in five minutes more I must be on guard at the Hotel de Ville."

"I know that," said the stranger, "and I can tell you further, that you will be sent with a party in a covered waggon at twelve to-night on the St Denis road to bring back a prisoner."

"Well, what of that?" said Jacques, "if it is my duty I must do it, that's all."

"Of course," said the stranger, "but as the night is cold, a handful of francs will do no harm either to you or your comrades; I have brought them to you." So saying, the stranger took out a purse and shook it dazlingly before the eye of the *Federé*. Jacques was about to be indignant, but in the act he discovered that the purse vibrated in the fingers of a small and very pretty hand. Jacques's sagacity was awakened whilst his fidelity was relaxed, and the result of the negotiation was, that the fair Ambassador, the *femme-de-chambre* of the *Contesse de—*, should have the advan-

tage of his services in obtaining ingress and egress to the house where Madame La Contesse was confined by order of Robespierre.

To pass further explanation, all turned out as had been expected. Jacques was drafted off with a party to bring the lady to the Conciergerie, from which her next trip would inevitably have been to the scaffold. The night was tempestuous and as dark as pitch. The half dozen rabble warriors who had formed the guard, were found carousing in the kitchen of the mansion, and very much disinclined to be relieved. The new reinforcement were equally disinclined to return while the prospect of such excellent fare, and a prodigious wood-fire, was before them. There was even a difficulty in finding any one of the party disposed to keep guard at the gate, until Jacques volunteered, and gained great applause for his heroism in deserting the *cotelettes* and *vin de Bourgogne* which was at once so new and so tempting to the appetites of the sovereign people. He had not been long on guard when, in the midst of a new rush of rain, he heard the voice of the *femme-de-chambre* behind him; was informed of what he had to do; and began to do it, by gently depositing his musket on the ground, holding fast the line of a rope ladder, which was thrown out of an upper window, and receiving a descending form in his arms. The form was the Countess, disguised in the dress of one of her women, and taking advantage of the moment to effect her escape from the grasp of Robespierre. Unluckily, the vehicle in which she was to have been conveyed across the frontier had waited so long under the shelter of some neighbouring trees, that its driver, growing weary of the time, and sufficiently pelted by the tempest, had slipped into the kitchen, and being so hospitably received by his brother *sansculottes*, he was by this time dead drunk. The horses, like their master, tired of waiting, had also marched off, and when the *femme-de-chambre*, who had been sent to reconnoitre, returned with this disastrous intelligence, all seemed lost. In the mean-time a flash of light from the kitchen window had shown Jacques that his present *protégé* was a handsome brunette. His heart had been a little touched by the bright eyes of the *femme-de-cham-*

bre, but the air noble touched at once his taste and his vanity, and he fell in love at the moment, according to the manner of Frenchmen. But what was to be done? In five minutes more the corporal who commanded the guard would march the whole party to Paris, and the fate of the handsome *Contesse* would be decided for life. The thought struck him that as the cart which brought him there remained, it would be much better employed conveying the lady and himself across the frontier, than carrying a party of ragamuffins, who were perfectly well accustomed to walk, back to their hovels. The idea was excellent, but the difficulty of such matters generally lies in the execution. The *Contesse*, the *femme-de-chambre*, and Jacques, got into the covered cart. A burst of the whirlwind and a roar of thunder seemed to favour the project, and Jacques took up the reins with all the consciousness of a hero; but he was a bad charioteer, and after two or three rearings and plungings of the horse, the brute dashed in one of the windows with his head, and brought out the whole party. Jacques was caught with his companions. At other times this would have been a matter of drum-head court-martial, and Jacques would have died in front of a dozen of the best shots of the corps. But he lived in days when the life of a *sansculotte* was not to be taken for trifles, and the corporal only commanded him and his companions to be brought into the house, and there interrogated as to the purpose of their escapade. The *femme-de-chambre* was nearly dead with fright, but she was pretty, and the corporal's heart melted towards her. The *Contesse* was all but dead, and between fainting and fright could by no means rival her attendant; the disguise, too, was of the humblest kind, and the party of connoisseurs voted that the "old woman" was no very striking evidence of the taste of their comrade. Jacques acknowledged the fact, but demanded loftily "whether it became a son of the Republic to desert his wife?" The circle gathered round, and Jacques by degrees made them comprehend "that Madame his wife, having heard of his being ordered on service, and not altogether approving of his spirit of adventure, had come from Paris with a female friend to ascertain the nature

of the campaign. All this was understood *selon*; his comrades laughed, jokes were cut by the unmarried at the shackled condition of the Benedicks; the married, if they did not hang down their heads, at least acknowledged that too vigilant wives were by no means uncommon affairs; and as the finish, it being reported that the rebel *Contesse* had swallowed opium, taken prussic acid, or drowned herself, or, at all events, not being discoverable, the party, with the corporal at their head, and followed by Jacques, his wife, and her female friend, mounted the cart and made their way back to Paris.

The embarrassment of two of the three was now considerable. But Jacques offered to set the matter right with the happiest facility. He had but one room, 'tis true, and the debate ended by his giving up the apartment to the lady and her attendant, and finding a retreat somewhere else. But those were not times when men might sleep where they pleased; and Robespierre's vigilance was the last thing which one of the "free" would be safe in craving. A hint from a friend in the police informed Jacques that his sleeping out of his own chamber the night before was known, and that a repetition of the attempt would be regarded as *suspicious*; for, why should men sleep from home except for the purpose of conspiracy? A council of war was held accordingly in the attic. That Jacques must resume his chamber was clear, but where the *Contesse* was to look for another was the very reverse of clear. To stir out of Paris was impossible; to remain in the attic was impossible; and to go any where else was impossible. Tossed on the horns of three impossibilities at once, the genius of Napoleon himself might be perplexed. But when was woman ever puzzled on domestic questions? The *femme-de-chambre* cut the Gordian knot as if it were a silken thread; placing two very slight fingers on the curl that prettily drooped down her forehead,

"Voici," said she, "mi Ladi is a widow; disengaged therefore; not so rich as she was, but still rich; and if she is denounced to the Government she will be hurried to the Conciergerie, and from that, *ma foi*, to the horrid guillotine without mercy. *Horreur!*"

The word was echoed by the *Comtesse* and Jacques. "Mais, quoi faire?" was the question of both at once. The *femme-de-chambre*, with the air of a privy counsellor, gave her opinion, "Madame is high-born, young, and charming. But that will not save heads in these horrible times. Monsieur Jacques is young, tolerably well looking;" Jacques gave an approving glance at a cracked mirror on the wall; and, the *femme-de-chambre* pursued, "if not high-born, at least lives *high* in the world, *au sixième*, Madame." The party smiled. The counsellor concluded by recommending that Madame should become in reality, what she already was in name, and be the wife of Citizen Jacques Tosso, portrait and scene-painter to the Theatre de la Nation. All this would be extravagant in any other country under the moon; but all extraordinary things are common in France. The *Comtesse* finally thought, that it was better to marry a showy young fellow than to deposit her title and handsome head at the foot of the national instrument for lopping aristocrats. Marriages in those days were simple affairs; there was no time for courtship, where, between levies for the army, imprisonings, and executions, a man could not call himself his own for four and twenty hours together. The marriage took place within the next twenty-four hours. The corporal found out the *femme-de-chambre*, and Madeleine became the gay spouse of a *maitre charbonnier*.

When the Reign of Terror ceased, Jacques left Paris and the brush to examine the state of his wife's dower. It was in Auvergne, and not altogether ruined by liberty. On the Restoration of the Bourbons he recovered the larger part, and narrowly escaped being made a peer, such as peers were under the title-giving king. But he had the good sense to enjoy life without the trouble of being libelled in the Parisian journals for his votes, or plagued by every body for places for their sons, cousins, and sons-in-law. He died lately, leaving large sums to the charitable foundations of his province, and expressly forbidding that any memorial, bust, slab, or cenotaph, should be erected to him in that museum of mummery, the *Père la Chaise*.

of promise, we had thought to be one of the perfections of British civilisation. But what spot in the world is not now civilized, or about to be civilized? In half-a dozen years more the manners of mankind, from Chili to Constantinople, will be as smooth as a bowling-green.

In the Illinois, lately, a young Indian fair or brown one, of some distinction in the woods, made her complaint to an old chief of the faithlessness of her betrothed. The squaw asserted that she had no sooner made up her mind to the marriage than the young chief turned on his heel, and chose to marry somebody else. The case was brought before the heads of the tribe. The matter was regarded as touching the public honour, and the old warriors held a grand council on the subject. As amongst the Indians there are yet no professed lawyers, justice is not quite so tardy as in more accomplished countries, and the case was pleaded by the squaw herself. It consisted of statements of the frequent visits of the young warrior to the wigwam; of his smoking a considerable quantity of her father's tobacco; and eating their venison, whenever he could get it; those attentions to himself being connected with frequent attentions to the lady, the statement being corroborated by several bunches of feathers, yards of Welsh flannel, three fox-tails, and a scalp. The lover was then called on. He denied the charge of the affections altogether. With an air which could not be exceeded by the air of a man of fashion, he said, that though it was true he had visited her father's wigwam, he had done it only when he had nothing else to do, when the beavers were not to be found, or the buffaloes were gone. As to "the feathers and flannels," he acknowledged that he had given them, but had given them merely as matters of common civility. As he concluded his speech the squaw gave a loud scream, and fainted in the arms of her mother. The old chiefs proceeded to judgment, and whether guided by the justice of the case, or touched with the sufferings of the squaw, brought in a verdict of damages, sentencing the offender to give the broken-hearted fair one—a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen beaver-skins. The sentence was no sooner

Actions by young ladies for breach

pronounced than the squaw, recovered from her swoon, sprang on her feet, clapping her hands with joy, and crying out, "now I am ready to court again."

Perhaps of all the beings that walk the earth the German has the least natural sensibility. He was intended for an honest, plodding, pains-taking creature, and such he is, when he follows common sense and obeys the original law of his being.

But the affectation of French liveliness and Italian sensibility has the effect on the poor Teuton of rendering him irresistibly ridiculous. Having no faculty of either graceful mirth or poetic feeling in himself, he always overstrains the mark in both, and contrives to exhibit himself either the mountebank or the maniac.

On Sontag's first successes in Berlin, the whole capital took to madness, as the happiest mode of proving their sense of musical perfection. Sontag was certainly a pleasing singer, with remarkable facility of voice, though feeble in tone, and with neither beauty of person nor elegance of acting to recommend her. But even this was enough to set the phlegm of the German in an uproar, and all the yellow moustaches of that bristled race were convulsed with ecstasy. Some of their displays of this rapture were happily expressive of the delicacy of their tastes. We are told that a party of amateurs, especial admirers of the lady's talent, purchased from her servant a pair of her cast-off shoes, in which they actually *drank* her health nightly, until this singular drinking implement would hold out no longer. Whether the liquor were wine, or, as is more probable, beer, the anecdote, being one of a thousand of similar displays, is expressive.

It is remarkable how much the extent of modern commerce spreads the luxuries of mankind. Twenty years ago the sailor, after a few weeks' voyage from home, had nothing to look to for the remainder of his time, but salt beef and pork. The idea then occurred to some ingenious cook of packing meat so air-tight, that it would keep *fresh*, at least for a certain period. A foreign chemist followed the idea, and by par-boiling meat and vegetables, and then enclosing them in tin cases,

arrived at the power of preserving provisions for a circumnavigation of the globe. Ten years ago the thought occurred to an American trader of carrying ice to Calcutta. He embarked his ice in the American winter, and, though he lost a third of his cargo on the way, carried the other two-thirds up the Ganges, where, for the first time since the Deluge, it has become a regular enjoyment. Lord William Bentinck, not unjustly, gave the American a gold medal as a mark of his approval, and we hope that he has made his fortune by this time. Within the last two years, the same venture has been made to the Brazils, and the burning mouths of the men and women of Rio Janeiro are cooled, when the thermometer stands at 110 in the shade, by water congealed where it stood at zero in the sun.

A few years ago turtle was inaccessible for half the year in London; and now the aldermanic worshippers of this most honoured production of the great waters may command it every day in the year; consigned from the spot where the turtle sighed their last under the blue skies and along the shark-guarded shores of Jamaica, cases hermetically sealed convey the concocted ambrosia to our shores, and men may partake of the raptures of city feasting for five shillings a pint. We shall yet see turtle among the *delicæ* of hackney-coachmen.

But another luxury is about to be added to the list. A company is formed to send Milton oysters to the Cape of Good Hope. Whether alive or not, we have not yet heard. The speculation is equally far-seeing and philanthropic. It is intended, when a lodgment has once been fairly made in Africa, to extend it to Ceylon and Bengal; thence to invade China, unless the Emperor shall regard it as an English device to gain footing in the Celestial Empire. But the company aver, that though, like the India Company, they have no views of territorial aggrandisement, they regard the oyster as the preparative to a treaty of perpetual amity,—the Emperor, let him be however suspicious, being utterly incapable of breaking off his connexion with the country which supplies such matchless delicacies. "Let him taste but a single oyster," say they, in an efflux of

patriotism, "and he is ours for ever."

The Committee on the Wellington trophy are gradually approaching the season when people awake from the torpors of winter, and begin to ask what the world has been doing in the mean-time. We have certainly no desire to urge the Committee to any premature activity. But the public will naturally wish to believe that a monument will be produced worthy of the great Duke, of the great crisis in which he turned the scales of Europe, and of the people by whose enthusiasm, valour, and love of freedom, Europe was finally relieved from the thralldom of its most formidable enemy.

Of what nature should the monument be? is the first question. We say, let it be *great*, or nothing. All our public monuments have failed, in the first object of all monuments, that of being a national honour. A paltry performance may not lower the name of the hero, but it lowers the dignity of the nation. The sculptures in St Paul's, in a mass, we believe, have never excited much national vanity; and we doubt whether any Englishman of taste ever willingly led any foreigner round the monuments in the Cathedral, or ever led him within sight of them, without a touch of national shame. Why is all this? Simply because the whole affair has been penuriously conceived, and the execution generally *jobbed*. A return has been just published, by order of Parliament, of the monuments in St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and of their expenses, up to December, 1837. In the Abbey there are seven, in St Paul's thirty-three,—the whole cost amounting to L.132,175. A considerable sum, no doubt; but when we recollect that this is spread over eighty-seven years, the return being from the year 1750 to the present moment, it scarcely amounts to more than a couple of balls a-year at Devonshire House, or the keep of a stable of hunters by a country squire. The "keep" of his *Radical* Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with his sinecure rangership, his tax-free lodgings, and his showy allowance of 18,000 British pounds a-year, a total amounting to about L.25,000! annually, would have paid the whole sum, in five of

those sixty good years during which his *Radical* Royal Highness has lived at ease like any Tory gentleman, and shone the very central illumination of tavern dinners; if he is, after all, but a twinkling light in the paper lantern of party.

They certainly manage those matters in another style on the Continent. Here Ministers can give nothing. They are afraid of Joseph Hume's frigid physiognomy; or of Mr Wakley's regard for the pocket of the subject; or of Mr Thomas Duncombe's value for public credit, or of any other known patriot's respect for principle, and a threat of voting "on the other side." Spring Rice would be electrified through every fibre of his little frame at the very sound of a sixpence required in advance for the rudest memorial that ever figured since the Pyramids; Lord Glenelg would start from his slumbers; and perhaps even the Premier would forego *one* dinner at the Palace, and ponder over the terrors of the phenomenon. As for the still higher powers, they unfortunately have so much to do, and so little to do it with, not above a million a-year for all the expenses of liveries, and a table fit to feed a Minister every day, and plump up the rather decaying cheeks of poor Lord Palmerston, and supply Lord Melbourne *gratis* with the claret and turtle necessary to his declining years, that it would be presumption to look for any thing in those quarters. What, then, must be the resource? The sixpences of the public. Which public have in general but very few sixpences at their disposal, and find them fully employed in paying their taxes, and the thousand penalties under which a man lives in this freest, and happiest, and dearest of all communities and countries.

But to the question of the Wellington trophy. What shall the design be? Shall it be a Column, an Arch, an Obelisk, or Temple? The Greeks, the teachers and pupils of all intellectual beauty in design, cannot aid us much in those points, for we have scarcely any remaining memorial of their trophies. The Greek trophy was generally a small erection, fixed on the locality of the achievement. Thus we have the tombs of Marathon. But their place of glory was the *Temple*. There they erected the statue, or

turned the public homage into the shape of a brazen tripod, or golden shield, or helmet inscribed with the hero's name, and thus gave him a canonization to the full as legitimate as the Pope, and which might be well envied by St Dominic or St Francis. But until we can build Parthenons and Temples of Jupiter Olympius, this display of national gratitude is beyond us. The Romans must be our models, for want of better. The opulence of the Emperors and the love of the Roman for vastness, whether that included grandeur or not, made them give the preference to the triumphal arch, and the national ostentation made them place those monuments of the national successes where they would be constantly before their eyes. Thus the Arches of Constantine, and of his predecessors, Severus and Titus, stand in the *midst* of what was the former city, and in the midst of its greatest thoroughfare; the openings of the Forum, a place through which probably every idler, politician, knave, or trafficker of Rome passed at least once every day of his life. Yet those arches afford no very striking evidence of Roman taste. They were once crowded with statues, and still are loaded with bas-reliefs. Even some sort of taste, or perhaps of penury, is to be found in the performance; for the arch of Constantine was a good deal furnished with its figures from the plundered Arch of Titus. In addition to this heaviness and cast of sculpture, which the Roman evidently felt to be necessary to the arch, it cannot stand by itself the solitary centre of some great area—it *must* lead to something. It is in its nature a gateway, and the gateway must stand in front of some great public building, which always degrades the effect of the arch by its superior height and mass; or at the entrance of some great thoroughfare, which renders it common to the public eye, till it becomes vulgar, till all higher associations die away in the public mind, and the trophy becomes merely a convenient passage for carts and carriages, Jews and jackasses. All this is exemplified every hour in Paris. The solitary arch in front of the Tuileries looks little better than a magnified sentry-box, and the Porte St Denis to be merely a huge turnpike-gate, daubed with all the mire that belongs by right of nature to a

Parisian street in winter or summer, and carved with inscriptions which none but a rambling Englishman ever takes the trouble to read. Yet in the face of all this experience, we have an Arch isolated in front of Buckingham Palace. But there it certainly can sustain as little disgrace from the comparison as it could add decoration any where, the Palace and the Arch being perfectly fitted to keep company with each other. Though we may be surprised to find that deformity is so dear, the Arch being said to have cost sixty or seventy thousand pounds, and the Palace upwards of a million!

The next question would be of the Column. This has certainly one quality of importance. It is less liable to ruin than any other monument. Give it a solid foundation, and scarcely any thing but an earthquake can touch it. We have the case in point of the fall of every temple of Greece, or, at least, their extreme dilapidation; there is not a surviving roof in any temple of antiquity. In Rome all is decay; that makes bread, however, for the antiquarians who live by quarrelling over the ruins. Yet the Columns of Trajan and Antonine stand, and are likely to stand, till the exigencies of some Pope shall sell them to some London stone-cutter, or they are broken up by the hammer of a Roman republic to Macadamize the streets of the "Eternal City" for the march of mind. Pompey's pillar, in spite of the Turks, still stands, fortunate perhaps in its incapability of being calcined into lime; and seems likely to bid defiance to every thing but the Pacha, who having already turned his attention to breaking up the Pyramids for the purpose of damming up the Nile, may in some freak of radical reform, or some similar insanity, order the heaving down of this fine old column.

It is, we may presume, a source of some national pride, that if we have the worst temples of Europe, and the most unsightly palaces, we have the tallest column. Our "tall bully," the Column of the Fire, is 202 feet high; the Napoleon Column of the Place Vendôme is 133; Trajan's in Rome is 132; Antonine's 129; and Pompey's 88, all from the surface of the ground. Nelson's Pillar in Dublin is 130. The London Column has the signal original disadvantage of being placed in the lowest possible position,

in a nook, and close on the level of the river. And, as if to make the original error more palpable, in their new street, of which the Column would have made a fine terminating object, they have closed up the vista with a house, a thriving shoemaker's shop, above which just one-half of the Column is seen, towering like an exaggerated chimney, with a gilt chimney-pot.

But the Column has one plain objection as the monument of a hero. It has nothing appropriate. It represents nothing. It might as well stand for the emblem of worship as of war, the trophy of a ploughing-match as of a battle. Napoleon, in imitation of the Trajan Column, and in order to escape this generalization, which destroys the effect especially intended, covered his pillar with bronze castings of his wars. This costly and laboured covering is discernible just for half a dozen feet upwards, and not an inch more. Beyond that, it might as well be covered with arabesque from Mecca, or gingerbread from the Bois de Boulogne. All is wholly indistinguishable. The expense, the metal, and the glory are as wholly thrown away, as if the Austrian cannon had been converted into so many candlesticks. Trajan's Column is in the same condition. All is confusion half a dozen feet above the eye. Then we desire to see something of the figure and features of the hero; we see nothing; we know no more of him than if he were a hundred feet under ground. Though, as we are told, the heart of Trajan alone was to be placed on the summit of the pillar, enclosed in a vase, whether of porphyry or gold, the position might be appropriate, for nothing would be lost to the spectator which he could have seen on the ground. But, at the height of the Vendôme Pillar, Napoleon is no more to be recognised than if he were on the summit of Mont Blanc.

The figure of George IV. which we saw with wondering eyes moulded day by day on the top of King's Cross, growing, like Joseph Hume's fame, into daily deformity, and, like it, of mire, and to return to mire, gives just as faithful an image of the King to the eye of the London populace, as the Napoleon bronze does to his loving subjects of the good city of Paris. For in neither case are the features

visible without a telescope. A bust of Nebuchadnezzar or the skull of a baboon might be placed on the shoulders of either with equal advantage. Place a statue of Wellington on a column 200 or 250 feet high, and, for any conceivable purpose of recognition, we might as well place him in the moon. Take, for instance, the York Column looking into St James's Park. What does it exhibit to the eye? The figure of a colossal negro wrapt in a colossal cloak, and leaning on a colossal sword. No man living can discover it to be the Duke of York.

Another point of importance is, the expense of the structure which is thus to bear the hero out of sight. A handsome column could not be built for less than twenty thousand pounds, and in all probability it would cost twice the sum. But for twenty thousand pounds we might have a group of bronze complete, the hero on horseback, surrounded by the emblems of the rescued nations, or standing in a triumphal car, or under almost any other condition which would require a group of four or five figures. Thus the column would double the expense, while it absolutely extinguished the only thing which we wished to see.

Another design has been suggested, that of a temple, to contain the monument; but if this temple be large, it must be costly; if small, it must be trivial. In either case it is unnecessary for the protection of bronze, which, even in this climate, resists the open air; while granite, marble, iron, or any other material with which we are acquainted, rots, rusts, and perishes by the common action of the atmosphere. Besides, the money lavished on the accessories must be taken from the principal object; and the more showy the temple, the more starved the statue.

The next suggestion is an obelisk, and on this there have been strong diversities of opinion. The Egyptians had a passion for obelisks, arising from motives in which we cannot share. They regarded them in some degree as emblems of the Supreme Being. They covered them with hieroglyphics, probably giving some details of the seasons; and by thus turning sepulchral stones into almanacks, exhibited their notions of the sacredness of science. But the question remains whether the obelisk *can*

be applied to the main object of all memorials, that of giving a distinct idea of the memorable individuals? We are fully aware that the obelisk may be constructed on a much grander scale than the world has yet seen; that the Egyptians, by confining them to a single block of stone, necessarily limited their size; and that there is nothing in the shape of the obelisk which would prevent its being built to 300 or 500 feet high, covered with bronzes, accessible by galleries running round the edifice, based upon a foundation of as many hundred square feet, and altogether forming one of the most magnificent ornaments that the public eye could rest on. We fully allow that if the purpose were to commemorate the exploits, and, in fact, supply a monumental history, the obelisk would be the very form on which we should fix, from its grandeur, from its associations, from its indestructibility of form, and from its capacity of receiving every species of decoration.

But the public taste must be consulted, and here the public taste is right. If it erects a bronze to Wellington, it desires to see the resemblance of Wellington, and it desires to see the noblest work of art that its subscription *can* produce. It has no desire whatever to see the contribution, which was intended for the statue alone, lavished on the work of bricklayers and stonecutters, while the statue dwindles into a work of public parsimony, and thus shames the subscribers as much as it discredits the arts, and degrades the hero.

Thus the three expedients, the arch, the obelisk, and the column, are equally unsuited to the present purpose, with the additional objection to building a new column, that London already possesses the finest column in the world, and that ten times the present subscription to the Wellington memorial (namely, that proposed at the west of the metropolis) would not build such another. Thus the matter remains for the present.

In these remarks there has been no allusion made to the species of controversy that had arisen on the very formation of the monument. The idea of the statue having been first adopted in the City, but there paralyzed by the singular and perverse determination to limit the monument to a mark of the gratitude of London for the

Duke's activity, when Minister, in promoting the City improvements and opening London Bridge. This curious limitation was strongly opposed in the committee, but the majority deciding that it should take effect, the great Duke figures only as the bridge-builder. The result, however, was a determination on the part of those who conceived that he had merits more understood by the empire, to erect a monument to his military fame. This is the immediate subject of consideration, and upon this have arisen the enquiries into the fitness of the various kinds of memorial chosen by antiquity. The City memorial is intended to be an equestrian figure, erected in front of the Mansion-house, a fine position for publicity; and expressive of the highest respect which the City can pay. Where the military trophy will be raised is still a question. The parade of the Horse Guards would be a striking position for the warrior who has so much ennobled the British arms. The walk in St James's Park, the centre of Trafalgar Square, with half a dozen other sites, are open to discussion. But whatever be the place, we hope the memorial will be a triumphal chariot, with the great warrior visible, and however raised above the heads of the crowd, not raised to such a height as will necessarily render the features indistinct. Wellington ought to be seen by all; his features ought to be familiar to the view of the empire by which he is honoured, and the transcript of this most illustrious of living men ought to be delivered down clear to the eye of the latest posterity, that delights to look upon the form and countenance of the mighty of those ages that stamp the fates of the world.

Secretary King, who wrote the clever "Memoir of his own Time," says that among all the remarkable men in his recollection he never saw above one or two who possessed "presence of mind," which he defines to be the faculty of knowing what is exactly the thing to be done in the emergency. In common parlance this is termed "having one's wits about one." We should wish to know in what class of the quick witted he would have placed the subject of the following recent adventure.

As the diligence which daily sets out from Vienna for Hungary stopped

to breakfast at one of the villages, a Colonel of the Hungarian Guard, who happened to ride into the inn-yard, was struck by the attractions of a young and respectable female who had just alighted from the carriage. He came into the breakfast-room, and exhibited the peculiarly aristocratic airs of that peculiarly aristocratic corps, paid the young lady marked attentions, and annoyed her and a female friend who travelled with her in no ordinary degree. At length the carriage set out again, and the lady hoped that she was free from her sudden and very troublesome admirer. She was mistaken. In a few minutes the Colonel was seen in full gallop after the diligence, which, of course, he soon overtook. Riding up to the window, he again addressed the lady, told her that he had delayed merely for the purpose of mounting a fresh horse, and that he intended to follow and ascertain where she resided. This impertinence greatly chagrined her, but there was no remedy, and she sat in silence. The Colonel, however, persisted, and attempted to hold a conversation with her, which the liveliness of his charger, a handsome Styrian horse, made every moment a more difficult affair. At length, the horse and the rider being equally obstinate, the matter came to a quarrel, and the gallant Colonel narrowly escaped being dismounted. Still persisting in keeping his place at the window, a passenger in the coach, a remarkably simple-looking and silent person, observed, that if M. le Colonel wished to come into the coach he would give up his seat to him and ride the horse for a while. The Colonel was delighted at the proposal, and the seats were instantly exchanged; the gallant hussar recommending it to the traveller to ride carefully, as his horse was remarkably high-spirited; the traveller shrunk at the news, but the Colonel was already in the diligence, and he had obviously no alternative. The diligence now rolled on, the traveller rode timidly after it; but the charger seemed to have him entirely at his mercy, for he galloped sometimes past the carriage and sometimes back again, the rider in such a state of alarm as attracted all eyes and greatly amused the gallant Colonel. At length the road emerged into one of the vast heaths which are kept open for the Austrian cavalry manœuvres.

Here the charger appeared to know his own ground, for, after a few snortings and boundings beside the diligence, he was seen suddenly to turn, and shoot away at full speed far across the plain and in a different direction from the road. The Colonel and the passengers continued to gaze, and expected to see the unlucky rider unhorsed by this furious speed. Quite the contrary, the rider kept his seat; nay, evidently had a thorough command of the horse, and on reaching an eminence half a league off, was seen to pull up, take off his cap, wave it, and making a low bow to the diligence, dash down the opposite side of the hill.

The conclusion was now plain; the gallant Colonel had intrusted his valuable charger to some of the gipsy horse-dealers who rove through Austria, and traffic and steal horses throughout all Germany. The simple traveller had seen his opportunity, and showed the rare faculty of "presence of mind." The Colonel was outrageous; his talent for conversation was now turned into wrath at his own folly, and promises to have the gipsy hanged, drawn, and quartered, when he could catch him. The travellers in the diligence felt no sympathy with the Colonel; his impertinence had already made him unpopular. The diligence now stopped to change horses. At the inn a note was found, addressed to him, mentioning that his charger was found to be an excellent galloper; that it was in excellent hands; that its present possessor had long wanted a horse of this style for his personal use; and that if the gallant Colonel had any more of the same kind in his possession, they were worth taking better care of. The note was signed Herman Sermansky. The signature was that of one of the most famous heads of a banditti, which extended its ravages from the Ukraine to Buda. The Colonel's taste for conversation was wholly quieted by this billet-doux; he mounted one of the tired horses of the diligence, and slowly returned to his quarters, to meditate on the folly of falling in love at first sight, and trusting, on too hasty an acquaintance, a simple gentlemen who offered to take trouble off his hands.

The indefatigable H. B. is proceeding in his course, with a pencil as prolific as it is unwearied. "The Royal

Cosset, or her Majesty's Pet Lamb," is a clever affair. But there are subjects too disgusting even for caricature, and Lord Melbourne's daily feedings are among them. In H. B.'s print, her Majesty is represented as feeding Lord Melbourne, and it will excite the regret of all who wish well to her Majesty, that any pencil should venture to place her in so degrading a point of light. The rest of the Ministry are grouped round as sheep, licking their lips as they look upon the performance. Lord Glenelg is lying on the ground, of course fast asleep, while Lord Brougham is walking away with an angry visage fixed upon the lady and the pet, and over his head the words, "I cannot gloze," &c.

Another, and methinks, a better effort of his pencil is, "a scene in a Canadian winter." Lord Glenelg has tumbled into the water through the ice. Lord Melbourne, with Lord John Russell holding his hand, is venturing to pluck him out, but the effort is evidently hopeless, and the luckless Colonial Secretary is evidently going down; his eyes, too, are closing, and he is falling asleep; in another moment he will be gone; but Wellington, in the dress of one of the Humane Society's men, with rope and pole, runs up to draw him out.

This service certainly was done by the noble Duke to the surprise of every body, and he will henceforth unhappily have to regard himself as responsible for the performances of the knaves and fools whom he saved.

A third is "Una and her Lamb." The Queen is seated on an ass, and leading in a string a pet *lamb* with Lord Melbourne's visage on it. Lord John Russell follows as the *dwarf*. Thus the young Queen, who began her reign with universal popularity, has become the subject, and almost the only one, of caricature. The popular eye fixes on those representations with avidity; and she has to thank her Court Circular for this most unenviable of all possible distinctions.

In the interval of his attentions to royalty, which we believe are by much the most popular of his performances, we recommend to him the honours of the *hero* of Hernani, that prodigious warrior, whose familiarity with defeat abroad, has rendered so deserving of the favouritism of Ministers. And we think that the caricaturist will be ungrateful to the merits

of Mr Sheil, whose Popish "tribute" to the honest, kind-hearted, and loyal-minded Duke of York, has, we presume, recommended him for a Commissionership of Greenwich to her Majesty.

Hone, once an impudent infidel, but now, we believe, a Methodist preacher, published some prospectuses of a History of Parody. Why has no clever collector published an Essay on Caricature?

An Essay on Caricature might be made an amusing thing, an angry thing, or even a learned thing. Caricatures are to the natural figure and physiognomy what the ridiculous is to the real; of course, caricature is as old as the sense of the absurd, the fantastic, and the exaggerated; all as old as human society. There are caricatures among the little bronzes found in the Thebaid, among the marbles, gems, and clays of Herculaneum, and among the frescoes of Pompeii. The scratches on the soldiers' barracks in the Roman ruins are caricatures of their centurions and comrades. Every nation of Europe has had its caricaturist, and even Rome, though under the vigilant eye of the Papacy, always sore on the side of burlesque, has exhibited the keenness of the satiric pencil. France under Napoleon had the bitterness and the will, but not the daring. Yet where the caricaturist could take aim at a public personage without being sent to the galleys for his dexterity, he sometimes struck happily enough. One of the best caricatures of the Napoleon era was levelled at Prince Borghese, who had married one of Napoleon's sisters; but who was no favourite with either his wife or his formidable brother-in-law. The Prince was a good-humoured, quiet creature, with a great fortune, and a great stomach. The caricaturist placed him in the centre of a group of jackasses, the Prince exclaiming, with a look of peculiar self-complacency, the burden of the popular French song, "Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" (Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his own family)?

But it is in England that the habits of the people, accustomed to the investigation of political character, singularly alive to the ridiculous, and utterly fearless in giving vent to every feeling, have peculiarly fostered cari-

cature, but caricature in its higher form. Bunbury, Rowlandson, and a crowd of others followed the grotesque in manners; and there are few more humorous efforts of the pencil than Bunbury's "Barbers' Shop," a display of countenances all in the various processes of shaving; some in the agony of intractable beards, some in rapture at the new sensation of a clean chin, some with every feature but the nose shrouded in soap suds, some smiling at their renewed freshness in the mirror. Trifling as all this must be in description, and commonplace in reality, the touch of the pencil made it a performance of remarkable skill; a single line sometimes giving the expression of a whole countenance, a dot giving a feature, the entire exhibiting at once the quick conception and the practised facility of the clever designer. Bunbury's "Propagation of a Lie" was a still higher conception; a long line of well-dressed personages, each in his turn adding something to a rumour, till at last it swelled into a circumstantial falsehood; every successive face, with a new expression, rising in the scale, from silliness to craft, from craft to mystery; and from mystery to the broad-faced impudence that delighted in a conscious fabrication.

Hogarth, the predecessor of those men, was of a still superior class. The lowest caricaturist is he who contents himself with the burlesque of feature, an offensive and ill-natured style. The next higher is the caricaturist of character; but the highest is the caricaturist of thought. This was Hogarth's superiority. He threw on the canvass representations of all the eccentricities of mind. Sometimes tragic, as in his *View of Bedlam*; sometimes comic, as in the *Election Print*, where he exhibits popular folly, under the image of a man cutting down the lamp-post on which he himself is sitting. Sometimes gravely satiric, as in the *Country Church*, where he exhibits the spider's web thickly drawn over the aperture of the parish poor-box; or in the picture of the *Nobleman's Marriage with the rich Citizen's Daughter*, where the gouty peer has the coronet upon his *crutches*, and the citizen's house is seen building, in defiance of all taste, with the Tuscan order above the Corinthian. But Hogarth's touches of nature and satiric dexterity are as numerous as his pic-

tures. He loved common life, but its vulgarity is forgotten, because his pencil was the most graphic, vigorous, and true. One of his sources of superiority is the constant fulness of his background. Other artists have been content with the main action, thus leaving their performances naked, feeble, easily looked over, and easily forgotten. But Hogarth crowded his canvass with accessories. Nothing was omitted that could assist the leading impression. He suffers no space to be unoccupied. Wherever there is room for an idea, there an idea is fixed. In the "*Marriage à-la-Mode*," the profligate nobleman coming in from his night rambles might have been represented by a hundred artists in the exhausted plight in which he flings himself on the chair in his pompous drawing-room; but how few would have thought of the tale told by the *cap* hanging from his pocket; or in the picture of the miser's heir coming into possession, who else would have thought of the money dropping from the hoard in the wainscot? It was this unfailling fertility of invention, this richness of accompaniment, this heaping of image on image, that made Hogarth so powerful in his own day, and makes him so popular in our own. This was the result of study. Nothing permanent was ever done without long and anxious toil. And if Hogarth wrought rapidly, there can be no stronger evidence than this peopling of his pictures with ideas, that he thought with matchless industry.

Gilray, though at a long interval in point of time, was the next successor of this extraordinary artist. Gilray was a Scot; he came to London to try his skill in gaining subsistence in this huge gathering of the rich and poor of the earth; he had learned his art at home, but appears to have been unsuccessful. Gilray painting shepherds and shepherdesses must have failed. He had nothing piping or pastoral about him. He was for the bold, harsh, and angry outlines of life. His figure gave the idea of his style. He was a short, strong-made, muscular man, with a broad, bald forehead, and a deep-seated stormy eye. Like many of conscious genius, neglected by the world, his first conception was to revenge himself on it by vigorous satire, and he is said to have exhibited his first strength in some

daring and powerful caricatures of persons of rank about the Court.

But Whiggism, which like Milton's image of sin,

"Woman to the waist, and fair,
But ending foul, in many a scaly fold,"

often attracts the inexperienced by its speciousness, but always disgusts the manly and intelligent by its hollowness and perfidy, had lost its favouritism with the nation in the commencement of the French war of 1793. Its scandalous exaltation of the fury of the French mob, in the hope of stimulating the English mob to follow their example; its plaudits of every horror of Paris, in palpable invitation to London to strike the Ministry, without regarding for a moment the hazards of the tumult to all government, and its cruel, base, and utterly un-English triumph over the scaffold of the unhappy Louis, roused the scorn and detestation of every thing manly in the land, and sealed the exclusion of that miserable faction from power during a quarter of a century. Gilray's pencil was turned upon them, and there were few weapons which could inflict deeper wounds, or which struck them down in popular estimation with more effective vengeance.

His "Shrine of St Anne's Hill" was capital. Fox, startled from his sleep, was worshipping before the bloody statue of liberty, with the streaming heads of the leaders of the French Convention fixed on spikes round the walls of the shrine. The trembling and conscience-stricken visage of Fox formed a powerful contrast with the fixed and stern countenances of the decapitated traitors surrounding him. It would have been fortunate for him if he had as much conscience as the pencil gave him credit for, and had awakened to a sense of his political profligacy before he was sent to the tomb.

The "*Making Decent*" was a fine specimen of Gilray's more sportive style. The accession of the Whigs to power in 1806, on the death of Mr Pitt, an event which turned out as ill-omened for themselves as every man of sense regarded it to be for England, brought them immediately under the lash of public indignation. "All the Talents" are ridiculous to this hour. If the Whigs had any value for their character, they should

always remain in Opposition; for the virtue of words is cheap, and while in place they have always disgraced themselves. The poverty to which Fox, Sheridan, and their principal Parliamentary leaders had been condemned in early life by their personal vices, and which they had hitherto been unable to recruit from the Treasury, was the chief point of the caricature. They were represented as all dressing for the first levee, each changing his tattered habiliments for the Court suit, and the whole group washing, shaving, powdering, and scrubbing, for their unaccustomed appearance in the presence of royalty. The likenesses were perfect, and the ridicule was universal. Another caricature, of a more imaginative class, was "Bonaparte, chief baker of Europe," making gingerbread kings, breaking up fragments of the Continent into the dough for those new potentates, taking some out of the oven complete, as the Kings of Spain, Naples, &c., thrusting some in to be baked; and with a little row of future kings on a shelf, scarcely shaped, and evidently to be finished at another opportunity. Among those abortive potentates were Fox, Sheridan, Grey, &c.

But those works deserved a higher name than caricatures. They were the flashings of a vigorous mind, eccentric but vivid, striking directly at their object, with but little of grotesque; and nothing of gaiety, tart, but smiting their victim with intense and haughty ridicule.

The last years of Gilray's life were melancholy. Whether solitude, labour, or license turned his brain, is not now to be ascertained. He became lunatic, and died, after seven years of hopeless suffering.

Great murmurs have been excited among the military by the extraordinary measure of giving the order of Knight Commander of the Bath to Lieutenant-Colonel Evans. They naturally enquire, and the public enquire along with them, how this distinction has been deserved? We certainly cannot help them to an answer on the score of Generalship. What secret services the Lieutenant-Colonel may have performed; what armies of Carlists he may have routed; what fortresses he may have taken; what terror his name struck into the

troops of the Spanish King ; or what confidence it gave to the cause of Queen Isabella, are matters which may have been divulged to the ears of her Majesty and Lord Melbourne, in some of their daily *tête-à-têtes*, but we must allow that we are still in perfect ignorance on the subject. We, however, cannot doubt that all these things have occurred ; that Lieut.-Colonel Evans, notwithstanding popular notions to the contrary, has, in fact, been a most gallant, judicious, and successful general ; actuated solely by patriotic ardour, raising an army for the mere cause of Spain and freedom ; conducting it through a series of operations, equally splendid, intelligent, and marked by ability, and followed by equally good fortune. The General himself is distinguished for at once the mildness and the manliness of his discipline, disdaining to be cooped up within impregnable walls, and insulted hourly by the presence of a rabble of armed peasants ; but heroically moving forth, storming all difficulties, contemptuous alike of the obstacles of man and nature ; and after having routed the tumultuary troops of the Pretender in every encounter, gallantly sweeping all opposition before him to the gates of Madrid ; when, settling the affairs of the nation and restoring quiet to the distracted country, hailed by the Spaniards as their deliverer, and by the Queen as the pillar of her throne, this second Wellington brought back his gallant troops, with whom " he could have gone any where, and done any thing," in national triumph to England, and now reposes on laurels showered on him by his grateful country.

Of course all this must be taken to be the fact ; for nothing short of this could justify the violation of those rules of the order which forbid officers below the rank of general to have the honour, and which require some proof of service besides. We should, however, not forget, among the Colonel's merits, that he has the advantages of being a *Papist* and a *Radical*, two points much in any man's favour under an O'Connell Administration.

The Dissenters, Ranters, and other Radicals, whose delicate aversion to a marriage ceremony clogged with any reference to religion induced our

very *Liberal* Cabinet to reduce it to the naked simplicity of a civil contract, have begun, in some instances, to be ashamed of their work. They now occasionally embroider it with a little extempore ritual of their own ; have a preacher standing by to read a portion of the Scriptures, give his own notions of marriage in a speech, and altogether make the affair put on some remote resemblance to what it was, and what, in spite of Radical reform, all honest men, and women too, know that it ought to be. On this subject we fear that the objects of the inventors have not been so fully realized as their ingenuity laboured to deserve. We are indeed perfectly of opinion that the new act has turned out but a meagre source of revenue. " Our near and dear relations" and others taken under the Ministerial wing already croak terribly. We doubt whether that poor and worthy novelist Mr Lister has been able to make his sinecure prolific of shillings ; and whether the general locust host who were to have fattened so comfortably on this new crop of patronage, have not been starved out of all patience. We believe that the invention is an utter and ridiculous failure. But we must take the liberty of reminding its embroiderers, that neither priest nor harangue have any business whatever at the perpetration of the affair, which the Jack Russell law is pleased to call a marriage. The law says that the registrar must be present, and there it stops. It justifies no further attendance of any one ; and of course what it does not justify, it totally disregards. The simple statute may be embroidered, it is true, by having not merely the preacher, but all the preacher's household in attendance ; not merely the reading of the Scriptures, but the reading of any thing that may amuse the fancy of the hour. Of course the law prohibits no merriment from the highest to the lowest order of popular gaiety ; and this freedom the Dissenters have gained. We wish them joy of it. But they must not boast of having first stripped the most sacred of all social forms of its religious decencies ; and, after turning it into a civil contract, dressing it up again into the masquerade of a religious ceremony.

SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

ATHENS IN 1837.

THE approach to Athens by sea is strikingly beautiful, and a world of associations which crowd on the mind add a feeling of mingled interest and awe to the admiration excited by the natural beauties of the scene. The panoramic view enjoyed before entering the port of the Piræus is rich in every feature of picturesque landscape, and the effect is heightened by the numberless classic spots embellished by the grand remains of antiquity, in the midst of which the deep blue waters of the gulf of Egina, studded with countless islands, are imbedded.

The lemon groves of Poros have not ceased to embalm the air with the sweetest fragrance, and a gentle southerly breeze carries their delicious perfume far from the shore. The plains of Træzeni are hid by Egina, which is the largest of the islands, and, crowned by her majestic temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, sits surrounded by others, smaller and less favoured by antiquity. The frowning and precipitous rocks which overhang Epidaurus mark the site of Jero, the sacred grove of Esculapius, and the distant Acrocorinthus may be discerned towering over the tranquil bay of Cenchreae, and commanding the isthmus near which Corinth stood, and which separates the Gulf of Lepanto from that of Egina. Megara, and the rich plains of Eleusis, where the remains of the temple of Ceres are still to be discovered, are shut out from the view by the island of Salamis; which, with the opposite hill of Corydalos, on the lower eminence, where the proud Xerxes sat contemplating the total destruction of his fleet, calls to memory the undying glory of Themistocles. Between Corydalos and Hymettus extends the plain of Athens, terminated to the north by the distant Pentelicus and Parnes, and in the centre rises the far-famed Acropolis, surrounded by the hill of the Museum, now called the Philopappus, the Pnyx and Anchesmus. From the sea the whole plain appears to form one continued forest of olive-trees, whose sombre hue contrasts with the dazzling ruins of the Parthenon and the temple

of Jupiter Olympius. The coast to the east of Hymettus is mountainous and beautifully wooded, extending about thirty miles, until it terminates abruptly in the promontory of Sunium, on which stands the temple of Minerva, where Plato and his youthful philosophers sat gazing on the wide expanse of waters, varied by the scattered Cyclades. Cape Sunium is a dangerous place for mariners, and is interesting to Englishmen as being the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck.

The harbour of the Piræus is a spacious basin, embraced by two arms of rocky land, which form gigantic natural piers; on the point of the larger, which is on the south-east side, an indifferent light has been erected on a sort of mast, which assists the boatmen in discovering the entrance at night, but it cannot be seen at a great distance; near it is said to be the tomb of Themistocles, and at his side the gallant old Miaoulis has lately been interred. On the other side of this neck of land are the deserted harbours of Munychia and Phalerum, and the rising ground in the centre is the spot whence Pausanias, King of Sparta, witnessed the battle fought with Alcibiades on the plain. The Philhellene Gordon, another distinguished general, occupied the same post during the late war.

On entering the harbour, the pedestal of blocks of white marble is seen, on which formerly stood the winged lion, which now adorns the Place of St Mark at Venice. The town of the Piræus is rapidly increasing; it is built on a regular plan, and there are already several handsome edifices and nice looking streets. All the land belonged to government, on account of the suppression of the convent of St Spiridion, of which it was the property, and has now been granted to the inhabitants of the island of Scio, which remained in the hands of the Turks. It was, however, accepted by them only on condition of its being made a free port, and the harbour being deepened. The Sciotes are the richest of the Greeks, many of them being established as merchants at Marseilles,

Trieste, and all over the Levant, but they have not all yet decided on returning to Greece.

It appears strange that the government of Greece had not preferred fixing the capital at the Piræus, which would have contributed much to the speedy formation of a metropolis, and Athens is near enough to have enabled the town to profit by the attraction offered to strangers in her unrivalled remains of antiquity. One might go even farther and ask, why the Isthmus of Corinth was not chosen as a good site for the capital, on the plea that it would there be more central between the Morea and continental Greece, and, being placed between the two Gulfs of Lepanto and Egina, would be nearer the other countries of Europe without being farther from the Levant? The capital would have been close to an almost impregnable position in the Acrocorinthus, and Athens might have been made a sort of Oxford, a nest of learning and antiquities. The Government would there, as at the Piræus, have had the facility of possessing the land, and thus avoiding all contentions and discussions with proprietors, who naturally dislike seeing a valuable piece of ground swallowed up by a public square or street. This question was not left undiscussed by the Greek Government, and they must have had powerful reasons indeed which could prevent them from adopting this idea.

From the Piræus to Athens, the Germans have made a good road of five miles, traversing the marshes in the lower part of the plain; these, however, have been well drained, and numbers of hired carriages, and even an omnibus and a mail-coach are constantly seen driving back and forward, besides waggons laden with goods, which contrast oddly with the camels and pack-horses which are still employed. A contract was made by Government to have a railway constructed, but it is not likely to be carried into execution.

On approaching Athens, the Acropolis and town are for a while concealed from the road by the Pnyx, when a sudden turn presents them to the view; the antique Acropolis boldly rearing his hoary head, crowned by the Propylæa, the temple of Wingless Victory, and the more modern tower of Odysseus; the Pnyx on the right,

with the *Bema* or rostrum, and the seats for the audience cut in the living rock, and the Areopagus or hill of Mars, where St Paul preached the worship of "the unknown God;" lower down the temple of Theseus, in all its perfection and symmetrical beauty, and behind it, the modern town rising from the ruins of ancient grandeur.

The town is entered by the long and straight street of Mercury, which traverses it, rising gradually until it ends in front of the new palace which King Otho is building. The houses on each side are generally white-washed, having green "*jalousies*" and balconies, and containing shops or coffee-houses on the lower storey; there are, however, still many gaps to be filled up. A tall palm-tree has been left in the middle of the street, which formed, probably, the ornament of a Turkish garden; this gives it an Oriental look, but, indeed, nowhere can such extraordinary contrasts be seen as at Athens; the same half acre of ground often contains two or three remaining columns of an ancient portico, a small Christian chapel of the middle ages, a Venetian watch-tower, a Turkish mosque or bath, with its accompanying cypresses and palm-trees, and a modern fashionable-looking residence, all appearing more astonished the one than the other, at finding themselves in such a motley company. It is curious thus to see distinctly marked out the different phases of the varied existence of this interesting city.

The street of Mercury is crossed at right angles by that of Eolus, which terminates at the Temple of the Winds, close under the Acropolis; unfortunately, the largest house in the street, occupied by the War Office, has, by neglect of the town architects, been allowed to be built quite out of the line of the street, and one of its shoulders stands forward in the most awkward way. This blunder has also the bad effect of hiding a part of the little octagonal Temple of Eolus when looked at from the Street of Mercury. Near the intersection of these two streets, one of the old Greek churches has been renovated in order to serve as a cathedral, and in it all the public religious ceremonies are performed; it is very small, but it is supposed that a new and larger one will soon be built. There is also one of the old Venetian

churches standing in the middle of the Street of Mercury, which destroys very much its effect, but they have delayed pulling it down on account of the superstition of the Athenians, and the positive want of serviceable churches. There were in Athens, before the Revolution, about three hundred and fifty Greek churches, which was in the proportion of one to twenty people; few of these, however, were uninjured during the war, and most of them were very small. The new palace on the rising ground at the end of the Street of Mercury, has not yet arrived at the second storey, although the foundation-stone was laid a year and a half ago, but they are building in a very substantial manner, and although not large, it will certainly be remarkably beautiful. The plan, by a German architect, is good, the position commanding, and the white marble of Pentelicus will give it a most brilliant and dazzling effect. They have reopened the ancient quarries of marble, and have formed a good road from Pentelicus to the town, on which some very fine blocks have been transported thither by means of trucks drawn by ten or twelve horses, and sometimes even a hundred men assist in pulling. There are generally about a hundred and fifty men at work in the quarries, Germans and inhabitants of Tinos; the latter are by far the ablest workmen, being accustomed to quarry a black marble found on their island.

An extensive and handsome row of stabling has been built for the King, between the new and the temporary palaces; they are now occupied by the royal horses, which are hardly so handsome as one might expect from the facility of procuring Arab blood in Greece. A military hospital and the mint are the only other edifices of any size which have been built, except the barracks, which were formed by the reconstruction of the Vaivode's or Turkish Governor's house. There are, however, many very handsome private houses, the largest of which is that of the Austrian Minister; they are generally built in a court or garden surrounded by a high wall, which destroys the appearance of the streets,

but in those of Mercury, Eolus, and Minerva, this is not the case.

The other streets of Athens are hardly deserving of the name, as they are narrow winding lanes, displaying the most marked contempt for regularity. The old Turkish bazaar still remains, but it was never remarkable for anything but noise, filth, and want of air, being a small wretched street, lined with low shops, or rather booths, and covered with ragged awnings. The street of Minerva intersects at right angles that of Mercury, a little lower down than that of Eolus; it is exceedingly wide, and was intended, in the first plan of Athens, which has since been modified, to form a grand approach from the palace to the Acropolis, to which it was to ascend by flights of steps the whole breadth of the street, corresponding with those of the Propylæa. In this plan it was proposed to build the palace on a gentle rising ground, north of the town; but this part of it was abandoned, and the street remains without any apparent reason for its being nearly twice as wide as any other in Athens; a very good house, which stood in the line of the proposed street, was pulled down, and consequently paid for, to complete this monument of the changeableness of a government.

There have been many projects for the new city of Athens, among others a magnificent plan was made by an architect of Berlin, and laid before King Otho. It was found, however, though very beautiful, quite impracticable from the immense expense which would be incurred. The idea was to build a marble palace in the ancient Greek style, on the Acropolis, amidst the ruins of the Parthenon, Erechtheium, and Propylæa; and they were to be united to the Pnyx and Areopagus by a gigantic bridge which was to form the approach to the King's residence. Otho showed better taste in preferring to live amongst his subjects in the town, and restoring the antiquities on the Acropolis as near as possible to the state in which they were in the age of Pericles, with the exception of statues broken and lost.

THE COUNT ARMANSBERG.

In the commencement of the present year (1837), the intelligence reached

Athens that King Otho had been married to Amelia Maria, eldest

daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. The pride of the Greeks was, however, considerably humbled by a report that his Hellenic Majesty's proposals to several other daughters of German Princes had been rejected, before one had been found disposed to share the throne of Modern Greece. The King had been absent from Greece about nine months, having left the Arch-Chancellor, Count Armansperg, in Athens, with the most unlimited power. During this interregnum the number of the Count's enemies had greatly increased, and a report was spread that he was not destined to occupy his elevated post much longer; his successor was even named, and was said to be on his way to Greece with their Majesties. The Count Armansperg had indeed received an invitation from the King of Bavaria to tender his resignation to King Otho, and to return to Germany, the result of the successful intrigues of the Russian Ambassador at the court of Athens, who had prevailed on his imperial master to send an envoy, the Count Orloff, to Munich to demand the Arch-Chancellor's recall; but this was kept a profound secret, as he still hoped to have time to outmanœuvre his enemies before the King's arrival. His hopes were increased by the fact of his receiving no answer from King Otho to his request for permission to retire from his service; this led him to believe that the invitation, or to give it the real meaning, the command of the King of Bavaria, was in opposition to the wishes of his son, and that the latter might attempt to retain him in Greece. The Count, therefore, made use of all the resources of diplomatic intrigue to keep his place.

Among the foreign Ministers at Athens the representative of Russia was his most powerful enemy, and those of England, France, and Austria supported him in his endeavours to retain the almost supreme power which he had hitherto exercised; but his Britannic Majesty's minister-Plenipotentiary was his warmest and most active friend.

The conduct of the English Minister had been for some time the exact sequel of that of the Russians in 1831; and had not the recall of the Count Armansperg put a stop to it in time, the parallel might have been continued

to the end; another victim might have shared the fate of John Capo D'Istria, and fallen under the dagger of an assassin, while the English name would have become as odious to the Greeks as that of the Russians. The administration of Armansperg had all along been characterised by the most positive imbecility, yet he ever experienced the same powerful and unvarying support from the English Minister. Not only was weakness the chief attribute of the Count's government, but he also contrived to remove from power every one who appeared to possess the abilities which were wanting in him. Maurer's and Abel's dismissal from the regency, and Colletti's, Schinas's and Lesuire's, from their different departments, after Armansperg became Arch-Chancellor, are striking proofs of this.

No accusation against the Count was spared by the Greeks, but the want of a national representation rendered their complaints unavailing, if not unheard; their only means of making known their dissatisfaction, was by the public journals, which at that time teemed with every species of reproach and abuse of their government. So much so, that the editor of one of them, "The Saviour," who had written openly on the subject of the many abuses of power which were then much talked of, had a narrow escape from being assassinated, or at least well cudgelled, by several of the irregular soldiers under the command of Theodore Grivas, an officer who had distinguished himself during the war of independence, but now one of the most abject partisans of the head of the Government. The editor of the Saviour was returning from riding about dusk in the evening, and stopped before the door of his house, where he saw several ragged dirty-looking men standing; when he dismounted, one of them advanced towards the horse, and the editor, not suspecting any evil intention, told the man to hold it until his servant came, and turned to the door; but another stepped between him and the house, while the first struck him on the head from behind with the but-end of a pistol; the editor fell, but not being much stunned, he succeeded in getting up and rushing to the door, which, fortunately for him, opened, and the villains, hearing people coming, disap-

peared as fast as they could. They were traced, however, to the house of Grivas, which they entered, although when he was interrogated, he denied all knowledge of the fact.

It has never been ascertained, whether their intention was positively to murder the editor, nor whether the Count Armanberg had any hand in it, as some went so far as to assert he had; but it is evident that he did not take any great pains to investigate the matter, nor to have the offenders punished. The editor of the *Saviour* applied for and obtained from the head of the police a couple of *gendarmes* to accompany him wherever he went, and was seen walking about the streets with his military escort. He once, seeing the Count on the opposite side of the street, had the malice to cross over and pass close before him with his armed guard. On his continuing to write in a still more virulent tone, if possible, the Arch-Chancellor brought an action against him for libel and defamation, and he was accordingly tried by the court of the Areopagus at Athens, and found guilty; but on his appealing he was again tried by the Appeal Court in the island of Syra, and was finally acquitted.

The Arch-Chancellor was accused of squandering and misapplying the treasure; and if one may judge by the dates of the payments of the loan, and the amount of the annual deficit of the revenues to meet the expenditure, the Greeks seem to have had some reason for asking what had become of the money which they had to pay interest for, and, at some future period, to refund.

It is true, the budgets of the different departments were discussed in the Council of State, but there was a long list of expenses besides those, which was subjected to no control, and the Arch-Chancellor had to render no account of his stewardship.

Many reports were in circulation, the truth of which cannot be vouched for, although they seem not to be utterly without foundation. It was said, for instance, that when the Count succeeded in having Maurer and Abel withdrawn from the regency, he wished to have a colleague named to fill the vacancy, who would always be of his opinion; and that he, therefore, paid out of the public treasure the

sum of 70,000 francs to clear off the debts of a person whose creditors prevented his leaving Munich; and had thus secured unanimity in the Regency, as the third member, finding himself in a minority, had withdrawn his opposition. It was also said that the Count's landed property, which was encumbered, had been cleared of burdens greater than the whole amount of the remuneration he had received for his services in Greece; but the truth of such reports can only be judged of by those most intimately acquainted with his private affairs.

The exasperation of the Greeks was considerably increased, and had they not hoped for some favourable change on the arrival of the King, it is difficult to know to what lengths they might not have gone. The Greeks have not yet forgotten the horrors of civil war, and there are few who have not served a bloody apprenticeship to violence and crime. Any rising of the people would therefore immediately be accompanied by the most sanguinary cruelty; of this, the late disturbances in Messenia, Maina, and Roumelia have given a melancholy proof.

The Arch-Chancellor felt then that he was standing on slippery ground, and that it would require a powerful exertion to regain a firm footing. He first had the report of his approaching recall contradicted in the most positive manner, and a person attached to the English embassy, went so far as displaying a *soi-disant* despatch from England which declared it to be false; and this, only a few days before it was proved to be true. It was said that the King had requested to have the English man-of-war steamer attached to the fleet, to convey him and his royal bride from Trieste to Athens, but that the English Minister had contrived to have a frigate, the *Portland*, sent instead, whose commander was his intimate friend; and it was confidently asserted that the latter had received private instructions to make the voyage as long as possible, which is corroborated by its extraordinary duration. The Count next attempted to persuade the Council of State to present an address to the King on his arrival, in which the wisdom and ability of his administration, and the prosperous and flourishing state of the country under it, were to be pointed

out with a glowing encomium on the high legislative and executive powers of the Arch-Chancellor himself. Three only of those eminent dignitaries declined signing this fulsome tribute to the vanity and ambition of so worthy a statesman. Every species of flattery, and even bribery was attempted, in order to persuade them to affix their much-wished for signatures to this extraordinary document, but, to their honour be it recorded, in vain. The three councillors of state were George Coundouriotis, President of the Council, and Primate of the warlike island of Hydra; Bottasis, a distinguished naval officer of the rival island of Spetzi; and Baltinos, head of one of the most influential families of the Morea. The Count also gave circulation to a report that he was about to comply with the wishes of the people for a constitution, and that he was at present occupied diligently in prepar-

ing this important object. This was the most cunning *ruse* he made use of, as the constitutional party of Greece was the most violent of his opponents; and he calculated upon their wishing not to disturb his legislative operations, when their object was the concession of the longed for constitution. These plots were well combined, but they were destined to fall to pieces on the 14th of February, when the *Portland* was descried sailing up the Gulf of Egina before a fine southerly breeze, bearing the royal party and the successor of the Count Armanberg. When the Count went on board the frigate, totally unconscious of his approaching fall, the King presented him to Mr Rudhart, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and President of the Council of Ministers, at the same time announcing that he had received the Count's resignation, and sanctioned it.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

The following day the King drove into Athens, wearing the handsome dress of the Greek palicars, in an open carriage, with the young Queen. His *dolama* or tunic was of dark blue velvet, embroidered with silver, which are the national colours, and the red cap was also embroidered. The Queen wore a white satin dress and bonnet, and her extreme youth, together with that of his Majesty, gave them the appearance of a couple of children sitting alone in the spacious landau of their parents, and playing at royalty. They were drawn by six black horses, which the Emperor of Russia had presented to King Otho, along with a gilded state coach; but it was probably considered inauspicious that the royal pair should be conveyed to their capital in the gift of the northern Colossus, therefore a plain blue landau, and rather a shabby one, by the way, was made use of for the occasion. At the turn of the road from the Piræus, where the town first presents itself to the view, a triumphal arch, decorated with laurel and myrtle branches, had been erected, through which the procession passed, after having been stopped about half an hour to let their Majesties hear a hymn of welcome sung by the children of the American Missionaries' School. The royal party

then entered the town by the Street of Mercury, which, with all those leading to the palace, was lined with troops, whose motley appearance and variety of costume could not fail to astonish the young German Princess, who found herself suddenly placed on the throne of so singular a kingdom. The balconies were crowded with ladies eager to welcome the Queen of the Greeks, who expressed to those riding around her the most enthusiastic admiration of all she saw in her new dominions. She is tall, well made, and has a remarkably graceful figure, which, united to a fair smiling face of eighteen, won the hearts of her wild-looking subjects. Their Majesties were received with the loudest cheers, and the "*geto!*" was repeated by the whole assembled population of Athens, almost drowning the sound of the royal salute fired by the artillery.

The Queen was accompanied by her three ladies of honour, in another open carriage; one of them is the widow of a colonel in the English service; another was formerly her Majesty's governess, and the third is a young lady of a noble German family. Another carriage contained the Chamberlain, who is a brother of the Countess Armanberg, Mr Rudhart, the new Pre-

nier, and the King's physician, Dr Roeser, a man of great talents and learning, who has endeared himself to the Greeks by giving them his professional attendance gratuitously. The *cortège* was followed by the foreign Ministers in their carriages, the aides-de-camp and equerries on horseback, and an escort of lancers.

The temporary palace to which they were conducted consists of three moderate-sized private houses, which have been taken on lease; two of these are close together, and have been united by covered passages, while the third and largest is about a hundred yards distant. The two former are occupied by the royal family, and the latter is reserved for balls and state occasions, being thrown into one suite of apartments, terminating in a very handsome octagonal ball-room of sixty feet in diameter, and forty in height, which has been added by King Otho. Here the principal authorities, both civil and military, were in attendance to receive their Majesties, and while the King made the round of his acquaintances, saying a few words, probably the same, to each, the Queen found no better occupation than beating time with her head, hand, and foot, to the music played by the military bands, as the German etiquette did not allow of many presentations at that time.

In the evening crowds of people were collected under the palace windows, and on their repeatedly cheering, the young Queen appeared on the balcony in a Greek dress, consisting of a crimson velvet tunic embroidered with gold, and lined with ermine fur over a white satin petticoat, and the *fessi* or red cap, with a blue tassel interwoven with springs of pearls; on the body of her dress were attached buttons of single brilliants, and a veil of gold gauze fell from her head. This costume was very becoming, and magnificently rich; but it was not the dress of the country, and the Greeks were heard asking if their King had married a Janniniote; this was the dress of the ladies of Jannina, the scene of old Ali Pacha's cruelties, which, though inhabited by Greeks, is not included within the frontiers of liberated Hellas.

After leaving a few days for the necessary presentations to the King and Queen, to which the gentlemen

went in a plain evening dress, and the ladies in bonnets and shawls, a grand ball was given in the state rooms.

The variety of uniforms and Greek dresses rendered this ball most brilliant. King Otho wore the uniform of a Greek general, which is in imitation of the Bavarian light-blue coat, with silver epaulettes and embroidery, and opened the ball by leading the Countess Armansperg round the room in the Polonaise; the Count followed with the young Queen, who afterwards danced with the representatives of foreign courts. Quadrilles and waltzes were the principal dances, and the cotillon was danced late in the evening. The Queen did not miss a single dance, and seemed quite enchanted with her ball, which was said to have been one of the first she had ever been at, as she had not partaken of the gaieties of her father's court. She wore very valuable jewels, and her dress was, in all, as perfect as could be produced from the "*atelier de Palmyre*" in Paris. The costumes of a Greek Prince of Wallachia, and the members of the Turkish embassy, who were present, contributed to the resemblance to a European fancy ball, and contrasted strongly with the uniforms, naval, military, and diplomatic, of almost all countries, and the fashionable and modern dresses of the ladies. The rooms were very crowded, and the usual buzzing noise which accompanies such aristocratic mobs was much increased by the confusion of the many different languages that were spoken at the same time. King Otho spoke German, French, or Greek with those whom he honoured by asking some insignificant question, though his deafness hardly allowed him to recognise in which language the answer was given. French is the current language of the best society in Athens, as it is spoken by the Greeks of both sexes who have received any education, and who are admitted into the most exclusive circles, with the exception perhaps of some of the most distinguished military chiefs, who can neither read nor write their own language.

The proportion of the number of ladies present to that of the gentlemen, or rather of the male sex, was as one to five. There were upwards of three hundred men in Greek dresses,

many of whose faces, as well as their foustanelles, or short petticoats, seemed to have undergone a long fast from soap and water. The Chamberlain had thought it necessary to invite all the officers of the Phalanx, which is a guard formed solely of those who had fought during the war of independence, and although they may be justly called the champions of freedom and the liberators of Greece, yet are they little calculated to form an ornament to a royal ball-room, as their slender pay does not enable them to indulge in splendour of dress, and their guerilla habits do not promote cleanliness. There were, however, several magnificent specimens of Greek palicars, who added to the advantage of a soldierlike, but rather swaggering carriage, all the accessories of their picturesque costume. Nine or ten of them performed the Albanian national dance, to the sound of a bad fiddle and a little jingling guitar played with a quill, for the amusement of her Majesty, who did not seem enchanted with this exhibition. The music suffered much by the contrast with the excellent military band which had given place to them, and the performance of the decorated dancers, most of them elderly men, consisting of hopping round in a ring holding each other's hands, bore a strong resemblance to that of the witches in *Macbeth*. And these men, who were exposing themselves in this absurd manner, were the far-famed Colocotroni, Nikitas, surnamed the Turkophagos, or Turk-eater, Makryani, Vasso of Montenegro, Nota Botzaris, and others equally celebrated. If there had been any thing classic in this dance, or the slightest pretension to antiquity, or even a supposed resemblance to the Pyrrhic or other ancient Greek dances, it might have been interesting, but this was merely the dance of the Albanians, a totally distinct race of men from the Greeks.

The dress of the Greek ladies has now lost all its characteristic peculiarities, except the red cap, with its long blue tassel, which is often richly embroidered in gold, silver, or pearls; but at this ball, even that last remnant of the Greek ladies' costume was rarely to be seen; so much has the innovation of modern fashion changed, even in that small corner of Europe.

This is hardly to be regretted, as the dress worn some years ago was far from becoming. There were few handsome Greek women present, although in general there are more pretty faces to be seen in Greece, in proportion to the population, than elsewhere; but, unfortunately, they are rarely unattended by great defects of figure, and, what is common to most southern nations, the women are seldom so handsome as the men. In all other respects, this ball resembled a crowded assembly in any other part of the world.

The young Queen was universally allowed to be the prettiest person in the room, and her manners, although naturally a little embarrassed from the unaccustomed part she had to play, were dignified and graceful. Above all, she had a happy expression of countenance, which often renders irregular features more attractive than the cold perfection of beauty. It had been her constant wish from her childhood to visit Greece; her *ci-devant* governess describes the enthusiastic interest she had always felt in the study of Greek history; and, when she heard that the Prince Otho had been called to the throne of Modern Hellas, she had naïvely expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterwards, she met by the merest accident at a German watering place, the young King, travelling as the Count *de Missolonghi*, with his mother the Queen of Bavaria, and their alliance was speedily concluded. It must, therefore, have been with a peculiar feeling of joyful excitement that she visited as Queen of Greece the classic environs of Athens; and the lovely weather of the months of February and March heightened much the enjoyment of her morning rides. She had, however, lately given up riding on horseback, which was interpreted by her sanguine subjects as a probable realization of their ardent wish for the birth of an heir to the throne. This would indeed contribute greatly to strengthen the attachment of the people to the reigning family, because the children of the King are to be brought up in the Greek religion, and their bigotry might then cease to groan at the recollection of their King being a Roman Catholic, and their Queen a Protestant.

In the mean-time the Count Arman-

sparg was making preparations for his departure, although it was whispered that he had not yet given up all hopes of resuming at least some part of his former power; and the Countess determined, like the French postilions, who crack their whips and push their horses on coming to the post-house at the end of a stage, to give a last ball, to which their Majesties were invited.

The Countess shared the fate of most setting suns, and found no difficulty in counting the number of friends she was to leave at Athens. The Portland was lying at the Piræus to take the Ex-arch-chancellor to Malta, but the Ex-arch-chancellor did not seem inclined to go, until he received an intima-

tion from the King that it was time for him to embark. The Count took the King's hint, *au pied de la lettre*, but no more; he embarked, but did not sail; after having staid a few days on board the frigate at anchor, and finding no plausible pretext, or perhaps at last giving up all hopes of remaining in Greece, he left the Piræus with a fair wind for Malta.

It is said that, on his arrival at Munich, the King of Bavaria expressed a fear that the climate would not agree with him, and recommended his trying that of his country-house, which is at some distance; but, whether the royal solicitude is authentic or not, it appears that the Count had retired thither.

STATE OF POPULATION—HYDRA.

The present kingdom of Greece possesses a population of about six hundred and fifty thousand souls, being little more than the fourth part of that contained in ancient times within the present frontiers of King Otho's realms. This want of people not only paralyzes all agricultural enterprises, but also checks the improvement of the practice of agriculture in the country; the exorbitant rate of work being higher than any possible produce of the labour, and the extensive tracts of land lying untillied being a temptation to the cultivator to sow each year in fresh land, instead of adopting a rotation of crops. This formidable evil had, certainly, a prior claim to the attention of the Greek Government to any other subject of improvement; yet it has not only been neglected, but the efforts of private individuals to promote colonization, and those of colonists themselves, have been positively discouraged. The number of feast days is another cause of the high price of work, but, were the population increased by colonization, the working classes would, undoubtedly, call for an abolition of many of their holidays. Therefore, one of the most important considerations of the Government ought to have been a prompt increase of population; and there are greater facilities in Greece than in any other new country for the attainment of this object.

Were the Greek Government more popular and more encouraging to emigrants, a less tedious means would

present itself than that of the natural augmentation by the growing up of generations, and without encountering the serious difficulties attending the settlement of foreign emigrants in a country already partially inhabited, whose amalgamation with the natives is generally doubtful; besides this, the danger of a change of climate would be avoided. There are still upwards of four millions of Greeks in Roumelia, Asia Minor, and the Turkish islands, who would not hesitate to crowd over to liberated Greece, if they were sure of protection and encouragement.

They are animated by the same feelings of hatred of their Ottoman masters, as their more fortunate fellow-countrymen in Greece; but it is impossible for them, at least for the present, to shake off the yoke of slavery, as they are without leaders, the few of any education and talent having flocked to the shrine of liberty, and become subjects of his Hellenic Majesty. There has, however, been some appearance, lately, of the Thessalians being inclined to follow the example of their neighbours on the southern side of the frontiers, but they are not yet ripe for success, although little doubt can be entertained of their eventually becoming free. The Ottoman empire is evidently crumbling to pieces, in Europe at least, and the Greeks, the predecessors of the Moslem, are their natural successors in the possession of that rich country, which extends from the

Morea to the Balkan. Russia and Egypt seem ready to pounce on the spoils of the Sultan, were they not kept in check by England and France; but, if Greece has time to prove her solidity, although unable to dispute the prize, would she not be more useful to all parties, when holding Constantinople and the Dardanelles under their joint protection, than if any one obtained them at the expense of some important concession, as it is hardly probable that force of arms will carry the point? It is the obvious interest of England and France to make use of the kingdom of Greece as a bulwark against the encroachments of the Giant of the North; and would it not be easier, and more advantageous, for them to resist his colossal force, by thus forming an embankment to prevent his entering the Mediterranean, than to drive him back with their fleets? And Russia, on the other hand, if she admits her inability to possess herself of that important point by conquest, when defended by England and France, ought not to object to seeing it in the hands of a fourth friendly power, in whose councils she would have as much influence as the other two competitors. England and France might also suffer a greater loss than that of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, if Greece is left in her present state of neutral insignificance, as she would not fail herself to fall into the clutches of the Moscovite monster, and not only the Black Sea, but the Archipelago and the Levant would become a Russian lake.

In the mean-time, it is evident that the Greek Government could procure settlers from the Turkish empire, if they held out the slightest encouragement to them. It is true the Turks try to prevent emigration, though a Greek would not find much difficulty in eluding their vigilance; but those of the inhabitants of the island of Samos, who left their country after the revolt, two years ago, met with too cold a reception from the Teutonic statesmen in Greece to induce others to follow their example.

There is a striking difference in the appearance, character, and even dress of the inhabitants of the different parts of Greece; in the dress, there are two great divisions formed by the *foustanela*, or short petticoat, which is worn by the inhabitants of conti-

nenal Greece and the Morea, and may be called the military dress, while the short, but very loose trousers are chiefly worn by the islanders and seamen in general. The latter are called the trousers of Hydra, as nothing else is ever worn in that nest of hardy and gallant sailors. They wear two waistcoats, and a jacket of a peculiar form, generally of dark blue or green cloth, embroidered with black silk braid; and the loose trousers, which are formed of eight or nine yards of a dark-coloured calico, sewed together, with a hole at each end for the foot to pass through; this is drawn in at the waist with a cord, and a sash of different coloured silk is worn over it. The red cap, with the blue tassel, called the *fessi*, forms the head-dress; and their cloak, or *capote*, is like a sentry-box, woven of goat's hair, with two holes for the arms when they choose to put them out, and a hood over the head.

The Hydriotes were the first who fitted out a squadron of fast-sailing ships to meet the Turkish fleet. Those ships had been built for other and more pacific purposes, but were now armed and manned by the brave old Miaoulis and his daring islanders, destined to work out their country's freedom.

The island is a mere barren rock, which, unfortunately, does not even possess a safe harbour; the inhabitants who, like most islanders, are sailors by nature, were therefore obliged to seek a livelihood on the sea; the poorer conveying goods in small boats between the mainland and the islands, and the richer taking large vessels into the Black Sea, whence they conveyed corn to the different ports in the Mediterranean, and sometimes even beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Thus, large fortunes were made by taking advantage of the occasional demand for corn at any price, in different countries of Europe, but chiefly in Spain. Handsome houses were soon built at Hydra, which grew into a flourishing mercantile town and transit *dépôt*.

The Hydriotes were, before the Revolution, well known in the Levant for the honesty of their dealings, and among themselves large sums were paid or lent without bond or receipt. During the war of independence, they played a most distinguished part; the

honest and enterprising merchants formed, with their slight but fast sailing vessels, a navy justly dreaded by the Turks and Egyptians. Ibrahim Pacha, on sailing past Hydra, exclaimed, "Ah, when shall I hold thee, thou little England?"

The gallant old Miaoulis is now dead, but many nearly equally celebrated are still alive, among others, the brave Criesis, who is now Secretary of State for the Navy.

Most of the rich Hydriotes sacrificed a great part of their fortunes during the war in fitting out ships, which were often lost or used as fireships, but they will probably now receive some compensation, as the Council of State are discussing the question. The name of the brulotier Kanaris was inserted, by some of his friends in the list of those who begged for indemnification; but the honest sailor declared that he had never lost any thing, and never had had any thing to lose, and therefore claimed nothing. Kanaris is not a Hydriot, but from the island of Ipsara, which has remained in the hands of the Turks. The Greek Government has given to the Ipsariotes the site of the ancient Eretria in Eubœa, which possesses a good harbour, and there they have founded a town. Kanaris is not an old man, and holds the rank of post-captain in the Greek navy. He never wears the uniform, which is an imitation of that of the English navy, except on state occasions; his usual dress is much like that of Hydra. His appearance is not prepossessing, although there is a look of determination in his swarthy countenance, snub nose, thick curly hair of the deepest black, and his short stout figure. His wife is a pretty woman, *entre deux âges*, and he has a son of nineteen, who has been educated at Paris, but, like most sons of great men, he is little likely to continue the renown of the family.

When Kanaris received the Greek order of knighthood the other day, the *chargé d'affaires* of a northern state asked him whether it was true that the Grand Signor intended to confer on him the highest Turkish decoration? The brulotier answered, with much quickness, "that he believed the Sultan did wish to put a *grand cordon* round his neck, and to attach it to the tallest mast in his navy." It will be recollected that Ka-

naris had destroyed with his fireships many of the finest Turkish vessels. Unfortunately his learning is not equal to his talent and valour, as an Englishman, a collector of autographs, got introduced to him lately at his house, and requested him to write his name on a piece of paper which he held, explaining, at the same time, that he wished to have his autograph. The hero hesitated for some time, and at last said he would send it to his house. The Englishman pressed him; he still refused, repeating his promise, which he never kept. The disappointed collector of autographs attributed this to the general distrust of the Greeks, and that he feared that a bill of exchange would be written above his signature; but he heard afterwards that the cause was more simple—that the warlike Ipsariote could not write.

The language of the Hydriotes among themselves is the Albanian, but they almost all can speak Greek. Their features are generally coarse, and their figures clumsy, which plainly indicates their having been a colony from Thrace or Macedonia. They are of a proud and stern disposition, and are considered phlegmatic by the more lively Athenians.

The town has suffered considerably by several violent shocks of earthquake in the beginning of the present year. Many houses fell, and a few lives were lost; but the most serious damage done was the destruction of the cisterns for containing rain water, as there are neither wells nor springs on the island. The inhabitants were encamped more than two months in the open fields, and the fear of the falling houses prevented their almost ever venturing into the town. Fortunately the weather was fine; but they incurred some danger of famine, because the windmills, on which the Hydriotes are entirely dependent for flour, could not work on account of the extraordinary calm which lasted as long as the earthquakes continued. Two English line-of-battle ships tranquillized their anxiety on that subject, by their prompt arrival and generous distribution of provisions; their commanders also offered to convey as many as possible of the unfortunate islanders to Athens or elsewhere, but with one accord they declared that they preferred dying at Hydra to

leaving it. The richer inhabitants would not even allow their families to go; and George Coundouriotis, the primate of Hydra, then at Athens, strictly enjoined his daughters not to leave their island, as their example might have been followed, which could not fail to discourage the people. Anesa, or Neso, as she is commonly called, his second daughter, is considered the most beautiful woman in Greece. She is dark, with the most finely chiselled features, and large black eyes; her figure is not so perfect, being rather inclined to too much *en-bonpoint*. She wears the costume of her native island, which consists of a number of short but very wide petticoats, of which the uppermost is generally dark green, with a red border at the bottom, and small tucks as high as the

waist. They wear a small spencer of figured silk or velvet, very tight to the form; and a light silk shawl round the middle, with the corner hanging down on one side, and tied at the other. Their *chemise*, which is seen where the spencer opens, is of a very fine white silk gauze; and their head-dress consists of a sort of circular cushion, over which a shawl is tightly drawn, passed under the chin, and tied on the top, thus hiding all their hair except very little, which is braided on each side of the forehead. They wear small laced boots, and have almost always well turned ankles; their whole costume is arranged with much neatness, and, even in the poorest classes, with great attention to cleanliness.

A GREEK PEASANT'S WEDDING.

A marriage took place, last year, in one of the villages near Athens, where the usages of the people were scrupulously adhered to, and the forms and ceremonies differed most widely from those described by Mr Cochrane.

A handsome young man of five-and-twenty having planted a vineyard of two or three acres, and carefully cultivated it, until it yielded him a sufficient income to enable him to marry, made it known in his native village that he was ready to listen to the proposals of the relations of any person of the other sex similarly situated and disposed. The village priest being a native of a neighbouring hamlet, where the prettiest and the richest young girl of the country lived, mentioned the circumstance to her parents, who immediately charged him with the delicate mission.

After much consideration on the part of Demetrius, the bridegroom-elect, and much negotiation on the important subject of the extent of vineyard and the number of olive trees to be given with the bride, and after having received satisfactory reports from two secret agents he had sent out to reconnoitre, the one an experienced friend, to estimate the value of the bride's possessions, and the other, his married sister, to judge of her personal appearance, the contracting parties declared that the treaty was concluded.

Thus, even in the most humble sphere of life, marriages in Greece are mere matters of speculation; and it is not only considered a breach of decorum, but also utterly useless for the young couple to see each other before their betrothal, as the mutual advantages of the connexion are the only points thought worthy of consideration. A marriage of inclination is of very rare occurrence, and is looked upon as rather compromising the reputation of the female party concerned.

The next step in this rustic match-making was the *φίλημα*, or kissing, which was gone through with the greatest solemnity. Demetrius being an orphan, was obliged to select a friend to perform the important part of father of the bridegroom, and having collected about a dozen of the highest dignitaries of his village to bear witness to the various forms of the approaching ceremony, and to add the weight of their consequential sanction to his marriage, he despatched him on horseback, in his best attire, and surrounded by his friends, similarly equipped, to be presented to his future helpmate, in her father's house. The cortège consisted of twelve horsemen, among whom the most conspicuous were the Demarch, or municipal magistrate, who is chosen, by universal suffrage, from the most respectable peasants of the village, to occupy this

honorary post, for three years, and the priest, whose flowing beard, and studied simplicity of dress, contrasted with the martial forms and picturesque costume of the other *εμπαιθετοι*, or compeers, who followed the *νους*, or acting father, promiscuously, with the grave dignity habitual to the countenances of the Greek peasants. Immediately behind the men there followed a group of women on horseback, sitting sideways, on wooden pack-saddles; some of them being both young and pretty, while the yellow and shrivelled faces of two wizened old hags appeared dreadfully out of keeping with the graceful dress, which did not sufficiently conceal them. They all wore two or three tunics, one above the other, of a coarse white woollen stuff, turned over with broad borders of red cloth, and a veil of gold gauze, falling on their shoulders, below which hung their hair, divided into two plaits, and united at the ends with tassels of gold and red silk. These were the wives of the *εμπαιθετοι*, and the female relations of the bridegroom, who, according to Turkish custom, never precede the men on any occasion. The bridegroom is not allowed to go in person, as he is supposed to see his bride for the first time when they meet before the altar; and although it sometimes happens that he has seen her before they thought of any alliance, yet in this case, as in most others, Demetrius had never seen his bride.

Many of these worthies who now accompanied the representative of the happy youth had played active, though humble parts, in the great struggle for freedom, and the Demarch wore on his breast the copper medal given to those who had distinguished themselves in the ranks or as petty officers during the war. He had three times succeeded in carrying intelligence from the patriots in the Acropolis of Athens, through the besieging army of Turks, to the Greeks at the Piræus, by whose means Fabvier was sent with a sufficient force to raise the siege. The priest had also been present at most of the bloodiest actions, but he had not received the medal of honour, as he had never borne arms, having occupied the menial post of groom to one of the Greek Capitanei. After the war was terminated, he attempted to gain a livelihood by acting farrier in Athens, but he soon found

that he might add to the earnings of that profession the more dignified emoluments of priesthood; and having learnt to read and write, he was ordained by the Bishop of Athens, and obtained the suffrages of the villagers to occupy their vacant pulpit; thus, having let his beard grow, he became a respected Papas, and his skill in farriery, which he had not ceased to practise, tended only to increase the veneration in which he was held. The ignorant and superstitious peasantry could not fail to look upon him as an acceptable minister to the Almighty, and favourably received by the Panagia, or Holy Virgin, when they brought a lame horse or a sick cow to him, which they devoutly believed was suffering from the evil eye, and invariably found that his exorcism of the malign influence, and benediction of the animal, were attended by more favourable results than those of any other Papas in the neighbourhood; they conscientiously regarding the pill or bandage which accompanied his prayers as the means alone by which the Divine will was manifested. It is, however, but justice to the worthy Papas to add, that, in all his dealings, he was ever known as an honest and upright man, and although there must have been some tendency to quackery and imposition in his inmost soul, yet he apparently placed the same religious belief as his simple parishioners in all these mummeries.

The distance from one village to the other was not more than a couple of miles. When the procession had gone about half way, one or two of the younger and better mounted of the men were seen trying to steal on in front without observation; but this was soon followed by a general race of four or five of them, struggling to be the first to announce the approaching arrival of the parties to the family of the bride. The successful competitor was presented by the latter with a printed cotton handkerchief, which he tied round his red cap like a turban in token of triumph. The cortège soon entered the village with faces expressive of dignified solemnity, which had a corresponding effect on the assembled population who crowded to see them pass; they were preceded by a mounted band of four musicians, if it is not profanation thus to designate the perpetrators of such jarring sounds.

Their instruments consisted of an immense bass drum, which displayed several gaping rents in the parchment, caused, probably, by the herculean strength of the arm which brandished a species of cudgel, with a heavy unmuffled nob at one end, a sort of flageolet-like, but most unharmoniously screeching pipe, a bad fiddle, and a little tinkling hurdy-gurdy of a guitar played with a quill, all these together, but each played independently of the other's tune or keys, produced a melody more discordant than any *charivari* of kettles and tongs.

They were received at the door of the bride's home by her father and mother, her two grandmothers, and her brothers and sisters, who all lived together in patriarchal style. The guests were placed without loss of time at a well furnished table, formed by a number of deal boards, propped up by stones about six inches from the clay floor. Straw mats were strewed round this primitive banquet, and on these they squatted in the Turkish fashion, cross-legged. As soon as they were all seated, and had begun carving, or rather pulling to pieces the sheep roasted whole, which smoked on the table, the bride was led in by two of her female relations and placed in the furthest corner of the room. Here she remained standing between her two supporters with downcast eyes, and her hands crossed on her breast, nor did she open her lips or move from her corner during the repast, which lasted more than an hour, but stood like a statue, apparently unconscious of the earnest gaze of her future kinsmen.

Irene, for such was her name, had scarcely completed her fifteenth year; she was tall, and, though slight, remarkably well formed; her eyes, of which it was not possible to judge on the present occasion, were of the most brilliant black, softened by long silken eye-lashes, her nose small and straight, and her mouth finely chiselled, and concealing a double row of teeth like pearls; the whole forming an *ensemble* of female attractions, rarely to be met with in her rank of life, even in Greece. Her dress was simple and unpretending.

The guests having drunk to the health of the future couple and the relations of Irene, the *verres*, whose functions correspond with those of the French *père assis*, approached the

bride, and kissed her on both cheeks, passing on her finger, at the same time, a ring of rubies of no great value; he then displayed the bridal presents sent by Demetrius. They consisted of a necklace formed of several strings of Turkish gold ducats, united by small silver chains, with a Spanish gold doubloon, worth sixteen dollars, suspended in the middle; bracelets of silver gilt chains, and a set of tassels of gold and crimson silk for adorning her hair when plaited. Irene suffered all this to be put on her without moving a muscle, until the acting father was about to withdraw, when she suddenly stooped and touched the ground with her brow, after which she pressed his hand to her lips and forehead in token of obedience to the representative of her future liege lord. All the other relations and friends of Demetrius, male and female, then approached in succession, and presented her with a ring or a gold ducat, after having kissed her on both cheeks, while she touched the donor's hand with her lips and forehead in silence; when money was given to her she passed it to one of her female supporters to hold.

Soon afterwards the *sumridges* departed as they came with their band braying and brawling before them all the way to the bridegroom's house in the larger village, where they dined and danced and sang till past midnight; each of the guests was then marched to his home, walking as straight and as steadily as he could with their everlasting music, whose harmony had not been mellowed by the frequent and deep libations, not of the rosy cup, but of less poetic, and almost nauseous wineskin.

Several months now passed without any further intercourse between the two families, during which time Irene was busily employed in embroidering her bridal dress, in dark-coloured worsteds, on the coarse cotton of her under garment, and on the white woollen tunic. When those were finished, the day was fixed for the marriage ceremony, by the intervention of their mutual friend, the priest.

This ceremony of the *φίλημα*, which resembles, in importance, the *fiançailles* of the French, is considered as binding to both parties; as the actual marriage vows, and the mutual obligation cannot be dissolved without the sanc-

tion of the Bishop. This is, however, not difficult to obtain, and, in general, a present of a pair of fowls, or a basket of fruit, will go further towards conciliating the dignified prelate, than the most ample proofs of the necessity of a divorce. The separation of two persons, thus betrothed to each other, is, therefore, viewed in the same light as the divorce of a married couple, which is also allowed by the Greek church, and is of very frequent occurrence, even among the poorest and lowest classes. This facility of annulling marriages, and the omission of the vow of celibacy of the priesthood, form two of the principal distinctions, between the Greek and Roman Catholic churches.

On Christmas Day, Irene, accompanied by her nearest relatives, stood before the altar in the village church, by the side of Demetrius, whom she had never seen, and whom she did not even now dare to look at. The priest was there, with the ponderous and musty prayer-book open in his hand; the *père assis* and the farrier priest were behind Demetrius, and the ceremony was commenced. Still Irene's dark eyes were fixed on the ground, and she stood seeming unconscious of what was passing, being obliged to master her natural curiosity to behold for the first time her future companion for life. After having read some prayers, the priest turned to a desk on which stood a large New Testament and two chaplets formed of artificial flowers, bright-coloured ribands, and gold filagree work; having blessed these chaplets, he placed them on the brows of the handsome couple. The bridesmaid and the *père assis* raised the chaplets again, and held them a few inches above the heads of Demetrius and Irene, while the priest passed two rings on their fingers and changed them three times, from the hand of the one to that of the other. He then tied their hands together with a pink handkerchief, and keeping hold of the end of it, he led them three times slowly round the desk on which the Bible lay. The priest continued chanting prayers in a low voice, and the bridesmaid and *père assis* followed, holding the chaplets over the heads of the husband and wife, whose hands touched for the first time, and whose fourth fingers were remarked to be

entwined together, although that is not a part of the ceremony.

They were again led before the altar, where the priest untied their hands, and read the nuptial benediction, after which he received the chaplets, and presented them to Demetrius and Irene, who kissed *them* first, and then each other. All the witnesses followed the example of kissing the chaplets and the married couple, who were then led from the church to the bride's dwelling, with the chaplets carried in front on a tray, and covered with a white napkin. It is customary for the bridegroom to distribute to all present small pieces of money, by receiving which, they pledge themselves to bear witness, when required, that the ceremony was duly performed; they are generally small silver coins with holes in them, through which light blue and white ribbands are tied, being the national colours.

Demetrius marched in front, arm-in-arm with his two friends, and by the joyous expression of his countenance, forming a striking contrast with the sad and studiously dejected demeanour of the beautiful Irene, who followed, closely veiled, and led, or rather borne along by her mother and bridesmaid. The young Benedick and his two friends partook of the *γλυκὴ*, or sweetmeats, offered with a glass of clear water to all visitors in Greece, and soon left the bride and her party to return to their village. A whole week more the intercourse between the villages was entirely broken off, until the first day of the new year, when Demetrius returned, accompanied by all his *supernumeraries*, to claim his wife. The bride never leaves her father's house on the day she is married, but sometimes she will not consent to go to live with her husband, until more than a month after the ceremony. A week is, however, the usual respite which is allowed, and a day less would be looked upon as a derogation of maiden dignity.

The warm rays of the sun had scarcely penetrated the deep shades of the olive wood in which the larger village is imbedded, when the mounted procession gaily wound along the rugged path which skirts the forest. It was on the 13th of January, being the first day of the year, according to the old style, to which the Greeks and

Russians still adhere, that the fair Irene was to leave her home, and exchange the fostering care of her affectionate parents for the uncertain protection of a man whom she had seen but once, and only at the moment when she united herself to him for life. Contrary to all decorum and etiquette, she had not been able to resist the temptation of stealing one glimpse through her veil of her husband, who was preceding her, on their way from the church to her father's house, and though his back was turned, she afterwards acknowledged that that single glance had induced her to wave her right to delay her removal to the larger village. It was one of those lovely days peculiar to the winter of Greece, when the clearness of the sky and the purity of the atmosphere bring the distant hills nearer to the eye, and suffuse that warm and rosy tint over the whole landscape, which adds an appearance of depth and substance so different from the cold and flat surface, with the shadowy outline seen in more northern climes. The sun was not, as during the dog-days in Greece, so powerful as to render it a matter of nervous hesitation whether to strike boldly across the open spaces in the wood, or to follow the more circuitous path under the branches of the spreading olive-trees, while even beneath their shade there was a balmy warmth in the air, which is only enjoyed in that favoured country. On such a day, it is indeed satisfaction enough to be allowed to breathe; life is then happiness. There, no ingenious art is requisite to satisfy man's craving for enjoyment—all modern invention is set at naught, and the monster *ennui* is defied. A stroll through the classic woods, whose profound repose is only broken by the plaintive note of the nightingale, and enlivened by the distant glimpse of the brilliant ruins of some silvan temple, or on the sparkling beach, following with the eye the numberless bright sails ever floating on the tranquil bosom of the Saronic Gulf, cannot fail to call forth a corresponding echo of rapturous enthusiasm from the soul, unless it be indeed depraved.

Demetrius and his party did not take the direct and more level road from one village to the other, but followed the mountain path through the wood, until they came nearly opposite

the smaller village, when they turned their horses' heads, and rode straight across the plain, in the centre of which it is situated. The object of this diversion of route was, that they might bring the bride back by the better road of the two, as it is a custom, on such occasions, not to go and return by the same; and if there is no other road, the bridegroom is expected to ride across the country, however mountainous it may be. The path did not allow of two riding abreast, and therefore they wound along in a single file, among the aged trunks of the olive trees. Frequently they crossed a deep ravine, with a mountain torrent rushing and foaming over the large blocks of white marble which formed its bed, and its banks thickly covered with bushes of oleander, myrtle, and arbutus, whose bright red berries mingled with the delicate white flowers on the same branch, glittered under the leaves of the clematis and eglantine, which hung in festoons across the path. In one of these ravines the fresh verdure was shaded by the spreading branches of the ilex, or evergreen oak, and while the party stopped to let their horses drink in the clear stream, or nip a few blades of the long grass on its edges, a startled goat or two were seen looking down on them, from the giddy pinnacle of a neighbouring rock. Behind towered a gigantic stone pine, whose spreading roots extended round it like great naked arms seeking their scanty nourishment. The print of a deer's foot might occasionally be seen on the soft mud, and the deep ruts under the evergreen oak, bore evidence to the wild boar's appetite for acorns, or rather ilex nuts and roots; a discussion also took place between two of the peasants whether a footmark on the path was that of a wolf or a large shepherd's dog. The scene became gradually more tame as they approached the open plain; and the latter part of their beautiful ride was continued between unenclosed vineyards carefully hoed into ridges.

Another handkerchief was gained by the herald of the approach of the bridegroom, whose progress to the door of his father-in-law's house was frequently impeded by the crowd, who pressed round him, to offer their congratulations, but who were dispersed by a continual fire of slices of a coarse

brown cake, which Demetrius held on his saddle before him, and showered in all directions. When he dismounted, his younger *συμπάγοι* laid hold of him from behind, by the jacket and fustanella, to prevent him from entering the house, while the women of the bride's family seized him in front, and tried to pull him in at the door; this pulling and counterpulling lasted a few minutes, during which the bride's mother, a buxom dame, placed a printed cotton handkerchief round his neck, while she kissed him on one cheek, and gave him a good hearty slap on the other. The two grandmothers and the other female relatives of the bride went through the same ceremony, until the number of handkerchiefs he had received looked like a pedlar's pack on his shoulders, and at length the women succeeded in drawing him into the house, which was the signal for the most deafening cheers from the crowd outside, and the equally noisy musicians.

Two tables were prepared on this occasion with two sheep roasted whole, and the other accompaniments of boiled beans and onions, besides fruits in great abundance, and wineskins at equal distances round the tables, all of which soon felt the effects of the keen appetite acquired by the morning ride and the mountain air. The bridegroom and his *συμπάγοι* were seated at one table, where the *νονός* presided, and his female relations took their places at the lower extremity, where they were hardly ever taken notice of by their lords and masters, who occupied the seats of honour; the other table was surrounded in the same order by the *συμπάγοι* of the bride, and the priest, who officiated at the marriage, sat at its head. The room was hung round with the wardrobe of the bride, and the suit of embroidered clothes which it is customary for her to present to the bridegroom. Irene did not appear, but those of the guests who wished to see her were conducted to a separate room, where she sat, in her simplest dress, weeping and sobbing; she did not speak, but kissed the visitor's hand and pressed it to her forehead. When nothing remained of the two sheep but the different bones, which could be traced anatomically round the tables, the *νονός* arose and gave a toast, which was addressed to the other party, being a short specimen

of rustic Greek eloquence, of which the following is a literal translation: "To the health—to your noble children—to the new married couple—may they live, may they be old, and may they have good heirs—and to *your* turn!" the latter wish was addressed to the unmarried of both sexes. The orator then drank off the cup of wine he held, and as he raised it higher and higher, the whole company clapped their hands, the drum was beat, and the other instruments howled, yelled, and jingled in a discordant *crescendo*, until he had drained the last drop. The *νονός* resumed his crosslegged position, and each one of the guests repeated this ceremony with the same gestures and words. This established speech has been handed down from generation to generation, and the slightest deviation from these identical words is considered a proof of bad taste and degenerate breeding. The bride's mother, on receiving a significant glance from the *νονός*, at length arose and commenced packing in trunks the various articles of dress suspended on cords round the room, consisting of embroidered tunics, veils, and other garments. She also counted and pocketed the small pieces of money contained in a plate destined to receive the voluntary contributions of the guests to lighten the expense of the *trousseau* she had prepared for her daughter; at the same time she proclaimed, in a loud voice, the total amount of its contents, and was answered by the cheers of the whole company. The trunks, bed, and furniture of the bride were then fastened to the pack-saddles of several horses, and the chaplets, on a tray, were intrusted to the care of a little boy, placed stridelegs on the top of the baggage, on the front horse. These chaplets are an object of superstitious veneration, and any accident happening to them is considered the worst omen, and a certain forerunner of conjugal unhappiness. They are always carefully preserved, beside the image of the Holy Virgin, in the bride's bedroom, and are almost worshipped as household gods. The *συμπάγοι* were soon mounted, and the bride, on a white horse, was led forth by the *νονός*; and the farrier priest on foot; Irene's form was concealed by an ample scarlet cloak, and a thick gauze veil, attached to a high head-dress, covered her face, but her eyes

were remarked to be still fixed on the ground, and the nails of one of her hands which grasped her cloak were stained red with *henna*. The procession was preceded by the music, and the bridegroom on a handsome black horse, accompanied by two of the women on foot, whose hands rested on his knees, until they had cleared the village, when they and the bride's two supporters also mounted. The younger of the horsemen then began galloping about the plain, and having been provided by boys on foot, with the short javelins or *djereed* used by the Turks, they chased each other, and threw them with the most extraordinary skill. The activity of the horses was here put to the test, the long and severe bit turning them sharp round and checking them when at their greatest speed, with a degree of violence which threw them back on their haunches, and sometimes unseated the rider. The priest looked on for some time in silence, until he gradually began expressing his praise or censure of the different hits or tumbles, but at last he could contain himself no longer, and forgetting his sacred calling, he plunged the sharp stirrups into his horse's flanks, and threw the *djereed* with an unerring aim, which dealt many a smart rap on the heads of his companions. He rode an iron-grey horse belonging to the superior of a neighbouring convent, and the merry Papas found him active and spirited enough to outshine all the other competitors, for the admiration of the female part of the *cortège*. But this picturesque amusement did not last long, as the party having continued to advance, the road soon left the plain, and the ground became too rough and broken to allow of it.

As they advanced towards the hills, they traversed Plato's farm, which he left by will to his son Adeimantus. The identity of its boundaries is indisputable, as the land-marks described in the will are even now easily traced. This property has passed through many hands. About the middle of the last century it belonged to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, each peasant possessing a few acres; but it was soon appropriated, along with a great extent of land around it, by a Turkish vizier, Hasseki by name, who wished to farm a compact estate in that country. He took possession,

in this way, of the small properties of the Greek peasantry, not only without giving them the slightest indemnification, but also he obliged them to till the land for him, and to construct an aqueduct, to convey water from a great distance, without paying their labour. To such a state of oppression and slavery were the Greeks reduced, when they were still looked upon as Turkish rayahs. The vizier Hasseki bequeathed all the property he had thus seized to his daughters, one of whom died in the Sultan's harem; and her part of the funds thus became, by Turkish law, a legacy to the Grand Signior; while the other, who is still alive, sold her patrimony to a Greek after the revolution. All the Sultan's lands in liberated Greece having fallen to King Otho, Plato's farm is now national property. The near-sighted and unjust policy of the German rulers is here strongly exemplified, as their most natural and most liberal line of conduct would certainly have been to restore these lands to their rightful owners, the inhabitants of the village; while, on the contrary, these enlightened statesmen have not only thought fit to retain possession of them, but to deprive the unfortunate peasants of the meagre advantage of cultivating them as national lands, by establishing there a colony of Germans. These villagers possess no other corn lands; and this arrangement is, therefore, tantamount to depriving them of the means of procuring bread, as it is impossible for them to earn money to purchase it as easily as they could grow their own corn, even by paying a double tenth to Government as on other national lands. Besides, when they possess such an immense extent of uncultivated ground, abounding in favourable situations for colonies, why choose a plain absolutely necessary to the prosperity and even existence of a large village? The Greeks justly ask why they fought for their freedom, with what other object they so manfully drove their oppressors out of the country, if it were not in the hope of recovering their property, so illegally snatched from them. In this case, however, the evil will not be so great as might be expected from such a measure; for even if the feeble and bungling way in which this bright project has been executed does

not prevent its success, it will afford an additional proof, if any is necessary, of the utter impossibility of a foreign administration improving Greece.

As the bridal party proceeded, they passed the site of the *Heraclaeum*, or Temple of Hercules, belonging to the demos of *Hephaestia*. No vestiges of it now remain, except a few blocks of polished marble, which have been made use of in the construction of a small church, dedicated to Mary Magdalene, which stands there. A quadrangle of ruined cottages, which had been occupied by the labours of the Vizier Hasseki, bears witness to the destructive nature of the late war; their inhabitants having been among the first to take up arms, the houses were, consequently, among the first to be burnt by the Turks. The ruins of a tower, also, still exist in a deserted garden, where the old Turk was in the habit of spending a few weeks during the harvest, in order to prevent, if possible, the pilfering of his serfs. In spite of the proverbial cunning to which the Greeks were, in fact, indebted for a livelihood, and which was the natural effect of the injudicious system of allowing them nothing for their labour, a delinquent was occasionally detected, and, according to the tradition of the country, the old Vizier never failed to have a nail passed through his ear into the door of his house, and the unfortunate culprit was left thus for four-and-twenty hours without food. A fountain of clear water, with a Turkish inscription carved over it, still stands close to the tower. This is a sure indication of its having been built for, and occupied by a Turk, as a glass of cool water is considered by them one of the greatest luxuries in summer. They are epicures in water; so much so, that the Sultan Mahmoud was in the habit of having jars filled at a celebrated spring in the Island of Poros, and shipped to Constantinople for his own private use; but, since the Revolution, his august palate is said to have discovered a bitter taste in the water, which did not exist when that island formed a part of his empire, and which has induced his sublime Highness to discontinue the practice.

Half a mile further on, Demetrius and his followers rode round the emi-

nence on which stood the Temple of Pallas, and whence that goddess is said, in the fabulous history of the early kings of Athens, to have transported in the air the rock of *Lycabettas*, which she dropped near Athens, to serve as a bulwark to the Acropolis. This gift was presented by Pallas on the birth of her supposed son, *Erichthonius*, King of Athens. On this spot the sons of *Pisistratus*, when marching from *Marathon*, met and repulsed the *Alcmaeonids*. The ruins of a monastery now occupy this rising ground, which is destined to be the site of the German village. The Bavarian legislators, with their usual want of foresight, have chosen a position so near the Greek village, that, even were there no other cause which could produce a bad understanding between their respective inhabitants, a thousand little encroachments on each other's properties and rights must inevitably sow the seeds of discord. Most of the Greeks are also of opinion that this is the only kind of seed which will ever be sown by the Germans in Greece, although they have not neglected to reap a most abundant harvest.

The procession soon reached the larger village, which they entered in the same order as they had left the other, and as they passed between the lines of houses, showers of sugar-plums were thrown on the bride and bridegroom from the windows; each person who met them also presented her with fruit of some kind as an omen of plenty, while she silently kissed their hand and pressed it to her forehead. Pods of cotton, stalks of flax, and grains of wheat and maize were also thrown on the bride, as an emblem of the general wish for her future activity and industry. Two or three of the young horsemen were armed with immense wineskins, from which they obliged every one they met to drink to the health of the new married couple. Thus they reached the house of *Demetrius*, where the festivities were continued in the same style for three days and nights, while a similar entertainment was going on at the house of *Irene's* father, two or three sheep being killed daily in each house, besides hares, partridges, and even a deer or two. The supper on the third evening was the most important of

these banquets, being the breaking-up of the marriage party, and some peculiar customs were put in practice.

After the party had done justice to the abundant preparations made for their evening repast, and to a gigantic dish of pastry swimming in honey, sent by the bride's mother, the table was cleared, and the wives of the guests after a short absence entered the room, each carrying a round flat cake of nearly two feet in diameter, which she placed before her husband, kissing his hand at the same time in token of respect. Bunches of flowers, and branches of orange and lemon trees in full blossom, and some bearing the ripe fruit, were then stuck in the cakes, thus giving the appearance of a miniature orange grove to the table, while their fragrant perfume added to the illusion. Hundreds of the inhabitants of the village, of both sexes and all ages, now entered the room, and presented to the *συμπίδοροι* handkerchiefs containing raisins, almonds, walnuts, and roasted chick peas, while they received in return slices of the cakes rolled in the same handkerchiefs. This lasted until the cakes were all distributed, when a large pewter tray was handed to the *νοννός* seated at the head of the table. He first devoutly crossed himself, and repeating the same speech as on the former occasion, with the exception of the last words which he changed to, "and may it be a loan!" he counted twelve Spanish dollars into the tray, proclaimed the amount in a loud voice, and drank off the cup of wine with the same accompaniment of clapping of hands, beating of drums, and cheering of the spectators, who stood in crowds round the table. The tray was handed round, each person contributing in the same manner as much as he could afford, and the sums given gradually diminished in amount as the tray approached the lower extremity of the table. It was then returned to the *νοννός*, who counted its contents, announced them to be a hundred and fifty dollars, or about thirty pounds sterling, and tied them in a bag, which he sealed and presented to the bridegroom. Demetrius kissed his hand, and clearing the

room, led out the Demarch's wife, as the person of highest rank, to open the ball. They danced till midnight, and even the worthy priest was again carried away by his enthusiasm; and, though contrary to all precedent, he joined the revellers and jumped as high as any of his congregation. The guests were at length conducted to their homes, marshalled through the village by the four eternal musicians. The same scene was acted in the other village by the bride's *συμπίδοροι*, who also paid for their entertainment. The custom of giving money at the last feast, is a remnant of their ancient republican manners, by which a couple are not prevented from marrying by their inability to amass the sum necessary for the nuptial entertainments; but the expression, "may it be a loan," is the literal explanation of this peculiarity, as the guests are supposed to have children who will marry, and then they expect a similar donation from the persons who had received it from them. There are naturally sometimes exceptions to this rule, as in this case, where a monk was one of the *συμπίδοροι*, and he happened to be one of the most liberal contributors, although his vow of celibacy prevented the possibility of the loan being repaid. The priest was also one of the most munificent; but the Greek clergy, unlike the Roman Catholic, being allowed to marry, he had three pretty daughters, who looked as if they were ready to claim the repayment of his loan. The higher dignitaries of the Greek church, it is true, are never married, but the cause is, that they are always elected from among the monks.

The following morning Irene stood at her door, giving bread to every one that passed, as a pledge of the practice of charity; and she washed one of her husband's *fonstanellas* at the fountain in the open square of the village, in presence of all the villagers' wives, by whom she was conducted home in triumph. This was meant as a public declaration of her resolution to become a diligent and active housewife; and it may be interesting to know, that her resolution was strictly adhered to.

NEW SCHEME FOR MAINTAINING THE POOR.

POOR-LAW SONNETS.

ONE would think that Swift's serious proposal of killing, selling, and eating the children of the Irish poor must have found favour in the eyes of Liberals, Utilitarians, and Political Economists. The law of the land, however, not having yet set aside that item of the decalogue which forbids murder, there is too great risk in putting it in practice. But as the Poor-Law Commissioners' precepts tend to confine that crime strictly to the "shedding of blood," there is no knowing what little encroachments may be yet made upon the commandment under their authoritative sanction; so that great progress having been already made in our civilisation, much more may be expected; vulgar prejudices on the necessity of much feeding may be obliterated, and the poor be made readily to acquiesce in a system of maintaining each other, upon the principle of the lamps that are made to consume their own smoke.

To attain so desirable an object is well worth the deepest study of all philosophers whatever; and the right of disposing of the poor for the benefit of the poor can no longer be disputed. Nature, say the philosophers, furnishes an ample table for a certain number of guests; all who come after the seats are filled are not to be thought of; there must be no crowding, and but that the feast is amply provided for the select number, all aftercomers might be fairly made minced meat of to supply any lack of provisions. I, as every one must, subscribe to this, but only on the plea of necessity. All I say is, that there might be a more humane method of feeding. I propose a plan, and I do hope that, when in an age not very distant it shall be in full play, I shall be considered at least as great a benefactor to mankind as Lord Brougham. He would teach them algebra—I would

keep them alive. He would do his part at other people's cost—I mine at no cost at all.

I am fully aware that science has long been at work, and some admirable inventions are advancing to an astonishing maturity. I have recently attended the lectures of a great political economist, who performed the wonderful operation of making loaves of bread out of saw-dust—wherein it was fully shown that the poor may be made to "lick the dust" with great advantage to themselves and the rest of mankind: "*Vivite sylvæ!*"—and the saw-mill for the tread-mill—and there will never be a lack of grist. I had scarcely recovered from my wonderment at this wonder of wonders, when it was declared, to the infinite satisfaction of a number of Poor-Guardians present, that very good bread had been made out of granite—so that it is to be hoped the sciences may yet come, when, without shame, the poor shall ask for bread and you shall "give them a stone!!!" But however ingenious these inventions are, I fear the processes will require more scientific knowledge than our common bakers are likely for some time to come to possess; at least until the New Schools for Universal and Useful Knowledge shall have been in play half a century. Considering, therefore, the already too expensive machinery set in work by the new Poor-laws—it is to be feared the little saving in the material, should saw-dust and granite supersede wheat, would be eaten up, and perhaps in a more palatable way, by new commissionerships and appointments of scientific bakers, which an earlier adoption of these inventions would absolutely require.* It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I lay before the public my more simple, and perfectly practicable scheme; and I more particu-

* There is, however, one advantage to be derived from it, so paramount in the eyes of our great economists, that we may expect they will make every effort to bring these inventions to bear. Tithes are, by the new tithe law, commuted on the average value of corn—corn would become worthless—ergo—tithes would become so—and is not this a good stone to throw at the clergy.

larly recommend it to the notice of the Poor Law Commissioners, because they will see at once that to enforce it, their full authority will be required, and consequently their importance and their salaries will be secured for ever. It must be assumed that luxuries are not to be admitted into a poor-house. That the maintaining the poor at all is an evil not to be endured but through necessity; and rather to preserve ourselves than them. This is evidently the admitted maxim, the very principle running through the late Poor-laws. And I certainly heard one of the itinerant assistant Commissioners, when developing the laws and promoting the unions, boast that the new poor-houses would not be "too comfortable," that they would be so hard to the inmates, that none, not even the most idle, would stay in them longer than they could help, nor when they might, in any degree short of starvation, maintain themselves, that is keep body and soul together.

Three-fourths of the inmates in a union poor-house may be put down as aged and infirm—the other fourth as children and idiots—so that the large majority being composed of the aged and infirm, it follows that there must be a rapid succession—that in the course of Nature they must die faster than any other portion of the population, and the course of Art under the new medical poor regulations may vie with that of Nature in accelerating the much-wished-for consummation. I would have, then, those that drop off support those that live on; and I think, after the scheme had been in operation a little while, the supply would be regular and certain. There are but two prejudices to get over—the foolish and unphilosophical repugnance to any kind of flesh, and the very useless and wasteful one of burying the dead. For the first it may be shown, that there are countries where people eat their parents, as thinking their own bodies the more worthy depositories of the dead, and would have a superstitious horror of laying them in the earth. For the other prejudice, I do not think it of much moment. It is surely doing quite enough for the poor, if their deaths be duly registered, as by law they now must be (a very great boon granted to them), though attended with much trouble to their survivors. Their names, there-

fore, will be eternized in registers by especial and well-paid registrars; there will be, therefore, dignity of office in the ceremony, and no person could assume more. They will be registered for posterity in a much more flattering manner than by the old tombstone method, and it should be told them that their names will be annually sent to Parliament. I see, therefore, not the least necessity of burial.

The new laws are admirable here—they assert, and cause it to be stuck in large letters on church doors, that none need go to church to be christened—nor to be married—and why then to be buried? The man who bequeaths his own body, as some do, to fertilize the earth, and looks forward to vegetate a full-grown cabbage, proud in death of his philosophy, is undoubtedly a great benefactor to his fellow creatures. All will not thus bequeath themselves—but as those who consume other people's property become themselves substantially other people's property, it is but fair they should be at other people's disposal. There is no getting over that sound principle—so those who consume should by that law be themselves consumed. The mere parade of a funeral is a silly pride—and what is much worse, where retrenchment is all in all, a great expense. It is monstrous that parishes should unnecessarily have to pay so large a sum for a pauper's funeral as they now do—no less than eight shillings and sixpence for coffin and shroud!—all which may be saved by the unions adopting my scheme.

I would have set up in every union poor-house a patent digester upon a new scale, and upon the most improved principles, such as the toughness of some of the materials may require. I would have every man, woman, and child, that shall die in these union houses, boiled down, and made into soup, which will be, I am persuaded, sufficient in quantity to support all the living inmates, if the fast-days are as religiously observed as they ought to be; and in quality quite equal to the celebrated "Black Broth," the public meal of that great people and notable economists, the Lacedemonians.

Still, after the flesh has been all boiled off the bones, it is manifest there will be an overplus—the bones themselves, which must likewise come within the "appropriation clause" of

my scheme. These bones may be partly manufactured into forks and spoons and ladles for the use of the poor. The rest I would have regularly *ground*, made into bread, and distributed to the poor on Sundays. Tread-mills may here be of great use, and thus will be accomplished the great scheme, so long the desideratum of all philosophers—of GRINDING THE POOR FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT. I am here only taking into account the infirm and aged. Sickly and delicate constitutions will occasionally require something approaching to luxury. After, therefore, by a series of lectures, delivered under the sanction of the Poor-Law Commissioners, on the nature of nutriment in general, in order to do away, as I observed before, the prejudices against different sorts of meats, and showing, by chemical and other experiments, that all nutriment is wholesome, and that it is the great matter in all sorts, I think the sickly poor may be brought to relish the more tender food of infants and children, who must of course occasionally die in the houses; a regular certificate from the surgeon and registrar of deaths being just put up in some conspicuous place in the kitchen and eating-rooms that they have not died of measles, no meats, under such circumstances, being considered wholesome. I have been told by a retired sausage-vender that children under twelve years of age, particularly females, are as good and as tender as chicken; of which, indeed, I have heard a confirmation, from the fact, that a converted Indian woman, in a dying state, upon being asked by a missionary, "What he could do for her?" said, she thought she could pick the small bones of a little child's hand, but that now none of her people would kill her one. This was the speech, and more than half-request of one well acquainted with the delicacy, and who

had a return of appetite, as the "ruling passion strong in death." It must have been very shocking to a Christian missionary to hear. But let it not for a moment be supposed that our guardians would, any more than the missionaries themselves, sanction the killing. If, under any emergency, they may seem to do so, it would be under the mildest form of "killing no murder," when it would be an absolute cruelty to prolong the life of the believer.*

But my scheme does not end here. I would have no loss whatever, but all profit. A cow does not die, but she is honoured in her skin; a sheep-skin has dignity conferred upon it, conveys lands and houses to the latest posterity, and is treasured up in iron chests; and why should not the skin of an old woman-pauper, already half-tanned, have its posterior use, and be made serviceable as it might be many ways. I have preferred to mention the skins of old women, because they are believed to be more durable, are better preserved and wrapped in flannels during life, have less wear and tear, and have been less exposed to weather and whipping. Well, I would have these thoroughly tanned. I would have them made into coverings for the Commissioners' † chairs, and the great tables used to cushion the Guardians' pews in the church; and those of the strongest quality and substance for the relieving officers' ‡ shoes, for they need tough materials if they do their duty.

And whereas great complaints have been made by parishes of the cost of the new registers—the unnecessary cost, indeed, for some registers remitted by the Registrar-General, have been, upon sure calculation, declared to be sufficient for a parish for the term of 4000 years;—in this view of the case, therefore, my scheme must have a long perspective; yet I would

* I have here spoken only of the food; should there be at any time a scarcity, I reckon that much nutriment may be conveyed in the water-drink. For instance, the solar microscope has sufficiently shown the immense number of living animalcule in one drop of stagnant and green-pool water. Such water must, therefore, be extremely nutritive, and such exclusively would I recommend to the notice of the Commissioners and Guardians of the Poor. Horses like it best, and they are noble animals.

† A Grand Inquisitor, or Poor-Law Commissioner, thus seated, as it were, in the lap of some industrious old woman-pauper, could no longer be taunted with "lolling in the lap of luxury," nor on a "bed of roses."

‡ It would be a beautiful law of recompense that the relieving officer should sometimes stand in the poor man's shoes,

insert the proposal I am about to make, because the clergy mostly complain, that whatever be the time they may or may not serve their purpose, yet the act subjects them finally to a very heavy penalty if the said registers are in the least degree soiled or decayed. I would then have the "said skins hereafter, in all cases, to be used for covering and binding of such books and registers as the clergy are desired to keep; for surely if the penalty is to be exacted from them, for which only Time should be responsible, it is very desirable the most durable materials should be employed. Thus a great saving, too, will be made in the cost of books, as every parish will be able to supply its own leather. And it should be considered a great privilege and honour to the poor to bear on their backs after they are dead, generations yet to come while they are living. Thus they will be themselves their own veritable genealogical trees, which I cannot but think a source of commendable pride to them who have so little to be proud of; and if this advantage is duly and religiously shown to them from the pulpit, an order for which, without doubt, the Education Commissioners will obtain from the Bishops, who never refuse any thing of the kind, I really think the poor will take much more care of their own skins than they have hitherto done; and I do not see why there should not be a particular law, *de cute curandâ*.

The skins of very young children I would have sold for ladies' albums; for which purpose, embossed with cherubim heads, they will fetch a great price; and the proceeds may greatly help towards paying the salaries of the Poor-Law Commissioners, and the significant innocency of the one source of this income make their office appear more respectable.

I would likewise have the skins of all bastards, and idiots especially, set apart to register those miscalled marriages which have not the sanction of the Church; and I would have them for this purpose stamped, that there may be no mistake—for I would by all means relieve the consciences of those Dissenters who would think themselves defiled and degraded to appear upon the same register with other Christians, and some of them with any Christians at all.

I have here fully developed my scheme. Until it shall be taken up by the Government, many evils of the new Poor-Laws must go on; and as grievances are rendered lighter by being told—and do sometimes produce rhymes when there is lack of reason—and the "Corn-Law Rhymes" have had a great run—I have endeavoured to embody some of the grievances of the New Poor-Laws, in five Poor-Law Sonnets, which have the advantage of having at least double the quantity of rhymes to the Corn-Law Poems; and, I think, a little more reason.

POOR-LAW SONNETS.

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

Good Master Parson Justice: man and wife
 Were I and Simon, by your honour join'd
 Some thirty years ago. No mortal coin'd
 The curse: 'twas taken from the Book of Life,
 On those should part us. Methinks Satan's knife
 Alone can cut that knot. Hath he purloin'd
 The page, and you consent? Or is't enjoin'd
 That ye be ministers of love or strife?

O, Simon, let us lie down in one grave!
 We ask for bread; they offer worse than stones.
 We'll take with us the blessing that God gave—
 Hard law, with little care about our bones—
 And not e'en death shall part us; for we trust
 To rise again together from one dust.

THE RUINED MOTHER.

O cursed is the law that lends its aid
 To full-blown villany to crush the weak!
 Poor Simon's daughter Jane, a flow'ret meek,

Alas ! no wife, a wretched mother made :
 Scorn'd in her poverty and shame, dismay'd,
 Slew both herself and babe. Young Farmer Sleek
 Pass'd by while they in the cold trench were laid !
 " It broke his heart ? " " He had no heart to break."
 " Nor would maintain his own ? " " It is the law :
 Young Farmer Sleek approved it, and could quote ;
 Nor Parson Conscience there could find a flaw.
 He aw'd the Vestries ; gave a liberal vote ;
 Brawl'd for Reforms"—" There ends the tale." Yet more—
 Young Farmer Sleek is Guardian of the Poor.

PARISH SICK AND PARISH DOCTOR.

" Poor Simon's sick." " Then for the Doctor send."
 " The Union Doctor ? He lives far away—
 Seven miles, and has seven parishes, they say,
 And his own private practice to attend.
 Besides, sick Simon has no idle friend,
 Where all must work ; nor has he pence to pay ;
 Nor comes the Doctor without order penn'd
 By th' Overseer—and this is market-day.
 " Then there's for med'cine fourteen miles to go,
 As if the Poor had lacqueys every where
 And the Relieving-officer will know
 When Simon's dead. He should have better fare.
 And Simon dreams they're apt to cut the thread,
 Who farm the Parish sick three farthings by the head."

THE UNION WORKHOUSE.

Nature was strong, and Simon did not die ;
 He had no Union Doctor ; but the Poor,
 When he was up, and sunn'd him at his door,
 Or came to chat, or chatted passing by.
 And sometimes brighter beamed the old man's eye,
 When the good Parson kindly cross'd his floor.
 Thus life with neighbourhood and kindness wore
 A smiling look—and cheered him on to die.
 Then came the Union Law. Drawn in a cart
 To a far distant Workhouse—there confined ;
 No neighbour to drop in and cheer his heart ;
 No village sunshine on his face—he pined—
 Without a crime condemn'd—imprison'd—died—
 And thus th' unconscious Law one charity supplied.

THE POOR MAN'S BURIAL.

Ho ! contract coffins for the Parish Poor,
 Eight shillings each, complete with shroud and nails !
 " An please your Honour, stop within the rails,
 Poor Simon's scarce will reach the big church door."
 " Not take him into Church !" " It will not hold,
 Tho' we have patch'd it up." " I hear no knell."
 " Your Honour, the New-Laws won't have it toll'd."
 " What ! stent a Poor Man's soul a parting knell !"
 " Go, tell his Lordship that old Simon's dead,
 And now they bury him, whose honest hands
 Plough'd, sow'd, and reap'd—his Lordship ate the bread ;
 Bid him repeal harsh laws, that Heaven his lands
 May bless—God's poor not unregarded sleep ;
 Tell him new hands may sow, and God given aught to reap."

MRS TROLLOPE'S VIENNA AND THE AUSTRIANS.

OF all our locomotive country folks who, according to the happy description of the negro, "Take walk, make book," few, we apprehend, can compete in combined activity of pen and person with the acutely observant and diligent lady whose name heads this article. Her literary activity astounds us, she really so overwhelms the reading public with travels and with novels, with pictures, some professedly matter of fact, others satirically idealized, of manners foreign and domestic, European and Transatlantic, that we ask ourselves, in some degree of perplexity, where she was present corporeally, where only in imagination, which is truth, which fiction? Can we, perhaps, derive some light, obtain some assistance in solving this difficult problem, by seeking subsidiary information from such of her brother and sister writing-travellers as have visited the same countries with herself? For solve it we must, inasmuch as it is not of Mrs Trollope's novels, not even of her clever, though we would fain hope caricatured portrait of a Protestant *Tartuffe* of the nineteenth century, that we mean to speak, but of her vivid and graphic descriptions of foreign lands, manners, and customs.

We have made the experiment, which proves so far satisfactory that our mind is now made up as to her book upon the hitherto little-known Austrian empire, being the one we especially desire to examine; but this is not the only result. The experiment has further shown us a whimsical coincidence with respect to most of Mrs Trollope's Travels, which obliges us to recur in the first place to some of her earlier publications, that have long been disposed of. This coincidence appears relatively to her opponents. Almost every where she has the luck to come into collision with professedly Liberalist writers, who, even such as evidently propose to put her down, occasionally let out, amidst their most vehement admiration of democracy and detestation of absolutism, as much if not more against the former and in favour of the latter, as she can advance, whatever be her High Tory prepossessions.

This we can scarcely expect even our habitual readers to believe upon our bare word, and it must therefore be proved. But prior to comparing Mrs Trollope with these rather comically original adversaries, we feel inclined to devote a few lines to the censures so virulently lavished upon her by some of our critical fraternity. The vituperations in question may, we apprehend, verbosely copious as they are, be reduced to heads; to wit, superficiality and Toryism, this last word being held by the critics to whom we allude to include or imply bigotry, obstinate ignorance, want of philosophy, and all the other intellectual crimes of omission or commission laid to the charge of our author. From the last, Toryism, we seek not to justify the lady, conceiving that to it she will readily plead guilty; but upon the matter of superficialness we have a word or two to say.

It is, and has ever been, customary to term female writers superficial. We have no intention of chivalrously taking up the gauntlet in defence of the profundity of feminine science, but we must confess a shrewd suspicion that the epithet need not, just at present at least, be limited to writers of the softer sex; this age is, we fear, the age of superficial writers in general, the age of knowledge, superficial in proportion to its diffusion. With respect to women, they are undoubtedly subject to make blunders which a classically educated man would not make. For instance, a fifth-form-boy would probably not, like Lady Morgan in her *Italy*, take the two Brutuses for one individual man; who killed first his sons, then his father; or introduce a *g* into *Polyarchy* because there is one in oligarchy; or, like Lady Charlotte Bury in her *Love*, use *prototype* for a copy, in which her ladyship is followed by the anonymous authoress of the *Diary of the Times of George IV.*, since we are bound to believe the repeated asseveration that two lady authoresses there are for the two books, and this second lady calling Princess Charlotte the *prototype* of her father, meaning, we presume, what in vulgar parlance is expressed by "the very moral of him."

Neither perhaps would he, with Mrs Trollope, call Semiramis *Semiramidis* by a strange confusion of cases, or apply the epithet *belligerent* to guns and swords, warlike-implements, which, however destructive, are commonly considered as passive not active in their nature, at least in plain prose, and we speak here of no poetic prosopopeia. But we much fear that nowadays even a good classical scholar might fall, nay, that some have fallen into Mrs Charles Gore's mistakes, such as calling a subject Duke his Serenity or Transparency—we forget which, and both are Liberalist witticisms—the title *Durchlaucht*, which is thus “jocosously translated,” being as strictly appropriate to a reigning Prince, Duke or other, as is Majesty to a King or Emperor; and of taking Signor Farinelli, the musical mad doctor or frenzy mediciner of Philip V. of Spain, and subsequently the political agent of his daughter-in-law Queen Barbara, for a royal mistress; or even into some, of which we cannot acquit Mrs Trollope, such as adopting the French orthography, and usually the French forms, for German names, as Saltzbourg for Salzburg, André Hofer for Andreas Hofer (in an English book these things should be English, if not correct German), and placing Constantinople upon the Danube, of which river she distinctly says, “had I not known that its waters reflected the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, and that its name was Donau,” &c. Now, according to our old-fashioned notions, we certainly think that a writer upon Austria, who knows no more of the course and termination of the great Austrian river, has little right to complain of critics who term her superficial; but we have said that such imperfect, or deficient knowledge, is a more universal defect than those critics appear to conceive; and if we may trust to Mrs Trollope or her anonymous informer, one of our brother periodicals of the highest and most cutting reputation, no other than the Edinburgh Review, some four years since perpetrated a similar demonstration of geographical ignorance, by stating Prague to be the capital of Hungary; and when convinced of the real locality of the capital of Bohemia, refused to eat his words.

Need we say more in proof of our

assertion that superficialness is not the especial fault of Mrs Trollope or of her sex, but the characteristic of the age? Nay, that writers in general are superficial is fairly enough admitted by one of Mrs Trollope's Liberalist censurers, and the reason why they are and must be so is judiciously given, though we confess, from an admirer and advocate of democracy, it surprised us, as being rather aristocratic. It is, that ignorant readers make superficial writers, and in an age in which every body reads, of what else can the bulk of the reading public be supposed to consist? Here we entirely agree with the Liberal critic. All authors, we apprehend, except metaphysicians, write for either solid pudding or empty praise, since even the poet, delightedly absorbed as he may be in his own secret or high imaginings, is stimulated and encouraged by visions of glory. Now, if literary reputation or profit are to be distributed by universal suffrage, even without the ballot, neither is likely to depend upon the sound judgment or the profound philosophy of the author, though both may upon his celerity, without which some genius, more akin to the judging minds, might forestall the laborious thinker or investigator. Under such circumstances, can it be expected that even those most capable of philosophic study and accurate appreciation should waste a minute upon either? And what can it signify whether a traveller, man or woman, be superficial or not, so he or she be entertaining? And entertaining, most assuredly, is Mrs Trollope.

In America, Mrs Trollope has to do battle for her views and statements with Miss Martineau; at Paris, with Lady Morgan and Mr Henry Lytton Bulwer; at Vienna with the anonymous but very Liberal author of *Austria and the Austrians*. Now, with respect as well to Mrs Trollope's *Paris* as to the diplomatic Mr Henry Lytton Bulwer's and my Lady Morgan's older *France*, the opinion of the reading public, not to speak of our own, has so long been settled and pronounced, that of them the enumeration may suffice, and we may quietly dismiss them with, “let bygones be bygones.” The case is partly the same with respect to *America*; the same, that is to say, relative to the

animated observer with whom we are at present mainly concerned; but since its due rank has been assigned to her lively picture of American manners and of the vastly agreeable position of the would-be mistress of a family in the land of equality, Miss Martineau has painted *society in America*, and it is the appearance of this production of the new champion of women, the successor upon whom has fallen Mary Wolstonecraft's mantle, that induces us to go back to Mrs Trollope's first book.

It may be asked why we do not place the democratic M. de Tocqueville in opposition to Mrs Trollope, either in preference to, or in conjunction with Miss Martineau? But except his democracy, M. de Tocqueville has nothing in common with Miss Martineau. How could we class with writers who, whilst admitting facts, deny both their causes and their consequences, re-asserting their original opinions at the moment they have themselves refuted them; how could we class with such writers a man of sound understanding, who, despite strong inclination and preconceived opinions, fairly looked at, and saw what was before him; who, having visited the republic, *par excellence* the United States, in order to learn how France might best be made more democratic, returned to Europe, avowing that whatever were the evils, whatever the tyranny of a single despot, or worse, of a despotic oligarchy, they were but as a feather in the scale weighed against the despotism of a majority, against the tyranny of a many-headed tyrant, with more eyes than Argus, more arms than Briareus, each pair of the former stimulated to incessant prying, each pair of the latter to incessant action, by a secret jealous consciousness in each separate proprietor of his own individual insignificance, as a mere part of the great whole, whilst this same mortifying quality of being but a member, not the head, relieves every fractional portion of the conglomerate sovereign from the sense of responsibility, as the control of public opinion is obviated by the circumstance of that very public being in the present case the identical despot, which responsibility and opinion act more or less, and in divers ways upon all other despots,

the Grand Turk, the Shah of Persia, and even the Lord of the Celestial Empire not excepted.

Different, indeed, from the candid and clear-sighted M. de Tocqueville is the champion of democracy, whose admiration of American institutions and their results have recalled our attention to Mrs Trollope's strictures upon that subject. Miss Harriet Martineau, after enlightening the British empire upon every *questio venata* in political economy by tales, the incidents of which clearly and irrefragably prove every theoretic dogma adopted, whether understood or misunderstood, by the lady,—and hard, indeed, had it been, if incidents wholly of her own invention had made against her doctrines—proceeded, trumpet and all, to investigate America. But instead of her political opinions being, like the Frenchman's, modified by the investigation, a red-hot democratic republican she went, and a red-hot democratic republican, as she herself assures us, she returns; and this even whilst she admits as much of the evils of democracy now disfiguring the United States as Mrs Trollope herself could desire, in justification of her anti-democratic views and statements. An assertion so startling, we have already acknowledged, requires proof, and that we will adduce. We shall, however, confine ourselves to two points, conceiving that to make out our case upon those two will be amply sufficient to entitle us to a verdict. The points we propose to take are the Freedom of Opinion enjoyed under the self-government of the people, the other, Manners, respecting which our Tory traveller has been so habitually charged with unfairness, upon the plea that she knew not what good-breeding was, never having frequented the highest English circles when she censured the manners of America—assuredly the oddest cause that ever produced hypocritical fastidiousness as its effect. We begin with the latter, both as the more trifling concern and as that which will be most briefly despatched. Miss Martineau says, Vol. iii. p. 71—

“Of the tobacco and its consequences I will say nothing, but that the practice is at too bad a pass to leave hope that any thing that could be said in books would work a cure. If the floors of boarding-

houses, and the decks of steam-boats, and the carpets of the Capitol, do not sicken the Americans into a reform; if the warnings of physicians are of no avail, what remains to be said? I dismiss the nauseous subject."

As we are not reviewing Miss Martineau, we make no remark upon three thats, and a say and a said in one sentence; but as to the matter, we take leave to ask what Mrs Trollope has said stronger or more decisive of the disgusting habits and manners prevalent at the court of the sovereign people than is here admitted by that sovereign's devoted courtier? The chief difference we perceive is, that the one lady appears to think the annoyance may be endured, while the other deems it unendurable, a difference depending perhaps upon strength of stomach. And all this nauseous vulgarity does not, it seems, according to the same admirer, produce equality, democratic America being troubled with as much desire of exclusiveness as aristocratic Almacks. Miss Martineau tells us at page 32, Vol. iii.,

"A school-girl told me what a delightful set she belonged to at her school; how comfortable they all were once, without any sets, till several grocers' daughters began to come in as their fathers grew rich, and it became necessary for the higher girls to consider what they should do, and to form themselves into sets. She told me how the daughter of a lottery-office keeper came to the school and no set would receive her." [What! Not even the grocer's daughters?] * * "At Philadelphia I found to my surprise that some of the ladies who were my admiration, had not only never seen or heard of other beautiful young ladies whom I admired quite as much, but never would see or hear of them. I enquired for a solution of this mystery. * * * One person told me that the mutual ignorance was from the fathers of the Arch Street ladies having made their fortunes, while the Chestnut Street ladies owed theirs to their grandfathers."

What worsesays Mrs Trollope of the tone of social feeling in the great republic? But enough of Manners. As to the freedom of opinion there existing, Miss Martineau, besides stating that no one dares to express his opinions, Vol. iii, p. 16, *et passim*; that Lynch-law is administered, even by the higher ranks, to all who think

negroes human creatures, tells a story so decisive of this question, that with it we shall conclude our observations upon her romance. We find it, Vol. ii. p. 138, and tell it from beginning to end in her own words, lest we should be suspected of exaggeration or high colouring.

"The students of Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, of which Dr Beecher is the president, became interested in the subject (negro slavery) three or four years ago, and formed themselves into an Abolition Society, debating the question, and taking in newspapers. This was prohibited by the tutors, but persevered in by the young men, who conceived that this was a matter with which the professors had no right to meddle. Banishment was decreed, and all submitted to expulsion but fourteen. Of course, each of the dispersed young men became the nucleus of an Abolition Society, and gained influence by persecution." [So far we have merely a delicious specimen of the republican style of academic feeling and discipline, but the gist of the story, the civil liberty and personal safety enjoyed under the rule of the majority, to say nothing of freedom of opinion, is to come.] "It was necessary for them" [the expelled youths] "to provide means to finish their education. One of them, Amos Dressen, itinerated (as is usual in the sparsely peopled West), travelling in a gig and selling Scott's Bible to raise money for his educational purposes. He reached Nashville, in Tennessee, and there fell under suspicion of Abolition treason; his baggage being searched," [What do tyrannical European *Douanes* do worse?] "and a whole Abolition newspaper and a part of another being found among the packing-stuff of his stock of Bibles. There was also an unsubstantiated rumour of his having been seen conversing with slaves. He was brought to trial by the Committee of Vigilance, seven elders of the Presbyterian church at Nashville being among his judges. After much debate as to whether he should be hanged or flogged with more or fewer lashes" [for wrapping his Bibles in Abolition newspapers!] "he was condemned to receive twenty lashes with a cow-hide in the market-place of Nashville. He was immediately conducted there, made to kneel down on the flint pavement, and punished according to his sentence, the mayor of Nashville presiding, and the public executioner being the agent. He was warned to leave the city within twenty-four hours, but was told by some charitable person, who had the

bravery to take him in, wash his stripes, and furnish him with a disguise, that it would not be safe to remain so long. He stole away immediately, in his dreadful condition, on foot, and when his story was authenticated, had heard nothing of his horse, gig, and Bibles, which he values at 300 dollars. Let no one, on this, tremble for republican freedom. Outrages upon it, like the above, are but extremely transient signs of the times. They no more betoken the permanent condition of the republic, than the shivering of one hour of ague exhibits the usual state of the human body."

And this is thus told without further censure or remark, by a writer whose friends and admirers impugn Mrs Trollope's delineations of American faults and disagreeablenesses as prejudiced and unfair, if not altogether false! Conceiving it unnecessary to add another word to the vindication our anti-American's enemies have afforded her, we proceed to our proper business, Vienna. Here, again, Mrs Trollope has, as before intimated, encountered a rival and politically opposed traveller, who, if not quite so thorough a "whole hog goer" as Miss Martineau, professes himself so liberal, that we incline to think him a Radical, and who yet admits so much good government, so much care for the people, and so much happiness, at least amongst the lower orders in Austria, —though, of course, stopping somewhat short of the lady—as actually startled us liberty-loving Conservatives, after all we had previously read and heard of Austrian barbarism and tyranny. We shall not quit this subject without hazarding a conjecture as to the cause of so great a discrepancy betwixt our former impressions of Austria, and the notions given us by both the works now before us; but this conjecture will come more suitably after we shall have spoken of the books. We shall begin with the anonymous gentleman, because his professed Liberalism will prevent his praises of Prince Metternich, of the administration of the government, &c. &c. from being received with the distrust that the monarchical Mrs Trollope's might excite, and will thus pre-

pare the reader's mind for her frank admiration. A few extracts from *Austria and the Austrians* will answer our purpose, as, although professing more profundity, we confess, that to our mind, this book, like the lady's, appears to be rather a pleasant sketch of the surface of things, than the fruit of a politico-philosopher's deep researches into the arcana of Austrian policy and its results. Some important information, however, he does afford us, showing that Austria is not quite as stationary as we in England have been accustomed to deem her; and with this information, part of which our author extracts from another author—indeed, his book, from its abundance of inverted commas, marking extracts from English as well as foreign authors, looks like a review—we shall begin.

"Dalpizzo, who must, however, be considered as viewing the Austrian Government with a favourable eye, says, and, as far as I have been able to observe (taking the exception of political cases) with truth—

"The abolition of feudal servitude and personal services in Bohemia, Galicia, and other Austrian states, except in Hungary, where the nobility, while they boast of their patriotism and nationality, have generally opposed the ameliorations suggested by the crown in the condition of the peasantry; the abolition of torture; the determined resistance to encroachments of (meaning by, we presume) the Papal authority;* the gradual and considerate suppression of superfluous monasteries; the security afforded to literary property; the establishment of elementary schools all over the monarchy; the abolition of corporeal punishment in those schools; all are matters," he says, 'well-known, at least, to the men of the eighteenth century. It is also,' continues he, 'known, that in every part of the Austrian monarchy there are provincial states, which meet to discuss matters relative to the administration, especially financial, of their respective provinces. They lay the result of their deliberations and their suggestions before the sovereign. In the Italian provinces they are called congregations; of these, there are two central ones; one at Milan, and the other at Venice. They are composed of deputies from three classes—nobles, proprietors not nobles, and deputies of the cities.

* Our Liberal author elsewhere tells us that the whole body of clergy are held in strict subjection to Government.

The communal council elects three candidates for every vacant place, out of which (*sic*) the Emperor chooses one. Their functions chiefly relate to the repartition of taxes between (Qr. among?) the various districts, to military lodgings, and other charges; the inspection of hospitals and other charitable institutions, to roads, bridges, canals, &c. The administration of the municipal and communal finances is especially intrusted to the provincial congregations, of which there is one in every province, and which are composed upon the same principles as the central ones. The central congregations have also the right of making known to the sovereign, directly, the wants and wishes of the nation.

“The Austrian government, although not constitutional, cannot be called despotic. It has fundamental laws, usages, and precedents, from which it does not deviate. The right of private property is held sacred. The Emperor makes general laws for his subjects, but no special or ‘exceptionable’ [does this mean exceptional or objectionable?] ‘ones for particular persons or cases. There is equality before the law, and no odious privilege of cast* is now admitted. There is no abusive influence of either aristocracy or clergy. The judiciary power is held independent, and not interfered with by rescripts from the sovereign. No special commissions are appointed to try particular cases; no arbitrary penalties are inflicted. All those who were condemned for political offences in 1820-5, were regularly tried; several were condemned to death, but *not one was executed*. The proceedings in the civil courts are neither dilatory nor expensive. The conveyance of property has been rendered, by a wise system of registration, as easy and safe as any commercial transaction. With the exception of political cases, the penal code is very mild. The punishment of death is awarded in very few instances. Few countries in Europe enjoy so much material prosperity as the Austrian monarchy.’”

To this quotation from Dalpozzo, we shall add a few scattered statements of the English Liberalist author himself. Of the system of instruction he tells us:—

“The Government has taken special care that the priests should not have the control over public instruction; and the law of 1821, consequent to that of 1819 in Prussia, directs that no village in the hereditary states shall be without an elementary school—that no male can enter the marriage state who is not able to read, write, and understand casting up accounts†—that no master of any trade can, without paying a heavy penalty, employ workmen who are not able to read and write—and that small books of moral tendency shall be published and distributed at the lowest possible price to all the Emperor’s subjects. . . . I have nowhere in Austria met with any one under thirty years of age, who was not able to read and write, and I have found cheap publications, chiefly religious and moral tracts. . . . Besides these, and several small elementary books and periodicals, the *Penny Magazine* is now very generally circulated in Austria. . . . In the eight universities . . . there exists (*sic*) 54 philosophical foundations, with 394 professors, and attended by 7680 students; 55 theological (Catholic), 326 professors, 6120 students; 16 medicine, 150 professors, 4679 students; 1 (Vienna) veterinary, 6 professors, with assistants; and 8 jurisprudence, 57 professors, 3228 pupils.”

Of the different classes constituting the social fabric, we are here told:—

“In this empire the aristocracy, not having legislative or other hereditary privileges, except under an indirect form in Hungary, and under the feudal *descent*s of Bohemia, depend entirely on their *titles* and the *majorats* they establish to preserve their *caste* in society, and their *power* in the country. Before the law, an Austrian nobleman has no advantage whatever over the shepherd who tends his flocks, or over the shopkeeper, of whom the princess or countess buys her Merino dress or Thibet shawl. . . . With us the belief of its deep sensual immorality (of Vienna society) has been entertained. I am disposed to believe it quite as *pure* as that of London, Paris, or St Petersburg. Were there no other evidence of this, the affectionate tenderness with which

* This identification in orthography of *caste* and *cast*, as also the odd use of words we have marked, must of course be imputed not to Dalpozzo, but to his translator, the author of *Austria and the Austrians*.

† Mrs Trollope gives us this further gentle compulsion. “Not only is every child admitted to receive instruction in reading, writing, and accounts, free of expense; but in order to insure their attendance, the children are not admitted to make their first communion if they have not passed through the schools, and regularly pursued the course of instruction prescribed by law.”

mothers of all classes rear their children, would form a sufficient refutation of the general accusation."

Having given this author's testimony against the usual charge of vice, we may add that both he and Mrs Trollope observe upon the total absence of drunkenness in all classes. Descending regularly in the social scale, our Liberal author says:—

"The middle class, or that broad body of people, or demarcation of society, which lies between the aristocracy and the labouring class, forms, in Austria, the *happiest* and most *enjoying* portion of the inhabitants. This class, usually, by means of industry, independent in circumstances, has not only its many *castes*, but, with its *material happiness*, also its *moral vexations*.

The second *caste* of the middle classes comprehend shopkeepers, and the first order of artisans. These are in a most happy physical condition. In fact, the labouring classes in Austria, as I will hereafter show you, when saying something of the agricultural classes, are the most comfortably situated working population that I know. . . . We never encounter beggary."

Our author thus winds up his account of the Austrian Government:

"I entered the Austrian dominions with certainly no favourable idea of the administration of the public offices, or of the details of justice; and, after careful and extensive examination, I am bound to say, that, although there is much that I would change for the benefit of all, I could also prove, by well authenticated, and not to be disputed, statistical facts, that society at large, and families and individuals, have suffered more affliction and pain from confining the unfortunate in the prisons of England and Ireland in one year, by the mere practice of our courts of law, by the rascality of attorneys, and by imprisonment for debt, than all that have been victimized for political opinions, or by the administration of justice, from the year 1780, when Joseph II. began to reign, until his nephew Francis died in 1831."

We think that this may suffice to satisfy our readers that, even in the opinion of a very liberal and confessedly unfavourably prejudiced observer, Austria, though, happily for herself, far in arrear of the spirit of the age, is advancing, if slowly, steadily,

on the path of improvement. For ourselves, we see in the provincial States that he describes, from Dalpozzo, the germ of a future representative constitution, more analogous to the English than the continental model; since the germ appears to us somewhat akin to the beginning of our nascent Parliament in the days of our first Edward; and the whole system shows a tendency to that slow development, that gradual reform of manifold abuses and grievances, by which the constitution of England had reached its practical excellence before the days of theoretic reform.* We will now proceed to the more amusing portions of the work, and extract our author's sketch of Prince Metternich, subjoining Mrs Trollope's account of the same extraordinary man, rather as an intensitive and enlivener, than as a corrective. We give the preliminary remarks to prove our author's political bias.

"I differ from him (Metternich) in my ideas of governing nations, and consider the only sound political principles to be those of civil liberty, grounded on a constitutional government, honestly and fearlessly representing the weal (*sic*) of the people at large, with the franchise of electing those who make the laws, placed upon the broadest footing that the safety of the state will admit; believing, at the same time, that if the people be only properly and virtuously instructed, a mere money qualification is rather dangerous than safe, as such eligibility may be purchased by the unprincipled, licentious rich, to qualify the ignorant and vicious poor, in order to make them subservient for bad purposes

" "Among us in Austria," said Prince Metternich, "our policy is to extend all possible *material* happiness to the whole population—to leave them nothing to desire in that way—to administer the laws patriarchally—to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed—and to maintain the national happiness as it at present exists. Is it not delightful to see those people looking so contented," continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the *volks garden* (public garden), immediately before his palace, "so much

* A Swedish author, whom we met with some years ago, we think it was Grubbe, happily illustrated this by likening the British Constitution to the growth of an animal, the new continental experiments to mechanical machines.

in the possession of what makes them comfortable—so well fed—so well clad—so quiet—and so religiously observant of order? If they are injured in their persons or in their property, they have immediate and unexpensive redress before our tribunals; and in that respect *neither I nor any nobleman in the land has the smallest advantage over a peasant*. Nor have we every small branch of the provincial administrations, as in France, centralized in the capital. The people have their municipal privileges, and they exercise them without our interference. We never, in fact, interfere, except complaints are made to us against the injustice of those in office.'

"The above were, as nearly as possible, his words; and I do not think I ever saw a face in which satisfaction seemed to dwell more evidently than in that of Prince Metternich while he spoke.

... He is a remarkably handsome and healthy looking man. He walks and stands erect. His countenance is open, intellectual, and agreeable, without any formality, and without any fascination in his manner, further than being courteously polite and frank, in a plain unostentatious well-bred way, to all who approach him. He dresses like a well-conditioned, unaffected English gentleman. He talks a good deal, but, I think, seldom so as not to interest. He believes that he has not a personal enemy in the world.

He avows, and has always done so, openly before the world, that he considers the absolute form of government the best—that the people ought to have no political liberty; but, at the same time, that an absolute government should exercise its power paternally, considering its subjects as children (qr. its?), who should be cherished with affection, but who must obey without disputing the authority of the parent.

"The family of Prince Metternich is said to have risen to distinction during the time of Henry the Holy (a new form of Saint Henry), the last of the Saxon Emperors. They possessed the country from the Moselle to Hundsruok. Lothar was, from 1599 to 1623, Archbishop and Elector of Treves. The first prince of the house, Francis George Metternich, was born at Coblenz in 1746, and his son, the present prince, was born in the same city on the 15th of May, 1773. He studied, after a careful preparatory education, at the University of Strasburg. ... As a diplomatist, Prince Metternich always says that a frank declared manner is the most honourable and the most successful."

So much for the Liberalist's opinions

of this repeatedly calumniated man, and we now turn to our Tory's notices respecting him, first observing, however, that a minister who thus uses despotism must be considered, as the Russian Autocrat Alexander termed himself, in conversation with Madame de Stael, *un accident heureux*. Mrs Trollope was invited to dine with Prince and Princess Metternich at the English ambassador's.

"At some word or signal given, Sir Frederic Lamb left the room, and returned with a very lovely woman on his arm, followed by a gentleman whom the least observant eye that ever served 'to guard its master 'gainst a post' could not mistake for an ordinary mortal. . . . Prince Metternich's whole person, countenance, and demeanour are indicative of high station, commanding intellect, and very finished elegance. He led me to dinner, and I had the advantage of his conversation while it lasted. . . . While talking of some of the strange blunders that had occasionally been made by politicians, he said, as nearly as I can recollect and translate the words (for he conversed with me in French), 'I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles as certain as those of chemistry, if men, instead of theorizing, would only take the trouble patiently to observe the uniform results of similar combinations of circumstances.' His highness also, while at table, told me an anecdote that I may repeat without scruple, as he concluded it by saying, 'Je vous fais cadeau de cela.'

"At the time Ali Pasha, the celebrated rebel, ventured to raise his banner against his master the Sultan, Prince Metternich received a letter from him, in which, after some polite acknowledgments of his high esteem and admiration, he proceeded to the business that led him to write, which was to request that the Prince would immediately despatch to him a 'constitution maker,' as he was desirous of ruling the country he was about to conquer, 'after the most approved European model;' but as we happened, continued the Prince, 'to be on the most amicable footing with the Sultan, whom it was his purpose to dethrone, I was obliged to decline the patronage he so obligingly offered me.'

"The Prince is of middle height, rather thin than otherwise, with handsome and regular features; his hair quite grey, and the prevailing expression of his countenance that of mild benevolence; but in his light blue eyes there is a character of deep and earnest thoughtfulness that is

exceedingly remarkable. His person and manners are eminently dignified and graceful; and there is moreover such an air of calm philosophical tranquillity in his aspect, that had I been told out of an hundred gentlemen chosen at hazard, to select the one who for twenty-five years had held a steady and unvacillating course, while all beyond the circle of his influence had blundered, trembled, and tottered, I am very sure I should have made no mistake.

"About a week before this dinner party, I was at the house of a lady who was among the first that called upon me after my arrival here. It was an evening party, and two rooms were full of company. * * * The conversation fell without a shadow of reserve upon the Minister; and so perfectly free and unrestrained was the discussion, that I could not resist uttering a remark upon it, observing that I had not expected to find political subjects canvassed in a manner so perfectly unreserved, in the salons of Vienna.

" 'There is no place in the world where it is more common to meet with free discussion,' observed a gentleman who had been very freely blaming what he called a want of literary patronage in the Government of Austria. 'There is no place in the world where there is less interference with private opinion. Though there are several points of Prince Metternich's policy that I think I should not adopt if I were premier, there is no point of his conduct that does not command my highest esteem. I am persuaded, that if, instead of temperate discussion, he could overhear the most offensive personal observations against himself; if indeed any Austrian could be found to utter them, he would neither testify nor feel the slightest emotion of displeasure. But were he to learn that any act or word which could endanger the tranquillity and well-being of the country were either committed or uttered, he would not rest till it was checked and rendered harmless by some means or other. * * * After twenty-five years of power greater than has ever fallen to the lot of any Minister in any country, I do not believe that there is a man to be found who can say that Prince Metternich has ever injured him.'

"The conversation of Prince Metternich is calculated to leave a deeper impression on the minds of all who have enjoyed it, than every thing else they may

leave behind on quitting the scene in which he moves. * * * The effect he produces in society is felt by all who enter it with him; he never opens his lips without exciting a degree of attention, and a vividness of expectation in every one around him, that, if once witnessed, would sufficiently mark the sort of estimation in which his conversational powers are held, even were the observer denied the advantage of listening and judging for himself. * * * 'You should have stayed later last night. He talked a good deal after you went; he often talks most towards the conclusion of the evening; you must remember this,' has been said to me repeatedly by various persons, far differing from each other; but all agreeing in the belief that the kindest thing they could do for a stranger was to give her a hint as to the times and seasons most propitious for hearing Prince Metternich talk."

The praises of the Minister may be appropriately followed by our Liberalist's character of the late Emperor, and some of the Tory lady's anecdotes of the passionate love borne him by his subjects. The former says,—

"Francis II. of Austria" shuddered at the name of Philosophy, and would sooner have admitted the devil into his society than Voltaire. He restored a few of the monasteries suppressed by Joseph II., and paid great deference, but gave little power to the priests. He went at regular hours to hear mass, confessed, &c. * * * Francis was fond of the society of women, yet faithful to the marriage-bed. He loved his obedient people, and delighted to see them. He gave all classes a free audience twice a week; he attended to their petitions without distinction of persons; and he was fond, to the extreme of vanity, and perhaps it was his only vanity, of believing himself implicitly considered by them as their father, and in believing them, especially the Austrians, as children who enjoyed his most parental affection." [We do not quite make out this construction of this last part, and indeed are not seldom posed by our author's syntax, but the meaning is clear and satisfactory.] "Certainly no monarch was ever more loved than he was by his German subjects, who daily repeat anecdotes of the goodness of VATER FRANZ.†

"During the cholera, the Emperor when walking, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, near Lehnbrunn, met a bier carrying a body to the cemetery, but not followed by

* He was Francis II. of the Holy Roman Empire, Francis I. of Austria.

† The genuine Austrian form, we believe, requires a final *l*, as VATER FRANZL.

any one. The Emperor asked, 'Why the corpse was abandoned?' 'It is probably that of some poor, friendless person,' replied the aid-de-camp. 'Well then,' said the Emperor, 'it is our duty to accompany it to the grave.' So saying, the Emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aid-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetery, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. 'This,' say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, 'show how sensible our good *Vater Kaiser Franz* was of human equality.'

"The French considered Francis *comme une sorte de Roi fainéant*, and the English may also, to some extent have taken this upon *Gallie trust*; but I have said that the late Emperor was not an idle prince. No, Francis was laborious, active, and vigilant. He understood not only all the languages, but all the dialects of his empire. He rose early, and often worked twelve hours a-day."

Turn we now to Mrs Trollope for proofs of the grateful affection this excellent filial despot awoke in the hearts of his subjects. The first time she mentions this feeling, is on occasion of visiting the royal tombs on All Souls Day, or, as she is pleased to call it in French, *la fête des morts*.

"The great point of general interest is the crypt of the church belonging to the convent of the Capucins, for there lie interred the imperial family of Austria. The vaults are on this day open to the public; and we have spent a considerable time within their gloomy recesses, both for the purpose of looking ourselves at this receptacle of the royal dead, and for that of watching the use made of this annual privilege by the people. . . . The crowd of pilgrims who came, upon this day, to gaze upon the coffin that contains their idol, the late Emperor Francis I. of Austria, was too numerous to permit any very accurate examination of them."

"Were I simply and fully to describe to you the strong emotion manifested by the throng, still passing on, but still renewed, when at length they had won their way across the imperial sepulchre to the grating which gave them a sight of the Emperor Francis' coffin, you would hardly give credence to the truth of my tale. . . . Of all the spectacles I have ever witnessed, it was the most striking. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, pressed on together to the tomb of their common father; neither sex,

age, nor condition were observed in this unparalleled *mêlée* of general emotion; and I believe truly, that of all the multitude who thronged that dismal vault, we alone profited by the light of the torches which made its gloom visible, for the purpose of looking on as mere spectators of the scene. We watched tears stealing down many a manly cheek from eyes that seemed little used to weeping, and listened to sobs that spoke of hearts bursting with sorrow and remembered love, beside the tomb of one who had already lain there above two years—and that one an Emperor! Between him and the people that thus freshly weep for him, there must have been a tie more closely drawn than we, in our land of freedom, can easily understand. . . .

"We have passed this evening at a party, where I mentioned to several persons how greatly the strong emotion we had witnessed in the royal catacombs surprised me. The answer was the same from all. 'Had you known the Emperor it would have caused you no astonishment.' 'Would it surprise you,' said a lady of the party, 'to see children weeping upon the grave of their father? Our Emperor was more than a father to us.'"

This alone rests upon the writer's personal knowledge and observation; but the following anecdotes, having been related to her by Princess Metternich, may assuredly be allowed the sanction of good authority.

"After a severe illness, by which his life was so nearly threatened as to throw the whole empire into the most acute alarm, he was permitted by his physicians to take an airing in a close carriage. The joyful tidings of an event that proved his convalescence spread through the city, and an immense multitude crowded every access to the *Bourg** up to the very door at which his equipage was stationed. The Emperor entered it, and drove slowly through the dense throng, watching with deep emotion the happy countenances of his people, and the hands and eyes uplifted, that called down blessings on his head. At length his wish to make his wonted salutations in return overcame the caution which had been enjoined; and he let down the glass, putting forward his head to greet them."

"The feeling, or, at any rate, the movement which this produced, was as little as possible like what a stranger might have expected. Instead of welcoming the condescending kindness with vivats and hurrahs,

* *Bourg* is the German for castle, and the author of *Austria and the Austrians* calls the Vienna palace the *Hof-burg*, i. e. palace-castle, or court-castle,

there rose throughout the crowd a shrill deprecating cry of 'No, no, no!—Oh he will catch cold—he will catch cold!'—and those nearest the window, without waiting for the imperial consent, seized on the frame of the window, drew it up, nor relaxed their hold till it was secured from within.

Wednesday morning in every week was set apart by the late Emperor for the free reception of all orders of the people who wished to see and speak to him face to face. No interest, no ticket, no introduction of any sort was required to obtain admittance to the room in which he sat, and to which the motley throng mounted by the great stairs, without the impediment of any ceremony whatever, except that each as he passed up received a card with a number on it, in order that, if they wished to address the Emperor on any subject important to themselves, they might claim to be heard in order.

"After such as had petitions, or requests of any kind to offer, had been listened to, the Emperor used to walk in among those who had not addressed him, saying, 'Well, my children, what is there I can do for you?' and never did one of these patriarchal audiences end without his being told by numbers of those who formed it, 'We are not come to ask for any thing—only to have the pleasure of looking at you.'"

Leave we now the beneficent administrator of a degree of power which every British spirit feels, and British understanding knows, ought never to be intrusted to fallible hands, and proceed to select from Mrs Trollope's pages matter of amusement and interest, affording instruction to the reflective mind. Yet ere we do so, we ought, perhaps, in fairness to those whose awkwardnesses of style and grammatical solecisms we have already noticed, to point out the incorrectnesses occurring in our last extract—to wit, the repetition in the same sentence, the signification differing, of the phrase "in order," and the force put upon the word "audience," to make it serve two purposes. But to carp at such or other inaccuracies, and we have passed by some, when we are generally pleased, is an ungrateful task, especially when the writer censured is a woman, and gladly do we escape from it.

Brilliant as are Mrs Trollope's powers of description, they need no illustration from her present volumes; and

the country through which she passed to Austria is so much better known than that empire, that we at once turn over her journey, although we cannot help applying to her account of the manifold miseries of her tedious voyage down the Danube to Vienna in a sort of market-boat, the exclamation of Molière's old *père noble*, "*Mais que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?*" There surely were upon the banks carriages to be had, in which to travel in a more Christianlike way.

Her picture of Vienna society, in all its various grades, would require, to do it any sort of justice, more space than we can afford, and for that we must, therefore, refer our readers to her volumes, which we feel assured will be almost universally perused. This subject we quit, confessing our suspicion that, except when conversing with or listening to Prince Metternich, the brilliant, first-rate, exclusive society, into which both our authors seem to have been, somewhat anomalously, admitted, was *tant soit peu* dull. A sketch of the appearance which, with its variegated population, the city presents, is more capable of being extracted, and we give it.

"If you pass before one of the handsomest mansions in the city, and ask to whom it belongs,—'To Sina, the Greek merchant,' will be the answer. If you pass a large coffeehouse whose appearance proclaims it the resort of wealth, and whose vapours fill the air, as it wafts by, with the assurance that it is the *musée* (*sic*) of good coffee, enter it, and you will find yourself surrounded with turbans and caftans, with hookahs and meerschauts, while its richly clad customers, instead of looking as if they were melancholy wanderers in a foreign land, will show by their portly presence that they consider themselves as welcome, and as much at home there, as if they had never laid siege to the city, or barbarously battered the spire of St Stephen's. A black-eyed, clean-limbed Bohemian* is here an honoured servant of the empire, even when most lowly born; and often a wealthy manufacturer from among them visits the fair in a costume that might make the fortune of a melodrama. Hungarians, Sclayonians, Croats, all assemble here with the exclusive trading privileges of Austrian subjects, and in dresses, at this

* We trust Mrs Trollope does not confound the French *Bohémien*,—*anglicé*, gipsy, with the real Bohemian.

season particularly (the November fair), unspeakably whimsical and picturesque.

"As for the children of Israel, to describe to you well and learnedly their position here, would be no easy task. They are clothed in sable and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. Thus much I can certainly take upon me to assert; but how far they are, or ever will be, kindly and affectionately amalgamated with the other members of this Christian and Catholic empire, is a question that I will not undertake to answer."

We have given our Liberal author's testimony to the fairness of the administration of justice in Austria. To this we may add, on the other hand, as if the writers had changed sides (Mrs Trollope's statement), that the courts of justice close their doors to the public during all their legal proceedings, but that the records of those proceedings are open to inspection by any person, properly introduced and recommended. How far these conditions do or do not act as a limitation upon the subsequent publicity, we find no explanation; but we do find an instance of crime, with its antecedents and consequences, so characteristic and so singular, that with it we shall conclude our extracts:

"On looking from my windows a few mornings ago, I was startled by seeing a prodigious crowd assembled in the *Place*. Half the extensive area of the *Hohen* market was filled by a closely-packed mass of human beings, who had collected themselves in front of the large building at the lower end of it, which is appropriated to various uses connected with the civic police.

"My maid soon appeared with the intelligence that a murderer was to be exposed upon a stage in the front of the *Maison de Police*. * * * The culprit is a young man of twenty-two, an orphan, with no relative or connexion whatever but one only sister, two years younger than himself. A few months ago, this sister, who was in service, complained to him that her mistress was very unkind to her, and, moreover, had given her a blow. It requires no very long study of the Austrian people to understand, that such an offence as this might make a deeper impression than much which, in other countries, might be considered as a deeper injury. There is a vast deal of sturdy independence about them. This does not lead to resistance or resentment under punishment inflicted according to law, but

it renders them very restive under any correction not so sanctioned. The lower orders are not accustomed to be ill-treated, and they do not bear it patiently.

"This blow was more than the boy, in his character of sole protector, could bear; he took his sister from her service, and, having placed her in another, contrived immediately to make acquaintance with her successor in the place she had left.

"It seems that for several weeks past it has been his custom to wait for this girl at the fountain, whence she drew water, and observing two or three days ago that several water-carriers, who were waiting, would have to take their turns before hers arrived, he hastened to the apartments of her mistress, rang at the door, which was opened as he expected by the old lady herself; and, having thrust the unhappy woman back into her bedroom, he drew forth a knife which had long, as he avows, been kept ready in his bosom, and stabbed her to the heart. He then quietly retired without having disturbed any of those who inhabited the same house. She survived the blow just long enough to tell her servant, when she returned, whose hand had given it. Immediate search was made for the young assassin, and he was soon found at work at his usual place, a carpenter's workshop. The moment the officers of justice appeared he laid down his tools, and prepared to follow them, saying, 'I know that you are come for me, and I am quite ready to go with you.'"

Every Austrian knows, as we are told, that, by the Austrian code, no proof of guilt can so far supersede the necessity of the criminal's own confession as to sanction his execution. But this youth sought not safety; he confessed at once, and was sentenced to death.

"His exposition to the public gaze lasted ten minutes, during which time he stood upon an elevated platform, which placed him conspicuously before the eyes of the whole multitude; and whilst he stood there, his sentence was read aloud from the advanced balcony of the *Maison de Police*. He was then taken down, and the crowd dispersed as quietly as it had assembled.

"The following morning, however, at an early hour, a crowd began again to gather on the same spot. * * * This multitude, or at least as many of them as wished it, were admitted one or two at a time into the interior of the *Maison de Police*, in order to visit the wretched young man, whose penance or whose privilege it was—for I cannot find out which it is considered to be—to sit and receive the visits of as many of his fellow-citizens as chose to gaze upon him.

"Mr H—— joined himself to a party who were entering, and was led by them into a small room, which had very little the appearance of a prison; but at the extremity of it sat the criminal with his confessor beside him, and before them a table, whereon was placed a crucifix between two lighted candles. The priest had a book before him, from which he read some sentences in a low voice, while the prisoner, whose limbs were perfectly free, smoked a long pipe, which a man, who appeared to be one of his jailers, replenished for him when it was exhausted.

"Mr H—— said that the countenance of the unhappy young man has nothing ferocious in it, but that the expression is stultified, and almost brutal in its heavy dullness." He seemed to take little heed of the scene before him, excepting that as every new comer threw a piece of money to him, on a napkin spread behind the crucifix on purpose to receive it, he slightly bent his head to catch. The money thus collected is entirely at the disposal of the prisoner. If he be a pious Catholic, he will dispose of it in masses to be performed for the repose of his soul; but he is permitted, if such be his wish, to expend it in eating and drinking whatever he may choose to command, during the last day and night of his existence, or he may bestow it on any surviving friend.

"His execution is fixed for the day after to-morrow.

"In the course of yesterday, rumours began to circulate of the Emperor's intention to change the punishment of death to that of imprisonment, and to-day the rumours are fully confirmed. . . . The fact that the dreadful outrage was committed to avenge the wrongs of an orphan sister, and the circumstance of these two young creatures being left alone in the world, save for each other, has (*sic*) certainly softened all hearts towards him.

"As for the kind and merey-loving Emperor himself, he would have been likely enough to have made a reason, if he could have found none, that might have excused him from putting his hand to the death-warrant of a fellow-creature. The Emperor Ferdinand has never yet performed this painful duty. . . . A man attempted, some time ago, to shoot him at Baden. Not only did the Emperor immediately declare that the assassin's life should not be forfeited, but when the man was placed in confinement, the kind-hearted monarch commanded that aid should be afforded to his wife and children, in order that they might suffer as little as

possible for a crime of which they were not guilty."

A day or two after the reprieve, or at least after the date of the letter announcing it,† Mrs Trollope visited the prison in the Leopoldstad, one of the suburbs, escorted by the governor, Count Baeth, if such be indeed his uncouth though noble name. She found order and cleanliness perfect, food good though meagre, and the whole managed, as we gather from her description, much according to one of the American experimental schemes, we forget whether Auburn or which other, and she does not even notice the similarity. But we so far prefer the Austrian system of prison discipline to the American, that silence whilst working in company is here enforced openly, and not as there by *espionage*. Our traveller further found chains of various kinds unused, and, in answer to her enquiries, the Count, upon one occasion, said—

"It was formerly the custom to secure the prisoners at night by fastening round a leg of each of them a chain secured to these rings; but the late Emperor forbade the continuance of the practice, averring that it was the duty of those to whom the custody of these unfortunate people was consigned, to take care that their escaping should be prevented by the watchfulness of their guards, and not by the increase of suffering to themselves."

The hospital wards, however well arranged and conducted, the lady visitor was naturally inclined merely to glance at; but one of them her *cicerone* thus urged her to enter:—

"'Il faut entrer ici,' said he; and as we walked up the room, he told me that the young man who had recently been condemned to death for murder, and reprieved, was lodged there. This wretched boy sustained hearing the judgment which condemned him to death with so much calmness, that many thought it testified the indifference of a nature equally hardened to crime and its consequences. He could not, however, receive the words which announced the change from death to life with equal firmness. I think I before told you that he fainted on learning that his life was spared; and I now found that, for many days after—

* This scene is one of the many illustrations of these volumes from Mr Herwin's pencil.

† The practice of writing letters for the press, not for the post, always betrays itself, and both these books of travels are in truth pseudo letters.

wards, he continued in a very weak and doubtful state."

Evidently more days had intervened between his reprieve and this visit to his prison than between the dates of the two letters.

"Instead, therefore, of his being sent off immediately to Spillberg, according to the letter of his sentence, he was placed in the hospital of the Leopoldstadt prison. For several days he remained incapable of taking nourishment, and looked, they told me, like a person slowly recovering from a desperate fever. For the last day or two, however, the vigour of his age has been triumphing; his appetite and strength have returned, and, in a day or two, it is intended to remove him to the place of his ultimate destination. . . .

"When at last we reached the spot where stood the young ruffian who had proved that he could both love and hate with such terrible violence, I saw before me a being who, of all the inmates of the room, was perhaps the last my sagacity would have pointed out as a murderer. His flaxen hair, his youthful aspect, and the paleness which still remained from his recent illness, all contributed to give him an air of gentleness, or perhaps I should rather say of tameness, that at the first glance quite set my science at fault.

"Nevertheless, I was startled, more than did credit to my wisdom, when he darted forward to meet us, extending that ruthless right hand, which had so recently been drenched in a helpless woman's blood. His purpose was to take the hand of Count Baeth, in order to kiss it, according to the custom of the country; but the Count drew back, putting, if I remember rightly, his hand behind him, yet without expressing either displeasure or surprise."

Our readers, we apprehend, by this time fully participate in the amazement we experienced upon the first perception of the extraordinary dissimilarity displayed by the pictures of Austria and her Government presented to us, as well by the philosophic Liberal as by the Tory lady, from all the notions we had for years been imbibing of a people sunk in and stupified by sensual and vicious indulgences—of a blindly bigoted Government sedulously promoting the sensuality, if not the vice, in order to prevent a glimmering of light from penetrating the palpable obscure of the subject mind, and inhumanly as inexorably punishing any individual

who even dreamt of emerging from the slough, not of Despond, but of slothful ignorance. This, then, is the place for examining into the cause of this dissimilarity, or, to speak correctly, of the erroneous ideas that have now been rectified—a cause which we conceive to be twofold.

In the first place, France is, both naturally and politically, inimical to Austria; and the French assert their opinions, true or false, with an undoubting confidence, that induces the rest of Europe, England included, implicitly to receive as certain what is so positively enunciated. Nay, we ourselves, aware as we are of this propensity, despising, reprobating, and guarding against, are but too often, it seems, borne unconsciously away by the current. Thus, we conceive, has an unfavourable impression of Austria been originally taken upon "*Gallic trust*."

The second cause of error is more recondit, and therefore more pardonable, although, when adverted to, it appears self-evident. The impartial travellers who have misrepresented Austria visited not the hereditary states, but the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Now, not only may and must forms of administration congenial to the tranquil, corporeally enjoying, and mentally contemplative German be repugnant to the impetuous and aspiring sons of the South, but even were the Austrian Government ever so skilfully adapted to Italian nature, the Italian provinces are not original, integral parts of the empire, but conquered or acquired dependencies. They must feel indignantly humiliated at being ruled by a foreigner, an ultra-montane barbarian, as Italian pride still considers a German; and we even doubt whether all Bonaparte's talent and splendour could have rendered annexation to France palatable had he not himself been of Italian birth, race, and name. In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom there must then be discontent, often action, as often repressed by coercion; nor can any generous spirit avoid sympathizing, in some measure, with that discontent.

We ourselves, Conservative as we are, and believing, as we now do, that the Austrian Government is gradually raising her people in the intel-

lectual scale, and, whether consciously or not, preparing them for future rational liberty, must confess that the same revolutionary movement which, in Austria, would shock us as the revolt of children against a wise and kind father, we should, in Italy, feel to be a gallant though injudicious struggle for national independence, hard to blame, however much to be regretted. And thus, from angry Italians, have we adopted or received the corroboration of our Gallic prejudice against Austria.

But ere we lay down the pen, we must add a word to guard ourselves against misapprehension. Such feelings, as we cannot but sympathize with in the Italians, are not, ought not, to be extirpated; but, like all the passions actuating humanity, they require to be carefully and firmly regulated and controlled. The day will come, we doubt not, when Italy, united into one state, shall be inde-

pendent, powerful, and prosperous. But Italy, in the disjointed condition that has lasted for centuries, and that still continues, knowing only a narrow local patriotism, and burning with intestine strife, with provincial, mutual hatred, is utterly unripe for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished;" and we, individually, scarcely hope for length of life sufficient to see even the dawn of that auspicious day. Mean-while, far be it from us, far be it from any philanthropic statesman, to be so extravagantly led astray, by the abstract love of liberty, as to excite or to encourage, in that portion of Italy which we now believe in our heart to be the best educated, the best governed, and the happiest part of the peninsula, any premature, and therefore assuredly unsuccessful, and if assuredly to be unsuccessful, unjustifiable effort, even for that first of blessings—national independence.

COURT AND CABINET GOSSIP OF A NEW REIGN.

THE ACCESSION.

THE majority of the Princess Alexandra Victoria, contingent upon the demise of the late monarch before the full term of lawful years was accomplished, was more fortunate for the country than welcome to certain parties. A regency, with Sir John Conroy at the head of the royal *menage*, might have been more profitable as well as pleasant in more senses than one. Even as it was, the aspiring equerry of Kensington, who had ruled with absolute sway the royal household—who had regulated at pleasure the destinies of its angust inhabitants—doubted nothing of being

the future Mayor of Buckingham Palace. If he mistook his own position and prospects, they had no less been misapprehended by others. Sir John was not the man to hide his light under a bushel; he blazed it in all eyes and places, so as to leave no shadow of mistake for those whose sight was unbleared and whose ears were not stopped up. The old King had a mortal antipathy to that sort of vulgar puff and advertising extraordinary,* and, as might be expected, it was not more palatable to the royal niece. Whilst in leading-strings the nuisance had been but impatiently tolerated, but when the royal maiden

* So offensively obtrusive was his manner that at more than one drawing-room he was *rumped* in the most unmistakable way by William IV., than whom no man ever possessed a nicer sense of the proprieties of conduct in others, however family affections may in his own case have blinded him to their rigid observance. Like all *parvenus*, the equerry was utterly deficient in that outward *retenue* never lost sight of by well-bred people, however elevated by fortune and in whatever circumstances placed, which delicately avoids the possibility of compromises, groundless suspicions, and injurious imputations. On one occasion of a court exhibition of Sir John's, in the coarse and forward style alluded to, a statesman present, distinguished for his habitual prudence and power of self-command, could not help exclaiming to parties near him, "this is really too disgusting."

stood forth a queen confest; it was at once abated*—the fiat was issued—the decree irreversible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. There was weeping and wailing in the Palace, but none among the household, where the subaltern tyranny had long been insupportable. Most royally gilded, in sooth, was the bitter pill; Sir Knight became Sir Baronet, with a pension of L.3000 a-year on the privy purse—Irish brass, nothing daunted, had demanded a peerage and a treasurership. The newly coined Baronet was sent to console himself to his estates in Wales—more substantial than *chateaux en Espagne*—there, amidst the bearded and venerable tribe that browse on the sides of hoary Snowdon, to lament that Fortune's jaded steeds would no farther whirl him; there to weep over the day that, for the blandishments and pageantries of a fickle court, he ever forsook the happy scenes of native nothingness—that ever he exchanged the mud hut of his fathers, amid the bogs and the piggeries of wild Connaught, for pension positive or peerage in perspective. There, however, in juvenile† Gallia, better for him had he rested, for, town returning, he may have found, perchance, that friendship, like love, glows none the fiercer for absence. He may have learned that other equerries have crossed or are crossing his path—the path that led to fortune—that other stars are in the ascendant, and that even that of Conroy must quail in diminished lustre before the rising glories of the star of Cavendish.

In the retirement to which Sir John seems condemned he will have leisure to reflect upon the intrigue so artlessly constructed and so effective, undesignedly of course, by which the

latter days of an aged monarch were embittered. When the Princess arrived at the contingent majority fixed by law, an establishment upon a larger scale and more independent was felt to be fitting for the heiress presumptive. At Kensington an application to Parliament was the favourite scheme, and from Belgium it was said to be first suggested—by the Whig Ministers it was underhand encouraged. If ever monarch were attached to the next heir to all his greatness, William IV. had all a parent's love for his youthful and interesting successor that was to be, who with equal warmth returned his affection. But for an heiress presumptive only he felt that a call on the nation would be unbecoming, if not unprecedented; he felt also the claims which a beloved relative had on his bounty. Out of his own private purse, therefore, he proposed to allow her the sum of L.10,000 per annum, but subject to her own control, and for her own use alone, to enable her to support the dignity of her rank, to enjoy the pleasures suited to her age, and to indulge in the charities natural to her disposition. So generous a proposal was surely entitled to gratitude—such desires were surely deserving of respect; at Kensington they were regarded with neither. The royal bounty would have been accepted indeed, clogged with the condition that Sir John, the indispensable Sir John, should be the treasurer to receive and the comptroller to disburse; but the aged monarch might have heard of royal debts mysteriously existing, and said to be the Duke's; he feared, perhaps, his bounty might have been swallowed up in interests and premiums on bygone loans for a royal household—he declined in any case an

* At the first drawing-room after the Queen's accession, Sir John was cut in as signal a fashion as before by the late sovereign. When announced, and advancing to bow his homage, her Majesty turned her head away and affected not to see him.

† According to Professor Sedgwick, a sage who must have studied the subject in Merlin's cave, if not with Merlin himself, deep in the bowels of the earth, Wales is a younger sister of England, by, however, some thousands of years only. The discovery of the Professor, stated indeed to have been the result of personal investigation on the spot, was imparted with becoming gravity to the ambulatory conclave of Solomons, styled "The British Association," at their late revels in Liverpool; of course in such company it was received with thunders of applause. What will Mr Coney-beare say to this for his native country? Of course the assembly of simpletons did not know, what is notorious to every body at Cambridge from the chancellor down to the bedmaker—that the worthy professor is a most awful wag.

intermediate agency for the passage of supplies intended for his royal niece and for her only. Whig diplomacy was put in requisition upon the occasion; angry notes passed, to which on one side an innocent Princess was made to affix her autograph—the treasurership was the *sine qua non*—the sickening Sovereign indignantly refused the intromission, and, in the midst of this unseemly intrigue, which planted with thorns his dying pillow, he departed this world. It is said that he wished . . . the bed of death might have been soothed by one more beloved presence . . . in vain. The Queen, however, has nobly avenged the wrongs of the King and the Princess upon one party at least; and if the equerry, from considerations more intelligible to himself than any one else, have clutched a monstrous and undeserved pension, with a baronetcy at the end of it, the comptrollership of the household has escaped his grasp, and the Peerage been spared one degradation at least.

MORALITY OF THE WHIGS.

The death of the King changed the direction of Whig intrigue without altering its ultimate aim. From bowing the knee before the subordinate priests and the high Priestess, the Whigs transferred their ardent devotions to the divinity herself—from caballing underhand with the clique of Kensington against the aged master whose liveries they wore and whose pay they pocketed, they boldly spurned the ladder by which they had mounted—they gained and took possession of the confiding ear of virgin royalty. The fate of Sir John, chief of the clique, has been seen—he had the choice of preying upon a colony abroad, or rioting on a pension at home, but shut out of the reginal palace he was to be and is. There was sorrowing in the royal demesne—some portion of womankind, it is said, “cried their eyes out”—to no avail; the doom of Sir John was fixed. The Whigs indeed had concocted their schemes beforehand with all the Machiavelic forecast of veterans in the art of creating family broils, and throw-

ing their nets for entrapping young heirs. They yet gloat over the memory of the deadly feuds of their promotion between the good old King and George Prince of Wales—between the Princess Charlotte and her royal father—between the Princess Victoria and her aged uncle; their hands are even now reeking with the fratricidal gore streaming for years past from veins first lanced by them, throughout the whole Peninsula, from the Pyrenees to the banks of the Tagus. The court of the heiress-presumptive was carefully beleaguered betimes, so that the future Queen might not escape the toils of the schemers. Let us mark the morality of the Whigs in the choice of their instruments, of those who were to be the attendants almost constant, the protectors of the outgoing, the palace hangers-on at command for the hospitable dinner-board, the planted companions for the social evening circle of the Duchess, and, therefore, also of a youthful Princess just blooming into maidenhood, whom none should have been suffered to approach less pure than her own innocence, less untainted than her own spotless life and conversation. Let us see what was the sort of *entourage* provided for the first scion of a royal house, for the “rose and fair expectancy” of a great nation, and measure Whig morality by the standard of the selection. Of Sir John Conroy, first equerry to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, enough has been said, and more than enough known. Next we have General Upton, another equerry, a name not unknown to fame in the annals of gallantry, and of other royal courts situate in Westminster, besides those of St James or Kensington. The General has a reputation for feats and “hairbreadth scapes,” if not on tented fields, in other tents of softer Paphian warfare, for which nature hath more kindly formed him as the “pink of fashion,” if not in the “mould of form.” Then we have Caradoc (Craddock of yore), the gay, the gallant Lothario of Parisian saloons, before whose fires resistless have melted even the ice-bound hearts of Neva’s beauteous Naiads.* He, as a

* How gallantly he saved one from Siberia and its horrors at a critical moment can best be attested by the chaplain of the British embassy at Paris, and by Pozzo di Borgo; for the tender friendship of years just then opportunely ripened into matrimony.

jewel too prizeable for aught but a British court, was translated from the boudoirs of princesses and the cabinets of diplomacy in the Faubourg St Honoré to the groves of Kensington, as a chosen knight equerry for a matronly duchess and an august princess so carefully tended under her wing, and destined to ripen so rapidly into a Sovereign. Handsome, active, and intriguing, the fortunes of the new Whig peerage creation of Howden seemed in his hands redolent of golden promise—the glories of the modern hero bade fair to eclipse the historic renown of the great Caractacus,* whom by some new heraldic reading he affects to claim as his great progenitor. Alas for such lofty aspirations!—how are the mighty fallen! Yet fell he not without a struggle—without one daring flight upward eagle-like to confront the sunbeams of royalty. The artillery of the *doux yeux* was, it is said, tried and failed; what is positively known is that the Caradoc one day betook himself to Paris, where the equerry has claims of a more legitimate kind upon his services and affections. The third of this good-looking triumvirate of *preux* equeries, Colonel Cavendish, is a gentleman and doubtless a soldier, although not of much service or standing, whose character stands impeached of little beyond Whiggery—a sin heinous enough of itself.† His actual position, doubtless, is a consequence of that Whig policy which soars not beyond the concoction of a court intrigue, the instalment or corruption of a court minion, the negotiation of a marriage for a vote, the bargain of the garter for the proxy and the electioneering

influence of a simple Duke, just come of age, but not at years of discretion. It was by accident, no doubt, that three equeries should be so singularly pitched upon to form, with a fourth before existing, part of that State *entourage* and home circle in which a youthful, open-hearted, and inexperienced Princess was to be trained to the habits of more public life, and to be taught the discrimination of those nice proprieties which should qualify her becomingly to preside in futuro over and be the ornament of that Court which gives the tone to manners and morals, which may impart grace to virtue, which might, under mistaken direction, bring vice itself into fashion—or say it is singular, however accountable, that under such circumstances three equeries should have been so innocently pitched upon by the Whigs, of personal accomplishments so attractive, of course, but some of whose antecedents, morally, were not the most unquestionable. It might be that the gallant trio, or trio of gallants, were not intended to fly at game quite so high as a future Queen. The advent of the young royalty was not quite so early looked for, and from the docility of former and tender years it might be even then calculated that the inaugurated Majesty of England would be little disposed to cast off her trammels, at least not until the day that she should exchange them for those of wedlock, when, it was expected, she would only quit the tutelary guidance of one Cobourg for that of another. The Whigs, however, like men wise in their generation, had prepared against each contingency; for a Queen really *regnant*, one

* Oh! the weakness of poor human nature! The Craddock was a name honourably recorded on the battle-field, and as honourably known on the muster-roll of the British army. Sir John Craddock, now Lord Howden, does not seem to have regarded his plebeian descent as any disgrace; sensible people would be disposed to think it reflected additional lustre on his elevation. Why then should Colonel Caradoc, *né* Craddock, repudiate connexion with his first known ancestor, his great grandfather, the honest tailor of Shrewsbury? His grandfather did not use to blush, because he had been a humble sizar at college, owing his education to charity, and his Irish Bishopric afterwards to his learning, piety, and character. We counsel the gallant Colonel not to cut so ungraciously his ancestor of the shears, but leave Caractacus to his rightful descendants, or he may chance to have all the noble race of Shenkin about his ears.

† There are many persons who will recollect the first appearance of Colonel Cavendish, then a stripling, at Madrid years ago. He was then, certainly, one of the prettiest fellows ever beheld. It will not be forgotten how fiercely the young Ganymede was laid hold of by the black-whiskered Duquesa de O——.

"every inch" a Queen, or a Queen *en tutelle*, they were equally armed at all points for the preservation of place and power. The fate of tools that might have been useful, but did not happen to be wanted, was a matter not to trouble the repose of a Whig statesman, and so Sir John retired to his estates in Wales, and Caradoc to the Faubourg St Honoré, some people knew, but nobody cared for why. Such was Whig morality in the case of the future Queen of the British empire. Happily contagion was prevented; the atmosphere was impregnate with malaria perilous for the fresh and pure mind—for the blushing flower just timidly unfolding its blossom to the breeze—but the death of the King at that moment was more than the inheritance of a throne for a Queen, for by it she escaped from a species of control and of direct associations which might not have promoted that elevation of sentiment, and could hardly have improved that delicacy and correctness of mind and manners which, in a female Sovereign, will now more than ever be looked for, and the absence of which would now less than ever be tolerated.

THE PACTE DE FAMILLE AND THE ELECTIONS.

On the morning of June 20, 1837, departed this life William the Fourth, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. The Monarch, however, never dies—long live the Queen! The Princess Alexandrina Victoria was proclaimed, and made her appearance at the venerable front of St James's, like Niobe, all tears. The people, respecting her grief, and the melancholy event pre-

ceding her accession, hailed her with respectful, unequivocal, but subdued acclamations; in their welcome of the "rising sun," they forgot not him "whose race was run"—all excepting Daniel O'Connell and the gang of kindred satellites dependent on his patronage and his kitchen larder. Mighty was the roar of the burly demagogue, on the hearing of which the many tongues of that honest English assemblage went mute. The unearthly shout of the Milesian incendiary sounded like the traitorous death-knell of the young royalty; so it was felt; a mournful silence succeeded, for all feared communion of voice as of sentiment with the ash-livered hypocrite. Ministers and Privy Councillors, Peers and Prelates, Members of Parliament and of Common Councils, flocked the days following to do homage and to take the oaths. All were charmed, and yet all impressed with the lofty carriage and the dignified bearing of one who, so green in years was yet so ripe in judgment. Fealty was sworn to Queen Alexandrina, and so was the formula drawn out and signed. The Whigs blundered^{*} as usual, even in such a trifle; for it had been intimated from a quarter influential, although not from royalty itself, that "Victoria" should be the name, style and title of the new Queen. The Duchess of Kent, *veuve* Princess of Leiningen, née Cobourg, felt an ambition, laudable no doubt, to plant her own name and so assert the supremacy of the Cobourg race upon the throne of Great Britain—for this the baptismal order was arbitrarily reversed. Alexander of Russia, the patron saint of the Cobourgs,^{*} was dead, so Alexandrina of

* The Queen was named Alexandrina, in compliment to Alexander, then Emperor of all the Russias, since demised. The elder sister of the Duchess of Kent was married to Alexander's brother, Constantine, the capricious tyrant of Poland, from whom, after much ill usage, she was separated in 1820. That ill usage, of which we could relate instances atrociously marvellous, almost incredible, and yet true, drove her to form an intrigue with a young Russian officer. It was discovered; the justice, no less than the clemency of Alexander, protected her from the vengeance of Constantine. She was separated from him, and with a decent allowance from the Emperor, has since, with the officer she had a *liaison* with, lived in Switzerland. The manner in which German Princesses are bargained for, and carted about *sans ceremonie* for wives to foreign Princes, is really *un peu trop fort*. Nothing more so can happen in Circassia, which has furnished breeders for the Turkish harem for time immemorial, as Germany has done for Europe. Some time between 1790 and 1800 three Princesses of the House of Cobourg were packed off to St Petersburg, to show for choice of the Grand Duke Constantine; a friend of ours met the convoy *en route*. The unfortunate one he selected has been spoken of; the others were returned.

England, named in honour of him, gave way to Victoria the tutelary deity of his (when living) subservient Cobourgs. Both names are alike foreign and unharmonious to British ears,* although of the two, Alexandrina perhaps the most euphonious. Let us hope, and we have reason to hope, that the Queen will nationalize that of Victoria, and make it the theme of song and history equally with that of Elizabeth.

Secure in the favour of the young Sovereign, and hoping to escape into popularity under the shadow of an august but unpledged name, the Whigs dismissed the fears under which they had been vacillating during the late reign. They were decisive for once; they dissolved the old and called the new Parliament. The key-note for candidates was sounded by that pompous piece of small inanity, Lord John Russell himself, in his address to the electors of Stroud, whom he called upon to rally around him and the Ministry, of which he formed a portion, as the chosen of "the Queen." "Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe" to Whiggery.

"The Queen," echoed all the Whig Radicals, from John O'Groat's to the Land's End; "the Queen," faintly murmured the Radicals hypocritical of the metropolitan burghs, of sanctified Leeds and unitarian Manchester; "the Queen," bellowed O'Connell and his satellites through all the bogs of Ireland, which the Milesians construed as a national blunder, meaning, "down with the Queen;" Queen or no Queen, "that is the question," gently whispered the more really honest and truly destructive Radicals of Bath, of Westminster, and of Southwark. The political horizon, however, so murky before, began to brighten; streaks of daylight began to illuminate it; the sun was peeping out, and the dawn no longer overcast. The people rallied around their true and ancient friends; the Christian Church re-asserted its might; the powers of darkness, of Rome, and of Socinian infidelity were defeated—a change had come over the land; a

change was about to come over its rulers.

Mean-time Leopold, the King of Belgium that is, anxious for the fate of the Cobourgs, but reckless of the honour or interest of England, resolved upon a visit to his august niece. There were indications of stout British feeling which it was desirable to crush in the bud—there were signs of independence and carelessness about Cobourg, which threatened the progress of the further aggrandisement of the family. He had concluded, moreover, a *pacte de famille* with Louis Philippe, into which the Queen of Great Britain was to be seduced as a consenting, if not contracting party. Great Britain had been fleeced by him—had been made a puppet to his own selfish ambition. That was not enough. He came, and while here gloom reigned in the royal palace. The saturnine humour of the griping kingling infected the whole establishment—the Queen herself became sad; wearied out with reproaches, with remonstrances, with advice dictated not proffered, with solicitations argued in the style of right and mastership not of affection and persuasion, it is said the royal lady gave way—that she was overborne—that, inoculated as she had been with a sort of reverence for the most mean and the least high-minded of princely blood, she yielded, and was entrapped into promises, which, we tell her, the great nation she presides over, will not tolerate the performance of. Great Britain can enter with Leopold of Belgium, with Ernest of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, with Louis Philippe of France into no *pacte de famille*, for of such she would be sure to defray all the expense and be made all the dupe. Great Britain cannot and will not be made the subservient handmaid of Leopold and France, in order that Leopold may reign in Belgium, Ferdinand remain in Portugal, and a son of Ernest of Saxe Cobourg become a prince of England by marriage with its queen! We know that such a marriage is talked of as a matter of course, and calculated on as a certainty at Cobourg

* George IV. who, whatever his faults, had a true British spirit and sentiments, declared both to be anti-British, and expressed himself in no measured terms at the time about giving the royal infant such unEnglish names.

and in Lisbon. In the palace of *Las Necessidades* we know that letters have been referred to from England in proof that the Queen is resolved, and that young Ernest or Albert shall be the man. We advise Baron Stockmar to be more discreet in future, for popular indignation is apt when foreigners intermeddle. We pray the Duchess to remain quiescent, lest overzealous family yearnings endanger the magnificent allocation of L.30,000 a-year. As to the young gentlemen, Ernest Augustus, and Albert Francis, let them pursue their studies in all tranquillity at Bonne. Neither one nor the other is destined to espouse England's Queen, for she cannot and dare not enter the portals of Hymen if a nation forbid the banns.* They may contemplate as much as they please, and at their leisure, the two splendid engravings from the portraits of their august relative the Queen of Great Britain, by Chalons and some other artist, exhibited in their College chambers *four days only* after the proof impressions left the engraver's hands here, forwarded, of course, by some kind patron of the matrimonial speculation. For the Cobourgs we have paid enough, and we have done enough; for them we have bled, not by hundreds of thousands, but by millions. We have warred to place two Cobourgs on two thrones, in other ways we have gorged the family with imperial incomes. Some, and the largest portion of these incomes, have not been spent among the bounteous donors; they have been thriftily hoarded, on the contrary, or laid out in Styrian or Transylvanian estates—any where but in England, as Leopold himself can tell. The Queen Dowager's dower is doubtless large, larger perhaps than the occasion warranted, even from the greatest of nations. But the nation grudges it not; the virtues and the liberality

of that august Princess justify it. That which was nobly given is as nobly expended amongst the donors. Saxe Meiningen is not enriched with the thrifty savings of three-fourths of a royal allowance, nor England defrauded, as in the case of the parsimonious and greedy Leopold of Saxe Cobourg.

In season meet the King of the Belgians left for his home; there his people were murmuring that their Sovereign, nick-named the *roi des postillons*, being always *en route* for Paris or London, was to them of service neither in the way of use or ornament. Few were the days that elapsed, however, ere the satrap monarch was again in movement for Paris, where he was summoned to give an account of his English mission, and how far the young Queen of England had been found manageable for the family compact. What passed between the vassal prince and his liege lord who had assumed the guardianship of England's Queen, can only be guessed by results since and now in progress. With Leopold, caution was necessary, for the annuity of the Duchess was yet unsettled—a primary, because a money consideration in the policy of the Cobourgs.

In the mean-time, however, Leopold left behind him his *locum tenens*; the faithful Stockmar was installed in the royal palace to watch over the interests of Cobourg and report progress. Upon the decease of William, the post of Private Secretary, honourably fulfilled during more than two reigns by Sir Herbert Taylor, was again proffered for the acceptance of him who had so long been the confidential adviser in their family concerns of the Royal family—it was declined, because long service and grey hairs required repose. To the surprise of all men, it was announced shortly afterwards that Baron Stockmar had been

* In reference to the cormorant ambition of Leopold and the Cobourgs, and their plots for marrying one of these young gentlemen to the successor to a throne apparently so fortunately for them left without male heirs direct, the Emperor Nicolas, with sarcastic allusion to the luck of Leopold in his two marriages, from the last of which he derived a kingdom, and of his nephew who, when a husband was wanted for Donna Maria, was selected for a *quasi* King, wittily exclaimed:—

“Jamais une couronne ne tombe dans la boue qu'un de mes cousins de Cobourg ne cherche à la ramasser.”

Anglice.—“No sooner does a crown fall into the streets, than one of my Cobourg cousins is ready to pick it up.”

formally inducted into the office; a foreigner, and the dependent of a foreign prince, had been placed near the person of the Sovereign, with intent to act as Viceroy over her. By the Ministerial prints this was ostentatiously published—the public were astonished, but they were silent. It was, however, the silence of the calm which precedes the storm gathering in the distance. The independent press incredulous waited for confirmation; the bolts were forging against their devoted heads, when the Cabinet, cowardly as corrupt, took the alarm. The appointment was disavowed, and, as if to shame the tools, in the very Government papers by which proclaimed; nay, more, the post itself was then discovered to be unconstitutional, because irresponsible. Therefore, the Baron being ostensibly displaced on that ground, and on that ground only, not even by a true-born Englishman could the Ministry venture to replace him. In this dilemma, and for the better security of Whig ascendancy, it was resolved that the leading members of the Administration should in turn enact the private secretaryship, that so the influence of Stockmar might be counteracted, and none suffered to approach the Queen except through Whig portals. The task was first undertaken by Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, two noblemen of morals so exemplary, that they above all were deemed the most fitting attendants upon maiden Majesty. The toil, after weeks of unintermitting endurance, became too wearisome for the soft luxurious Palmerston. Lord John was called in to replace him, but the pompous pigmy of conceited nothingness was soon found insufferable by a Queen with the spirit of an Englishwoman, conscious of possessing a subject in her dominions like the Duke of Wellington, and who might be counselled by a man of mind but could only despise the mannikin of intellect. So Lord John was fain to forego his tripartite share of the private secretaryship, and none remained to partake the herculean task with my Lord Melbourne, for Mr Spring Rice was a bore too intolerable, Lord Lansdowne too heavy, Lord Holland too gouty, and Poulett Thomson, with his *parvenu* airs of *bon ton* absolutely insufferable by any thing above the grade

of a little French milliner. And so there is the easy, indolent, luxurious Melbourne, tied to the apron-strings of a lively and stirringly indefatigable young Queen, whose delight it is to teaze the fashionable veteran by telling him that she will marry “nothing less than a hero, and he the first of the age, the Duke of Wellington himself.” There sits my Lord, a constant and constrained guest at the Royal dinner-table, bound in the iron fetters of relentless etiquette, the slave submissive of every Royal caprice of the moment, suffering the pains of purgatory for the sins of an impotent lust of power and place, for the follies of a vain and empty ambition deprived of its virility by exhaustion. In the mean-time, as the elections were progressing, Whigs and Radicals were fast quitting the stage of public life. With true loyalty, the people shouted hurrah for the Queen, the Church, and the Conservatives—the truly British people had learned to distinguish their own friends at length from the false Amphytrions who had usurped the name too long; with the sagacity of faithful subjects also, they judged for their Sovereign with graceful consideration for her nonage and commiseration for the thralldom in which she was held, and they returned her counsellors true and devoted by whom she might be protected against foxes within and wolves without her Cabinet; the one respecting her rights just so long, and no longer, as they may prowl and plunder unchecked over the public manor, the other more fierce and openly seeking to lay low the constitution by the destruction of its key-stone. In Ireland the case was different; there the hydra of O’Connell and Popery showed its many heads and shook its gorgon snakes. The venomous teeth of the dragon, with due culture and care of a vice-regal husbandman, sprang up in the shape of traitorous demagogues, repealers, and the Tail.

CIVIL LISTS, AND OTHER CIVIL THINGS,
PARLIAMENTS AND PENSIONS, PAU-
PERS AND PEOPLE.

At length came the hour of trial and combat. The Parliament met in solemn session—the Parliament, *quasi* Conservative. The Radicals scanned,

with rage scarcely dissembled, the thinned muster of their own ranks—the recruited and fuller compliment of the thickset battalions of good men and true opposed to them. The Ministry calculated the difference with no less anxiety, perchance with the less displeasure that, failing to have re-inforced their own files, they were not sorry to find a place of final refuge from the overbearing tyranny of former hateful allies, among a faithful phalanx, which, under their impenetrable shields, could, in case of need, receive and shelter the trembling renegades who had forsaken their masters. For the preservation of place, they had betrayed their late liege lord; they had imputed to him the blame of disobedience when the exactions of their Radical taskmasters required nothing less than a participation of power, or the surrender of that constitution in whose weakness only they could hope to riot, but whose absolute ruin they could not expect to survive, any more than the insidious ivy could outlive the trunk of the noble oak whose juices it was silently draining whilst treacherously clinging around and embracing it. They had degraded royalty in the last reign—they had made it a thing of shreds and patches—inviting insult by its abjectness—by its debility reduced to lean for support on any reed, however rotten—and what more rotten than Whiggery? The work of destruction requires not the hand of a master.—To build up the glories of Rome was the labour of centuries—of the skill and the genius of ages. To throw down, to destroy, to deface, was the affair of a day with a horde of barbarians:

——— "*Facilis descensus averni ;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere
ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus est.*"

The Parliament met—the Radicals saw old friends with new faces. The agony of suspense was intolerable—burning to know the worst, they tempt their fate. The Minister is fiercely interrogated—the oracle, mysterious as that of Delphos, is, like it, driven by the arm of force from the usual subterfuge of mystification. Yes! Lord John himself, who, at Stroud, at Bristol, in his place in the Commons' House, had intimated opinions not un-

favourable to the ballot, to short Parliaments, and even to the extension of the suffrage—in moments of spleen, of opposition, and defeat perhaps—even Lord John himself denounced more fiercely than the fiercest Tory of the old school could have done, one and all of them. With bravado surpassing, the little Whig drew the sword and flung away the scabbard. The man of new-born mettle knew indeed that he had the Conservative host to fall back upon. There were rumours, moreover, that he had secret allies, that there was treachery in the Radical camp, for patriots are sometimes poor with the best inclination to become rich and well-doing. Buller, they say, had found ministerial patronage a convenience, and Wakley, with some experience, may have ascertained that, in the calculation of chances, a Treasury insurance is no contemptible speculation. Among the "faithless faithful" however, was seen O'Connell, and the Tail followed as for bread and in duty bound the motions of the baleful meteor. The die was cast—the Rubicon was crossed. Behold Lord John, the cameleon of many hues, a Conservative once more; and with a high hand he commenced the Herculean task of reconstructing the constitutional edifice of which he had for years, with so much perseverance, been sapping the foundations. He sought not, however, to recompose it of its former solid materials—of the granite equal to the wear of ages—of the cement which had stood the shock of the elements for centuries. The plan of the Home-Secretary was far other;—his was a lath-and-plaster scheme, or rather, he sought to conceal the dilapidated state of the noble pillar with a coating of gold, with a double-gilt varnish. To re-endow royalty with strength and majesty, nothing more was wanting in his conception but a civil list and a million sterling. So the civil list was brought forward, magnificent in its proportions, and worthy of a Court when, in other days, it had "pillars of the state" infinitely more substantial to repose upon. The maiden Queen got her lords and her ladies in waiting—her grooms and her ladies of the bedchamber; the matronly Queen Anne managed without either waiting lords or bedchamber grooms, and, what is more, it does not appear that they

were essential to the glory of the nation, if the great Duke of that day may be believed, at Blenheim, Ramilies, &c.—*N'importe!* for no Whig waiting lords, or Whig bedchamber grooms, no Whig votes in Lords or Commons—*point d'argent, point de Suisse*. The result of the Whig civil list was, that a Queen is a more costly article than a King—the civil list of virgin royalty being indubitably the largest. To save all the difference, the Whigs have gone to work on the pension list; by dint of candle-ends and cheese-parings, squeezing out of poor widows, helpless orphans, and aged and retired servants of the public or of royalty, the balance is to be struck somehow, and the extra-reginal trappings paid for without charge to the nation by a little timely starvation of the luckless aged, who have lived to an untimely length of days, or the orphans who were born in an untimely hour, upon the new Poor-law system. The next civil thing in the civil list line was, the extra allowance to the Duchess of Kent, whose income was charitably elevated from L.22,000 to L.30,000, which, as her Royal Highness resides with her royal daughter, and thus is not put to any charge of a separate establishment for herself, is equal to L.40,000 a-year in fact. In regard to these civil lists, it has pleased Whigs, Conservatives, and Radicals all alike, to be exceedingly soft and civil. In all that sort of compromise there is something to distrust; we at least are no parties to it any more than the people for whom we presume to speak out. The civil list of Majesty might and would be tolerated, as it was the more readily from the consideration that the extra provision might have a delicate reference, perhaps, to the lady mother. But the extra allowance to the Duchess of Kent dispelled that delusion. She had before L.22,000 a-year, being double what any of the daughters of the royal house of Great Britain enjoy, the Duchess not being of royal blood herself, but a simple member of a poor princely family. Of this liberal allotment, the last L.6000 was granted expressly for the increased expenditure rendered necessary by the advancing years of her august daughter, the occasion for which ceased on her advent to the throne, as, in strict justice, the L.6000 ought then also

to have ceased, although we are far from pressing the point so far. With the L.22,000 a-year, however, there was ample cause for contentment; the nation was generous, and could afford to be so. The L.8000 additional to make up the L.30,000 a-year was sheer and prodigal surplusage; if the Duchess had not really conditioned for, she would have done no injury to her character by refusing it. It smacked too strongly of the Leopold arms—the grip and haveall. Time was when the Duchess had but her jointure of L.6000 a-year (Tory times), that it was not thought fitting to ask for more; and Leopold the griper himself undertook, for very shame, to make up the deficiency out of his pension, royally bestowed, but miserably hoarded. Of this no more was ever heard beyond the rotten promise. From L.6000, the pension to the Duchess was gradually augmented to L.22,000—nobody heard when, or knew why. The miserable apology for the L.30,000 was the debts of the late Duke of Kent; why were they never produced? The same apology, doubtless, had served before more than once. If debts really existed, their discharge was an obligation of the daughter and not of the mother. May we ask Sir John Conroy the amount of those debts, and, moreover, if there were *no other royal debts*? That faithful equeerry can answer if he will, and we also could jog his memory if applied to. There are farces played off—that of the debt is doubtless one. The bonus to the Duchess was justified on another ground—she was the Queen mother. The Whig Ministry subsequently abandoned this untenable position for that of the mother of the Queen, which was equally untenable, as she was the mother of the Princess only. But, granting the case, it might be replied to in the words reported of a Whig new Poor-law functionary. His parents were of very low degree, just above pauperism. The new Poor-law son having become prosperous was counselled by a friend, himself an exemplary son, to send a trifle—say L.50—to his poor parents. He is said to have refused; nay, more, to have declined a succour even of L.10 or L.5. On being sharply remonstrated with, and reminded of his obligations, he answered, “Why, what have they done

for me—they begot me—they could not help that!" Lord John, it is clear, has one law for the poor and another for the rich.

By the by of King Leopold; Lord Durham, and others of his familiars, have vaunted largely about his liberality in giving up voluntarily his £50,000 exorbitant annuity, after he became, or on his becoming King of Belgium. What must the public think when we tell them, and they will believe those who never deceive them, that this man actually gave up only on compulsion, and at the last moment. The fact is, that previous to Leopold's accession to the throne of Belgium, Louis Philippe, King of the French, made it a *sine qua non*, that he should resign his pension from England. It was the subject of more protocols than one, as Lord Palmerston can testify. The greedy Cobourg loosed hold by compulsion only; and but for the promised marriage with a Princess of France, would not have given up at all. As it was, look at the beggarly way in which the man withdraws his fingers from the till, still holding the key. Of the £50,000 he reserves £17,000, under the shabby pretence of paying pensions to certain of his own and the late Princess Charlotte's servants; and, moreover, of keeping Claremont in order and repair. Mark! when he lived there, he sent the fruits and cabbages of Claremont to market, to make the most of them. The same is done now; the proceeds alone pay all the charges of the house, the one or two servants, and gardener's wages included. It is asserted, and there is reason to believe it from the man's character, that people at this moment are in his service at Brussels, who, as former servants of his when here, have no other wages *now* than the pensions he charged his allowance with in their favour, when made over to farcical trustees on compulsion by Louis Philippe. This accounts, of course, for the £17,000 a-year still retained by him. The trustees, if honest men, would, of course, speak out, but we may say of them, *simile simili gaudet*,—like master like man—two of them are John George Lambton, now Earl of Durham, and the gentleman "not creditably known in the city," his wife's uncle, the Right Honourable Edward Ellice. No body, of course, will marvel at a job concocted by

three such worthies. For the jobbing character of the Earl and the Right Honourable turn to the scheme lists of 1825-26.

Whilst the gallantry of the Whigs has been so conspicuous towards ladies of high degree, whose patronage was essential with royalty, and therefore necessary to the preservation of place and power *now*, let us see what has been their chivalry, and what their gratitude to the poor that are, by whose voices in full and irresistible acclaim they gained and were enabled to preserve power and place. The following is a starvation dietary dinner, meted out by Lord John Russell to able-bodied pauper women:—

FOR DINNER.

	oz.
Of meat, per week, .	10
vegetables, ditto, .	24
soup (pork water), ditto, .	3
boiled rice, or suet pudding, ditto, .	12
bread, ditto, .	24
cheese, ditto, .	4

The breakfasts being gruel and bread, the suppers bread, potatoes, and cheese alternately, in such quantities as to create no danger of repletion.—*De Omnibus rebus.*

Mighty events spring out of little causes. When the Duke of Wellington met the Parliament of 1830, which voted his downfall, he had had disposable for some time a garter. Among others, the Duke of Bedford was an eager aspirant for the gew-gaw. Had it been granted him the Reform Bill would not have been heard of for half a century to come, at least. The Bedford was tremendously eager about it; to obtain it he would have done any thing—every thing. Of course Lord John would have been flung into the bargain. The Wellington would not agree—the order was not bestowed, and on Earl Grey's accession lay ready to his hand—how unlike Whig rapacity. The facts are as we narrate them; let the Bedford contradict them if he can or dare. We can refer to Mrs —, who has the whole secret, and how gladly he would have been the lacquy of the Wellington. By the by it was too bad that Lord Brougham had no knife and fork at the City dinner to the Queen. He himself was more distressed at the slight than we can confess ourselves to be. His

Lordship, with that restless activity inherent in him, ran the circle of his acquaintance to learn if they had been invited, and if not to make party with them if he could, but he met with no sympathy. Nevertheless, it was hard that a man who had been the sole stake, the trump-card of Whiggery for a quarter of a century at least, should be so cut. His Lordship wants discretion, but even with that want, and a grievous one it is, he will come into popular fashion again, for the Radicals are more wofully in want still of talent and eloquence. Grote is the best of them, but he is only a Sunday, a once a week man, and his excellent private character stands him even in more stead than his ability, slow as that is of parturition. Hume is an ass—persevering and constant as the mulish animal, but as dull and thickskulled, except at the Treasury, where he is an excellent hand at getting places or contracts. Leader is a ninny, and Molesworth has ambition with brains not commensurate. Wakley is deficient in real fire, albeit not inured to flame. Ward, as every body knows, wants a job, and is a very weak person withal. We knew something of him in Mexico, and so does Colonel, alias, Mr Bourne,—may we ask Mr Ward where his factotum is now? Poor Ward! he showed little pluck against Poinsett, but he is right valiant now in the war of Parliamentary verbiage. When a man has been in the very centre of the Real del Monte or the Veta Negre, he feels so much the more sensibly the want of the *pesos duros* and *reales de plata*. Charles Buller is mere froth at the best, but the Ministry have thought him worth buying, because, he being in need of a purchaser, the bargain was easy. We ought to mention Mr Roebuck, although out of the House now. It is, however, by courtesy only; the public have done justice by his ridiculous pretensions and have confirmed our sentence. His exhibitions on behalf of the Canadian Assembly before the Lords and Commons, had neither mind, matter, nor eloquence in them. It is merely because of the foolish position he has assumed that we notice him; we happen to know that his own friends, who had been led by his arrogant demeanour to believe something great of him have found themselves miserably dis-

appointed. Let him stick by the working men, he will now impose on few beside.

So much for the Radicals. Lord Durham pretended to be one of this class before his embassy to Russia. Since his return he has recanted by half, and he would as readily recant the whole, if that would give him a better chance of office. The man, indeed, has declared himself nearly a Conservative, but he has dressed (not by his own ability) his manifesto in terms so ambiguous, that he can go with any party, and still have a loophole of escape from inconsistency, so far as the Russell Bowlby missive is concerned. The man has no mind, and therefore no principle; he was only a horse-jockey in his younger days, and he is only a political jockey now he is older, ready to ride any horse, or adopt any principle, so that it be a winner. When first announced Ambassador for Russia, the Emperor absolutely refused to receive him, because of his Polish speeches and Radical principles. Representations were, however, made to the Czar of the inordinate vanity of the man, his want of education and knowledge, and general weakness of character. These points were urged; the Emperor felt their force; he was received. We are speaking of our own knowledge of men, facts, and circumstances. After his first special embassy the Emperor was entirely satisfied about the truth of the representations made to him; Lord Durham was the man of all others he preferred, because he was the easiest to be duped. Not one word on that mission, said officially to be for the object, did Lord Durham utter about the Poles. But he expressed to a friend his great regret that ever in Parliament he had uttered a syllable disrespectful of the Emperor in reference to the Polish question, about which he said he had been grossly deceived, and that the Emperor was all in the right. Moreover, he stated, such was the Czar's confidence in him, that he determined to treat, and had treated with him, himself, not liking to trust Nesselrode. On his second mission the reception and the cozening was the same, nay, much beyond. The Emperor was accustomed to carry him to his country palace, and here, said he, let us be *en famille*. You call me by my family

name Romanoff, as I will you by yours of Lambton. So it was; they romped together, Romanoff and Lambton, and they romped away the interests of Great Britain. This were a trifle after all in comparison with the Grand Cross of St Andrew obtained by Lord Durham, which carried with it all the other Russian orders. Well might the Empress of Russia write to her father, the King of Prussia, that "they were quite content with Lord Durham; he had nothing of the Democrat about him; his opinions were all that could be wished." So said also Count Orloff, the Emperor's favourite, to more than one friend of ours. We state nothing but what we have the means of knowing to be fact, where we ourselves may not be personally cognizant of it. Lord Durham himself must confirm it in chief, or if he be oblivious we will help his memory with particulars less grateful, and which to his countrymen would certainly be surprising. There are reasons why we do not choose to do it now, but we shall not volunteer them; there is a time for all things. Lord Durham does not mean to go to Canada if he can help it; although he will pocket all the outfit as if he had really intended. The right honourable gentleman, "not creditably known in the city," his factotum, is on the alert, and we anticipate, therefore, an *imbroglio*. The Canadian Governor-Generalship was invented to get rid of Lord Durham; but if the man can be placed at home, Premier or Foreign Secretary, what should hinder our old friend Ned Ellice being made Governor-General of Canada, with some L.12,000 a year, so that he could look after his own tremendous share of the Inglis, Ellice and Co. liquidation—the Beauharnais estate there, all under one head, and so save some thousands of agency. Mean-time Lord Durham rides the Ministry hard, as if really in earnest about going. His exactions multiply day by day. The last demand was for two men of war to carry himself and suite, with a table of 26 covers. The Governor-General of India is usually content with a frigate.

Talk of rebellions, the Whigs have got up a pretty show for the first year of the young Queen—Upper and Lower Canada, to wit, with a little by play at home about Bradford and Sheepshead. The Ministry, by the by, have an odd way of treating the colonies. The old system of transporting to them convicted felons was abandoned, because of the moral pestilence carried out by the wretches among the young blood of young societies. In lieu, the Whigs now export all the scape-graces, and sometimes scape-gallowses—the Durhams, the Gosfords, *et id genus omne*, along with Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the female infant abductor, late one of the Commissioners for purveying and examining chaste young women for the new settlement of South Australia, now Governor in embryo of the forthcoming colony of New Zealand, founded, of course, upon a new and perfectly original basis of chastity, virtue, and piety. Mr Wakefield is a wonderful person in his line; he has an eye like a hawk for a felon, and once, had he not published it himself in a book the fact might have been credible, actually twigged 700 or 7000 (we forget which) thieves in a mob, at one and the same moment. Sir John Conroy had his choice between the L.3000 pension and a colonial governorship, but not unwisely preferred the former. The story goes, that one Colonel Fortescue, who went on the forlorn hope of Colonel Evan's legion, for reasons, upon his hapless return, told his relation, Lord Ebrington, that London was too hot for him; upon which my Lord kindly repaired to Lord John, and the Colonel was shipped off at once to the colonies, with a berth at the rate of L.500 a year.

Here our rambling but good-natured illustrations of Whiggery end for the present; for we have news of "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," in the camp anent the ballot and the division. Lord John is full of sadness, they say, and will go out. We conclude, therefore, with prayers for the dying—may they soon see the end of their troubles!

THE LATIN ANTHOLOGY.

No. I.

WE were born Florists. There is not in the world such a place for pinks as Paisley—the Genius Loci is an incarnation of carnations. The neighbourhood is beautiful, and cultivated like a garden of many gardens, a variorum edition of one of Nature's loveliest volumes, and many a time and oft do we employ our two amanuenses—Memory and Imagination—to turn over the leaves, now beginning to bud and blossom at the touch of Spring. "Soft blows the breeze from the braes of Gleniffer," and in another month or two, the hares on the Farnese hills—forgetful of Arab and African—will be skudding over the primroses, and looking out for "lown spats among the brechans," for their leverets—pretty little bears as they will be—or like "Lammermuir lions," in the gloaming when the lintwhite is singing her vespers to the expected evening star. These are sweet suburbs. We think we hear the grass growing—and by the middle of May that ticket will attract notice—"Curds and Cream." But there are hundreds of gardens—in among the houses, and in the very heart of the town. After work-hours in the house-shop, or the manufactory, there many a spade is busy, now that the frost and snow are over and gone, and Flora loves the poor man's nook of ground, with its tiny beds, as well or better than she ever loved the hanging gardens of Babylon.

Flowers are the poetry of earth, as "stars are the poetry of Heaven," and we are astronomers as well as florists. But our hearts are with the children of mother earth. Cold our communion with those bright and lofty ones inhabiting the skies, compared with that we hold with the fair creatures growing round our feet. True, they flourish but to fade—but therein lies their power over us "poor sons of a day."

"Collige, Virgo, rosas, dum flos novus, et nova pubes ;

Et memor esto, ævum sic properare tuum. '

But we mean not to moralize, much less to be melancholy, and it will make you as cheerful as ourselves to be told that we are now commencing another

Anthological Series, which, *Deo volente*, may continue to delight the year. Maga gave you MELEAGER'S GARLAND, as bright as when it first was woven many centuries ago—and many pensive eyes let tears fall among the dew that lay as fresh upon the flowerage as the morning it was shed. The Greek Anthology! ay, those were vernal articles—that year was all Spring. Some hands that helped to gather them now, alas! are cold. How many hearts they touched now beat no more! Our pen moves slowly—and ever and anon we lay it down. Our paper looks blank in the sunshine—almost dismal, but an ungloomy shadow is falling upon the foolscap, we redip our flamingo in the dolphin, and proceed with a sigh.

Contributors all! lend us your ears, and we will repay the loan with interest, however long it may be—mutual auricular confession. You must remember how you tried our temper by pouring in upon us versions after versions of Heliodora and the rest, in spite of our most gracious and grievous remonstrances, and that you would not hear the voice of the charmer, charmed he ever so wisely, whispering

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

Be merciful then, as ye are strong; and oh! do, we beseech and implore you all, behave towards us in the spirit of that wise injunction "*ne quid nimis*." The Latin Anthology may not, perhaps, be so beautiful as the Greek, but it contains

"Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose ;"

And on entering the gardens of Italy the spirit of selection shall attend our steps. We hear her singing,—"*I am*

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here, and there, and every where,
And my name's VARIETY."

Pluck then, at her bidding, each your own favourite flowers, and send them to us by Favonius, for our wreaths and garlands; but sufficient for the month are the specimens thereof—and

impose not on us, by violating our precept, the painful duty of rejection; above all other frailties, beware of imitation—even of Us. Work in the spirit of love, and there will be beauty in the product—the spirit natural to you, and people will say “That is a poet.” Keep then our words in your hearts ye Cottages and ye Colleges! and let each anthologist say to himself, when thinking of us and of our articles,

“Dum parvus lychnus modicum consumat olivi;

Hæc dat nocturnis nox lucubrata Camœnis.”

Frequent hints, within these few years, have we given the expectant public, of our intention to take up the Latin Anthology; but we are, to our shame be it spoken, the most procrastinating of mortals. We seem to have set ourselves all our lives in infatuated practical opposition to the moral lesson so often set before our eyes in boyhood, in round text from Young, by that accomplished penman, Mr McGavin, our old writing-master,

“PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME.”

And, lo! we, the Editor of the Magazine, have been forestalled and regated by the Sheriff of Renfrewshire; Christopher North, by John Dunlop; we, the author of no book at all, by him the author of the History of Fiction, of the History of Roman Literature, and of Memoirs of Spain, Et Cetera; an illustrious list, yet the lesson will be lost on us, for independently of original and acquired sin, we confess, in all humility that we are too old to mend. We must even keep jogging on our own indolent desultory way; and, indeed, were it not for the Crutch we should often sit down on the first mile-stone out of town (not on the Barnton road, for its mile-stones are like monuments), and count the coaches. Why, at times, the Crutch is a very velocipede.

It would almost appear as if Mr Dunlop were not a reader of *Maga*. “It has often appeared to me strange,” says he, in his Preface, “that while there are so many and such excellent translations of the Greek Anthology, no considerable selection (at least, as far as I am aware), should exist from that class of minor Latin poems

which fall under the same denomination.” Here we pricked up our ears and cocked up our eyes, never doubting that he was on the brink of a compliment to our celebrated Series, in which we were more than assisted by so many of the first scholars in Britain. But oh! the mortification to our human vanity! Not a word of commendation on Christopher and his Tail, the tuft of which instantly dropt and lay motionless on the floor, like a skein of worsted. But the worst was to come. “See,” continued he with unexampled cruelty, and we keep to his printing, “see particularly Bland’s *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, and Cowper’s *Poems*, vol. iii., ed. 1815.” “No,” we writhingly exclaimed, “no, we will not see them;” and with a bang and a clank we shut our eyelids like doors, till the fire flew from our orbs, and we thought that there was lightning. Bland’s *Collections* indeed! Why, but for Us and Ours they had never been heard to murmur. But soon a change came over the spirit of our dream, and we unveiled our luminaries. It was manifest, on a moment’s consideration, that the Sheriff, who belongs to the Old School (so did we in our youth), was referring to the first edition of Bland, published some twenty or thirty years ago, and that he did not mention Merivale, because ignorant of the existence of the second edition enriched by that accomplished scholar, and the basis of our immortal series. “Cowper’s *Poems*, vol. iii., ed. 1815!” the year in which was fought the battle of Waterloo. Cowper was a good Grecian, and a few of his versions are fine ones; but most of them—and in all there are not many—are of trifling affairs hardly worth his pains, and far from being felicitous, and such formal mention of them is not a little absurd. “Many, too,” quoth Mr Dunlop, “of Ben Jonson’s lighter poems, and not a few of Cowley’s and Prior’s productions, are derived from this source.” That story makes us an old man. But here it is incorrectly told; for all that Jonson, Cowley (of course Mr Dunlop cannot allude to his Anacreontics), and Prior have “derived from this source” could be—and we believe have been printed in two pages, at most, of this Magazine. Having thus given vent to the objurgations of mortified vanity—

one of the meanest, we acknowledge, of all mental states—we come to speak “to the merits.”

And first of the well written, but somewhat formal forty-page Preface. There is in it a considerable parade of erudition—you hear a flourish of trumpets, and are pleased with the brass band. Indeed the prelude is too pompous; the ushering-in too ceremonious; and the dinner to which we sit down, though jauntily served up, scarcely fulfils the promise of the wind instruments. The materiel of the various dishes is perceived to be good, but the cook is soon tasted to be no Ude, for they are all sadly deficient in zest. Salt, ketchup, pepper, and mustard them as we will, we defy ourselves to bring out any characteristic flavour or savour—and the disappointed—almost irritated palate pronounces them *versch*. It ought not to be so. For the “Selections from the Latin Anthology” are divided into two classes. The first comprising, says Mr Dunlop, “reliques of the olden Latin poets, particularly the dramatic, *some of which* have been already printed in the notes to the History of Roman Literature;” and the “period of the composition of the second class extends from the time of the Antonines to the end of the reign of the Western Emperor Honorius—a space of about two hundred and fifty years” * * * As this was the close of the last age that has any pretensions to the name of classical, I have admitted no production which I knew or believed to be more recent in its date, except the lines by the scholastic poet Vomanus de Laudibus Hortuli.”

Mr Dunlop should have said not “*some of which*,” but *many of which* I have already printed in the notes to the History of Roman Literature.” They make no very noticeable figure there in small print, and have hitherto been leading a life of enviable privacy each at the bottom, or in the bosom of his own undisturbed page, *rure morans*; but here they re-appear before the fashionable world, some of them in fancy dresses, and claim its admiration as the Beauties of the Season. THIRTY AND THREE *Debutantes* we think we have counted in this predicament; the Sheriff calls that “*some*”—we say many. We may remark, by the by, that Dr Jortin did not live during the reign of the Western

Emperor Honorius—nor did the writer of “O Dulcis Puer! O venuste Marce!” Here, however, they are—and though the Doctor especially has an ancient physiognomy, his dress, which appears like unto that of a Bishop, distinguishes him from the less episcopal poets, among whom he is made to flourish, of that unhappy age when “Rome was for the first time sacked by the barbarians under Alaric, and the seat of empire was transferred to Ravenna.”

During our perusal of this pleasing Preface we frequently could not help feeling that surely we had seen this sentence and that sentence, this paragraph and that paragraph, this page and that page, somewhere or other in this weary world before; and sometimes we began to suspect that we must have written it ourselves, probably in sleep—or perhaps in a prior state of existence—and we thought of Wordsworth’s Ode. But we were doing Mr Dunlop an injustice, and acquit him of plagiarism from us, either during this era of our life, or that of Enphorbus, when we too had a golden thigh. It is admitted that “a man may do what he likes with his own”—except palming it off on the public at a price as something new, when in fact it is something old—then we demur. But apart from pecuniary considerations, we dislike all “*jukery-pavukerej*” in literary affairs, however insignificant, and desire that every thing be undisguisedly above board. Let the employment of the scissors and the batter-brush be avowed and gloried in, and our approbation shall be duly meted out to the dexterity of the artisan. Mr Dunlop is a Deacon of the Craft—yet looks as simple as an apprentice. Thus in the Preface to his Selections—page I—you will find it thus written:—

“For this superiority it would not be difficult to account: it may be in part ascribed to the characteristics of the language in which they were written, and the peculiar genius of the people by whom they were produced. The Greek tongue is distinguished by conciseness and terseness; and the Greeks themselves probably possessed greater flexibility and tenderness of sentiment than the Romans. The attributes of Latin literature are an authority of expression, a circumspection of opinion, and a solidity of judgment, created partly by the greatness and unity of the Roman empire, and partly by that national

pride, that moral firmness, and that austerity of manners which distinguished a Roman citizen."

And in the Preface to his *History of Roman Literature*, page 18, you will find it thus written:—

"Though formed on a model which had been shaped by the Greeks, we shall perceive through that spirit of imitation which marks all their literary productions, a tone of poetical ability, derived from the familiar acquaintance which their writers exercised with the business and affairs of life, and also that air of nationality which was acquired from the greatness and unity of the Roman republic, and could not be expected in literary works, produced where there was a subdivision of states in the same country, as in Greece, Modern Italy, Germany, and Britain. We shall remark a characteristic authority of expression, a gravity, circumspection, solidity of understanding, and dignity of sentiment, produced partly by the moral firmness that distinguished the character of the Romans, their austerity of manners, and tranquillity of temper, but chiefly by their national pride and the exalted name of Roman citizen which their authors bore."

But here comes a still more singular specimen of scissor work. The above passage runs on:—

"And, finally, we shall recognise that love of rural retirement which originated in the mode of life of the ancient Italians, and was augmented by the pleasing contrast which the undisturbed repose and simple enjoyments of rural existence presented to the bustle of an immense and agitated capital."

Towards the close of the third volume of the *History of Roman Literature*, published a good many years after the first two, you will find it thus written:—

"The poetry of republican Rome having been closely formed on Greek models, it was difficult to distinguish its spirit by any general characteristics. Both the tone of language and sentiment varied according to those of the original author, which always predominated over national feelings and manners. But in the less servile poetry of the Augustan age, we may perceive, through the imitations by which it is still marked, that air of nationality which was acquired by the greatness and unity of the Roman empire, and could not be expected in literary works produced where there was a subdivision of states in the same country, as in Greece,

Modern Italy, Germany, and Britain; and we may also recognise that love of rural retirement which originated in the mode of life of the ancient Italians, but was augmented by the pleasing contrast which the undisturbed repose and simple enjoyments of rural existence presented to the bustle of an immense and agitated capital."

But all this, though "singular exceedingly," and perplexing in the extreme—for the scissors, you see, go zig-zag, and ever and anon the grey-goose quill is called into requisition cunningly to disguise the clippers—is nothing to the following trick of legerdemain, by which light-fingered Jack transfers from the first volume of the *History of Roman Literature* a precious long screed of balaam to the Preface to the *Selections from the Latin Anthology*.

"The ancient modes of Latian life were primarily and essentially rustic; and representations drawn from such habits and feelings form the most pleasing and original portion of Latin song. The Romans, particularly their poets (as if the pristine spirit of their Italian ancestry was not altogether banished from the buildings of the capital), appear to have had a genuine and exquisite relish for the delights of the country. This taste was not inspired by fondness for field sports, since, although habituated to violent exercises, the chase never was a favourite pastime among the Romans; and they preferred seeing wild animals baited in the amphitheatre to hunting them down in their native forests. The country thus was not relished, as we are apt to enjoy it, for the sake of exercise or rustic amusements; but solely for its amenity and repose, and the mental tranquillity which its scenes diffused:

'The relish for the calm delight
Of verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
And caves that echo tinkling rills.'

Love of the country among the Romans thus became conjoined with the idea of a life of pastoral repose and seclusion—free from labour and care, and all turbulent passions. Scenes of this description greatly delight and move us, whether they be painted as what is desired, or what is actually possessed. We feel how natural it is for a mind, with a certain disposition to relaxation and indolence, when fatigued or agitated by the bustle of life, to long for security and quiet, and for those sequestered retreats in which these can be most exquisitely enjoyed. There is much less of this reference to

rural tastes and employments in the writings of the Greeks, who were originally a seafaring and piratical race. The Italians, on the other hand, were primitively a pastoral people, who were terrified by a storm, who were distrustful of the *placidi fallacia ponti*, and denounced the art of navigation. One of their earliest poets had declared that

' Nilum pejus macerat hemonem quamde mare
sævom ;'

and this dislike was scarcely diminished by the progress of knowledge and civilisation in the Augustan age :

' Ah pereat quicunque rates, et vela paravit
Primus, et invito gurgite fecit iter.'

It is thus that, even in their highest state of refinement, the feelings and poetry of nations bear some affinity to their primeval rudeness, though that rudeness itself has been imperceptibly converted into a source of elegance and ornament."

It so stands in the Preface to the Anthology, 1838;—in the first volume of the History, 1823—and it has suffered, we think, from expansion—thus—

" The Romans, and particularly the Roman poets, as if the rustic spirit of their Italian ancestry was not altogether banished by the buildings of Rome, appear to have had a genuine and exquisite relish for the delights of the country ; not as we are apt to enjoy it, for the sake of exercise or field sports, but for its amenity and repose, and the mental tranquillity which it diffused. With them it seems to have been truly,

' The relish for the calm delight
Of verdant vales and fountains bright ;
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
And caves that echo tinkling rills.'

Love of the country among the Romans thus became conjoined with the idea of a life of pastoral tranquillity and retirement, a life of friendship, liberty, and repose, free from labour and from care, and from all turbulent passions. Scenes of this kind delight and interest us supremely, whether they be painted as what is hoped or what is enjoyed. We feel how natural it is for a mind with a certain disposition to relaxation and indolence, when fatigued with the bustle of life, to long for serenity and quiet, and for those sequestered scenes in which they can be most exquisitely enjoyed. There is much less of this in the writings of the Greeks, who were originally a seafaring and piratical, and not, like the Italians, a pastoral people. It is thus that, even in their highest stage of refinement, the manners and feelings of nations bear some affinity to their original rudeness, though that rudeness itself has been

imperceptibly converted into a source of elegance and ornament."

" This is really too bad." Yet the offence cannot be looked at in a serious light—it is in itself so very ludicrous ; nay, originating, as it does, in the yearnings of parental affection, it is in itself engaging, and gives one a great idea of the amiable author's organ of Philo-pro-gen-i-tive-ness. Yet we must blame his partiality in thus so repeatedly presenting before the public particular children of his brain ; while others, as richly endowed by nature and art, are suffered to slumber in the shade. In fact, we have been now looking but on one child—it has still been nobody but little Tommy. This reminds us of a wager we once saw won by an ingenious *pater familias*, who introduced the same fine thumping boy three times to the same after-dinner party, as three separate, fine, thumping boys,—though we could not help having our doubts, in that case as in this, if even he, the unit, was *bona fide* the property of his papa. On his first entrance he played his part to admiration, with the usual bit of crystal transferred from the mouth of the wine-bottle to that of the wine-bibber, and after crowing like a cock-chicken for a good quarter of an hour, was carried off in a squall. He reappeared like a Highland chieftain, " all plaided and plumed in his tartan array," and exhibited plain proofs of his Erse. On that occasion he was called Dugald. In act third he marched in, to the very life, an infant Napoleon, to loud cries of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" The fond father was known to be a humorist ; but his English guests were fairly taken in, and the innocent deceit was not detected, till an anxious wish was expressed by a strange matron to see the three darlings all together ; and then, to be sure, there was no end to the compliments paid to the pretty Proteus, who, by the way, was about as common-place-cheek'd a child as one might meet with on the Longest Day.

Joking apart, one bad effect on the mind of the reader, of this kind of procedure on the part of an author, is an unavoidable suspicion that he who thus helps himself from himself may, in time of need, help himself from others ; and even so is it with Mr Dunlop. He is an unconscionable

plagiarist. His book on Roman Literature is not an avowed compilation,—though he once, and only once, calls it so. It is a history, and an ambitious one; and all quotations are marked with the customary commas, and the authors referred to in his notes. All that is not so marked is, of course, declared to be his own. In the preface to his Roman Literature (published in 1823), he says, “A number of German works (chiefly, however, bibliographical) have lately appeared on the subject of Roman literature. I regret, that from possessing but a recent and limited acquaintance with the language, I have not been able to draw so extensively as I might have wished from these sources of information.” How “extensively he might have wished to draw from these sources of information,” we know not; but we know this, that were we to draw as extensively as he has drawn from them, on the Royal Bank, our drafts would more than run a risk of being returned marked “no effects.” Who would for a moment imagine that after this lament over his imperfect acquaintance with the German language, and his inability to avail himself, to any extent, of its treasures, he incorporates, with his own criticism, without a word of acknowledgment, whole pages from the German, sometimes with hardly any alteration at all, but more frequently piecemeal-wise, and so cunningly that he baffles continued pursuit after his stealthy steps through all the mazes of transposition? Our surprise was excited, and then our suspicion, by some fine criticism on the genius of Propertius, and Tibullus, intermixed with much of the most commonplace character. Can all this—said we to ourselves—have proceeded from the same mind? And we fixed our “large grey noticeable eyes” on a quotation duly comma’d from Professor Manso. The Professor, said we to ourselves, is the author of more in this volume than that quotation; and on reperusing his work the mystery was at an end. We found, in a dozen places at least, not merely expressions or single sentences purloined from him, but paragraphs inextricably involved with Mr Dunlop’s own dulnesses—and here and there—*skreeds*. Indeed, strike out all Manso from Mr Dunlop’s disquisition on the Elegaic Twain, and “flat, stale, and unprofitable” it be-

comes, and “weeds possess it merely.”

One outrageous example of literary thieving must for the present suffice. It admits of no justification, and as Mr Dunlop’s work is of some repute, deserves exposure.

PROFESSOR MANSO.

“Those who feel as acutely as Tibullus,—who live, like him, in an ideal world,—and indulge in waking dreams of perfect felicity or unchanging love, will probably suffer as much as our poet, if they be as little circumspect in their choice. His *Delias* and *Næaras* were little fitted to satisfy such a heart. They all equally tormented him by that lightness and mutability, which is inconsistent with exclusive and devoted attachment. They seem to have been all deficient in that fondness for rural retirement, which was a prevailing sentiment with Tibullus. Hence the ceaseless storm that agitates the soul of the poet, the dark cloud spread over all his pictures of love, the diversity and rapid change of his sentiments,—fear and hope, pride and passion, satisfaction and despondency, succeeding each other in his mind like the waves of a tumultuous sea.”

SHERIFF DUNLOP.

“Lovers who feel with the same sensibility as Tibullus, and live as little in a world of reality as he; whose expectations are so overstrained, whose demands so difficult to satisfy; lovers, in a word, who have so much pleasure in giving a loose to the fancy, and to waking dreams, seldom find their calculation in love, particularly when they go to work with as little circumspection as our poet. His *Delias* and *Næaras* were unquestionably but little calculated to fill up the void of such a heart. All of them were afflicted with that levity which reconciles itself so ill with a visionary and unpretending attachment, and which is equally incapable of meriting sacrifices or of repaying them. All of them were wanting in that taste for solitude and the country, which in Tibullus was so developed and so prominent; all of them were deficient in that tenderness which, sufficient to itself, asks for nothing beyond. Hence the unceasing storm and pressure in the soul of the poet; hence the dark cloud that spread over all his favourite pictures; hence, in particular, the peculiarity in the train of his ideas, in which no one can fail to remark the two following circumstances as decisive.

“1st, The quick and startling alternation of emotions and passions, which, to the same extent, is to be found in nona

of the ancient, and perhaps in none of the modern elegiac poets. Fear and Hope, Pride and Longing, Joy and Sorrow, Prayers and Imprecations, Calm and Despair—one follows the other, as in time of ebb and flow, one wave follows another, and this again is overtaken and swallowed by another."

PROFESSOR MANO.

"When Tibullus thinks of death, he becomes so absorbed in the thought, and dwells upon the picture so long, that we perceive the idea of death is one which occupies and overmasters his whole soul. It is not a brief tarrying by the grave, a glance which he casts upon it from a distance; but the contemplator takes delight in his visionary fancies, and dwells upon them as with settled purpose. Who can read without emotion that picture (Book III. Eleg. v.), where the poet, in sickness, believes himself dying, where he calls back into his memory all the particulars in which he thinks he has offended the gods—where he retraces to them his youth, and concludes with a prayer to his friend—in the bath—not to forget him entirely, but to do their best to make his peace with Pluto by prayer and sacrifice? Or what heart does not beat with compassion when (Eleg. ii. Book. III.), grieved at the loss of his mistress, and weary of life, he believes himself on the funeral pile; when he hears how his Neera and her mother, with long dishevelled hair, bid him a last farewell, when he sees them gather his bones together, sprinkle them with wine and milk, wrap them in linen, moisten them with tears and incense, and write in a few lines upon his grave-stone the causes of his death?"

SHERIFF DUNLOP.

"When he thinks of death, he thinks so profoundly, and so long contemplates its image, that the ideas it suggests must have occupied a large space in his soul. He seems literally to have followed the injunction given him by his friend Horace,—

'*Omnes crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.*'

He does not make a short abode in the grave, or cast on it a glance from afar. He often fancies himself fluttering in the pangs of death; or figures himself stretched on the funeral pile. Neera and his mother, with dishevelled hair, call on his name for the last time. In imagination he beholds them gather his bones, sprinkle them with milk and wine, moisten them with frankincense, and engrave, in a few lines, the causes of his death on his tomb-stone. Again, when in sickness, he requests his friends not to forget him amid their pleasures, but to aid him in appeasing

Pluto with offerings and sacrifices. He recalls to remembrance every thing in which he may have offended the gods—implores their forgiveness, and pours forth the most earnest and affecting supplications that they should spare his tender years. Even to the most joyous thoughts of Tibullus, some mournful or plaintive sentiment is generally united, and his most gay and smiling figures wear chaplets of cypress on their brows. While deeming himself happy in comparison with the great Messala, because he will pass his life unknown in the arms of Delia, he thus concludes his address to this beloved mistress:—

'*Te spectem, suprema mihi quum venerit hora
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*'

Mr Dunlop is unquestionably a *free translator*.

Let us now hear him on the principles of translation.

"Since it is allowed to be an incontrovertible position in the principles of translation, that the style and manner of writing should be as nearly as possible of the same character with the original, I have generally, so far as practicable, accommodated the English versification to the Latin—translating the hexameters into what is called the heroic measure, and the elegiac distichs into the English elegiac quatrain or stanza; while those lines of fewer feet naturally fall into octosyllabic lines. All are in rhyme; not that I prefer this species of versification, on general principles; but because it is better adapted to short and light compositions, such as the Anthology: and though I do not think that blank verse requires (as some suppose) obsolete idioms, inversions and swelling epithets to distinguish it as poetry, yet it demands far greater power and skill in the mechanical construction of verse; and I know well that in my hands at least, it is only crippled prose. And besides I am sure, that even the greatest poets and most correct or successful translators, in surmounting the difficulties of rhyme, must have felt that new excellencies arose from the effort, and have tacitly acknowledged the truth of the opinion of Voltaire,

'*De la contrainte rigoureuse
Ou l'esprit se sent resserrée,
Il reçoit de nouveau force
Qui l'élève au plus haut degré.*'

"I have prescribed to myself the rule of perfect accuracy in the rhymes—a law through which no translator is entitled to break; and I do not think it will be found that there are more than six couplets in which those rhymes called imperfect or allowable have been admitted. It has been justly observed, 'that a writer, in versifying, should make every attempt to

find a perfect rhyme before he uses a defective one. Yet, if he cannot find any of the former, he should rather employ a faulty rhyme than lose a noble thought. But a translator has no thoughts of his own whatever; and even the slightest variation from the meaning of his author is a blemish. Perfect accuracy, therefore, of rhyme, which is a great beauty in all poetical compositions, seems to be in translation an indispensable requisite.

"I only wish farther to say, in apology for what may appear to many but an idle publication, that the greater part of the following versions were written in the course of last summer, during a period when much anxiety, and some vexation, precluded the possibility of continued at-

tention to more serious and profitable studies."

Most of this is good,—but of Mr Dunlop may it be truly said, "*video meliora proboque deteriora sequor*." So far from having "generally, so far as practicable, accommodated" the English versification to the Latin, he has in numerous instances, when such accommodation was equally necessary and easy, employed a measure as different as possible from that of his original, thereby making sad havoc among the Flowers. He has done so with the very first fragment he took in hand—the Chant of the *Fratres Arvales*; only look :

Enos Lases juvate,
Neve luerve Marmar sinis incurrer in pleoris.
Satur fufere Mars : limen sali sta berber :
Semones alternei advocapit cunctos.
Enos Marmor juvate,
Triumpe ! triumpe !

JOHN DUNLOP.

Ye Lares, aid us ! Mars, thou God of Might !
From murrain shield the flocks—the flowers from blight.
For thee, O Mars ! a feast shall be prepared ;
Salt, and a wether chosen from the herd :
Invite, by turns, each Demigod of Spring.
Great Mars, assist us ! Triumph ! Triumph sing !

The *Fratres Arvales*, judging by their tongue, were an uncouth kind, but Mr Dunlop's version of their chant seems to have been written for a lady's album.

In the *Hermiona*, *Paccuvius* thus writeth :—

Habet hoc senectus in se, quum pigra est ipsa, ut spissa omnia,
Videantur confieri.

JOHN DUNLOP.

'Tis the sad attribute of age,
That in this dull and heavy stage
Of life, all things, though fair and new,
Seem tedious to our thick-eyed view.

Cæcilius, the old comic writer, saith :

Ædopol ! Senectus, si nihil quidquam aliud vitii
Apportet secum, quum advenerit, unum id satis est,
Quod diu vivendo, multa quæ non vult videt, &c. &c.

JOHN DUNLOP.

'Tis one chief sorrow of old age,
That in that last and lengthened stage
Of life, we oft are doomed to see
Things that we could not wish to be, &c.

In his "Vow to *Venus*," *Virgil* saith,—

Si mihi susceptum fuerit decurrere munus,
O Paphon, O sedes quæ colis *Idalias*, &c.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Thou whom Idalia's favour'd seats
Delight, and Paphos' blest retreats, &c.

An anthologist said of the academy of Cicero,—

Quo tua, Romanæ vindex clarissime linguae !
Silva loco melius surgere jussa viret, &c.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Father of eloquence in Rome !
The groves that once pertained to thee, &c.

It is thus written by one of the Anonymi :—

Vive lætus
Quique vivis ;
Vita parvo munus est :
Orta, mox sensim vigescit,
Deinde sensim deficit.

JOHN DUNLOP.

This life all ye who live enjoy,
And the brief gift in bliss employ !
For life proceeds when life *begins*,
And verging by degrees *declines* !

Some pretty conceits inscribed on the Tomb of a Boy run thus :—

Me longè effigie venustiorē
Narcissi vel Apollinis comati
Parcarum Lachesis soror severa
Isti Quinterinum dedit Sepulchro,
Cum tanti fuerim puer decoris, &c.

Me than lovely Narcissus more graceful and fair,
Or Apollo with ringlets of long flowing hair,
The Fates unrelenting have snatched to the tomb,
While as yet in the freshness and boyhood of bloom.

Call ye that accommodation ? The versions, of which these short specimens may suffice, are, in all other respects, wretched.

Pray, who may *now* be the wise-
acres who suppose, as Mr Dunlop
says, that blank verse requires “obsolete
idioms, inversions, and swelling
epithets, to distinguish it as poetry ?”

Mr Dunlop says, “I have prescribed to myself the rule of perfect accuracy in the rhymes, a law through which no translator is entitled to break ; and I do not think it will be found that there are more *than six couplets* in which those rhymes called imperfect or allowable have been admitted.” He is a purist—we are not, and care nothing for an occasional imperfect or identical rhyme. But here are THIRTY ! Many of them indeed cannot be called “imperfect

and allowable ;” but perfect—and unallowable. The fact is, that Mr Dunlop has neither an eye nor an ear for rhyme. We shall give them comma'd—“Prepared, hard ; send, descend ; spared, reward ; produce, reduce ; revere, air ; maintain, sustain ; lead, dead ; slain, obscene ; behold, hold ; pass, surpass ; sincere, unfair ; day, holiday ; tend, contend ; known, renown ; obtain, ascertain ; fair, austere ; supreme, aim ; meads, heads ; amuse, muse ; indeed, dread ; retreat, fate ; begins, declines ; revives, survives ; still, pile ; turns, returns ; despoil, while ; place, cease ; way, away ; prevails, avails ; announced, denounced ; confessed, professed.” The Identicals are a numerous clan, and we observe among them the Chieftain.

Mr Dunlop uses Burmann's An-

thology, and thus speaks of it. "Burmann's first volume, which preceded the appearance of the other by several years (thirteen), contains such pieces as had been preserved in manuscript. The second is devoted to inscriptions, and consists chiefly of epitaphs, by husbands on their wives, by parents on their children, by freedmen on their patrons, and by masters on their slaves. The last of the six Books comprises *Carmina Ithyphallica*. Emulous to render his collection as complete as possible, Burmann has admitted into it many pieces which are but little estimable either in a poetical or moral view. His notes are also too voluminous, and not always on the most difficult or doubtful passages; and the readings adopted in his text are often evidently worse than those of Scaliger, Pithœus, Heinsius, and other preceding scholars." The *Carmina Ithyphallica* little estimable in a moral view! That is funny. "Being desirous, however, of printing the Latin text along with the following translations, in order to afford the reader an opportunity of judging how far they possess the merit of fidelity to their originals, I have taken considerable pains in collating the different editions of the Latin Anthology. *Burmann's work has indeed been the basis of the text which I have chosen*; but I have corrected it, *in some instances*, from Wernsdorff's *Poëtæ Latine Minores*, and in others from the prior, and what I thought preferable readings, mentioned by Burmann himself in his Annotations."

We do not well know what to say to all this—except that Mr Dunlop has been unjust to Burmann. If the text of Scaliger, Pithœus, Heinsius, and other preceding scholars be indeed better than Burmann's, why was Burmann's "the basis of the text which I have chosen?" But that is a ridiculously pompous declaration; and he might just as well say that the house in which he now lives in India Street is the basis of the house in which he now lives in India Street. Burmann's text is his text. We have carefully collated them almost throughout, and we do not believe that there are more than a dozen deviations in Mr Dunlop's from its "basis;" and with the single exception of *nec* for *vel*, or *vel* for *nec*, we forget which—though we marked it with our keelavine pen—

the round dozen are given and almost all approved of as preferable by Burmann himself in his notes. Mr Dunlop, we doubt not, "has taken considerable pains in collating the different editions of the Latin Anthology;" but the fact is as we have now stated it; and as for his corrections, *in some instances*, from Wernsdorff, *nostro periculo*, call them *three*—whereas you know in Mr Dunlop's Vocabulary, *some* signifies Thirty. Burmann's notes are *not* too voluminous; and very few difficult or doubtful passages indeed—if *any*—escape his perspicacity or sagacity, for he had a quick eye and a fine nose, as may be seen in his animated, intelligent, and comely countenance prefixed, in a good print, to his First Bouncing Volume.

But in another way Mr Dunlop *has* not unfrequently abandoned his "basis"—and we cannot but believe on no good authority—though we cannot at present "collate the different editions of the Latin Anthology," not having one of them in the house. He drops out, *ad libitum*, from the beginning, middle, or end of people's Latin verses, whatever lines he finds it difficult to translate. We have jotted down a good many cases of the kind—but shall be satisfied, for the present, with mentioning two or three, at the right places. There are *some* glaring errors in his text—some of which are perhaps misprints—therefore we shall not now particularize them—but they are errors—and gross ones—in grammar and in metre.

But now for some Specimens. Mr Dunlop, most unwarrantably taking for granted among his readers in general, a thorough acquaintance with the fragments of the old Latin poets, has published them without a single explanatory note; and there they stand, one after another, each with its title or a label round its neck, but utterly unintelligible to the mass of mankind, and often nearly so even to persons who, in a certain sense, and in some degree, may be said to be scholars. Bare as the palm of our hand, is the volume of notes. How far more serviceable would have been forty pages of them, than of that erudite and philosophical Preface. He might have taken a lesson from Merivale in his edition of Bland. That volume can yield delight to all cultivated minds; this must move heavily

within a narrow circle indeed ; but on the wings of Maga some of its leaves will fly lightly to the uttermost ends of the earth.

We have summoned our Spirits, and they have flocked around us at the call. Neaves, and Hay, and Aytoun have been the first to lay their offerings at our feet ; and away they have wheeled again, but to return, like so many Ariels, leaving Prospero as proud as Punch.

Let us begin with the Annals of Old Ennius, and with Ilia's Dream. Ilia, a vestal virgin, had, you may have heard, been seduced by Mars, and became the mother, by him, of Romulus and Remus. We shall suppose her now "*Marte gravis*," and that the stirring of life within her womb has caused her dream about her father and the God.

"*Excita cūm tremulis anus attulit artibus, lumen*"—

the sorely disturbed sleeper awakes—and it is thus she tells her visions to her sister. Let us first observe that her father's words heard in her dream are obscure as prophecy, and admit of various interpretations, from which each translator is at liberty to make his

own choice. Her offspring, you know, were exposed to death by drowning, and the words may dimly intimate their rescue from the flood ; or they may have reference to the story of Ilia having been wedded to the Tiber, as in Ovid,—

"*Annuerunt Nymphæ Tiberinides omnes, Quæque colunt Thalamos Ilia diva tuos.*"

But we may be only showing our ignorance, of which we can never have any reason to be ashamed, as we do our best—seldom indeed with much success—to acquire a library of useful and amusing knowledge on most subjects under the sun. We never had such a dream as Ilia's—it is not in nature that we should have had—nor, sweetest ! ever had you—though you may have dreamt of the Colonel ; but you and we doubtless have had strange wild dreams on our night, and know in poetry what is dream-like, when genius converses with images of distraction and overburdened grief. Past, present, and future combining to shadow forth something more awful than waking life can know, yet belonging to waking life, as at once the dreamer knows, soon as is broken the spell of sleep.

ILLE SOMNIUM.

"*Talla commemorat lacrumans, exterrita somno ;
' Eurydica prognata, pater quam noster amavit,
Vivens vita meum corpus nunc deserit omne :
Nam me visus homo polcer per amœna salicta
Et ripas raptare, locosque novos : Ita sola
Post illa, germana soror, errare videbar ;
Tardaque vestigare, et quærere te neque posse
Corde capessere : semita nulla pedem stabilibat
Exin compellare pater me voce videtur
Heis verbis—" O Gnata, tibi sunt antegerendæ
Ærumnæ ; post, ex fluvio Fortuna resistet."
Hæc pater cefatus, Germana, repenti recessit :
Nec sese dedit in conspectum corde cupitus ;
Quanquam multâ manus ad cœli cœrula Templa
Tendebam lacrumans, et blandâ voce vocabam.
Vix ægro tum corde meo me somnus reliquit."*

JOHN DUNLOP.

"*" Eurydice, my sister," thus she spoke,
When roused from sleep she, weeping, silence broke,
' Thou whom our father loved ! of life bereft,
Though yet alive, all sense this frame hath left.
A Form endowed with more than mortal grace,
Mysterious led me, and with hurried pace,
Mid ever varying scenes, as sweet as new,
O'er banks and meads where pliant osiers grew.
Then, left to wander slowly and alone,
In vain I sought thee amongst paths unknown,*

My father called, his child forlorn addressed,
 And in these words prophetic thoughts expressed :
 " O daughter, many sorrows yet abide,
 Ere Fortune's stream upbears thee on its tide."
 Thus spoke my Father ; but his form withdrew,
 No longer offered to my eager view :
 Though oft, in vain, with soothing voice, I call,
 And stretch my hands to heaven's cerulean hall.
 Oppressed, and struggling, and with sickening heart,
 At once the vision and my sleep depart."

The construction of the first couplet is exceedingly awkward, and would be intolerable in original composition. " Thus she spoke, when roused from sleep she, weeping, silence broke ! " No human being could be imagined writing voluntarily in such fetters. Besides, it is silly though it is true, to say of a person suddenly roused from sleep, that she " silence broke," and no such silliness is in the Latin. " Polcer " is expanded perversely into " a form endowed with more than mortal grace "—a wishy-washyism unworthy of the Mother of Rome. Mr Dunlop had Mars in his mind, and desired to bring out that fact ; but Ilia did not, and we must insist on her being permitted to tell her dream in her own words. There is no such word as " mysterious " here ; and its unnecessary introduction spoils the effect of the mystery involved in Ilia's empassioned narration of her dream. " As sweet as new," is on a par with " no less singular than true," and one of the poorest of all possible modes of conceited speech. Osiers are pliant, and employed in all sorts of basket-work ; but Ilia says, " amœna salicta," and Mr Dunlop says, " where pliant osiers grew." We prefer Ennius. The three lines that follow in the original—so full of dream—" ita sola," &c. lose all their poetry on the Sheriff's prosaic lips. The total evaporation of spirit leaves his two lines scarcely able to crawl. But oh ! " the weary pund, the weary pund, the weary pund o' tow"—how drawlingly Mr Dunlop introduces Ilia's father ! She says simply,

" Exin compellare pater me voce videtur
 Heis verbis."

Mr Dunlop writes,

" My father called, his child forlorn addressed,
 And in these words prophetic thoughts expressed."

Gone the power of " videtur ; " and ill is its place supplied by that " damnable iteration " of tense. " His child forlorn," applied by Ilia to herself, is unnatural in her mood of passion ; and " prophetic " is worse than impertinent, it is superfluous ; for the prophecy itself is given, and in dark words. " Many sorrows yet abide," is not English, and though it were, would still be a miserable substitute for " tibi sunt antegerendæ ærumnæ." To " thus spoke my father, but his form withdrew," we prefer " repente recessit." Did Ilia see her father ? It is not apparent to us whether she did or not, through her obscure utterance of the obscurity of a dream. Our feeling is that she only heard his voice. If so, then " no longer offered to my eager view," is erroneous ; at any rate, 'tis a feeble version of a forcible line. " In vain " has no business there, as any body with half an eye may see. The final Latin line is most expressive—the final English lines laborious over-much, like a couple of cows in the mire ; and Ennius was not the man to put into Ilia's mouth " at once the vision and my sleep depart "—he made her say simply, " me somnus reliquit."

We shall leave all our versions to speak for themselves and to be spoken of by the Critics. We trust you will not spare their faults for sake of their beauties ; and that, if you have nothing better to do, and think your eyes can weather it, you will essay to count the specks on the several Suns.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

Then startled from her sleep, she spoke, all tears and deeply moved—
 " My sister—my Eurydice, whom most our father loved !
 O listen ! for I feel as though no life were in my frame—
 Methought while dreaming that a man, a graceful Being came,

And bore me onward through the banks where pleasant willows grew,
 Then left me, and I seemed alone in places strange and new :
 I sought for thee, my sister, I sought thee far and near,
 And yet no path my feet could find—my heart was full of fear ;
 And then I heard our father's voice—these were his words to me—
 " O daughter there is wretchedness and toil in store for thee,
 Ere Fortune from the River rise, then shalt thou be released."
 These, sister, were my father's words, and suddenly he ceased.
 Nor did his stately form appear to greet my longing eyes ;
 Though eagerly I stretched my hands to the temples of the skies ;
 Nor did I cease to weep aloud, and earnestly implore,
 Until my sleep departed—and, oh ! my heart was sore !

WILLIAM HAY.

Startled from sleep, she cried, with many a tear,
 Oh ! thou our father's joy, my sister dear—
 Eurydice, this night a vision came,
 And all but lifeless left this living frame.
 It seemed a man—a form of beauty bright
 Seized me, and bore me on in hurried flight—
 By streamy banks, where wave the willows fair,
 And many a pleasant spot of beauty rare.
 Then left alone—I sought, bewildered sore,
 To track my way—but wandered more and more.
 My heart longed for thee, but I found thee not :
 My weary feet no certain pathway got ;
 And then my father's voice I seemed to hear—
 " Full many a pang must thou, my daughter dear,
 Endure, ere Fortune's current bear thee on."
 These words he spake, my sister, and was gone
 Far from my yearning heart—far from my eyes !
 With arms stretched upward to the azure skies,
 I prayed, I wept, in suppliant accents spoke,
 And sick at heart convulsively awoke.

CHARLES NEAVES.

The Maid, when now the Crone had brought the light,
 Thus weeping told the terrors of the night.
 " Eurydica ! child of our Father's heart,
 I live, but life and vigour fast depart.
 Methought, to-night, a Man, most fair to view,
 Snatched me along ; with hurrying speed we flew
 Through pleasant willow-groves, and banks and places new.
 Alone, my sister, next I seemed to go,
 And tracked thy steps with wandering search and slow ;
 And still I sought, and still could never meet,
 While every path gave way beneath my feet.
 And now, methought, my Father's accents cried,
 " O child ! by sorrows must thou first be tried ;
 Yet shall the river check his downward force,
 And Fortune find at last a happier course."
 This said, my Father straight dissolved away,
 Nor to my wishing eyes would longer stay :
 Though oft to heaven my lifted hands I spread,
 And fondly called, and tears of longing shed ;
 Then from my aching heart sleep with a struggle fled.

Who shall give in English the answer of Pyrrhus of Epirus to Fabricius the Roman Consul, concerning the ransom of the captives ? " regalis

sane," quoth Cicero, " et digna Æacidarum genere sententia." It is trumpet-tongued.

"Nec mi aurum posco, nec mi pretium dederitis;
 Nec cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes;
 Ferro, non auro, vitam cernamus utrique,
 Vosne velit, an me regnare Hera; quidve ferat sors
 Virtute experiamur et hoc simul accipe dictum;
 Quorum virtutei belli Fortuna pepercit,
 Horumdem me libertatei parcere certum est:
 Dono ducite, doque volentibus cum magneis Dis."

JOHN DUNLOP.

"Nor price I seek, nor shall ye ransom yield;
 Let us not trade, but combat in the field:
 Steel, and not gold, our being must maintain,
 And prove *which* nation Fortune wills to reign.
 Whom chance of war, despite of valour, spared,
 I grant them freedom, and without reward.
 Conduct them then, by all the mighty gods!
 Conduct them freely to their own abodes."

Why change "aurum" into "price?"
 Gold is the word—coin or bullion.
 "Let us not trade" does not give the
 peculiar sentiment of Pyrrhus—
 "cauponantes bellum." It is very
 difficult to give it in English, but it
 must be given—or the translator fails
 in his office. "Our being must
 maintain" is very feeble, and the he-
 roic we in "cernamus" sacrificed.

How could man of woman born leave
 out "hoc semel accipe dictum!"
 That noble Dictum is all in all. How
 could Mr Dunlop avoid seeing that
 the power of the subsequent expan-
 sion of the Dictum mainly lies in the
 apposition of "virtutei and libertatei,"
 "Fortuna pepercit," and "me par-
 cere?" From his version it escapes.
 It is not the Potato.

WILLIAM HAY.

Your gold I ask not, pay no gifts to me,
 No chafferers in war, but warriors *we*!
 Let steel, not gold, determine—who shall die;
 And Fortune—who shall reign—or you, or I;
 Let valour combat, but let *her* decide.
 This, too, I say—by this I will abide—
 Those men whose valour spared hath chance of war,
 I spare their freedom—free henceforth they are;
 Freely receive them—freely are they given—
 Take back your captives in the name of Heaven!

GEORGE NOIR.

Your gold I seek not; take your ransoms home;
 Warriors, not traffickers in war, we come;
 Not gold, but steel, our strife should arbitrate,
 And valour prove which is the choice of fate.
 And hear me now proclaim this firm decree—
 'The brave whose lives the battle spared, with me
 Shall never mourn the loss of liberty.'
 Unransom'd then your comrades hence remove,
 And may the mighty gods the boon approve.

CHARLES NEAVES.

I ask not gold; your proffered price retain;
 War let us wage, not trade in war for gain;
 Let steel, not gold, now arbitrate the strife,
 That must decide between us death or life.
 What sovereign fortune dooms, let valour try,
 Which is for empire destined, you or I?
 And hear these words:—'Whose courage war's decree
 Has spared, their freedom shall be spared by me.'

Unbought I give them—home your comrades lead—
And may the mighty gods approve the deed.'

2.

I seek not gold : with me no price you need :
Let us not trade in war ; but war indeed.
With steel, not gold, the vital strife debate,
And try by valour's test the will of fate :
If you the goddess gives or me to sway,
Or what she dooms : and hear me while I say :
Whose valour war hath spared, a sure decree
Tells them their freedom shall be spared by me :
Lead hence your comrades ; freely they may go,
And the Great Gods confirm what I bestow !

To another tune, trumpet-tongued too is "the Combat of the Tribune with the Istrians." Ennius has imitated Homer, Virgil Ennius—and Ajax, Cæcilius and Turnus are worth looking at. Were there ever such men? Ay, and there are now in tens of thousands; for after all the human is a noble race.

"Undique conveniunt, velut imber, tela Tribuno :
Configunt parmam, tinnit hastilibus umbo,
Æratæ sonitant galeæ ; sed nec pote quisquam,
Undique nitendo, corpus discerpere ferro.
Semper abundanteis hastas frangitque, quatitque ;
Totum sudor habet corpus, moltumque laborat :
Nec respirandi fit copia præpete ferro.
Istrei tela manu jacentes sollicitabant.
Occumbunt moltei leto, ferroque lapique,
Aut intra mœros, aut extra præcipe casu."

"From every side the javelins, as a shower,
Their iron tempest on the Tribune pour ;
Struck by the spears his helm and shield resound :
Though pierced his shield, no shaft inflicts a wound.
Their missile darts the embattled Istrians throw,
But all are hurled in vain against their foe :
He pants, and sweats, and labours o'er the field,
The flying shafts no pause for breathing yield ;
Smote by the sword, or sling, the assailants fall
Within, or headlong thrust beyond the wall."

The javelins pour "as a shower their iron tempest" (*velut imber!*) is sad tautology, showing the translator knows not how to deal with a simple strong image put into his hands. "Semper abundanteis hastas frangit" he omits—opining that the matter of most moment is of no moment at all—the Tribune's shivering the spears. He *transplaces* (to use a word of his own) the line "Istrei," &c. for no reason under the sun, and leaves out of it the best word in it—"and eke the kittlest," "sollicitabant." "*Labours o'er the field!*" What can he mean by that? There is no field. 'Tis a hand-to-hand fight on the walls of a town. The Tribune never stirs an inch from his stance, but to fling

a tall fellow over the battlements. Would Mr Dunlop, were he an historical painter, represent in his "Grand Picture of the Combat of the Tribune with the Istrians," the said Tribune "labouring o'er a field" of some five hundred or a thousand acres, now making play in a rally, and now fighting, like Richmond the Black, in a row with ever so many Johnny Raws, on the retreat? Nor is "*headlong thrust beyond the wall*" what a descriptive poet would naturally say, in telling the world that he had seen a gentleman fling a number of raffs over the bridge. "*Thrust beyond the bridge*" would be odd.

Compare the above huddle and hubbub of words with Hay's!

WILLIAM HAY.

COMBAT OF THE TRIBUNE WITH THE ISTRIONS.

Forth on the Tribune, like a shower, the gathering javelins spring,
 His buckler pierce—or on its boss the quivering lances ring—
 Or rattle on his brazen helm :—but vain the utmost might
 Of foes that press on every side,—none can that Tribune smite.
 And many a spear he shivers then, and many a blow bestows,
 With many a jet of reeking sweat his labouring body flows.
 No breathing time the Tribune has : no pause—the winged iron,
 The Istrian darts, in ceaseless showers, provoke him, and environ :
 And lance and sling destruction bring on many heroes stout—
 Who tumble headlong from the wall, within it, or without.

From the Annals—of which perhaps more another day—let us go to the Tragedies of Ennius—and first to the Lament of Andromache. Scaliger, on account of its resemblance to the Wail of Hecuba in Euripides, believed

it was put into the mouth of the aged Queen by Ennius. But Scaliger, though a great scholar, was often absurd, and we must overhaul his portrait.

ANDROMACHE.

————— “ Quid petam
 Præsidii aut exsequar ? quo nunc aut exilio aut fugâ freta sim ?
 Arce et urbe orba sum ; quò accidam ? quo applicem ?
 Cui nec aræ patriæ domi stant ; fractæ et disjectæ jacent ;
 Fana flammâ deflagrata ; tostî alti stant parietes.
 O pater, O patria, O Priami domus ;
 Septum altisono cardine templum !
 Vidi ego te, adstante ope barbaricâ,
 Tectis cælatis, laqueatis,
 Auro, ebore, instructum regifice :—
 Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,
 Priamo vi vitam evitari,
 Jovis aram sanguine turpari.”

JOHN DUNLOP.

“ Where shall I refuge seek or aid obtain ?
 In flight or exile can I safety gain ?—
 Our city sacked—even scorched the walls of stone,
 Our fanes consumed, and altars all o'erthrown.
 O Father—country—Priam's ruined home !
 O hallowed temple with resounding dome,
 And vaulted roof with fretted gold illumed,
 In regal pomp !—All now I've seen consumed !
 Have seen the foe shed Royal Priam's blood,
 And stain Jove's altar with the crimson flood.”

Mr Dunlop, during the process of translation, had not before his eyes the picture so vividly painted by Andromache. Look at the first four lines—or rather at the third and fourth—of the Latin and English. Of city and citadel she is bereft ; and having hurriedly described the overthrow, dilapidation, and conflagration of fanes and altars, she says, “tostî alti stant parietes.” Nothing can be finer—and there the baked ruins stand in imagination. Mr Dunlop sees a number of words denoting destruction, and cares not how they may be collocated—not he—not a whit—and with per-

fect *sang froid* places the final picture first—at the same time enfeebling it by that senseless word, “*even scorched our walls of stone.*” The Andromache of Ennius then starts—recoils from the dismal vision, and recalls to mind and nobly describes that of her Father, her Country, her Father's House in all their splendour. By one unfortunate word the translator destroys that momentary and magnificent dream, “Priam's *ruined* House !” Oh no ! ruined indeed—but not believed to be ruined—addressed in fond delusion as if in its regal and religious pomp immortal ! “Resounding dome” we

shall not object to—for “*altisono cardine*” may perhaps be susceptible of that interpretation—but where is “*adstante ope barbarica*?” It means, we do not doubt, the Trojan life-guards—that is the ARMY—and them—it—Mr Dunlop has omitted by his own particular desire. “Crimson flood” for

blood is beyond endurance; for if there be a strong word in the English language—it is blood. What would you think of “crimson flood for crimson flood?” or of “whosoever sheds man’s crimson flood, his crimson flood shall be shed?”

CHARLES NEAVES.

What shelter can I seek or hope to know?
 What flight, what exile will elude the foe?
 Of city and of citadel bereft,
 What chance or choice of refuge have I left?
 At home no more my father’s shrines are found,
 Broken they lie and scattered on the ground.
 Flames have devoured our temples and our halls,
 And blackened ruins are our lofty walls.
 O! father, O my native land,
 O! Priam’s house, where once did stand
 That dome whose gate resounding loud
 Wide opened to the royal crowd.
 I saw thee in thy day of might
 With proud imperial splendour bright,
 Fretted with sculptured roof on high,
 And rich with gold and ivory;
 While ranged around appeared the flower
 Of Phrygia’s bold barbaric power;
 I saw thee when the spoiler came,
 And wrapped thy palaces in flame;
 Saw Priam butchered where he stood,
 And Jove’s own altar stained with blood.

WILLIAM HAY.

Where shall I find or look for aid, in flight or exile trust?
 Where turn myself? Our citadel and city in the dust!
 My country’s altars overthrown, a mass of ruins lie,—
 Our fanes in flames, and scorched and black, our walls and bulwarks high!
 My father—oh! my father land—oh! Priam’s palace proud;
 Thou temple fenced by gates that turned on hinges sounding loud,
 I saw thee—when beleaguered by the fierce barbaric host—
 Thy vaulted roofs with ivory and fretted gold emboss’d;
These—thee I saw, thou princely pile, sink in that fiery flood;
 And Priam foully murdered stain Jove’s altar with his blood.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

Whither shall I flee for refuge? whither shall I look for aid?
 Flight or exile, which is safer? tower and town are both betrayed;
 Whom shall I employ for succour? our old altars are no more,
 Broken, crushed they lie, and splintered, and the flames above them roar.
 And our walls all blackened stand—O my father! father land!
 O thou haughty house of Priam—temple with the gates surrounded
 I have seen thee—all thy splendour, all thy eastern pomp unbounded—
 All thy roofs and painted ceilings, all the treasures they contain,
 I have seen them—seen them blazing—I have seen old Priam slain,
 Foully murdered, and the altar of the Highest bears the stain.

TELAMON. Such is the title of that all looked-for evils—such as
 THREE LINES quoted by Cicero in death—are more easily borne than
 his Tusculan Questions—to illustrate those that are unexpected; and we
 a maxim of the Cyrenaic philosophers, desire to believe that they were put

by Ennius into the mouth of Telamon, the Father of the Greater Ajax. And how, and where, and when did the Greater Ajax die? Some say, quoth a scholiast of our acquaintance, that having been wounded by Paris, he came to the ships with his blood gushing from him, *αιμορροων*; others that an oracle informed the Trojans to batter him with mud, for that he was invulnerable by steel, and that he thus

died; others that he committed suicide—the common opinion; and if you wish to be terrified, read the Ajax of Sophocles. Pindar says he was invulnerable in that part of his body which was covered by the lion's skin. All this saith to us our friend the scholiast, and it may be all in Keightly; our friend Vossius saith, "Sunt enim verba Telamonis, cum accepisset nuncium de mortuo Ajace."

TELAMON.

Ego quom genni, tum moriturum scivi et ei rei sustuli;
Præterea ad Trojam quom misi ad defendendam Græciam,
Scibam me in mortiferum bellum, non in epulas mittere.

JOHN DUNLOP.

I reared him subject to death's equal laws;
And when to Troy I sent him in our cause,
I knew I urged him into mortal fight,
And not to feasts or banquets of delight.

That is not one of the worst of the Shirra's attempts; but it has one "mortal murder on its head." Telamon did not "*urge*" Ajax to join the armament. It is a senseless libel on Father and Son to say so—for the Princee stept on board like a bride-

groom. The King sent him with his Power—and he went of his own great accord. "Not to feasts or banquets" is bad—"non in epulas" is good; "subject to death's equal laws" is formal—"moriturum" is the very word. Here are SIX.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

1.

I knew when I begat him he must die,
And bred him up to meet that destiny;
And knew that when to Troy I sent my son,
To battles, not to banquets, he had gone.

2.

That he must one day lie among the dead
I knew when I begat him—when I bred;
And when I sent him to the walls of Troy,
That 'twas to mortal war, not feasts of joy.

3.

I knew my son was mortal, and I gave
Him fitting nurture for a warrior's grave;
And when I sent him to Troy's leaguer'd wall,
'Twas not to feast—but fight—perchance to fall.

4.

When I begat and bred him well I knew
That he was, like his father, mortal too;
And when to Troy I sent him, that his life
Would not be spent in feasts, but deadly strife.

5.

I knew when I begat him that his days
Were numbered; in that knowledge he was bred;
And when I sent him forth Troy town to raze,
I knew 'twas not to feasts, but fields of dead.

6.

I knew that he was born and bred to die ;
And when for sake of Greece, I sent my son
To Troy, I knew whate'er his destiny,
To fight, not feast, went Ajax Telamon.

CHARLES NEAVES.

1.

When life I gave him, then I knew that one day he must die,
And rear'd him for the common lot that waits humanity.
And still, when sending him to Troy as Greece's champions went,
I knew to fields of deadly fight, and not to feasts, I sent.

2.

Even when I gave him being, then I knew
That he must die, and rear'd him in that view.
Again I knew, when sending him to Troy,
I sent to fields of blood, not feasts of joy.

JAMES F. FERRIER.

I knew my son was mortal from the first,
And for no end but death I had him nurst :
Moreover, when I sent him forth to Troy,
I knew men met not there to feast, but to destroy.

WILLIAM HAY.

When I begat him, then I knew in sooth,
That die he must ; for *this* I rear'd his youth.
Moreover, when I sent him to maintain
The cause of Greece at Troy, I knew, again,
That I had sent him, at his country's call,
To deadly warfare—not to banquet hall.

“Old times I said are living there”—
and surely “the ancient spirit is not
dead,” in these versions by Us and
Ours. So spake Telamon to the Nun-
cius—but about midnight he was a
changed man, and the people in the
palace, seeing him walking about with
white face and red eyes, tearing out
his hair in handfuls, saying never
a word, but groaning incessantly,
might well have thought him mad,
had they not known from the first that

the old King would never get over
the death of his Ajax, and was a gone
man in spite of that lofty speech,
which was all gammon and spinnage
flung out by despair.

Attius, they say, wrote a Tragedy
called Brutus. This fragment of it is
a fine one—Tarquin's Dream. We
tried to translate it in the measure and
mood of Lochiel's Warning—and
thought of Dunans—but we fell
through it.

“Quum jam quieti corpus nocturno impetu
Dedi, sopore placans artus languidos ;
Visum est, in somnis, pastorem ad me adpellere
Pecus lanigerum eximiâ pulchritudine.
Duos consanguineos arietes inde eligi,
Præclarioremque alterum involare me :
Deinde, ejus germanum cornibus connitier
In me arietare, eoque ictu me ad casum dari.
Exin prostratum terrâ, graviter saucium,
Resupinam, in cælo contueri maximum
Ac mirificum facinus ; dextrorsum orbem flammeum
Radiatum Solis linquier cursu novo.

AUGUR.

Rex, quæ in vitâ usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident,
Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea si cui in somno accidunt,

Minus mirum est : sed in re tantâ haud temere visa offerunt.
 Proin videne, quem tu esse hebetem deputes æque ac pecus,
 Is sapientiâ munitum pectus egregium gerat,
 Teque regno expellat : nam id, quod de sole ostentum est tibi,
 Popolo commutationem rerum portendit fore
 Perpropinquam. Hæc bene verruncent popolo ; nam quod ad dexteram
 Cœpit cursum ab lævâ, signum præpotens, pulcherrimè
 Auguratum est, rem Romanam publicam summam fore."

JOHN DUNLOP.

" When now I closed in sleep my weary eyes,
 Yielding my limbs to slumber's soft surprise ;
 Methought a shepherd drove his Fleecy Care
 To where I stood—a flock of beauty rare.
 Two shaggy rams of the same stock I chose ;
 Of whom one, butting, with repeated blows,
 Stretched me on earth ; where as I prostrate lay
 And bruised, I saw the devious orb of day,
 (A wondrous portent !) his due course forsake,
 And to the east a path unwonted take.

ANSWER OF THE INTERPRETER.

That things, O king ! which waking meet our eyes,
 Should come again in sleep, need not surprise,
 Or that such forms as during day excite
 Should oft return as phantoms of the night.
 But such strange visions, by no memories brought,
 And of such moment, rarely rise for nought.
 Bethink you then, lest one, whom you regard
 As dull and senseless like the brutal herd,
 Bear an excelling mind, with wisdom stored,
 And from this kingdom drive its exiled Lord.
 But those strange signs which in the heavens appear,
 Foretell that now a change of empire's near—
 Much to the public weal ; for that dread sight
 Portends the Roman power will gain a glorious height."

"Fleecy care," *ut supra*, and phrases of that sort, have long infested the lower, perhaps the higher, walks of literature ; but old Ennius says "pecus lanigerum," and so should the Sheriff. We like Thomson's "woolly people," which is bold—bolder than "hairy people ;" and Ennius might so have spoken of dogs or men. "Eo ictu" is curiously and elaborately mis-translated "with repeated blows"—one did the business and laid Tarquin on his back as flat as a flounder. But these are trifles. What has become of the significant line "Præclarioremque alterum involare (potius immolare) me ?" Left out. Why ? True, the interpreter passes it over—but assuredly it has a meaning—and we think we see it. Pregnant or not, the translator had no right to omit it ; and as he has mentioned there were two "shaggy rams," and described the behaviour of the one, he was bound to say what happened to the other, and to let Tar-

quin tell his dream in his own words. That both rams were "shaggy" is not improbable, for we have no reason to think they had been clipped ; but Tarquin does not call them so, having, in the line before, called them "woolly," and that was enough. Ennius was the last man in the world through the mouth of Tarquin to call the Sun "the devious orb of day." Had he been so, his motions on this occasion would have excited no surprise. A "devious orb" has no "due course," and therefore cannot "forsake" it ; and the "devious orb" who forsakes his "due course" *ipso facto* "takes an unwonted path." This style of writing is vicious, and not attributable to any good poet—least of all to Ennius. His language here is not easily translatable ; but it is vigorous and concise. "Linquier" should be "liquier ;" "dextrorsum cursu novo" is as simple as can be ; and as unlike as can be to the wretched tautology of "devious orb of day forsaking his due

course and taking an *unwonted path*"—in its worst shape prose. *Eyes* and *surprise* should not have rhymed *twice* to each other within eight lines—"excite" by itself is *bald*; "should come again in sleep," and "return as phantoms of the night," worse than *bald*, as bad as a change of wig; "by no memories brought" is meant to be explanatory, and is foisted in by the trans-

lator; "*exiled Lord*" is illogical, for if he be already exiled he cannot be driven from his kingdom; and "strange signs" and "that dread sight" are sorry substitutes indeed for "*Signum præpotens*" and "*pulcherrime auguratum est*"—words that nobly close the interpretation of the Soothsayer.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

When repose had come upon me and I yielded to its power,
All my weary limbs composing, in the silent midnight hour;
It appeared to me in slumber, that a shepherd drove along
For my choice, it seemed, his hirsels, fair they were, and young, and strong.
Two I marked that kindred seeming, most of all my fancy pleased,
And the comeliest and fairest of the twaine, I straightway seized;
When behold, the other turning, aimed at me his armed brow,
And so fiercely at me butted, that I fell beneath the blow.
There while lying, sorely wounded, to the heaven I cast my eyes,
And there saw I such an omen, as might well my soul surprise.
For the sun's resplendent body seemed towards the east to tend,
Leaving his accustomed orbit—what may such a sight portend?

ANSWER OF THE INTERPRETER.

Little need we wonder, monarch, if the thoughts our bosoms keep,
If the deeds we fashion waking, should return to us in sleep.
Yet not lightly may such visions in so great a thing be rated,
Therefore, take thou heed lest any whom thou thought'st was fitly mated
With the dull and senseless many, be not wise, and good, and brave,
Lest he drive thee from thy kingdom; for the sign that Phœbus gave,
Shows some swift and sudden changing, something which shall see the light
Well-portending for the people; since that Omen from the right
To the left its course pursuing, is a certain sign and sure,
That the Roman state shall flourish, and beyond all states endure.

WILLIAM HAY.

'Twas night—and I had given myself to rest,
Soothing my limbs by languor much oppressed,
When as it seemed, to me-ward in my sleep
A shepherd drove a flock of loveliest sheep:
Two kindred rams were chosen: of the two
The fairer as an offering there I slew—
Whereat his brother rushing with a bound,
Pointed his horns, and struck me to the ground,
Supine, sore wounded, gazing on the skies—
Wherein this mighty marvel met mine eyes:
Eastward the radiant sun right onward press'd,
And with his flaming orb—fled the retiring west.

ANSWER OF THE INTERPRETER.

That the thoughts, feelings, objects, cares of men,
Their wakeful actions live in dreams again,
Is not so very strange:—but such a dream—
As thine, oh! King, no vain illusion deem,—
Lest he, who seems even duller than a sheep,
May bear a heart where wisdom watch doth keep,
And thrust thee hence. The sun's ostent, 'tis clear,
Portends a change of circumstances near,—

And for the people's good : for since the sun
From left to right his altered course did run,
Signs so prevailing gloriously proclaim—
The Commonwealth of Rome will reach the heights of fame.

Let us try Mr Dunlop by his ver- or two lines—or even one. Here are
sions of some very short passages— four lines from the Scipio of Ennius.
and see if he can render rightly four,

Mundus cœli vastus constitit silentio,
Et Neptunus sævus undeis aspereis pausam dedit :
Sol equeis iter repressit unguleis volantibus ;
Constitère amneis perenneis,—arbores vento vacant.

JOHN DUNLOP.

O'er Heaven's wide arch a solemn silence reigned,
And the fierce ocean his wild waves restrained ;
The sun repressed his steeds' impetuous force ;
The leaves no breezes shook,—streams stayed their course.

In the Latin all the listeners are in the nominative, and out of that case you cannot put them without enfeebling the expression of their passion. That will be acknowledged at once by every one who feels the power of the passage. They all hush themselves, and are still, to hear recounted the exploits of Scipio. Mr Dunlop demolishes "Mundus cœli" with the first flourish of his pen ; with the second, by changing him into "*the* ocean," he annihilates Neptune ; he spares Sol, but virtually with the third cuts the feet off his horses ; with the fourth he makes trees and streams change places ; and with the fifth he makes leaves represent trees, to sad enfeeblement of the image, and in the teeth of old Ennius, who calls a tree a tree, just as all sensible people call a spade a spade. Now here are two right versions. —

WILLIAM HAY.

The Heaven's vast system hush'd in silence stood,
And savage Neptune calmed his furious flood ;
The Sun his coursers' winged footsteps curbed ;
The flowing rivers stopped, the trees were undisturbed.

CHARLES NEAVES.

Heaven's mighty sphere in moveless silence stood,
And savage Neptune lulled his raging flood ;
The sun his horses' winged steps confined ;
Full streams stood still ; trees stirred not with the wind.

Take two lines.

"Jupiter hîc risit, tempestatesque serenæ
Riserunt omnes risu Jovis omnipotentis."

JOHN DUNLOP.

"The Olympian Father smiled ; and, for a while,
Nature's calmed elements returned the smile."

We doubt if it be possible to equal the original—and this version is not without merit. But it hangs unfortunately on a feeble thread—"for a while." This is not an instance of what Mr Dunlop speaks of in his Preface—"and besides, I am sure that even the greatest poets and most correct or successful translators, in surmounting the difficulties of rhyme, must have felt that new excellencies arose from the effort." Besides, the

magnificent close of the Latin lines, connected as it is with the bold beginning, has no parallel in the English ones—and since Mr Dunlop chose the difficulty, great as it is, he was bound to overcome it. Mr Hay confessed to us that he could not master it—but jotted down *instante* the following

version with his pencil on his thumb-nail :—

“ Jove smiled ; all nature kindling at the gleam
Smiled back the smile of Jupiter Supreme.”

Take, again, two lines from Attius :—

Nihil credo auguribus, qui aures verbis divitant
Alienas, suas ut auro locupletent domos.

JOHN DUNLOP.

I heed not those augurs who tickle the ear
With words, for their profit, which cost us so dear.

LITERAL PROSE. C. N.

I nothing trust augurs who with words enrich the ears
Of others, that with gold they may replenish their own houses.

LITERAL VERSE. DITTO.

I trust not augurs who enrich our ears with fables old,
In order to replenish their own abodes with gold.

This version of Mr Dunlop's we look on as the consummate flower of folly—the force of folly can no farther go—not even were she to join the other two; and we award to the Phenomenon the PRIZE. Aures—domos; verbis—auro; alienas, suas; divitant, locupletent—all avoided as if they had the itch; all but the ear—which, however, has the itch, and is tickled accordingly “with words which cost us so dear!!!”

Mr Dunlop has given us versions of some two dozen of the Maxims of Publius Syrus—which, in his History of Roman Literature, he says rightly “have just the appearance of thoughts or sentiments, like those of Rochefoucauld;” “they appear for the greater part to be almost Stoical maxims;” they now seem “trite, because they have become familiar to mankind, and have been re-echoed by poets and moralists, from age to age;” “all of them are most felicitously expressed, and few of them seem erroneous, while, at the same time, they are perfectly free from the selfish or worldly-minded wisdom of Rochefoucauld or Lord Burleigh.” All that is well said; but how does Mr Dunlop deal in translation with the sentiments “most felicitously expressed?” He has converted them into doggerel. Thus,

“ Non facile solus serves quod multis placet.”

“ It is not easy to retain
What others much desire to gain.”

Eheu! The felicity is gone. It lies in the opposition of *solus* and *multis*; blunt that point or break it, and you have a *caput mortuum*.

“ Rarum esse oportet, quod diu carum velis.”

“ That must a rarity remain,
Which may its value long retain.”

Loud cries of oh! oh! oh! from all parts of the House. *Carum* and *rarum* is a happy clink and clincher. *Rare* and *dear*, though no shakes of a rhyme, might do; but there is nothing of the kind at all in Mr Dunlop's drivel; and had Publius written in that style, Laberius, a Roman knight, needed not have died of mortification at seeing Caesar “bestow the dramatic crown on a Syrian slave.”

“ Cui semper dederis, ubi negas, rapere imperas.”

“ He all whose wants you have, when asked, supplied,
Will learn to take as soon as he's denied.

O tempora! O Moses!
Here comes a queer mistake.

“ Homo qui in homini calamitoso est miseriors, meminit sui :

Habet in adversis auxilia, qui in secundis commodat."

"Puras Deus, non plenas adspicit manus."

"He who his fortune with the needy shares,
Against his own distress a fund prepares."

JOHN DUNLOP.

"Heaven from its worshippers demands
Not full, but *pure, unsullied* hands."

Mr Dunlop supposes these two maxims are one, and by confusing both, translates neither.

Can't he look and see "Puras non plenas"—unsullied spoils all. There must be but one word.

CHARLES NEAVES.

1.

Pure hands, not full, the God desires to see
In those who at his altar bend the knee.

2.

In those who seek his shrine, God still demands
Not overflowing, but unsullied hands.

3.

In him who to deserve his love aspires,
Hands pure, not full, the Deity requires.

4.

He who would God's regard secure,
Must come with hands, not full, but pure.

5.

God in his worshippers demands
Not full but unpolluted hands.

6.

Pure, not replenish'd hands, God still delights
To see devoted to his altar's rites.

7.

Hands pure, not full, are needed in God's eyes
To offer acceptable sacrifice.

For our amusement and yours, let us take a Maxim, and show in what a multitude of different lights its meaning may be brought out. Here is one not so much a maxim as a pathetic, poetical, and philosophical exclamation.

"O Vita misero longa—felici brevis!"

JOHN DUNLOP.

"Ah! to the Happy soon comes death,
But long the Wretched draw their breath."

That is the very best he could do; and in his judgment, after profound meditation, he felt himself called on by his soul musing on things to come and gone, to exclude the word *VITA* from his prize version! That is indeed droll.

Here are Two Dozen of Ours. Keep in mind our avowed purpose.

O VITA MISERO LONGA! FELICI BREVIS!

1

O Life! how long to them with grief oppress!
How short thou always seemest to the blest

2

O Life! how long to the unhappy heart!
But to the happy—oh how short thou art!

3

Oh! long this Life to wretched men doth seem ;
But to the happy shorter than a dream.

4

How long this Life to Misery appears !
How short to Happiness its length of years !

5

How long this Life seems to Distress !
How short, alas ! to Happiness !

6

O Life ! to Misery how drear !
To Bliss how short dost thou appear

7

To Joy, how swift ! to Grief how slow !
O Life ! thy current seems to flow !

8.

O Life ! to Misery how slow,
To Happiness how swift thy flow !

9.

" O Life ! when wilt thou cease ? " the wretched cries ;
" Alas ! " exclaims the happy, " how Life flies ! "

10.

Endless this Life to them whom none befriend ;
Too soon upon the happy steals its end.

11.

Long seems Life's journey to the man of woes ;
Soon on the happy traveller comes its close.

12.

Life seems as if it never would have done
To Grief. With Joy it ends ere well begun.

13.

O Life ! a lengthening curse art thou to Grief !
Then only when a blessing art thou brief.

14.

Life with the wretched will prolong its stay ;
Its visit to the happy seems a day.

15.

The wretched think this Life will ne'er be done ;
The happy theirs no sooner come than gone.

16.

An endless pilgrimage seems Life to Grief ;
To Joy a journey beautiful but brief.

17.

Dragged on by Grief at last Life slowly dies ;
Borne on the wings of Joy she swiftly flies.

18.

How long, alas ! the shortest Life to Misery appears !
How short the longest to Delight ! one day of many years.

19.

That Life is long is the complaint of Grief;
Joy only weeps to think it is so brief.

20.

To quicken Time's slow pace Grief vainly tries;
Joy vainly to forget how swift he flies.

21.

O but this Life is long to wretch like me!
To Marcus short in his felicity.

22.

To wretched Me how long Life's weary way!
To happy Thee the journey of a day.

23.

Oh! long this Life to miserable man!
When he is happy—then 'tis but a span.

24.

Why, Life! so long with him who hates thee stay!
From him who loves thee why so fast away!

25.

The shadow round Life's dial seems to fly
With Happiness, to pause with Misery.

We perceive that we have thrown ourselves of a few this minute enclosed in one to the bargain, and could give in a dinner invitation for Saturday, you a gross; but we "bridle in our from our ingenious and dear young struggling muse with pain," and avail friend

JAMES F. FERRIER.

1.

O Life! how sluggish when the heart is sick,
But when the heart is happy, Oh! how quick.

2.

O Life! the wretched think thou'lt ne'er be done,
The happy clasp thee—and their hour is run.

3.

O Life! how long when seen through tears and sighs,
But oh! how short thy course to smiling eyes.

4.

O Life! all chide thy flight, although
From very different causes—
For Grief complains 'tis far too slow,
And Joy, it never pauses.

5.

O Life! thy shortness or thy length is in the heart of man!
Longer to Grief than Mirza's bridge; to Joy thou'rt but a span.

Another dinner invitation, we declare, from another ingenious and dear and still young friend, and fortunately for Friday, enclosing FIVE.

CHARLES NEAVES.

1.

O life, to wretches long, to those how brief
Whose happy fortunes never felt a grief.

2.

O life, how long to those in grief,
To those in gladness, oh, how brief.

3.

How different, life, thy length appears
When dressed in smiles, or steeped in tears.

4.

O life, how long to him thy course appears,
Who counts its progress by his sighs and tears :
To him how short, whose happy lot beguiles
The gliding moments with perpetual smiles.

5.

O life, beheld through flowing tears,
A lengthened waste thy course appears :
But when glad eyes its measure scan
By fortune's rays, it seems a span.

A letter—post mark Camlachie— provision-merchant could have got
that is queer. Who can it be from? wind of our intentions baffles conjecture ; but he has sent us Six.
Mordecai Mullion ! How the retired

MORDECAI MULLION.

1.

Life ! by thy rail-road rattle spunkies all ;
The dough and dowie gang by the canawl.

2.

Life ! on thy road no rise the unburthened mark,
But to the packman thou art up-hill-wark.

3.

O Life ! but to the dowie thou art dreigh ;
Whew ! what a rate thou skelps't at wi' the skeigh.

4.

O Life ! thy days are long and weary,
To him who journeys with Grief inside,
But on the box wi' my ain Dearie,
How fast behind us the mile-stones glide !

5.

O Life ! thou art a Peerie ;
A sandy-hopper to the gay, a dozer to the eerie.

6.

O Life ! life ! life !
Sae langsome to the eerie !
But oh ! how swiftly glintin by
The ingle o' the cheerie.

Well done Mordy. But we are *out of cheese*.

Another maxim of the Mime,

Casta ad virum matrona parendo imperat.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Matrons who willingly obey
Their husbands, by submission sway.

Bad. The "plural" paralyses it; "willingly obey." gives it the dropsy; and the maxim expires. "By submission sway" is right—and all the rest is wrong. Let us try our hand—AT TWENTY.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

1.

By prompt obedience to his every word,
A virtuous wife is Empress o'er her Lord.

2.

A good wife from her nuptial hour,
In her obedience finds her power.

3.

A virtuous wife rejoiceth soon to prove
What easy power obedience gives to love.

4.

That happy house ne'er hears the tongue of strife,
Where all is ruled by an obedient wife.

5.

How shall a virtuous wife her husband sway?
The secret lies in one short word—obey.

6.

A chaste wife rule from her obedience draws,
And by accepting gives the household laws.

7.

Wives, to your husbands be obedient—and
Your virtue will obtain supreme command.

8.

Ladies! keep graven on your hearts my words—
"Best by obedience can you rule your lords."

9.

How gently glides the marriage life away,
When she who rules still seems but to obey!

10.

O happy husband! of the happy wife
Whose power is in obedience all her life.

11.

How gently a good wife her husband guides;
And while she seemeth but to serve, presides.

12.

See gentle wife by haughty husband stand,
And own obedience stronger than command.

13.

A virtuous lady of her lord is seen
To be at once the subject and the queen.

14.

The virtuous wife obeys her husband still,
And finds her own accomplished in his will.

15.

O'er him the Lord of all these wide domains,
The Lady, sitting on his footstool, reigns.

16.

None ever heard her issue a command,
Yet she, and not her husband, rules the land.

17.

How high the power in humble hands that lies,
Obedience doth command our destinies.

18.

The Lady rules the Lord of all the land,
Obedient to obedience is command.

19.

The husband lives beyond the reach of strife,
Whom by obedience rules a virtuous wife.

20.

How happy by chaste wife is husband made,
Unconsciously commanded, while obeyed.

MORDECAI MULLION (THE DEVIL'S DOZEN).

1.

A pawky wife kens weel that to obey
Is aye the surest gate her sumph to sway.

2.

Shusie! my dochter! the gudeman obey,
And, like your mither, you'll get your ain way.

3.

The sonsie wife, that's ne'er a minute grumphy,
The secret kens how best to rule her sumphy.

4.

A chaste wife soon perceives her only plan,
To sway is to submit to her gudeman.

5.

Jenny sune sees, that 'tis the sure way still,
To get her ain, to gie our Jock his will.

6.

The gudewife sune fin's out there's nae sic plan
O' rulin', as obeyin' the gudeman.

7.

Constant obedience to the gudeman grant,
And, gudewife, you'se get a' times a' you want.

8.

By seemin' to gie Roger a' the rule,
Roun' your wee finger you may turn the fule.

9.

Perform aff-haun' whatever Jocky seeks,
An' he'll ne'er ken that Jenny wears the breeks.

10.

The wife that lets her husband's rage blaw owre,
This secret kens—"Obedience is Power."

11.

Katie! thour't chaste, therefore be na camstairy,
And by the neb thou'lt learn to lead thy Dearie.

12.

Ne'er, wives, with husbands take the upper-hand,
In your obedience bideth your command.

13.

Oyez! oyez! obey your husbands, wives!
And you may wear the breeches all your lives.

14.

Obeys your husband at whatever cost,
And he will ne'er suspect ye rule the roast.

Three short quotations more, and then to the famous Prologue of Laberius. Here are some wolfish lines from the Phœnissæ of Ennius, full of sea-coast noise. Mouth them, and you will think of the Bulls of

Buchan. Even Mr Dunlop is aware that there is something strange and wild in the versification, and makes a feeble effort to imitate it; but Hay undergoes a sea-change, and translates like a Triton.

Ac ubi curvo litore latrans,
Unda sub undis labunda sonit:
Simul et circum magnisonantibus
Excita saxis sæva sonando
Crepitu clangente cachinnat.

JOHN DUNLOP.

And where along the winding shore,
Wave rolls on wave, with sullen roar;
While dashed re-echoing rocks around,
The floods, with howling voice, resound.

WILLIAM HAY.

Along the margin of the winding shore
Surges on surges urging yelp and roar;
While chafed by rocks fierce-clamouring round about,
With many a crash and clang they shriek their laughter out.

Hear Cæcilius, the comedian, on God,—

— Deum qui non summum putet,
Aut stultum, aut rerum esse imperitum existima:
Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,
Quem sapere; quem sanari, quem in morbum injici;
Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.

JOHN DUNLOP.

He who denies that there's a God supreme,
A fool, or ignorant, you well may deem:
For in his hand the power almighty lies,
Who shall on earth be senseless, or be wise;
Who shall be healed, and who by sickness proved—
Who amongst men regarded or beloved.

Mr Dunlop does not understand the religion of that SENTENTIA. It is in

the very spirit of "the Fool hath said in his heart there is no God." But this incapable translator by the senseless use of "for" has utterly ruined it. He is not *arguing* with Stultus Populorum, who denies the existence of a Supreme Being; if he were, "for" would imply an unfortunate *petitio principii* which even the Fool might scorn. He simply asserts the exist-

ence against the Fool; the greatness lies in the assertion itself—and the terms are simply expressive of an Intuition.

We have often admired the following lines of Gallus—which, we think, must be from the Greek. Dunlop dabbles in the pure water of the poetry like a duck—Hay swims about like a swan.

FRAGMENTUM GALLI.

Occurris quum mane mihi; ni purior ipsa
Luce nova exoreris, Lux mea! dispeream:
Quodsi nocte venis (jam verò ignoscite divi!)
Talis ob occiduis Hesperus exit aquis.

JOHN DUNLOP.

When you meet me at dawn, may I perish, my Fair,
If the pure light of Morning with you can compare;
When you seek me at eve (O forgive me, ye gods!)
Hesper shines not more bright o'er his watery abodes.

WILLIAM HAY.

If when the morn's in sight
Thou meet'st me, may I perish! if mine eyes
See not in Thee a purer light arise,
Than dawn itself—my Light!
And if Thou com'st with Night,
Then Hesperus—ye gods forgive me now!
Mounts from the western waters such as Thou,
So beautiful and bright!

Now for the famous Prologue. We hardly need tell you in the words of the worthy Sheriff, that "the Prologue was recited by the Roman knight, Laberius, when requested by Julius Cæsar to appear on the stage, and act those Mimes which he had *written or sketched*."

PROLOGUS.

"Necessitas (cujus cursûs transversus impetum
Voluerant multi effugere, pauci potuerunt)
Quò me detrusit pendè extremis sensibus?
Quem nulla ambitio, nulla unquam largitio,
Nullus timor, vis nulla, nulla auctoritas
Movere potuit in juventâ de statu;
Ecce! in senectâ, ut facile labefecit loco
Viri excellentis, mente elemente edita,
Submissa placidè blandiloquens oratio.
Etenim ipsi Dî denegare cui nihil potuerunt,
Hominem me denegare quis posset pati?
Ego bis trecenis annis actis sine notâ,
Eques Romanus ex lare egressus meo,
Domum revertar mimus. Nimirum, hoc diè
Uno plus vixi, mihi quam vivendum fuit.
Fortuna! immoderata in bono æquè atque in malo,
Si tibi erat libitum literarum laudibus
Floris cacumen nostræ famam frangere,
Cur, quum vigebam membris præviridantibus,
Satisfacere populo, et tali quum poteram viro,
Non flexibilem me concurvastî, ut carperes?
Nunc me quò dejicis? quid ad scenam assero,
Decorem formæ, an dignitatem corporis?"

Animī virtutem, an vocis jucundæ sonum ?
 Ut hedera serpens vires arboreas necat,
 It me vetustas amplexu annorum enecat."

JOHN DUNLOP.

" Stern Destiny (of whose impetuous course,
 Few, though they struggled, have escaped the force)—
 Where hast thou downward cast me in thy rage,
 While on the confines now of torpid age ?
 Me, whom fear, praise, or bribe, could ne'er persuade
 To ought, in youth, which might my rank degrade,
 Lo ! some smooth words, in flattering phrase expressed,
 Have, in the wane of facile years, depressed :
 For who could bear that I, on earth, should chuse
 Him to deny, whom gods can nought refuse ?

For threescore years, since first I saw the light,
 I lived, without reproach : A Roman knight,
 This day, I left my sacred home ; but soon
 Shall there return, an actor and buffoon.
 Since stretched beyond the point where honour ends,
 One day too long my term of life extends.
 Fortune ! extreme alike in good and ill,
 Since thus to blast my fame has been thy will,
 Why didst thou not, ere spent my youthful race
 Bend me yet pliant, to this dire disgrace ?
 While power remained, with yet unbroken frame,
 Him to have pleased and earned the crowd's acclaim :
 But now why drive me to an actor's part,
 When nought remains of all the actor's art ?
 Nor life nor fire, which could the scene rejoice,
 Nor grace of form, nor harmony of voice.
 As fades the tree round which the ivy twines,
 So in the clasp of age my strength declines."

CHARLES NEAVES.

Necessity, whose strong opposing sway,
 Many would shun, but few can find a way,
 To what abasement has she made me bend,
 With life's last senses ebbing to an end !
 Whom no ambitious lure, no sordid bait,
 Fear, force, nor influence of the grave or great
 Could shake, while youthful ardour yet was high,
 From the firm basis of my dignity,
 Lo ! in old age, I totter from my place,
 And scarce resisting rush into disgrace ;
 Moved by the soothing speech and accents bland
 Of one who flatters when he might command.
 He who could all things from the gods obtain,
 Must not to me, a mortal, sue in vain.

I threescore years without a blemish spent,
 A Roman knight forth from my Lares went,
 Home to return a player. O here indeed
 One day of life too much has fate decreed !
 Fortune, immoderate still in bad or good,
 If 'twas thy pleasure in thy changeful mood,
 E'en with the gift thou gav'st, a poet's name,
 To break the full-blown flower of my good fame,
 Why didst thou not bow down the flexible top
 Of my young stem, and so the blossom crop ;
 While yet my limbs in green and vigorous might
 Might yield the people or the prince delight ?

O! wherefore crush me now in my old age!
 What scenic virtues bring I to the stage?
 Beauty of face, or dignity of form?
 The soul to animate, the voice to charm?
 As creeping ivy kills the strangled tree,
 So the long clasp of years has dealt with me.
 A sepulchre I seem, of life bereft,
 The name of what I was alone is left.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

Whither hath Destiny (whose current strong
 Hath spared how few, how many swept along)
 Plunged me, her victim, in my latter days,
 Whom not ambition, nor the meed of praise,
 Nor fear, nor power, nor frowns, nor aught beside,
 Could move, when youthful, from my place of pride?
 Lo! in mine age how easily I fall!
 One honeyed speech from Cæsar's tongue was all.
 For how might I refuse his sovereign will,
 Whose every wish the Gods themselves fulfil?

Twice thirty years passed by without a scorn—
 A Roman knight I left my home this morn,
 And thither I return—as what? a Mime!
 O, I have lived one day beyond my time—
 Fortune, unequal both in good and ill,
 If thou hadst power, by this unhappy skill,
 To tear the wreath of honour from my brow,
 Why was I not far earlier taught to bow,
 When with such aid as youth and strength afford,
 I might have won the crowd, and pleased their lord?
 Now, why thus humbled? Where's the form and face,
 The mien majestic, and the gallant grace—
 The fire of soul, the harmony of tone,
 That can adorn the mimic scene alone?
 As the slow ivy kills the stately tree,
 So age in its embrace is stifling me;
 And nothing's left of all my former fame
 Save the poor legend of a tomb—my name.

The second line of Mr Dunlop's version is as nearly as possible nonsense,—and had Laberius so spoken, his age and condition alone could have protected him against a hiss from that fastidious, fierce, and fawning audience of slavish spectators; “on earth” and “Gods” is poor indeed, in comparison with “*hominem me*” and *ipsi Di*; “since first I saw the light,” is childish in the mouth of an old man who was not in his dotage; the force of “*Mimus*,” is sadly weakened by its being dilated into the double expression, “actor and buffoon;” “*literarum laudibus*” is omitted, *because* it has so much meaning, plainly referring to the old Knight's degradation having proceeded from his reputation as a writer of plays; “*floris cacumen*,”—a difficult image to be dealt with, is, of course, given almost the go-by—“ere spent

my youthful race,” spoils that image faintly expressed by Mr Dunlop in “blasted my fame,” by introducing another entirely different from it; and for some reason best known to himself, he has shy'd the concluding line, “*Sepulcri similis, nil nisi nomen retineo*,”

which completes and winds up the idea of the mournful extinction of the old knight's very being, along with that of character, honour, and rank, which to him were life. “I had written,” says Mr Dunlop, “the above version before I was aware of Goldsmith's translation.” No—he had not; for he renders

“*Nimirum hoc die*

Uno plus vixi, mihi quam vivendum fuit,”

“Since stretched beyond the point where honour ends,

One day too long my term of life extends;”

and the concluding lines of Goldsmith's Prologue are,

"This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends ;"

and such a coincidence cannot be supposed casual—there being in the original nothing about honour—by any one who understands the doctrine of Chances. Mr Dunlop's memory must have played him false. Goldsmith's Prologue is *not* a translation—nor even a paraphrase—it is a spirited and forcible imitation ; but infested with the smart, free-and-easy, almost jocular turn of the Garrick school, and gives little either of the dignity, the indignation, or the grief of the original. Cumberland's (in his Observer) is a professed translation, and has much merit. It contains not a few good lines, but misses many meanings, flows on round about all impediments, which therefore it cannot be said to overcome, and on the whole is lax without being free, and fluent without being poetical.

Laberius's prologue is a composition equally remarkable for fine expression and for noble sentiment. Its character is dignity and indignation mixed with melancholy ; the dignity of a Roman taught to prize his position as a citizen and man of rank, and scorning degradation as worse than death ; the indignation of a man born free finding his liberty destroyed, and his self-respect outraged by a

despot ; and the melancholy which old age brings along with it in contemplating its own feebleness and inability to resist insult. The earlier part of it is written with the utmost simplicity, particularly those lines which record the substance and sting of the injury and disgrace inflicted. "Ego bis treceenis, &c. revertar mimus." This is spoken as if no possible embellishment or expansion of style could produce a more penetrating effect than the simple statement of the fact. There is a more figurative turn of expression in the rest of the composition, and much of it is beautiful. The image in the first part seems to be that of a statue or tower driven at last from its elevation and laid prostrate. The ideas in the second part as to the breaking and plucking of the flower are not very distinct, and we confess do not appear to us to be quite consistent or coherent. The conclusion is exceedingly beautiful and full of touching emotion. Perhaps there might be found in some part of the Prologue a design to cover under the language of compliment an attack upon Cæsar's position as an usurper of despotic power, as well as his conduct towards Laberius himself. On the occasion when Laberius was thus driven on the stage, he is known to have avenged himself by turning the popular feeling strongly against Cæsar's invasion of Roman liberty.

Come we now to Class Second of the Selections ; and we begin with three strong lines—on Hercules,

HERCULIS ELOGIUM.

Transivi intrepidus per mille pericula victor.
Non acies ferri, non clausis mœnia portis,
Conatus tenuere meos ; DOMAT OMNIA VIRTUS.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Bold and triumphant I, at last,
Have through a thousand perils passed :
Me nor the pointed steel, nor wall
With barrier portals, could appal,
Or baffle : VALOUR NE'ER CAN FAIL,
BUT MUST O'ER ALL, AT LENGTH, PREVAIL.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Dreadless through thousand dangers I have passed,
And crowned with victory stand here at last ;
Not glittering steel, barred gate, embattled wall,
Stopt my achievements : VALOUR CONQUERS ALL.

Abuse ours, on condition of our abusing Dunlop's. Surely the close of ours is superior—if not, then are both execrably bad. Ours may not be Merum—his is sour milk and brackish water.

SUBSCRIPTUM STATUÆ CUPIDINIS.

Sol calet igne meo ; flagrat Neptunus in undis :
Pensa dedi Alcidae ; Bacchum servire coëgi,
Quamvis Liber erat : feci servire Tonantem,
Quamvis magnus erat : Martem sine marte subegi.

JOHN DUNLOP.

My flame new ardour on the Sun bestows,
And Ocean's King mid all his billows glows ;
'Twas I the distaff to Alcides gave ;—
Bacchus, who frees all others, was my slave :
The Thunderer bent obsequious to my will,
And Mars I vanquished without martial skill.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Glow with my fire the Sun in Heaven, burns Neptune in the Sea ;
The wool I to Alcides gave ; and I enslaved the Free,
Even Bacchus' self ; the Thunderer I tamed in all his might ;
And Mars I struck down on his knees, although I cannot fight.

'Pon our soul Jack's as good as his master. Nay, we make our salaam to the Sheriff, and give in. His last line is better than ours—our first than his—for his first is bad.

DE EUROPA A JOVE RAPTA.

Europam, taurum mentitus, Jupiter aufert,
Virgineos ardens pandere fraude sinus.
Humani, tandem, veniâ donentur amores,
Si tibi, summe deum ! dulcia furta placent.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Jove the false semblance of a bull employed,
And thus by guile Europa's charms enjoyed :
Then, be to man forgiven the thefts of love,
Since such sweet stealths delight the gods above.

CHARLES NEAVES.

Jove in a bull's false form, Europa stole,
And satisfied, by fraud, his amorous soul ;
The loves of mortals may be now forgiven,
If these sweet thefts can please the King of Heaven.

Mr Dunlop's is not so much amiss ; but it has two bad faults—" *Thefts of love*," and " *sweet stealths*," are poor repetition—and " *Gods above* "—shocking—for " *Summe deum*."

Here is, and it is saying a great deal, the worst version in the volume.

TITYI ALLEGORIA.

Cui vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimasque fibras,
Non est, quem Tityi vocant poëtæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor, atque luxus.

JOHN DUNLOP.

The wretch whose side the vulture gnaws,
And from their inmost chambers draws
The fibres of the breast ;

Is not whom Poets Tityus call,
But whom voluptuous hours enthrall,
And Envy's snakes infest.

Seeing is believing, and therefore, we doubt not that these lines exist—but what miraculous misconception of the meaning of the Latin! The moralist gives a simple explanation of the allegory, reducing the poetry to prose; and Mr Dunlop in turning that simple explanation into English, absolutely illustrates the allegory by another allegory, and avers that the vulture was a snake, or rather *some* snakes. That beats Bannagher. Here is the moralist's explanation given in perfection.

WILLIAM HAY.

The vulture that explores the liver's lobes,
Tugs at the heart, and inmost fibres probes,
Is not what Bards the Bird of Tityus call,
But Envy and Excess—the Heart's diseases all.

The most difficult epitaph to translate that ever was written, is Alexander's.

ALEXANDRI MAGNI TUMULUS.

Sufficit huic Tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis ;
Res brevis huic ampla est, cui fuit ampla brevis.

JOHN DUNLOP.

He who thought earth too strait finds ample room
Within the limits of a narrow tomb :
The world sufficed not, though he conquered all,—
The small serves him to whom the vast was small.

Had Master Johnny Dunlop given up that version, some forty years ago, to Mr Nicol of the High School, we would not have been in his breeches for a gold guinea. Not one word of it is right; and it is plain that at this moment Mr Dunlop has no understanding of the epitaph.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

1.

Him whom the world sufficed not, sufficeth now a tomb ;
For whom the ample once was small, the small is ample room.

2.

A little tomb sufficeth him whom not sufficed all ;
The small to him is now as great, as once the great was small.

3.

He whom the world contented not, now here contented lies ;
For whom the ample had too small, the small hath ample size.

These are not perfect—nay, they are imperfect, but we challenge all England to produce one as good as the best.

ISAAC TOMKINS (*Traveller in the Hard line*).

1.

To him whom Earth could not suffice, sufficeth now a barrow ;
The narrow house is wide to him to whom the wide was narrow.

2.

Of this Swell with his Lodgings the spirit now suits,
In the GLOBE to put up who once thought it a sin ;
Unattended by Chambermaid, Ostler, or Boots,
He sleeps on the floor of this small Way-side Inn.

3.

Here lies a Gent who rather thought the World's Great Inn too narrow ;
Now snug lies he, six feet by three, in this odd-looking barrow ;
At a private parlour once he sneezed, but I think we may presume
That now our Gent is quite content with the Travellers' Common Room.

4.

To the sign of the SOD he has mizzled alone,
Who used with his friends to flare up at the SUN.

5.

By whom the CROWN AND SCEPTRE was held in small estimation,
To him the GRASS AND GOWANS has ample accommodation.

6.

Earth to its Landlord seemed not large enough ;
This long-leas'd small Farm now is *quantum suff*.

No skull but Isaac's could have successfully resisted that Milestone. Reapers saw him projected from his Gig, ten yards, they aver, at the most moderate computation, slap-bang against FROM BIRMINGHAM V. MILES. Yet here we have him hammering away at the Latin Anthology, like a brazier as he is, and manufacturing an article fit to show as a sample, in any market in Europe. The following epigram is not in Dunlop :—

Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes :
Sic placui Domino, sic placui Dominae.

CHARLES NEAVES.

1.

Loud-tongued to robbers, to the lover mute,
Master and mistress both I chanced to suit.

2.

Loud-tongued to thieves, to lovers mute I grew ;
My master liked me and my mistress too.

3.

Whene'er the midnight thief was near,
My warning bark assail'd the ear ;
But at the gentle lover's foot
My tongue remain'd discreetly mute :
My master thus pronounced me true,
And thus I pleased my mistress too.

GEORGE MOIR.

I barked whene'er I heard the robber come ;
But when the lover enter'd I was dumb.
To please my master by my bark I knew ;
To please my mistress by my silence too.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I bark at thieves, and bound to break my chain
That I may tear them ; but when lovers come,
Mute as a mouse, I wag my tail amain,
And thus I doubly find myself at home ;
For master hopes all dogs will do as we do,
And mistress pats our head and calls us Fido.

ISAAC TOMKINS.

With thieves I made the devil's own row,—
When lovers came I seemed to snore ;

My master liked my loud bow-wow,
My mistress liked my silence more.

The ancients loved dogs—and so do the moderns—with the exception of an occasional miscreant. Good and great Lord Eldon left an annuity to poor Pincher. How pleased would he have been—for he never missed Maga—with this Epitaphium Canis.

"Quod potui, posui tibi, fida catella, sepulchrum,
Digna magis cœli munere quam tumuli :
Si cœlum, ut quondam, canibus patet, haud tua terras
Incendet, sed ver stella perenne dabit."

JOHN DUNLOP.

"For thee I've placed a tomb, and funeral stone ;
'Twas all I could : and there thou shouldst not lie,
But that those ancient times, alas ! are gone,
When faithful dogs deserved the spangled sky.

"If e'er received by some celestial Sign,
Thy star shall in the season's prime appear ;
With beams not scorching, but benignant shine,
And give a spring eternal to our year."

"Fida Catella"—my faithful dog—almost the first words his master naturally utters—are, of course, omitted ; and the omission is enough of itself to damn the epitaph. The same unaccountable perversity of taste, or disposition, induces the translator to change "dogs" into "faithful dogs," in the third line ; for he will never "let well alone." "But that those ancient times, alas ! are gone," is a somewhat diffuse expression of "quondam ;" and unless "ancient times, alas ! were gone," we do not see how they could deserve the name. But the times are not gone when "faithful dogs deserved" the sky. On the contrary, it is said, in this very inscription, that the dog below *did deserve it* ; and if the sky be still open to dogs, that he will shine there

a star. "*Spangled sky*" may be pretty, but we prefer "cœlum." Spangles have nothing to do here, and they look better on the gown of Columbine. What is "the season's prime ?" Spring or summer may be said to be the prime of the year ; but the year is not the season—if it be, Thomson's Seasons is a misnomer. We suspect Mr Dunlop, by the season's prime, means midsummer, and has had in his mind some confused idea of the dog-days. But the star of this faithful dog, who was no Sirius, his loving master declared, would be a vernal star. "The season's prime," therefore, is mere nonsense. The wilful change to the imperative mood, in the last two lines, destroys the spirit of the epitaph.

Let us try it. Here are TWELVE.

1.

Whate'er I could, my faithful dog, I gave
To thee, more worthy of the skies—a grave.
And if even now, as in the olden time,
Be open to thy race the heavenly clime,
On earth from thee no withering beams will shine,
But Spring perennial company thy Sign.

2.

To thee, my faithful dog, this Tomb was given,
All I could give, though worthier thou of Heaven ;
And if to dogs the gates of Heaven unfold,
Even now as they were wont in days of old ;
Thy star no horrid heats to earth will bring,
Diffusive here of everlasting Spring.

3.

This Tomb, my faithful dog, I gave to thee,
Well worth a place in Heaven's own galaxy ;

And if in Heaven's own galaxy a place
Now, as of old, be open to thy race,
On earth how mildly will its lustre shine
With everlasting Spring that Star of thine.

4.

My faithful dog, to Thee such humble grave
(Though worthier Heaven) as I could give, I gave ;
If Heaven still oped to dogs, the Earth would see
The Star of everlasting Spring in Thee.

5.

Such Tomb as I could give to thee, my faithful dog, I gave,
Though worthier Thou by far the gift of Heaven than of the grave.
If Heaven, as once, to dogs be free, thy Star to Earth will bring
No horrid heats, but wide diffuse an everlasting Spring.

6.

My faithful dog, to Thee I gave such Tomb
As I could give, though worthier thou of Heaven.
If, as of old, dogs went to Heaven, thy Star
No angry influence would diffuse on earth,
But genial warmth of everlasting Spring.

7.

I gave thee what I could, a tomb on earth,
My faithful dog, though thou wert worthier far
Of Heaven ; and if thy kind, now as of old,
Heaven welcome, sure on earth thy Sign will shed
No beams disastrous, but perpetual Spring.

8.

Such tomb as I could give, to thee I gave,
My faithful dog, Heaven worthier than a grave.
If dogs now went to Heaven, thy Star would bring
No scorching heat to earth, but endless Spring.

9.

I gave thee all I could on earth, this Tomb,
My faithful dog—though worthier far of room
In Heaven ; and if thy Star in Heaven should shine,
As hap'd of old to one with life like thine,
How softly would it send its light to earth,
O'er vernal seasons a perpetual birth.

10.

My faithful dog, I gave to thee on earth this narrow tomb,
And could no more, though thou in Heaven deservest ampler room ;
And if that dogs have access still to Heaven, then will thy Sign
O'er earth glad in perennial Spring beneficently shine.

11.

What I could give to thee I gave,
My faithful dog, this earthen grave,
Though well deserving Heaven wert
Thou !
And if that dogs have access now
To Heaven, how sweetly will thy Sign
Look down on earth with light benign !
No Summer Sirius withering,
But Star of Everlasting Spring !

12.

My faithful dog, to thee I gave
All that I could, this grassy grave,
And at its head this stone ;
Haply not here thy body lies,
For thou wert worthy of the skies,
And may'st to Heaven have gone.
Such fate thy kind hath had ; thy Sign
May yet aloft serenely shine,
And to this earth appear
The fairest of the starry train,
That riseth ne'er to set again
Star of the vernal year.

CHARLES NEAVES.

1.

To thee, my faithful dog, more worthy heaven,
 'Tis all I can, a sepulchre is given.
 If, as of old, the virtues of thy race
 May still in yonder sky achieve a place,
 Thy gentle star no Sirian fires will send,
 But spring perennial will thy course attend.

2.

Take, faithful dog, 'tis all I can supply,
 This tomb, though better meriting the sky.
 If, as of yore, to that bright sky be found
 A pathway open for the trusty hound,
 Thy star with no malignant flame will glow,
 But Spring perennial on our earth bestow.

3.

Accept, loved dog, I can no more confer,
 Though Heaven were fitter far, this sepulchre.
 If dogs, as once they could, to heaven may rise,
 Thy faithful spirit must adorn the skies.
 Yet will thy star no scorching influence spread,
 But spring's perennial mildness round us shed.

4.

This grave alone, loved dog, I could bestow,
 Though heaven were fitter than a tomb below.
 If dogs may heaven still gain, thy star will bring
 No fiery summers, but perennial spring.

5.

To thee, loved dog, this simple tomb I raise,
 Though heaven and not a grave should crown thy praise.
 If ever now, as once in days gone by,
 Thy faithful tribe are wafted to the sky,
 No burning scourge thy star will then appear,
 But bless with ceaseless spring the circling year.

WILLIAM HAY.

This tomb I've made for thee—I could no more,
 My faithful dog, far worthier of the skies,
 Which yet, if open now, as heretofore,
 To dogs, shall see thy genial star arise,
 To shed upon this earth those rays that bring
 No sultry ardours, but perennial spring.

A note from Neaves and another from Hay, each enclosing two lines left out of the Epitaph by Mr Dunlop!

Candenti ex lapide hæc tibi convenit urna, fuisti
 Candida tota fide, candida tota pilo.

They contain a loving conceit, and without them, now that they have met our eyes, the Epitaph seems almost cold. They come in between the couplets. A version *too*, we declare from each of the *ῥομῳτιμοί*—nay two from Neaves—of the perfect epitaph.

CHARLES NEAVES.

1.

What I could do, I raise to thee, my faithful dog, a tomb,
 More worthy of the gift of Heaven, than this so lowly room.
 Of whitest stone this fitting urn may what thou wert declare,
 All white was thy unspotted faith, all white thy glossy hair.
 If heaven, as once, to dogs be free, on earth no scorching glow
 Thy star will send, but ceaseless Spring throughout the year bestow.

2.

To thee, my faithful dog, more worthy heaven,
 All I can give, a sepulchre, is given.
 This Parian urn befits thee, white and fair,
 For white thy spotless faith, and white thy hair;
 If dogs still reach the skies, thy star will bring
 No Sirian summers, but perennial spring.

WILLIAM HAY.

I've plac'd—'twas all thy master could—my faithful dog, for thee,
 This tomb, although the starry skies, thy worthier boon should be.
 And meet for thee this mark of love—this urn of marble fair,
 All fair thy faithfulness—all fair thy skin of snowy hair!
 If open, as of yore, the skies for dogs, thy star shall spread
 No sultry heats to parch the earth, but spring eternal shed:

From such humanities towards the best of God's lower creatures, the transition is natural to higher loves. There is, we think, something very touching in the earnestness and sincerity of the lines "Ad Nealcen." They are not the effusion of a happy lover only, but of a happy husband, at once passionate and pure. They delicately breathe throughout of conjugal affection. Such strains are rare

in ancient poetry—at least, not frequent: nor, indeed, are they often met with in our own. Yet we remember well Habington's Castara—a delightful work of love, which we hope, some day or other, to exhibit to many gentle eyes. The lines to Nealce are *exquisite*. Every word has been carefully chosen, and the composition is complete.

AD NEALCEN.

"Sit nox illa diu nobis dilecta, Nealce,
 Quæ te prima meo pectore composuit:
 Sit torus, et lecti Genius, secretaque sponda,
 Quæis, tenera, in nostrum veneris arbitrium.
 Ergo age, duremus, quamvis adoleverit ætas,
 Utamurque annis, quos mora parva tenet.
 Fas et jura sinunt veteres extendere amores;
 Fac, citò quod cœptum est, non citò desinere."

JOHN DUNLOP.

"Blest be that hour when first I pressed
 Thee, dear Nealce, to my breast;
 Blest be the Genius of the spot,
 And blest the favoured lover's lot!
 And now, though life be in the wane,
 Let us employ what years remain;
 May our young loves to age extend,
 Nor early fondness early end!"

This is, in all respects, a pitiable failure. "The fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure" was never more unluckily exemplified. How unlike the musical flow of the original! We desiderate all the tendernesses—the sentiment of the whole escapes—and 'tis cold as an icicle at an old man's nose. "Blest be that hour!"—no; that *night*! O the difference! "When first I pressed!" No; 'twas the night that laid her in her husband's breast—and there is ineffable beauty in the word "com-

posuit." "Sit torus—secretaque sponda," this frigid translator omits, perhaps, as indelicate. "Tenera" he cares not for, and is insensible to the charm in the almost exulting words "in nostrum veneris arbitrium." "The Genius of the spot" provokes a smile; and "blest be the lover's favoured lot," spoken of himself by a man in the third person singular on his marriage night is sufficient to stamp him the sump of the age. "Though life be in the wane" is going perhaps rather too far—"quamvis adole-

verit ætas" does not imply quite so much—and the affectionate pair have not just yet begun to go down hill. "Duremus," meaning much, is, of course, left out; so is "Fas et jura sinunt," or misunderstood: nor is

there one symptom of emotion of any kind in the heartless and bloodless sing-song.

But here it is—

"Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires."

WILLIAM HAY.

By thee and me, Nealce, long be blest
That night which laid thee first within my breast:
And blest that couch—where love unclasped thy zone,—
That genial bed,—that bed-stead where alone
I felt my tender girl was all mine own. }
Come let us still, though youth be past its prime,
Live on—and love—since nought retardeth time:
And every law permits us to extend
Our loves—which soon begun—not soon shall end.

CHARLES NEAVES.

Long be to us that night, Nealce, blest,
Which first composed thee to this faithful breast.
Blest be the genial god, the bed, the bower,
Which gave thy youth to a fond husband's power.
O! let us still, in spite of time be true,
And use what years remain, alas, too few.
Since fate allows that ancient loves should last,
May that which soon began not soon be past.

These lines are expressive of something profounder than passion; but here is a picture of passion ardent, but no doubt transient too—pretty, perhaps poetical—to be read and forgotten, like other freaks of the Fancy.

DE GALATEA.

Diffugiens pontum silvas Galatea peragrat,
Custodem ut pecorum cernere possit Acin.
Nam teneros gressus infigit sentibus ardens,
Nec tamen alta pedum vulnera sentit amor.
Ipsa Cupidinæ cedant elementa pharetræ,
Cujus et in mediis flamma suburit aquis.

JOHN DUNLOP.

Emerging from the briny flood,
Fair Galatea seeks the wood,
Her shepherd Acis there to meet;
Nor heeds the thorns that wound her feet.
Let Nature yield to Cupid's bow,
Since Cupid's flames mid billows glow.

In an equal number of lines—and shorter lines—with the original. But how is the feat performed? By omission. Any body may do that, our good sir. "Cernere possit," "peragrat," "teneros gressus," &c. &c. all left out! Let us try our hand—though at this hour our fingers are numbish—our eyes lumpy—and our jaws like John o' Gant's.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I.

Impatient of her native floods,	Seems she to feel the wounds that tear
Fair Galatea haunts the woods	Frequent and deep her footsteps fair.
In search of her dear shepherd boy,	Let elemental nature now
Her Acis, now her only joy;	Obedient be to Cupid's bow,
Nor, in that fit of passion strong,	Since he can even breathe desire
Through thorny thickets borne along,	Through water till it burns like fire.

II.

Lo! Galatea, leaving her own floods,
Searches for Shepherd Acis through the woods;
Nor, though her tender steps on thorny ground
Her passion prints, is conscious of a wound.
The very elements must subject be
To Cupid, now that he can fire the sea.

And here is another of Fancy's freaks, in Mr Ayton's version as playful as in the original. Mr Dunlop's, which we decline quoting, may be estimated by the truth and ingenuity of his view of the last words thereof,—"*Floris color et cruor unum*"

"And look! that blood which crimson flows.
Is the same colour as the rose."!!!

DE AMORE ET SPINIS.

"Hortus erat Veneris, roseis circumdatus herbis,
Gratus ager dominæ; quem qui vidisset amaret.
Dum Puer hic, passim, properat decerpere flores,
Et velare comas, spinâ libavit acutâ
Marmoreos digitos: mox ut dolor attigit artus,
Sanguineamque manum, tinxit sua lumina gutta;
Proruit ad Matrem, frendens, defertque querelas,—
'Unde Rosæ Mater! cœperunt esse nocentes,
Unde tui flores pungunt labitantibus armis!
Bella gerunt mecum. Floris color et cruor unum.'"

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

There was a garden fenced with glowing flowers,
Its queen's delight, and had we seen it, ours;
And once as Amor culled, when wandering there,
The richest chaplet for his flowing hair,
His hand was wounded by a hidden thorn.
Soon as he felt his tender fingers torn,
And saw the bloody hand, away he flies,
The large tear starting in his lovely eyes,
And to his mother thus he made his mean,—
"Whence have the roses, mother, hurtful grown?
Why bear thy flowers a sting? They are my foes—
One colour hath the blood and one the rose."

We shall omit Mr Dunlop's version of the Allegory of Orpheus.

ALLEGORIA ORPHEI.

Thræcius quondam vates fide creditur canorâ,
Movisse sensus acrium ferarum;
Atque amnes tenuisse vagos, sed et alites volantes,
Et surda cantu concitasse saxa.
Suavisonæque modos testudinis arbores secutæ
Umbram feruntur præbuisse vati.
Scilicet haud potuit quæ sunt sine permovere sensu,
(Finxere docti fabulam poëtæ),
Sed placidis hominum dictis fera corda mitigavit:
Doctâque vitam voce temperavit.
Iustitiam docuit, cœtu quoque congregavit uno,
Moresque agrestes expolivit Orpheus.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

'Tis said the music of the Thracian bard
Had power to make the savage creatures tame;

Streams ceased to flow—birds heard him—and they came—
 And even rocks were moved, though dull and hard.
 Ay, and the trees by that sweet symphony
 Were brought to crown him with their pleasant shade.
 'Tis a kind fable by the poets made,
 For nothing senseless thus inspired could be :
 Yet did this Orpheus, by his gentle phrase,
 Soften and soothe the world's primeval race ;
 Won them from savage life to milder ways,
 And taught them justice, dignity, and grace ;
 Made each unite him with his fellow men,
 And changed the savage to the citizen.

Our FORTY-FOURTH PAGE will hold *one* more—and here it is.

IN ATHENAS.

Quisquis Cecropias hospes cognoseis Athenas,
 Quæ veteris famæ vix tibi signa dabunt :
 Hasne Dei, dices, cælo petiere relicto ?
 Regnaque partitis hæc fuit una Deis ?
 Idem Agamemnonias, dices, quum videris arces :
 Heu victrix victa vastior urbe jaces !
 Hæ sunt, quas meritò quondam est mirata vetustas,—
 Magnarum rerum magna sepulchra vides !

JOHN DUNLOP.

The guest will ask, who Cecrops' town surveys
 (Which scarce a mark of former fame displays),
 Are these the realms that once to gods were given ?
 Are these the seats they sought, forsaking heaven ?
 Is this the city which of old could raise
 Such wonder, and so well deserved its praise ?
 The stranger now who turns to visit her,
 Will only view a mighty sepulchre.

Mr Dunlop—departing from his basis—has omitted the fifth and sixth lines, not only from his version, but from the Latin, and we have supplied them from Burmann. Pray, are the “guest who Cecrops' town surveys,” and “the stranger now who turns to visit her,” one and the same person or not ? With whom—among the ruins of Cecropian Athens—is our fat friend “the guest,” a guest ? The stranger, we presume, puts up at the Pallas. In the Latin we see but “Hospes.” Mr

Dunlop does not understand the line “Hæ sunt,” &c. The writer of the Epigram, after imagining “Quisquis” to say so and so, tells *him*, “Hæ sunt,” &c. ; whereas the Sheriff stupidly puts the words into the mouth of the stranger. In the last line, “parva,” not “magna,” is the right reading ; it *must* be so, otherwise the second line is absurd. “Quæ veteris famæ vix tibi signa dabunt.” Here it is translated as it deserves to be.

CHARLES NEAVES.

Whoso Cecropian Athens now mayst view,
 Stranger (her signs of ancient fame are few)
 Wilt ask, “are these the seats to gods so dear,
 Who left high Heaven to seek a kingdom here ?”
 So wilt thou say, when Argos meets thine eyes,
 “More desolate than Troy her victor lies.”
 Yet here just homage former ages gave—
 Thou seest of mighty things the narrow grave.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXI.

MAY, 1838.

VOL. XLIII.

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TOMKINS REDIVIVUS.

WE had felt, for some time, rather annoyed at receiving no farther communication from Jenkins, on the subject of the remains of our friend the Bagman, notwithstanding the promise contained in his letter from Birmingham, of July last; for, considering the miscellaneous assortment of articles enclosed in the first epistle of his executor, we had promised ourselves considerable amusement from the disclosures which a farther inspection of his repositories in Sheffield was likely to produce. It was with much pleasure, therefore, that on opening a bulky packet the other day, sealed with the motto "pro rege, lege, et grege," we once more recognised among its contents the handwriting of Tomkins. "Jenkins, then, is a man of his word after all," said we; "here, doubtless, comes number two of the Remains of our dashing and deceased friend." Conceive our consternation when the first enclosure we opened was a letter, bearing the signature of Isaac Tomkins, Leeds, and a date as late as 20th March, 1838, being precisely eight months and four days after he had given up the ghost in Birmingham! Here was a pleasant discovery to make! Here had we been circulating the report of the unfortunate Bagman's death and burial, to say nothing of a few personal reflections on his character, not calculated to improve his business as a bag-

man, nor likely to be particularly agreeable to his feelings as a private gentlemen. Thoughts of actions of damages passed across our mind; and a vision of Tomkins at the distance of twelve paces, cocking a hair-trigger pistol, began to haunt our imagination. We felt decidedly nervous. Did Tomkins really exist to call us to account? or was he a mere *révenant*, permitted for a time to walk this earth, and make our lives miserable with triple postages? Could there be a doubt that he had performed that remarkable somerset over the top of the Reform Coach? and did not three Irish reapers swear on the inquest that they had seen his head come smack against the fifth milestone with an emphasis sufficient to have shattered any skull in Donnybrook fair? We could make nothing of it. Living or dead, Tomkins seemed destined to be a mystery. We muttered with Macbeth:—

"The times have been,
That when the brains were out the man
would die,
And there an end. But now they rise
again,
With twenty mortal murders on their
crowns,
And push us from our stools."

Taking courage at last, however, from despair, we re-opened the dreaded document, and found, to our infinite relief, that, though Tomkins was still in

the body, and the story of the executor in that important particular a mere hoax, the Bagman, with his usual *bon-homme*, and that admiration for any successful stroke in the *picaresco* line which distinguished his character, was more disposed to laugh at the address with which Jenkins had managed the imposture, than to resent the appropriation of his manuscripts, or the sketches of his personal character with which that worthy had thought fit to embellish his communication, and which we had been the innocent instruments of laying before the public. It seems evident to us, from the tone of the letter, that Jenkins has rather risen in his estimation than otherwise in consequence of this late piece of legerdemain; and that, had his friend been the sufferer at the Hen and Chickens,

Tomkins would probably have helped himself to the contents of *his* Bramah with the same coolness which marked the proceedings of the self-constituted executor. There was a superiority to vulgar prejudice about all this, which (now that our apprehensions of personal consequences were at an end) we could not sufficiently admire; we determined, in fact, so far were we carried along by the enthusiasm of the moment, that, should Tomkins again visit Edinburgh, we should do our best to get up a public dinner to him in the York Hotel; or, if that should fail, (which is possible), we propose entertaining him—at the expense of our publisher—along with a select party at Ambrose's. But let the philosophic Bagman speak for himself:—

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

RESPECTED SIR,

Here I am—all alive, and, as you will see by-and-by, kicking. First let me explain, however, how it happens that I have been so long in letting you know the fact that I have not yet balanced accounts with this world in the abrupt manner represented in your Magazine for August last. The truth is, I never happened to cast my eyes upon the article in the Magazine on the subject of my lamented decease till the other day; and I suppose that my friend, from a mistaken idea that the subject might be annoying to me in my late weak state of health, had forbore to give me any hint that my existence had ever been made matter of dispute. Happening, however, to arrive the other day at Doncaster, in my way north, and seeing plainly, from the state of the weather, which augured nothing but a torrent of rain the whole evening, that it was quite out of the question to think of pushing on for York that night, I made up my mind to remain where I was. After finishing dinner, and my usual allowance of brandy and water, which it is immaterial to specify more particularly, I found myself driven to some other plan to get through the hours to bedtime, so I asked the waiter if he had such a thing as an old magazine in the house. Blackwood, he said, was the only magazine they took in, and he rather feared that the later

numbers had gone amissing, some travellers who had a taste for periodical literature, having carried them off as a desperate resource against ennui in their professional progress through the West Riding. After some search, he made a shift to recover two or three numbers of your esteemed, of which the latest happened to be that for August, 1837, containing, "The Literary Remains of Isaac Tomkins, Gent., communicated by his literary executor, Peter Jenkins."

Did you ever happen to read an account of your own death and burial? Perhaps not. And, let me tell you, it gives one a devilish disagreeable sensation to see, in an established periodical, the whole particulars of the transaction, with the day, hour, and precise mode of the catastrophe, the proceedings before the Coroner, the deodand levied upon the gig, &c., together with a sketch of your character, in its political, professional, and domestic relations, accompanied with copious extracts from your most private manuscripts, and the whole winding up with a promise of a regular monthly issue of the same, with a commentary from the hand of a fellow who calls himself your executor, and whom you know, from old experience, to be one of the most unceremonious and unprincipled dogs travelling the Northern Circuit. There was, in fact, so much that was unquestionably true in

the narrative; so much that I had a disagreeable consciousness *might* be true in the portrait; and, above all, the indisputable genuineness of every scrap of the MS. which stared me in the face in print;—and this again mingled with so strong a persuasion that the story could not in all its particulars be correct, and that Tomkins had not ceased to be, notwithstanding the plausible evidence to the contrary,—that I can scarcely describe to you the state of bewilderment in which the first perusal of this perplexing article left me. I remember perfectly the dinner in the Commercial Room on the 15th; and as I had about that time got involved in some disagreeable discussions with my principals, it is quite possible I may have been a little out of spirits, and may have taken rather more than was consistent with my usual temperate habits. As to the going down, however, upon my knees, that is all fudge—one of those calumnies of which I have so often been the victim, and which people will persist in repeating, notwithstanding all my asseverations to the contrary. I am even satisfied that I was perfectly sober at the time of mounting my gig, though I believe a sort of haziness did come over me as I was clearing the town, evidently attributable to the usual effect of the evening air. As to the race with the coaches, the particulars of which are given so minutely by Jenkins, I hardly know what to say. I certainly have a confused remembrance of a confounded shouting and cracking of whips, and a sensation of being shot like a projectile from a cannon against a wall.

The skies spun like a mighty wheel,
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash came o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther.

Of the occurrences that may have taken place during the next month I am altogether unconscious. That period is a blank to me. I am told I was picked up in a state of insensibility, having come in contact with a mile-stone, and conveyed to the Hen and Chickens, where I lay for some weeks in a complete stupor, and without any prospect of recovery. Matters, however, took a favourable turn unexpectedly; and about the end of August I was again on foot, though suf-

fering at times from a sort of vertigo, during which I believe I occasionally uttered extravagances which were whimsical enough. They tell me, for instance, that on one occasion, during one of these fits, I had a complete blow-up with an old friend of my own, a gentlemanly, inoffensive, elderly personage, who happened, in the course of conversation, to set me right about somebody's address which I had mistaken. I am told that I turned upon him like a tiger, accused him of fawning, flattering, glozing, and trying to injure my credit with my old employers; said he could set his tongue to any tune, and so forth. Whereupon he, too, lost his temper, retorted in a similar strain, and words ran so high, that both of us were bound over, though that was not necessary, to keep the peace. This was not the worst; for it seems, though I can hardly believe it, that a question having arisen in the Commercial Room, whether the Ballot should be introduced in the Election of Members of the "Bag-man's Union," I, though at the time confined to bed, wrote a long epistle to the President in favour of the proposition; though, as you well know, I have all my life been a mortal enemy to the ballot, and never could in my senses have recommended the adoption of so rascally and shuffling a proceeding.

It was during my confinement at the Hen and Chickens that Jenkins appears to have possessed himself of the manuscripts, of which he made so unceremonious a use. Now that I look back on the matter, I really can't help admiring the promptitude and self-possession which characterised his proceedings. As we had been on terms of considerable intimacy for years before, arising from a congeniality of pursuits and views on many points, Jenkins was pretty well acquainted with my turn for composition, and was aware that the contents of my *Bramah* might be turned to some account in the way of business. No sooner did he set eyes upon the account of my accident in the *Journal*, than his line was immediately taken. If I died, as was most probable, no one was likely ever to ask a question about the matter; and even if I recovered, it was clear that long before the abstraction of the papers was discovered, he, Jenkins, would be in

possession of their equivalent in hard cash, which, when once in his pocket, he knew it would be no light matter to extract from that receptacle. He hurried, accordingly, on the wings of friendship to Birmingham, made his way to the room where I was, insisted on keeping watch alone by my bedside, and as soon as he had got the room cleared and the door fairly shut, insinuated his hand into my breeches pocket (they were lying on a chair), and drawing out the key of my Bramah, coolly helped himself to such portion of its contents as appeared to him to be most readily convertible into cash, borrowing, at the same time, a sovereign or two, for which he punctually left his note of hand. Next morning he disappeared, on the pretext of a summons from Wolverhampton, telling the landlord, with much feeling, that any trifling expense which he had incurred might be put down to my account along with the expenses of my funeral, and would be readily defrayed by the surviving and afflicted relatives.

Devilish clever thing of Jenkins I must say!—when he takes a thing in hand he does it thoroughly. I remember being once asked whom I took to be the first Bagman in England? I answered modestly, as Hannibal did on a similar occasion, that Jenkins was the second. In fact, for a thorough acquaintance with the road, for puffing off an unsaleable article, getting a doubtful bill discounted, picking the lock of a friend's writing-desk, doing a greenhorn generally, and steering through life in such a manner as just to keep a little to windward of the law, I have rarely seen his equal.

So much for the explanation of the process by which the manuscripts, all of which I avow to be mine, have reached your hands. As Jenkins doubtless has already touched the cash for those enclosed in his first letter, if, in fact, he has not drawn upon you on the strength of future consignments,—I am aware it is now too late to say any thing as to the past; but since the ice is broken, I don't see why I should not turn the balance of my composition to account, by enlightening the public and lining my own pockets at the same. “*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*”

To say the truth, I have more time on my hands at present than I know

very well how to dispose of, having come at last to a decided split with my old employers, Littlejohn and Co. In fact, we had been going on so uncomfortably for a long time past, that I saw the thing must come to a point sooner or later, and can't say I am sorry now that our connexion is at an end; for certainly nothing could be more shabby than their whole mode of doing business, whether as regarded the public or their own agents. Don't suspect me of any wish to procure a situation with the rival firm of Waterloo-house; God knows I have no occasion to praise them, for many a squabble we have had in matters of business; and their traveller, at the time they were braziers to the King used to turn up his nose at me if we met in the course of a journey. But this I must say for them, that they did business in a fair and liberal style. If they charged a good price, they gave a good article in return; all the world knew their word was as good as their bond; they paid to the day without shuffling or putting off; treated their clerks handsomely, besides giving them a superannuated allowance; stood by an old friend through thick and thin, and when they were elbowed out of the trade by our dashing new Brummagem firm of Littlejohn and Co., they left as fair a character on 'Change as any house I have known in the line. As for their successors, I declare it often hurts my conscience to think that I should have travelled for them so long, or helped to keep up such a system of swindling and imposition on the public. At first, it is true, there were some respectable monied men in the concern; but they, taking fright when they saw the way in which business was managed, one by one advertised out, and we were left at last with three or four adventurers, without either capital or credit among them. After that, flash advertisements of cheap goods of the newest patterns, which, in fact, were perfect rubbish—abuse of every other person in the trade—accommodation bills, which, I verily believe, that more than once the old firm good-naturedly retired,—and a system of commission agencies all over the country, were the expedients resorted to, to keep up an appearance of business, till the partners should be able to feather their nests and retire. 'Tis a perfect surprise to

me that the concern has gone on till now without a crash, for they have been twenty times on the eve of bankruptcy, and I don't see how it's possible for them to weather the storm much longer. But if they cheated the public, they might at least have been expected to be honest to their own clerks and agents; and you will be surprised to hear that after repeatedly promising to take me into partnership, or raise my salary, they still continued to put the matter off, till at last I saw plainly they had no intention of keeping their word at all. So says I, Gentlemen, I'm off—it shan't be my fault if the public are not made aware of two or three particulars as to your mode of doing business;—and perhaps I may astonish the Commissioners of Bankrupts a little by some trifling disclosures when you come to apply for your certificate."

So we parted, and for the present I may say I am in a manner out of employment—pretty confident, no doubt, of a situation shortly, for I have a good many irons in the fire, to borrow a phrase from the shop; but still not seeing my way so clearly as I could wish. I had some thoughts lately of accepting an offer I had from Messrs Raggs Brothers, wholesale dealers in the City, to become their principal manager; but hearing that the situation had already been offered to another who had declined it, and having no great opinion of the stability of the firm, which has always been remarkable for rash speculations, I thought it better, for some time at least, to keep myself disengaged. In the mean-time, I am doing a little for the Canadian House of Jean Baptiste Peltry and Co. of Montreal, as also for the West India firm of Sligo and Sons, though I can't say, from present appearances, that either concern is likely to pay. Furs at this moment are heavy; and before I can establish a proper West India connexion, I fear the demand for free sugar will be gone. Still I do what I can to puff the articles into notice, and have only to add, that any orders you may have in your power to procure for either of these concerns shall be punctually attended to.

In this professional *interregnum* I

have naturally betaken myself with more than usual interest to the occupation and amusement afforded by the pursuits of literature; which, even in the thickest press of week-day business, the very storm and whirlwind of Bagmanship, I am proud to say, I never neglected. Many of my successful speeches at mason lodges, mechanics' institutions, Shakspeare clubs, beef-steak ditto, the Coalhole, the Cockpit, the Free and Easy, with other social and benevolent institutions, I have carefully revised; and am now about to commit in an authentic form to an indulgent public.* Having always, however, taken a peculiar interest in politics, and having watched the course of men and measures for some time past with some attention, I think, and with that degree of impartiality which enables me to take an unprejudiced view of affairs—(not to mention a strong persuasion that in these stirring times politics pay decidedly better than general literature, which, like a bill at six months, is scarcely discountable, except at a ruinous sacrifice) I have chiefly employed my leisure time in matters more or less connected with the political events or characters of the day; nor do I think you will greatly wonder, considering the individuals and the policy which have dictated the reflections, that these have taken the form of satire, invective, or regret, rather than of panegyric. If any one quotes against me "*facit indignatio versus*," and attributes the whole to private feeling, I shall not take the trouble of formally denying the charge. I shall always maintain to my dying day that the conduct of the present Ministers, in refusing me that place under the Poor-Law Commission, for value received, after the distinct promise made to my friend, M'Tape, was in the highest degree unbusinesslike and disreputable. But as I don't wish to mix up my own personal quarrels with my views of general politics, let every one form his own ideas as to the justice of the opinions expressed; I offer the articles such as they are, and intending purchasers must satisfy themselves as to their soundness. I have only to add, that should the samples now sent meet with your approbation, I shall be happy to supply you on the shortest notice, and to any

* Vide our advertising list.

amount, with goods of the same quality (warranted), either by wholesale or retail. N.B.—A handsome discount for ready money.

As the simplest plan, I have copied from my diary the trifles to which I allude, just as they were set down from day to day, and accompanied with any observations which I find there, explanatory of the occasions which gave rise to them.

Stockton-upon-Tees.

5th July, 1837, 10 o'clock, P.M.—
So!—After two centuries we have

See how after ages dwindle
From the form their sires displayed;
Coxcombs lounge, and thimblers swindle
Where the wise and worthy swayed.
If ye heed the worldly bustle
That on earth around you swam,
Pitt, contemplate Rice and Russell,
Shade of Burleigh, look on Lamb!

By the by—now I think of it, I have not tried my hand on a sonnet for some time. Let me see whether it has lost its cunning. N.B.—To keep to the strict measure, without which it is nought. Even Wordsworth himself, the greatest master of the sonnet, spoils many of his to my ear, perhaps too curiously tutored by those who

have written before him in “very choice Italian,” by the neglect of this rule, which it would have cost him no more trouble to observe than it costs me to make this additional tumbler; if, indeed, as in this last case, it would not have proved a pleasure rather than otherwise.

ON THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA.

A virgin Queen! The words bring back the days
Of that “fair Vestal throned by the West,”
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Howard, and the rest.
That spread our glory like a beacon’s blaze
Seen over land and sea;—that Court, a maze
Of sages, statesmen of high-hearted breast,
Heroes, and poets worthy to invest
The deeds of heroes in undying lays.
Wouldst thou, Fair Queen, those golden days recall?
Like men with hers thy counsellors must be;
A nation’s honour takes its rise or fall
From those that guide its councils; therefore she
Who seeks the glory and the good of all
Must choose the wise, the virtuous, and the free.

Are such extinct? The train of chiefs and sages
That should in peace enlighten, or defend
In war, a nation,—are they at an end?
Have we no names that shall in history’s pages
Shine bright as theirs, and live for after ages?
Yes, we can boast of men who will not bend
With every breath, who make their prize and end
Honour, and scorn to serve for meaner wages.
Great names, nor few. One only let me breathe,
The name of England’s greatest, noblest son:

Who slow to draw the sword, and prompt to sheathe,
In peace his proudest victories hath won :—
Blending the soldier's, statesman's, patriot's wreath,
Among the worthy worthiest,—Wellington.

TO LORD MELBOURNE.

Men praise thee, Melbourne, as of converse gay,
And joyous look ; the banquet formed to cheer,
And fit to catch the eye and soothe the ear
Of maid or matron : Of the moths that play
On gilded wing round royalty's warm ray
The brightest thou ! yet might thy conscience fear
That other qualities were needed here
To accomplish him who England's realm would sway.
A wakeful and far-seeing eye to scan
Our empire's range ; sagacity to sound
The depths of policy and heart of man :
Labour, and zeal, and faith, with knowledge crowned
Of Heaven's high will in Nature's wondrous plan,
And virtue firm in sorest trials found.

Melbourne, I blame not that thou lovest so well,
To linger in the lazy lap of ease ;
That, skilled with toys alone each hour to please,
No noble deeds of thine our annals swell.
I blame not, that thy fond desires rebel
Vainly against the power of Time's decrees ;
That, draining Circe's cup even to the lees,
Thou should'st be still the captive of her spell.
Therein as counsellors use thine own heart
And will : if virtue has no charms for thee,
If 'tis thy choice to play so poor a part,
With Heaven, not man, thy condemnation be !
But this I blame, that, being what thou art,
Thou darest to rule a land so pure and free.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL, ON HEARING HIM ACCUSED OF REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES.

I listen, Russell ! with a mild surprise,
When men accuse thee of some dark design
(As if thou wert a second Catiline)
Against the throne and altar. He who tries
The desperate venture of conspiracies,
And would be greatly wicked, must combine
Firm heart, deep head, a will, not weak like thine,
But strong to do, to suffer, and despise
Danger or death. Pondering on this, I can
With an approving conscience take my ground,
And say ;—that not with thee the head to plan
Or hand to execute such schemes is found ;
In fact a smaller, shallower, shabbier man,
The Sun encounters not in all his round.

Five sonnets finished ; and the tumbler also as I declare ;—and the watchman in the street below calling past twelve o'clock. High time for bed, as I must be off for Darlington betimes to-morrow morning. But are the sheets sufficiently aired ? “ There's the respect must give us pause.”

Is that the warming-pan I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come let me clutch thee—
Why—So !—being gone (*i. e.* the damp)
I am a man again.

6th July, 1837.—On looking at yesterday night's entry this moment it certainly seems to me a little incoherent, but as I make it a rule never to alter any thing after it is once set down, *transeat cum cæteris*.

February, 1838.—Things are plainly coming to a crisis. I see clearly that Littlejohn & Co. only wish to keep me off from day to day, and have not the least intention of taking me into partnership. They have circulated a story, that I had been heard to say in the north that they had done little business the year before, and were likely to do less the next—by which they said I had damaged their credit so much, that the Messrs Raggs, to whom they were under accommodation, had come upon them for immediate payment. What I did say was the very reverse—though, as usual, no one will believe me when I say so. But, this is all a feint to get rid of me. Pleasant!—considering how often I have stretched a point in their behalf—and that by connecting myself with their shabby concern I lost an excellent chance of steady employment from the old house, who would have come down handsomely at that time to secure my services.

It just occurred to me the other day, that this sub-acid state of mind, when

the milk of human kindness is beginning to curdle, must be the very best condition in the world for penning a few Epigrams;—your own private grievances, of course, promoting wonderfully your sympathy for those of the public. It is wonderful, by the by, how totally Epigrams seem to have slipped out of our modern literature. Taking up the “Elegant Extracts” the other day, I was surprised to see how many good Epigrams the last century had to boast of. Is there any one who could quote a dozen, even tolerable, to which the present can lay claim? I fear not. But do you mean, Tomkins, to say your own are an exception? Not in the least—I shall be very well pleased if I can go the length of saying, with Martial, that among them—

“*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria*”—

Of course there will never be wanting some good-natured classical friend to complete the line by adding the—
“*Sunt mala plura*.”

No matter.—They are a pleasant way of expectorating a little superfluous bile, and so down they go in my Tablets—*valeant quantum*. Let that Magnifico, now Governor-General of the Canadas, as highest in rank, take precedence.

REASONS FOR THE CHOICE OF A FOREIGN AMBASSADOR.

1.

How comes it Durham's sent abroad on embassies to roam?
His claim is this—he makes himself unbearable at home.

2.

Nature made Durham, I've a strong suspicion,
With all this wormwood in his composition,
Like Hodson's bitter ale, whose destination
Is not for home *consumpt*, but exportation.

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN STATE-CHEMISTRY.

3.

Of old it was the practice to appease
With *oil* the motion of the stormy seas:
To still Sedition's waves, our modern tribe
Of quacks, not oil, but *vinegar* prescribe.

4.

Through Alpine rocks great Hannibal, they say,
Melted with vinegar his tedious way.
Durham! if there,—thou wouldst, in my opinion,
Have been a treasure to the Carthaginian.
He needed nothing else, his path to clear,
But that sour visage for his pioneer.

Positively, however, the subject is too serious for a joke. Think of a Governor-General sent to conciliate Canada, whose native arrogance, vanity, and virulence, have recently been cultivated in the school of Russian despotism. Is the knout to be the chief instrument in pacifying the Canadas?

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DURHAM.

A province stands in rebel arms arrayed
Against her Parent Power: deep discontent,
Long muttered, like the growling thunder pent
In yon red cloud, has now its flash betrayed,
And launched its bolt: by lake and forest glade,
Where Peace her varied blessings should have blent,
Blood has been spilt. What Arbiter is sent
To end a struggle, only to be stayed
By one of wise resolve and temper bland?
Durham, are these in thee so clearly shown,
That thou the maladies of that sick land
Shouldst hope to medicine? He is fit alone
A nation's rankling passions to command,
Who first has learned the task to curb his own.

Here are three on the ex-Middlesex Goose, which I flatter myself are, upon the whole, pretty bad:—

We're all agreed that Joseph is a goose,
Yet think his noisy gabble has its use.
Joe of our *income* saves some fraction small:
Rome's geese did more: *they* saved her *Capital* (Capitol).

IMPROMPTU BY MR E. ELLICE, ON HEARING THE ABOVE.

Joe may not match, perhaps, the Roman geese;
But, faith, he diddled the *lame ducks of Greece*.

DITTO BY MR SHEIL.

Who says we've not a classic House of Commons?
When Hume's a *Greek*, and most of us are *Romans*!

Happening to turn over Politian the other day I met with the following, addressed to his friend Marsilius Ficinus, a celebrated philosopher and theologian of the day:—

Mores, Ingenium, Musas, Sophiamque supremam,
Vis uno dicam nomine? Marsilius.

Perhaps the complimentary turn of these verses may be imitated in a modern instance. Will this do?

Come spell in three letters, my boy, if you can,
Rogue, libeller, coward, and mendicant.—Dan.

Here is another by our own English Epigrammatist, Henry Owen—(confoundedly cramp, by the by),—which I beg to dedicate to my friend, Mr Edward Ellice, the gentleman so creditably known in the City.

Se solum Labienus amat, miratur, adorat
Non modo se solum, se quoque solus amat.

Ned loves but Ned alone, 'tis said;
Quite right, for Ned alone loves Ned.

While I am about it let me try another translation. I think I shall inscribe

this on the fly-leaf of my copy of Lord Holland's Poems. 'Tis by Sabinus, a German Epigrammatist of the 16th century.

In Plutum malum poetam sed divitem.

Esuriens jejuna tamen non fecit Homerus ;
Tu jejuna, satur, carmina, Plute, facis.

No empty lines e'er flowed from Homer's tongue,
Though on an empty stomach oft he sung :
Your Muse, my Holland, has reversed the rule,
Your lines are empty, though your stomach's full.

Something coarse that last line, perhaps, but let it go.

One poor poet naturally reminds me of another—Lord John Russell. I have just been reading some of his venomous speeches on the Spanish question. Can't he let the unlucky claimant of the Spanish throne alone ? This is certainly the most unrelenting persecution ever heard of.

Insatiate monster, will not one suffice ?
What wolf your sire, what tigress was your mother ?
Most foully murdered *one* Don Carlos lies,
And would you now exterminate *another* ?

THE PUZZLE.

'Tis hard to tell, Lord John, when you compose,
Which is more sad, your poetry or prose ;
Again, our judgment hesitates a while,
If worse your written, or your spoken style :
But thus perplexed, I must have leave to say—
Who likes your speeches, may he like your play !

THE HOME SECRETARY.

Johnny, 'twas sure a sad quandary,
That made you our *Home* Secretary ;
Where could we find (I never flatter)
One less *at home* in any matter ?

REASON BY LORD JOHN FOR KEEPING MINISTERS IN POWER.

Tories, if for your Queen you'd gain
One prosperous or peaceful hour,
Your only course is to maintain
Us Whigs and Radicals in power.

Thus every voice you're sure to win,
And fix her throne beyond a doubt ;
For we'll be loyal if we're in,
And you'll be loyal though you're out.

March 8.—People are fond of sneering at the political consistency of our present Foreign Secretary. I have just been reading Lord Stanley's speech on Sir William Molesworth's motion, in which he makes the following agreeable remarks:—"The noble Lord had supposed that it was the intention of honourable gentlemen on the Opposition side of the house to form a Government by a coalition between the honourable Baronet, the member for Leeds, and his right honourable friend near him, the member for Tamworth ; now he knew not whether his noble friend the Secre-

tary for Foreign Affairs had any intention of forming part of that Administration; but if he did not, his noble friend would perhaps allow him to say, that for a much longer period than that to which his memory could go

back, it would be the *only* Administration which his noble friend had not formed." (Cheers and roars of laughter). Roars of laughter are all very well, but I beg in mitigation to suggest the following doubt.

Full many a Ministry I've seen,
For now twice twenty years;
And still, whate'er the list has been,
There "Palmerston" appears.
I wish to know, for much I shun
Too quickly to condemn:
Did *they* all rat to Palmerston,
Or Palmerston to *them*?

CONSISTENCY.

Temple through every varying creed has ranged,
Yet thinks perhaps his principles unchanged;
So seems it to the chaise-borne traveller's eye
That *he* stands still, while trees and towers rush by.

January 18.—I have always had a sneaking kindness for Glenelg, but really, after such an exposé as that made by Brougham of his Colonial proceedings the other night, what can be said for him? Unable to answer satisfactorily a single question; obliged to admit, that in the full knowledge of the rebellious demonstrations in Canada, and when the bewildered Gosford applied to him for instructions how to act, he had, after the delay of months, and after promises without end, sent him instructions to do exactly what he liked best! The safety of one of our most important Colonies is threatened for months on end, not by concealed but avowed traitors, and our Colonial Secretary quietly allows things to take their course. Rebellion bursts out at last, and it is found that not one single step has been taken to meet it. Glenelg's preparation for action reminds us exceedingly of Sir Abel Handy's, when the castle took fire.

"*Bob Handy.* Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir Abel. It is not mixed.

Bob. Where's your fire escape?

Sir A. It is not fixed.

Bob. Where's your patent fire-engine?

Sir A. It's on the road.

Bob. What's to be done?

Sir A. I don't know. Stay, Bob. I have it. Perhaps it will go out of itself."

Precisely the modern invention for putting down rebellion anticipated. "Let it alone—perhaps it will go out of itself." *Perhaps not.* What then? Just suppose such a case as this of Canada happening in an ordinary case between principal and agent. Only think of any intelligent bag-man admitting that he did not know whether he had answered a letter of importance or not; or that knowing that a customer was on the eve of insolvency, he had never protested his bill, or intimated the dishonour to the indorser? Why, the thing could not be tolerated for one moment.

What a character Glenelg, good easy man, would have made for the Castle of Indolence! Had he been alive in Thomson's days, he would certainly have had the chief—one can't say the most active part—in the poem assigned to him. I don't like much to meddle with Thomson's beautiful verses, but perhaps Jemmy's ghost may forgive me if I venture to interpolate a stanza or two in reference to our slumbrons Secretary. I beg his pardon, beforehand, in the words of Spenser:—

"Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meed of thy due merit,

Which none durst ever, whilst thou wert alive."

ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

1.

And in this haunt another guest did bide,
 With gentle gifts adorned and classic lore,
 Whose generous youth, with duty for his guide,
 To deeds of fame perchance had strength to soar.
 But now all thought of virtuous effort o'er,
 His languid powers confessed the wizard's reign ;
 Nor shame nor hope could touch his bosom more,
 Of what he was, or what he might attain ;
 But hand and foot y-bound, he hugged his pleasing chain.

2.

And yet no idler he professed to be,
 To private ease in quiet shade resigned ;
 With weighty state affairs y-charged was he,
 That asked no slothful hand, no careless mind.
 Unnumbered tribes of many a clime and kind,
 That owned the gentle bond of England's sway,
 To him committed, might employment find
 To fill with anxious thoughts the toilsome day,
 If toil or anxious thoughts to him had found a way.

3.

But not the eager calls that might engage
 The guardian of an empire without bound :
 And not the startling roar of rebel rage
 Can rouse him from that lethargy profound.
 He sits with leaden eyes that love the ground,
 And scarce he seems to hear and scarce to feel ;
 Gazing on unread papers strewed around,
 And piles of letters with unbroken seal,—
 Save when o'er all his frame the gifts of Morpheus steal.

Dozing again ! like the fat Boy in *Pickwick*. Is there no wakening him ?
 Let us see whether we can't poke him up with an epigram or two :—

“ *Consanguineus Leti Sopor.* ”—VIRGIL.

Glenelg often says, “ What can I have to fear
 In exchanging this world for another ?
 Death's face can't be strange to myself who am here
 On such intimate terms with *his brother*.”

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

If Death is a sleep, as the poets have said,
 Our friend cannot feel the transition extreme ;
 Why should *he* shun the grave, who lies buried in bed,
 Or tremble at death, whose whole life is a dream ?

THE WATCHMAN.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?

You're to watch o'er the colonies, Charlie, my dear ?
 I'm glad if your story be true :
 But the other arrangements I'm anxious to hear :
 Pray, who is to watch over you ?

RETRIBUTION.

I don't in general believe in ghosts ;
 But if, among our friends, a man there be,
 Doom'd to revisit us from Pluto's coasts,
 I can't help thinking that Glenelg is *he*.
 After life's fitful fever men sleep sound ;
 Their toils and trials o'er, they rest their fill.
He sleeps when he should wake, and may be found
 Hereafter restless, when he should lie still.

But perhaps the severest epigram that could well be written on the unfortunate Colonial Secretary would be simply to versify a few sentences of the eloquent and cutting philippic in which his blunders and inaction, with those of the Do-little Government of which he is the appropriate organ, were exposed. Let us try the passage in which Lord Brougham, addressing his former colleagues, pointed out the incompatibility of the existing system of "*laissez aller*" with the maintenance of any of our colonial dependencies.

"*Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt.*"

You may of vast possessions boast
 Across the mighty deep ;
 In every clime, on every coast,
 But then you must not sleep.

You may command, by force or fear,
 Where hearts impetuous leap,
 With hopes of independence near ;
 'Twere madness there to sleep.

From nations of each tongue and hue
 A tribute you may reap :
 There's one condition, if you do,
 You must not go to sleep.

If tropic isles must own your reign,
 Where bondsmen wildly weep,
 And strive to burst their loosen'd chain ;
 You must not dare to sleep.

Ne'er on your empire may the sun
 His beams in ocean steep,
 But round the globe the girdle run :
 Why, then, you must not sleep.

If countless tribes through Orient lands
 In thralldom you would keep,
 With seeming soft and silken bands ;
 It will not do to sleep.

A day may come, when fate's decrees
 Away your power shall sweep :
 Then fold your idle hands at ease,
 Then, but not sooner, sleep.

* * * * *

April 1.—I asked myself the question the other day, on which of the debates of the season the Ministry had made the paltriest and the shabbiest appearance ; and had no hesitation in answering—That on the Pension List. Particular individuals of the Ministry may, no doubt, have made themselves more pitiful on other questions. Lord John, for instance, when, after his high-sounding denunciation of the Spottiswoode conspiracy, he was caught attempting to escape from the House, in order to escape voting upon the question,—or when, after threatening to bring the charge of the Bishop of Exeter before the House of Commons, he abandoned his motion, with the cool statement that it had only been made for the purpose of de-

monstrating that such motions should never be made at all. But it was on the occasion of the Pension List that the Ministry as a body best illustrated both their want of principle and their want of even that portion of intellectual ability which might suffice to gloss over or conceal their deficiency in higher moral qualities. First, one admires the native "*raciness*"—for it merits no other name—of supporting a proposition which one and all of them had denounced but a twelvemonth before as "*petty, unjust, odious, and degrading*," "*calculated only to gratify private animosity and malignity*"—"fruitless and disgusting"—and this without even the pretence that any change in the state of the question had occurred—(how, in-

deed, could a question not of policy, but of justice, change its aspect?)—and all this as a sop to stay the ravening maws of the Radical horde by whom, only the week before, they had been insulted in a manner to which no Ministry, I believe, has ever before submitted since England had a Parliament. Next, the miserable, taleatless tone of the speeches,

unredeemed even by ingenious sophistry, dexterous retort, caustic sarcasms against opponents, or any of the instruments by which an able man can contrive to give an appearance of plausibility even to the worst of causes: All one dreary dead level of tedious imbecility. “But my muse labours, and thus she is delivered:”—

I sat and read of Fox and Pitt,
Those rivals of gigantic fame,
Old Harry's sense and Brinsley's wit,
And Burke's sublime and deathless name.

I turned and read a later page,
Not less its brilliancy and force,
When Canning's genius fired the age,
And Brougham pursued his meteor course.

And still I read, and still admire
The rich persuasive powers of Peel;
And Stanley's bright and generous fire,
Together leagued for Britain's weal.

What worthy heirs of Fox and Brougham,
Press against these the opposing scale?
I read, alas! of Joseph Hume,
And Daniel with the Irish Tail.

I read of Russell and of Rice,
Small in themselves, yet meaner made,
Suborned at such a paltry price
The vulgar and the vile to aid.

Ye mighty shades! if aught below
Can reach you where you now abide,
Some fiery indignation show
To touch your sons with decent pride!

Brougham, doff those robes that sit so loose,
And to your old arena come,
To crush with scorn that cackling goose,
And strike these Irish howlers dumb!

Probably not one of the individuals who thus disgraced themselves on the question of the Pension List, ever believed it possible, three years ago, that they would be driven, by their dependent position, into the support of such a measure. But how completely have the Whig party been doomed to experience the fate of the wizard's apprentice in Goethe's ballad, who, having called up the evil spirits and set them to work, as he thinks, for his

own purposes, finds himself totally unable to control the power he had raised, and but for the opportune appearance of his old master, would certainly have speedily fallen a victim to the pressure from without.

And have not our present Ministers, more than once, been in like manner indebted for their escape, to the interference and aid of *their masters*, the Conservatives? Let us try a translation of old Goethe's Ballad:

DER ZAUBERLEHRLING.

1.

Hat der alte Hexenmeister
Sich doch einmal weggegeben!

THE APPRENTICE IN MAGIC.

1.

Since at last the Master Wizard
Forth has gone, I'll try my skill:

Und nun sollen seine Geister
Auch nach meinem Willen leben
Seine Wort' und Werke
Merkt' ich, und den Brauch,
Und mit Geistestärke
Thu' ich Wunder auch.
Walle! walle
Manche Strecke,
Dasz, zum Zwecke,
Wasser fiesse,
Und mit reichem, vollem Schwall
Zu dem Bade sich ergiesze!

2.

Und nun komm, du alter Besen!
Nimm die schlechten Lumpenhüellen!
Bist schon lange Knecht gewesen;
Nun erfülle meinen Willen!
Auf zwei Beinen stehe,
Oben sei ein Kopf,
Eile nun und gehe
Mit dem Wassertopf!
Walle! walle
Manche Strecke,
Dasz, zum Zwecke,
Wasser fiesse,
Und mit reichem, vollem Schwall
Zu dem Bade sich ergiesze!

3.

Seht, er lauft zum Ufer nieder;
Warlich! ist schon an dem Flusse,
Und mit Blitzesschnelle wieder
Ist er hier mit raschem Gusse.
Schon zum zweitenmale!
Wie das Becken schwillt!
Wie sich jede Schale
Voll mit Wasser füllt!
Stehe! stehe!
Denn wir haben
Deiner Gaben
Vollgemessen!—
Ach, ich merk' es! Wehe! wehe!
Hab' ich doch das Wort vergessen!

4.

Ach! das Wort, worauf am Ende
Er das wird, was er gewesen.
Ach, er lauft und bringt behende!
Warst du doch der alte Besen!
Immer neue Güsse
Bringt er schnell herein,
Ach! und hundert Flüsse
Stürzen auf mich ein.
Nein, nicht länger
Kann ich's lassen;
Will ihn fassen.
Das ist Tücke!
Ach! nun wird mir immer bänger!
Welche Miene! welche Blicke!

Now his spirits at my summons
Shall awake and work my will;
Magic word, and sign, and spell,
I like him have noted true,
And with strength of heart, as well
Wonders I may do.
Wander, wander,
Here and yonder,
From the spring
Water bring,
Fill the bath up till it swim,
Bubbling to the very brim.

2.

Now step forth, thou ancient broom-
stick,
Don thy ragged garb anew,
Drudging long has been thy portion,
Now prepare my will to do:
On two legs erected, stalk:
Let a head above them sprout,
Take the waterpail and walk
To thy task without:
Wander, wander,
Here and yonder,
From the spring
Water bring,
Fill the bath up till it swim,
Bubbling to the very brim.

3.

See he hurries down—already
In the stream his pitcher laves,
And with lightning-speed returning
Empties here the foaming waves;
There, and here again, I vow—
Fast he fills the basin's sides,
Every inch and cranny now
See the water hides!
Tarry, tarry,
Cease to carry,
Pour no more,—
Give o'er, give o'er:
Woe is me! He heeds me not,
And the word I have forgot.

4.

Woe is me! the word which uttered
Makes him what he was before,
How he flies, and fills, and empties—
Would he were a broom once more!
Still the wicked sprite keeps pouring
Water, though the trough runs o'er,
And a hundred streams are pouring
Down upon the floor.
Cease to teaze me,
Or I'll seize thee!
Worse and worse,
The goblin flees me,
Terror seizes on my soul!
What grimaces! what a scowl!

5.

O, du Ausgeburt der Hölle!
 Soll das ganze Haus ersaufen?
 Seh' ich über jede Schwelle
 Doch schon Wasserströme laufen.
 Ein verruchter Besen,
 Der nicht hören will!
 Stock, der du gewesen,
 Steh' doch wieder still!
 Willst's am Ende
 Gar nicht lassen?
 Will dich fassen,
 Will dich halten;
 Und das alte Holz behende
 Mit dem scharfen Beile spalten.

6.

Seht, da kommt er schleppend wieder!
 Wie ich mich nun auf dich werfe,
 Gleich, o Kobold, liegst du nieder;
 Krachend trifft die glatte Schärfe.
 Wahrlich! brav getroffen!
 Seht, er ist entwei!
 Und nun kann ich hoffen,
 Und ich athme frei!
 Wehe! wehe!
 Beide Theile
 Steh'n in Eile
 Schon als Knechte
 Völlig fertig in die Höhe!
 Hilft mir, ach! ihr hohen Mächte!

7.

Und sie laufen! Nass und nasser
 Wird's im Saal und auf den Stufen.
 Welch entsetzliches Gewässer!
 Herr und Meister! hör'mich, rufen!—
 Ach, da kommt der Meister!
 Herr, die Noth ist gross!
 Die ich rief, die Geister,
 Wird' ich, nun nicht los.
 "In die Ecke,
 Besen! Besen!
 Seid's gewesen.
 Denn als Geister
 Ruft euch nur, zu seinem Zwecke,
 Erst hervor der alte Meister."

5.

Birth of hell, accursed broomstick,
 Must the house be drowned by thee?
 See, where over floor and threshold
 Streams the water like a sea!
 Art thou deaf, confounded broom—
 Wilt thou not obey my will?
 Once again thy shape resume,
 Once again be still.
 Wilt not cease
 And go in peace?
 I can catch thee
 And despatch thee;
 This sharp hatchet here beside thee
 Shall in pieces twain divide thee.

6.

Soft! the Goblin is returning,
 Soon shall he his master know—
 Soon shall he be *laid* in quiet,
 Fell'd beneath my hatchet's blow.
 There I had him—fairly floor'd—
 Cut, by Jupiter! in twain;
 Now I feel my hope restored,
 Now I breathe again:
 But woe is me,
 Now I see
 Both the halves
 Will carriers be.
 Pail in hand, both rise and move,
 Aid me! aid me, powers above.

7.

How they hurry! wet and wetter
 Grow the staircase and the hall;
 What a deluge dashes round me—
 Master, master, hear my call!
 Hark! he listens, heaven be praised!
 "Aid in my distress bestow—
 For the spirits I have raised,
 Will not let me go"—
 "Back, old Broom,
 To thy room,
 Once again thy shape resume;
 But remember, spirits own
 But *the master's* rule alone."

But a truce to politics, of which I am tired for the present. One other fragment from my diary shall close my extracts for this month, and it shall be of a more domestic character. You probably remember that last confounded snow-storm which returned again so unexpectedly in February. The consequence was, that some ten or twelve of us, travellers in all directions, east, west, north, and south, got completely snowed up at Wakefield, and a merry evening we had of it, be-

tween songs, stories, and professional jokes. But as the jokes hardly bear repetition to one not in the line, and the stories involve particulars which might affect the credit of mercantile men, I confine myself to the songs, which I jotted down at the time, and which were afterwards kindly revised by the singers.

— *February, 1838.*—The conversation in the Commercial Room this evening very soon took a Conservative turn, and though from the uneasy and

fretful looks of one or two of the party I suspected they would willingly have taken an opposite line, they were obviously in such a minority as to render silence their most prudent policy. They chewed their leek, in fact, very patiently, looking as if they had been accustomed to the vegetable; but I observed one smartly-dressed fellow, with a handsome paste ring upon his finger, and a profusion of (Mosaic)

gold ornaments about his person, a cousin, in fact, of poor Tims, winced a good deal at certain passages in the following song, which was sung with a fine air of *bonhomie* and honest independence by my friend Jones, of Woolley and Fleecem's—the same who acted as Vice at that confounded dinner at Birmingham that preceded my catastrophe.

AIR—"The White Cockade."

1.

Come fill a bumper at my call,
My toast, I hope, concerns us all;
Whate'er his class, whate'er his clan,
Let's drink to each true gentle-man.

CHORUS. *A health to each true gentle-man,
Each genuine English gentle-man,
Let every bagman drain his can,
And drink to each true gentle-man.*

2

What though a bag I bear about,
With swatch and sample bulging out,
If honour bright walk in the van,
The bag may belong to a gentle-man.

Chorus, &c.

3

It's hard to make a bear polite,
Nor easy to wash a negro white,
But the sorest work since time began
Is to join the Whig and gentle-man.

Chorus, &c.

4.

You can't touch dirt and smell quite sweet,
Or jostle a baker and yet look neat;
You'll not consort with Joe or Dan,
And have much remains of a gentle-man.

Chorus, &c.

5.

To shirk and shift from day to day,
To promise stoutly, but never pay:
This seems, no doubt, the new Whig plan,
But it don't become a gentle-man.

Chorus, &c.

6.

Your words and deeds still try to match,
Let still the *piece* surpass the *swatch*,
Be something more than a flash in the pan,
Be a Tory true, and a gentle-man!

Chorus, &c.

We were all much amused by the faces which the Cockney bagman made on hearing the statement of the impossibility of combining the Whig

with the gentleman. It was a view of the case which did not appear to have occurred to him before, but which, now that the observation had been made,

he had an uneasy conviction to be the true one. He was observed to twirl his watch-chain with considerable vehemence, and though he had chattered a great deal in the early part of the evening, he now became silent, finished his brandy and water with an abstracted and melancholy air—

“ With that he rose and twitched his great-coat blue,”

and, ringing for his slippers, retired

just as preparations were on foot for a fourth bottle. His departure was the signal for another song in Inledon's manner, by a rosy apoplectic-looking man, whose name I was told was Dropmore, and who turned out to be agent for Dinehard and Drinkhome, an old established wine-house in the city, and then on his way to Edinburgh, where he told me he expected to open up a large field of business.

AIR.—“ *I sing the British Seaman's praise.*”

1.

Though fools and knaves, from fickle fate,
Have leave to rule the nation,
How far before their farce of state
An honest humble station !
In narrow bounds their empire lies,
Though wide their sweeping measures :
They cannot break life's tender ties,
Or mar life's social pleasures.

CHORUS.—*Then droop not, though with pride no more
Old England's heart is glowing :
We've friendship still, and love in store,
And rosy goblets flowing.*

2.

'Tis sad to think of those gone by,
And these that now come after :
But yet the change that makes us sigh,
Might better move our laughter.
Let mirth prevail : the paltry crew
Shall ne'er have power to grieve us :
They can't, with all they say or do,
Of solid bliss bereave us.

CHORUS.—*Then droop not, though with pride no more
Old England's heart is glowing :
We've friendship still, and love in store,
And rosy goblets flowing.*

3.

We blush that e'er our eye should meet
A stain that dims our glory,
Of lawless slaughter, dire defeat,
Unknown to British story.
But what of that ? our former fame
Was large enough to spare it ;
We'll cast the load of grief and shame
On those whose backs should bear it.

CHORUS.—*Then droop not, though with pride no more
Old England's heart is glowing :
We've friendship still, and love in store,
And rosy goblets flowing.*

4.

We mourn, that heard in distant lands
The voice of England falters :
We mourn at home that feeble hands
Should guard our hearths and altars.

But this may calm our troubled mood,
When rising fears alarm us :
If feeble found to do us good,
They're feeble; too, to harm us.

CHORUS.—*Then droop not, though with pride no more,
Old England's heart is glowing :
We've friendship still, and love in store,
And rosy goblets flowing.*

5.

Then scorn with me the venal race,
To sordid idols bending :
We've friends in power, though not in place,
Our safety still defending.
We've still the throne, we've still the laws,
We've with us right and reason :
While myriads round to join our cause
But watch the needful season.

CHORUS.—*Then, oh, be gay, while hope once more
Of better days is glowing ;
We've friendship now, and love in store,
And rosy goblets flowing.*

I was much pleased with this effusion on the part of the old gentleman ; so much so, that I have taken the liberty of giving him a few letters of introduction to Edinburgh, and hope his anticipations of success will be realized.

N.B.—He particularly recommends his old port.

The House of Lords was then proposed by another grave respectable looking man, whose name I could not catch, or have forgotten.

AIR—"Argyll is my name."

1.

I'll pledge you a toast, and I'll sing you a strain,
Till the echoes repeat them again and again :
Of the friends who so nobly our battle have fought,
And bloodless, at length, have the victory bought.
In the days when old Runnymede's charter was gained,
If we ask who the contest for freedom maintained ;
All hearts, if aright you have writ your records,
Will fire at the theme, and will answer "The Lords."

2.

As ages rolled on, and new fashions prevailed,
New aspects of danger our safety assailed ;
The Lords were still ready each terror to brave,
And, if powerless to conquer, were powerful to save.
Our bold-hearted Barons the barrier stand,
That guards from all inroads fair Liberty's strand :
That from tyrant encroachment protection affords,
In the mob or the monarch—so here's to the Lords.

3.

When the winds are at rest, and the sea is serene,
We gaze and admire what the bulwarks may mean ;
But when tempests awake, and the billows run high,
Then grateful and glad to their shelter we fly.
We have seen how, when faction our rights would invade,
The Lords stood unmoved till the frenzy was stayed ;
Our debt is not greater to Wellington's swords,
Than we owe to the voices he led in the Lords.

4.

You might talk of the Commons, ere yet they had lost
 The worth and the wisdom that once was their boast ;
 But low are they sunk, while the cause and the creed
 Of Peel and of Stanley yet fail to succeed.
 O low are they sunk, while the projects prevail
 Of Hume and O'Connell, the Rump and the Tail.
 Compare them in deeds, or compare them in words,—
 'Tisn't safe to say more—but—we'll drink to the Lords.

Beginning to think that we had had rather too much of one side of politics, and longing to hear something from the Opposition side of the table, I called upon a little unhappy-looking weazen-faced Scotsman, whom I understood to be in the woollen line, and whom I, as a matter of course, set down for a Whig and something more,

for the old song of "Go the whole Hog," or any other which he might prefer. To my surprise, and I believe that of the company in general, he answered the appeal as follows, the chaunt being delivered with a broad Scotch accent, and in a very quavering and funereal key.

AIR—"We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet."

1.

Hech, sirs! little wisdom is learnt in the schules ;
 It's dear bought experience that teaches us fules ;
 The Whigs now hae read us this lesson fu' plain,
 For they've cheated us aince, but they'll no do't again.

CHORUS—They'll no do't again, &c.

2.

Wi' their fine Reform Bill, and their promises grand
 That gowpens o' gowd would be rife in the land,
 That the roast-meat would snaw, and the whiskey would rain,
 They've cheated us aince, but they'll no do't again.

3.

Now we've gotten Reform, and the Bill is a law,
 But our rights that they spak' o' seem sham after a',
 We're as toom and as drouthie as if we had nane,
 So they've cheated us aince, but they wunna again.

4.

To power and to place on our backs they were borne,
 They've the glory and gain, we've the scathe and the scorn :
 Haith, for helping themsells ye may leave them alane ;
 But they've cheated us aince, and they'll no do't again.

5.

The Whigs, we can see, after a' they profest,
 Keep our nose to the grundstane as sharp as the rest,
 Our faces for farthings they've grund to the bane :
 But they've cheated us aince, and they'll ne'er do't again.

6.

Now the deil and a saxpence gae wi' them for me,
 Then they'll neither want siller nor fit companie :
 If my word is a law, they'll be soon out o' pain ;
 After cheating us aince, they shall ne'er do't again.

I scarcely think there was another person in the room, with the exception of myself, who had the least idea what the complaint of the woollen ma-

nufacturer 'meant, though from the look of the performer and the uncouth character of the dialect, there seemed to be a prevailing impression that the Ditty was rather low, and probably conveying some reflection on the company.

I tried to give a turn to the thing, by assuring the company, on whose profound ignorance of every thing Scotch I felt I might implicitly rely, that the song was a very classical performance—the production, in fact, of the Ettrick Shepherd; but it was evident there was something in the look and manner of the stranger which rendered him decidedly unpopular, at least with a portion of the company, for, after some whispers to his neighbour, Jones rose and took the liberty of stating, in such an audible voice that it could no longer be silenced even by the President's hammer, that the Great Anonymous must be a low fellow—that such a person could never have been *fairly* admitted a member of the Bagman's Union (in right of which he had claimed admittance to our symposium), and concluded with plainly insinuating, that unless he accepted the Chilterns quietly, measures would be taken for unseating him forthwith. This proposition excited not a little sensation, and a stormy discussion followed. At last, as the only means of restoring harmony, it was agreed that the Scotchman's qualification should be referred to a select committee, consisting of Dropmore and two others, who were directed to retire with the singer to the bar of the house, to receive such explanations as he had to offer, and to report to the company the result. What explanations were given I have no means of ascertaining, but they appear to have been satisfactory, for in five minutes the committee reappeared, and announced that, after a patient investigation of the case, they had

unanimously come to the following resolutions:—

1. That Daniel Dyer of Galashiels, North Britain, woollen manufacturer, was duly elected a member of the Traveller's Union.

2. That the petition of Wynkin Jones, of Woolley, and Fleecem's, haberdashers, Fleet Street, complaining of the election of the said Daniel Dyer, is frivolous and vexatious.

3. That the opposition of the said Daniel Dyer to the petition of the said Wynkin Jones is also frivolous and vexatious.

4. That, in these circumstances, the said Daniel Dyer be fined and amerced in one bottle of wine for the good of the house, and the said Wynkin Jones be directed to swallow one bumper of salt and water for his own.

The resolutions of the committee, which were understood to proceed upon the principle of not opening up the register of Bagmen after it had been once settled, gave general satisfaction to the company, and particular dissatisfaction to the complainer, who was heard to mutter the words corruption, bribery, and the other terms which generally adorn the vocabulary of losing candidates or litigants.

The toast having been received with proper decorum, a dapper little man who had sat opposite to me, and from whose conversation I had found it impossible to make out what his political opinions might be, candidly volunteered a song. He said he had heard a great deal of very unfounded abuse against his party as lovers of change, revolutionists, hostile to the monarchy, &c., which he begged to say, in a single word, was fudge; and that, with the permission of the company, he would endeavour to put the true creed of 'those with whom he was accustomed to act' in an intelligible point of view. Whether he did so or not, the reader must judge.

AIR—"Dear Tom, this Brown Jug."

1.

If you ask my opinions, no Tory am I,
Not willing to swim with the Radical fry;
I'm a steady supporter of Church and of State,
Though prepared, if required, to leave both to their fate;
My meaning at first you mayn't easily twig,
But the riddle is read when you hear I'm a Whig.

2.

The power of the Crown I would strictly restrain,—
Except when our party it helps to maintain:

The rights of the people I'd freely extend,—
 So long as their will to our wishes will bend ;
 A ship for all weathers 'tis proper to rig,
 And to tack and to trim is the course of a Whig.

3.

Profusion is bad and corruption is worse,
 At least when they fill an antagonist's purse ;
 We condemn intervention ; but then we provide,
 That this rule, like the rest, only holds on one side.
 Inflexible maxims suit none but a prig ;
 What was wrong in a Tory, is right in a Whig.

4.

On our passion for change, if our foes should enlarge,
 We repel with contempt the ridiculous charge ;
 Leave plunder and patronage fairly our own,
 And who more delighted to leave things alone ?
 You can't just expect us to labour or dig,
 And a man must exist, whether Tory or Whig.

5.

As much agitation as keeps us afloat,
 Yet not what may risk oversetting our boat ;
 Just so much of clamour, and so much of riot,
 And so much of mischief as makes people quiet ;
 With a hint from a brickbat or neat oaken sprig,
 Is the worst you've to fear from a sensible Whig.

6.

You mayn't in these notions entirely agree ;
 And but lately, I own, they were forced upon me :
 Perhaps what has tended to open my eyes,
 Is a post they have promised me in the Excise.
 As a Jew was converted by smelling roast-pig,
 So the loaves and the fishes make many a Whig.

It was now beginning, however, to wax late. The landlord entered with the agreeable intelligence that a decided thaw had set in, and that there was every chance that, to-morrow, we should be enabled to proceed on our respective destinations. With the view, therefore, of removing any

feeling of soreness that might remain in consequence of the political turn which, in spite of my efforts as chairman, the conversation had taken, I wound up the evening by a strain which, I knew, would come home to the business and bosoms of all, viz.

THE BAGMAN'S LIFE ON SHORE.

AIR—" *The Sailor's Life at Sea.*"

1.

How gay is the Bagman's bustling life,
 Who from east to west can roam, sir,
 In every town he finds a wife,
 In every inn a home, sir.
 Courting here,
 Sporting there,
 Merrily, readily,
 Cheerily, steadily,
 Many a joyous hour in store
 Has the Bagman's life on shore.

2.

With his three-caped coat and buckskins tight,
 And the crape around his beaver,

And his mourning breast-pin full in sight,
 He looks a gay deceiver ;
 Leering here,
 Jeering there,
 Merrily, readily,
 Cheerily, steadily,
 Hearts he conquers by the score ;
 Such the Bagman's life on shore.

3.

When cash grows low and the bill runs high,
 And the landlady looks amiss, sir,
 The Bagman tips her a wink of his eye,
 And he pays his way with a kiss, sir.
 Smirking here,
 Shirking there,
 Merrily, readily,
 Cheerily, steadily,
 Till his gig is at the door ;
 Such the Bagman's life on shore.

4.

When the gig draws up and the bags are stored,
 And the bill has thus been paid, sir,
 The Bagman lightly skips on board,
 With a " Damme, who's afraid, sir ?"
 Swearing here,
 Staring there,
 Merrily, readily,
 Cheerily, steadily,
 Care and thought he votes a bore ;
 Such the Bagman's life on shore.

5.

At each toll-bar, he can cheer his heart
 With a cup of old October ;
 For he knows that a Bagman drunk may start,
 While his horse and gig are sober ;
 Singing here,
 Swinging there,
 Merrily, readily,
 Far from steadily,
 Safe, though tempests round him roar,
 Is the Bagman's course on shore.

6.

When the storm is past, and the journey done,
 And the tumbler smokes before him,
 He cheers each waiter with his fun,
 And the barmaids all adore him.
 Funning here,
 Punning there,
 Merrily, readily,
 Cheerily, steadily,
 Tumblers three, or rather four,
 Are the Bagman's rule on shore.

7.

When the Bagman closes at last his books,
 And stops at the sign of the Tomb, sir ;
 He meets the waiter with cheerful looks,
 That shows him to his room, sir.
 Jesting here,
 Resting there,
 Wearily, readily,
 Cheerily, steadily,

Soundest sleep, without a snore,
Be the Bagman's rest on shore.

I have only to add, in conclusion, that I am at present engaged in the composition of a didactic poem, entitled, *The Traveller, or the Art of the Road*; and hope shortly to have the pleasure of sending you samples of the same. Mean-time, waiting your esteemed favours with a remittance, I remain your most obedient,

ISAAC TOMKINS.

LEEDS, 20th March, 1838.

Thus far Tomkins. Just as we were laying the letter aside, we observed a small paper lying inside the packet, which appears to have dropped in by accident, as the silver spoons did into Solomon Levi's pocket. The contents were as follows:—

Hotel Brighton, Rue Rivoli.

DEAR TOMKINS,—Just returned from a meeting of the Institute, where I was received with all the honours. Astonished the natives by acknowledging the compliment in the following *chanson*:—

AIR—" *La Pipe de Tabac.*"

1.

Salut! Salut! ô belle France,
Et vous aussi, braves Français,
De Calais, par la Diligence,
Arrive un veritable Anglais:
Simple Avocat, voilà mon titre,
Vous visiter, voilà mon but;
Inscrivez-moi dans le Registre,
DE VAUX, *Membre de l'Institut*—(Bis).

2.

Dans Albion j'étais naguère,
De nos Pairs, presque le premier,
J'étais au bout de la carrière;
En un mot j'étais Chancelier.
Mais le destin qui toujours change,
M'a fait donner un substitut;
Puis je me plaindre de l'échange?
Je suis *Membre de l'Institut*.

3.

Un jour peut-être, et je l'espère,
Je supplanterai mes rivaux—
Non, ce n'est pas une chimère,
Je suis le chef des *Radicaux*.
En attendant ces jours prospères,
Je serai toujours à l'affût,
Mais cependant, mes chers confrères,
Je suis *Membre de l'Institut*.

P.S.—No news, except that my friend Louis Philippe has not been shot at for two months. I'm off for the south of France in a day or two. Thine,

B. & V.

ON THE SUPPOSED SENSIBILITY AND INTELLIGENCE OF INSECTS.

WE may not positively have impaled a worm; we are not perhaps initiated in the so-accounted *cruel* mysteries of *hook and line*; but few of us would not rather have trodden *elsewhere*, when we have chanced to crush the worm that was crawling across our path; nor is it with entire indifference that we see him cut in twain by spade or ploughshare, and *writhing* (as we call it) at both ends on the up-turned earth. Then as to the beetle, with his horny covering, the *crash* of whose extinction unavoidably calls attention to it, the authority of Shakspeare, as to the kind and amount of *his* suffering, has made it sacrilege to doubt its reality! Yet were we not ill-pleased when the thought lately occurred to us, that creatures whom in our inadvertence we so incessantly injure or destroy, might be, after all and in much probability, so constituted by benevolent nature, as to be exempted, if not absolutely, in a great measure, from those *painful* consequences which *wound* or *contusion* inflict upon ourselves. I am sufficiently aware how serious a charge I incur of departure from received opinions, in the pages which are to follow. I know that the *humane prejudice* of ages is all against me! Lactantius has assured me that beasts are man's equal in *all things but religion*: the author of the article on instinct in the *Encyclopédie* avers, that to doubt whether beasts have *feeling*, were as unreasonable as to question whether fellow-creatures feel: another writer of the same nation (in a very pleasing treatise on animals) alleges that *he* can neither have heart nor *ears* who does not comprehend, and is not affected by those demonstrations of pain to which the *voices of hurt* animals give utterance. But let all this be ever so true (and I enter not on *that* part of the subject at all), butterflies and beetles, spiders and cockchafers belong not to those orders of intelligent creatures which cheer our dwellings and attach us by affection. Rather annoyances than otherwise in their familiarity, *Insects* are neither like the parrot whose education we undertake, the dog who is dreaming

at our feet, or the horse that is proud to carry us; my concern, in short, be it understood, in all that is to follow, is with *insects only*, their supposed *modicum* of mind, their sensibility, their Instincts, or what not—in a word, the influence of their psychology, if they afford any, on the economy of their lives.

Sir Charles Bell has, if I recollect, somewhere written that when a worm is cut in two, that portion of him which carries his *head* makes a decided effort to escape, while the *caudal* part resigns itself without resistance to its fate,—that is, being interpreted, the half to which the head is attached, being in possession of the *brain*, contains all the energies of life, and all the capacity of suffering. But what if a worm *has no brain*, or modification of brain? Without which what is the use of *nerves*? For nerves indeed he has: What sort of thing the nervous *system* of insects may be we shall presently enquire; but, to waive the *impropriety* of using *this* form of words in brainless creatures, what right, I would ask, can such imperfect structures as we are going to describe have to be regarded even as an *organ of sensation*? The opinion that sensation is possible even *without* nerves, in short, without an organ of any kind, appears to have been set up to explain the activity of certain animalculæ, which exhibit no nervous fasciculi; and it is in reliance on this speculation that M. Regnard has lately advanced an opinion that toothach does not require a seat in the nerve, but that it is competent to the bony matter of the tooth itself to incur this penalty. As sensibility, however, is incontestably united to demonstrable *nervous* structure through the races of being in which sensibility is most conspicuous, we would make light of the exception, if indeed it be such, and shall hold it more useful to enquire rather into the positive character and extent of the nervous arrangement which *insects* really exhibit.

The nervous system, then, in insects, to confer so large a title on a medullary cord which runs through the animal, and gives off a few branches

to the organs which it visits in its progress, is of the simplest character. It is composed of two substances, an external, of darker matter, and an internal of whiter, called respectively, from some resemblance to well-known portions of the human brain, *cortical* and *cineritious*. In examining the nervous rope more closely, it is further found to consist of two easily discernible elementary threads, more intimately united at particular points than at others; that union is effected by roundish knobs or *ganglions*, which appear as so many small inequalities or excrescences, occurring at unequal intervals, in uncertain number, and of irregular size. As to *external* manifestations of an *internal nervous centre*, that is, the existence of *organs of particular senses*; in the first place, even *eyes*, which constitute the most remarkable of such organs, are in insects not universal; but as insect eyes, when they exist, *have optic nerves*, and as the optic nerves in *man* proceed from the *brain*, the *first ganglion* from which they proceed in the *else* brainless insect, passes with some physiologists for a true *brain*; while others are disposed to look on all the ganglia as so many equal brains. Now, as to the first, and most generally received of these views, I am unable to find any real support for it; and be the ganglia what they may, I see no reason for believing the *extreme* one of the series to have any privilege or prerogative whatever over the others. As to *all* the ganglia being *so many* equal brains, an argument would be well entitled to a hearing, which, without attempting any thing more precise, should be content to expose the legitimate and necessary consequence of supposing a *conclave* or *council* of brains in *one being*, and signalize the prodigious inconvenience of a plurality of brains to a *single* possessor. *Position* then going for nothing if *structure* be interrogated, the ganglia in this respect are so much alike, that no argument can be extorted from the employment of the *knife* or the *microscope* for believing the head ganglion, in insects, to be endowed with superior functions to the rest, and to be the brain *par excellence*; nor, so far as I know, is there any *experiment* or *observation* tending to such a conclusion except Sir Charles

Bell's, which I am satisfied is incorrect. On observing a divided worm, instead of the decollated head and shoulders moving away, and leaving the tail to the fate of dependents in general, I remarked that *both* halves began to move in the *same progressive manner*, and that each soon found its way to the borders of the plate. If for a few seconds, for it was an affair of seconds, the headless portion of the two seemed least lively, as soon as it had made up *its mind* it moved off, much after the fashion of the entire worm, or the piece, if divided, to which the head belonged. Nay, if worms be cut into *several pieces*, the motion is the very same sort of motion in all with that of the obtruncated head and its piece of body, and it farther appeared that the death or cessation of motion in the different pieces, depend generally upon their *masses*; and when the division of worm was not exactly equal, the head or the tail piece, according to their magnitude, exhibited the most enduring vitality. Touch the *entire* worm with an acid (which first excites violent action but quickly exhausts mobility altogether), no difference will be seen in the time required for that result, whether you apply the poisonous agent to one or another *part* of the animal, all showing that there can be no essential difference in the different ganglia as *reservoirs of life*, all proving, or tending to prove, that one confers no more vitality on the *whole*, or sensibility on the *parts* than another. On making similar experiments on *insects* (which you may divide at the juncture of the corslet with the abdomen), the life of the disconnected pieces (as of those of the worm) endures for hours, sometimes for days; different insects, however, differing materially in the period of final extinction. In a few instances the portion of a divided insect, to which the head was attached, may have exhibited some feeble indication of life after the other extremity had already ceased to move, but the difference was trifling, and one should take in the fact that the upper ganglion in insects is generally the *largest*, as perhaps sufficient to account for it; but the result was so far from invincible, that of a *Blaps mucronata*, for instance, which I had divided in the manner specified, the *head and corslet*

with their appendages ceased to give signs of vitality long before the rest of the beetle had ceased to move. The head alone cut off from a fly, or any other insect, soon dies, but the trunk will still survive for some time; the head would therefore seem more dependent on the body than the body on the head, or, at any rate, the considerable period during which either part of a divided insect continues to manifest signs of life leads to the inevitable conclusion of the parts not drawing supplies from the head, nay, of their entire independence as to the possession or conservation of the vital principle of the parts upon each other.*

Or take the other view, and make the extreme ganglion but one of several brains; the inevitable consequence of having more than one brain, more than one seat of sensation and intelligence, must surely have been overlooked in such an extravagance! for do not sensation, and consciousness that we have it, make up our individuality? And would not a plurality of seats for these faculties in the same creature disintegrate that creature, and make many individualities out of or within one organization?

Are the pieces of a worm, then,

just so many worms (in virtue of the ganglionic life of each) and yet capable of consolidation into one existence? To support this theory, it will not be enough that each ganglionic centre (whatever cerebral attributes we shall invest it with) be supposed in possession of its own independence; for as the worm entire can move his whole body thus composed, we must farther suppose an exact harmony and understanding between these different individualities, else his actions would have no unity, no rhythm, no steadiness of purpose or uniformity of character. In short, has a worm a will, or a chorus of wills? To will is one of the first attributes of mind, (and mind is unity, is indivisible.) When I walk, I indeed will to walk. I have but one brain. When a worm crawls with his twenty brains, is it his will or their wills that govern him? Were every ganglion a separate brain, there might come to be an insurrection of the wills! the balance of power in the ganglionic republic might be perpetually disturbed! and not only every motion be very difficult to be executed, but even the vital principle be often in exceeding doubt how to distribute itself,† and do justice to all parties!

* To revert to the mere position of this ganglion being the same which brain occupies elsewhere, I suppose nobody would ever have thought of instituting a serious argument from that fact, nor have dreamt, on that account, of advancing for ganglion, No. 1, a claim to more cerebral attributes than No. 2, had it not happened to send off, where an organ of vision really exists, the optic nerves. But these nerves must be inserted somewhere into the general nervous matter of the body, and that point would naturally be as near as possible to the eyes; and when it is added that worms and caterpillars have no eyes, and so are destitute of even this narrow pretension to a brain or cerebroïd ganglion, it would appear that nothing could well be more gratuitous than the speculation, that the first ganglion is to be regarded as the brain of insects.

† If any one shall say I am perplexing what is extremely simple, and that no one comprehends that these ganglionic brains are like human brains, seats of intelligence, but simply dépôts of sensibility (and there is no third office of brain that can be suggested), I reply, that a plurality even of such brains or seats of feeling cannot be supposed in the same individual bird, beast, reptile, or insect. To enter fully upon the subject would be to anticipate, in a great measure, what follows in the text; I would merely state here, that as there can be no feeling without consciousness (for I ask whether any one can conceive of feeling separately from consciousness; and whether the words, "I am conscious of a pain or uneasiness," are not synonymous with "I feel pain or uneasiness?") and consciousness is essentially single like all the other phenomena having reference to mind, which is one and single, so there can be but one seat for consciousness or for feeling, i. e. one brain.

That there can be but one brain, may also be proved by a comparison of the phrase, *I feel*, with that of *I digest*, *I breathe*, or with any other function of organic life. We are conscious that our mind, our inner man, our "I," is involved in the first expression, and that the other functions are so independent of that mind, that they can be and are carried on without its cognizance. Mind, therefore, or one of the attributes of

Neither then can the collective ganglia be so many brains, nor has the head ganglion made out any case to be pre-eminently such.

And if the supposition of a multiplicity of brains be thus absurd, and the assertion of any one ganglion to be *chief* amongst its fellows, and *brain proper*, be thus unsupported, it would seem to follow, as of course, that insects have, indeed, no *centrum commune of sensation* and intelligence; and if it be admitted that they are destitute of *this*, to prove them in the largest possession of *nerves* would be of no avail.

But as the possession of a brain, or some equivalent to a brain, by insects, may be still, by some, held not to have been entirely *disproved*, let us now enquire into the *second* condition required for the *sentient life*; and direct our attention to certain peculiarities of the *nervous system*, as it has been latterly elucidated (in man and the higher animals), in order to compare that nervous system with the *nerves of insects*, and see if it be a probable doctrine that they should have nerves *fitted for sensation*.

It is now generally admitted that there are two distinct orders of nerves, which not only differ in their place of origin, but are subservient to different uses. All physiologists now talk of nerves for sensation, and nerves for voluntary motion, in addition to which two orders of nerves some have thought that there is a necessity for a third, to administer to the growth of the body, regulate the transition of food into nourishment, and preside over the intestinal secretions, and the defecation of the system. Take all three supposed orders of nerves together, adding to them, of course, a brain, and it is certain that we obtain a pretty extensive view of a nervous system. How different this, however, from any thing that can be traced in insect anatomy! Again, that in proportion as a complicated and efficient system of nerves is susceptible of anatomical demonstration, phenomena of *mind* are manifested; and that *sensation*, or that perception of external

objects which supplies the mind with all practical knowledge, eminently belongs to a certain anatomical development; these are *also* conclusions from which none dissent. As we descend the scale of animal existence, and find the *general* organizations less perfect and complete, but particularly the distribution of a nervous system less ample, *evidences* of any mental operation becomes imperfect and unsatisfactory. It follows, therefore, that when we come to insects, whose nervous system is of the lowest order, we ought really to be prepared, *à priori*, for a great *diminution* of the general sensibility, in place of insisting, not only on the fineness of their instincts, but of their huge capacity for pain. Or go into some details, and speculate on those *parts* of our nervous system, which might seem the least indispensable to these very subordinate creatures, *nerves of sensation* will probably occur to us as the *nerves* least likely to be found. Nerves required for *motion* of organs should belong indifferently to high and low grades of animal existence where motion is exercised. Nerves for carrying on the functions of the *visceral* life (the nutrition of every animal equally requiring them) must also be counted on—and, accordingly, both orders of nerves in insects are demonstrable. We name them without fear of a mistake, and not altogether from analogy, the offices of certain, even of insect nerves, may be assumed safely. Knowing that the function of *nutrition* is executed by, or is under the control of nerves in ourselves, and in the higher animals, we may reasonably conclude, when we see tissues of similar appearance profusely distributed about the reservoirs of aliment in lower forms of being, that these are the instruments of a similar operation in them:—and when we see that from different points along the nervous trunk, there proceed branches going to parts subservient to the *motions* of the creature, we cannot make much mistake in calling these latter expansions of the nervous tissue *nerves of motion*; but when we come to en-

mind, *consciousness*, is necessary to *feeling*, which being in its very nature *single*, the corporeal seat (so to speak) of feeling must be *also single*; that is, again, there can be but *one brain*.

quire into their *probable* possession of nerves of *sensation*, let us see how the case lies.

First, we have no *right*, no authority to say that it is *necessary* they should *feel* at all. Granting sensation, however, that is, *conceding the points to be proved*, we should be exceedingly embarrassed to assign particular nerves as *their* nerves of *sensation*. The functions above alluded to *must*, as we have seen, be executed (in insects equally as in man); but, not to urge that the existence of *sensibility*, or its *amount*, could not have been legitimately assumed from any *abundance* of nerves, the whole amount of nerves in insects is so *small*, and the duties which nerves must discharge having been assigned from functions *actually performed*, as well as from the visible distribution of the nervous matter, the residuary legatee, *Sensation*, will come poorly off, unless we assume, that it may be imparted by the *same* nervous material, wherever found, which has so many other claims to satisfy. So much, then, for the *probability* of *sensation* in insects, *from an examination of their system of nerves*.

We had, indeed, already come to the conclusion that they want that *organ*, without which we cannot *conceive sensation*: but if it shall have been also rendered not improbable that they *also* want the railroads of communication with such an organ, we not only can no longer argue that insects *feel* from *any thing* known to us in their *structure*, but from that very structure we seem to be led to exactly the contrary conclusion.*

Since the argument for *sensation* in *insects* cannot then be supported in this way, those who maintain it must shift their ground, which perhaps they may be less reluctant to do, in the possession, as they may conceive, of a *much stronger position* in the *conduct* of the *living* insect, when accidentally or purposely *injured*. *Writhing* in a worm, or agitation in the limbs of an insect submitted to experiment, have

been long held to be *certainly* expressive of *painful sensation*. Nothing can be less conclusive than the inference of *pain felt* from *motion* induced. If I were engaged as counsel on the popular side I would throw up that clause of my brief altogether, and rather take my stand in maintaining the sensibility of insects on certain speculations of Bichat (exceedingly ingenious ones), which I shall presently lay before the reader; but as to what is seen to take place and is supposed to be so conclusive of pain, let it be observed that abnormal motion, motion under *any* epithet, is evidently not so general a result of pained sensibility in *man himself*, as to furnish even the argument from analogy, which goes for so much in all our conclusions. Strictly considered, motion is purely an affection of the organism, while for *sensation*, *mind*, as well as *organism*, is requisite. All *unconscious* movements are purely organic, and mere organism (which involves matter only) cannot be *essentially* in possession of, though it may be *united* to sensation, which necessarily involves the intelligent or immaterial part of our nature. Motion under pain, and sensibility to pain, are such different and distinct things, that it is *even* familiar to witness pain endured without abnormal motion at all. On the other hand, young persons affected with St Vitus' dance, make grimaces which to those not in the secret might, from their unfamiliarity, be supposed falsely to express pain; the most unseemly contortions, however, notoriously take place without pain. The epileptic, the hysterical convulsions are painless; of *tetanic* spasm, indeed, the pain is much severer even than that of inflammation; but remark, in reference to this argument, that here, in place of *motion*, the state is that of *rigid immobility*. As to particular motions in some creatures, qualified by misleading epithets, concerning which so much is said, you may notice that the little sand-eels that you poke out

* Swammerdam, who has done so much for entomology, carried insect anatomy to a perfection which, before his time, seemed impossible, and is, therefore, held in the highest reverence among entomologists; not that I would venture to aver my belief in all his discoveries. A great deal of *uncertainty*, as well as instruction, must ever attach to reasonings founded upon *comparative anatomy*;—only think of *differences of opinion* as to whether a particular organ in an insect should be called its *spleen* or *liver*.

of their holes in the beach at low water, *wriggle exactly after the fashion of the worm on the fisherman's hook*. Perhaps the shape of that worm (like that of the eel and the serpent) may in great measure explain the *writhing* which is so gratuitously supposed to be expressive of its agony, and the "*winding bout*" of the reptile be but the consequence of "*its linked structure long drawn out.*" When we have pricked the insect or wounded the worm, they may indeed move violently and be thrown into apparent agitation, but the only *certain* conclusion to be deduced from that fact is, that we have stimulated the *inherent irritability* of a part of their organization. It is positive that no *proof* of the worm's *consciousness* of the injury—that is, his *sensibility* under it, can be *thus* obtained; and *motions*, I will repeat it, can *never prove pain*, since muscular contraction of every kind, and in every direction, is performed entirely without consciousness.*

Motion, then, being inadmissible in proof of painful sensation, let us next examine that speculation of the French physiologist to which allusion has been made; it has *not*, so far as I know, been ever pressed into this service, and it is therefore somewhat generous to suggest it for the service of one's adversary. That the organic sensibility, *that by which the heart contracts upon the blood, and the viscera on their contents, is the same in kind as the animal sensibility, and so requires no particular order of nerves*—this was the doctrine of Bichat, announced in a sufficiently remarkable passage, which the medical reader, at least, will not be sorry to have again placed before him. "There are two kinds of sensibility; one purely *organic*, and the other the sensibility of *relation*. The *organic* sensibility is

that inherent property, by virtue of which an organ receives an impression. Thus, glands are *sensible in this sense only, i. e.* to the stimulus of blood which circulates in them; thus excretory ducts are sensible to, and react upon the fluids which they convey; upon *this kind of sensibility* depend the functions of circulation, respiration, digestion, secretion, absorption,—in a word, all the functions of organic life. But the sensibility of *relation* is that by which our organs are not only impressionable to stimuli, but are enabled to *transmit* as well as to receive impressions to a *sensorium commune*. It is by *this* sensibility that the animal holds communion with surrounding objects; upon it depend the phenomena of the *brain and senses*; it is its peculiar province and *exclusive* prerogative to preside over external, or, as it has been called, *animal life* (the other kind of sensibility having been imparted even to *vegetable* existence). Notwithstanding this distinction, however, the organic sensibility is the *principle, the element*, so to speak, of the sensibility of *relation*, and may be considered as its *first grade*; so that, *when it augments much in an organ, it takes the character of the sensibility of relation*, and the organ *now* carries to the *common centre* certain impressions, which before it either did not transmit or transmitted very imperfectly."

Now, then, it may be enquired, since even insects possess (for no *living* thing can *want* it) the *organic sensibility*, why may they not have, in accordance with this doctrine, the *other* sensibility—the sensibility to external hurts—the sensibility of *relation*—that animal sensibility, concerning which *we* hesitate?—for the reasons assigned before,—their *organic deficiencies*—for would you even grant to insects a nervous system beyond what their functional

* When we move our limbs, indeed, we are conscious of this motion, and by that consciousness we arrive at the true state of the position of our muscles and the flexure of our members; but we derive this knowledge probably from the proper nerves of sensation which, when we bend the arm for instance, are compressed; and it is the mode and amount of pressure to which these nerves are subject that bring the brain acquainted with the state of muscular contractibility. In cases, too, where muscular motion becomes intolerably painful (as in spasms), still it is probable that we suffer by the nerves of sensation, not by any abnormal exercise of the nerves of motion:—but even allow that this order of nerves were capable of painful sensation or any sensations, this could only be true, provided there were a brain to which to transmit them.

life demands, a nervous system capable of transmitting impressions beyond the impressed organ, yet till a *brain*, to which to transmit them, can be shown to have any existence, it will be vain for the roads to be open; there is no *metropolis* to which all these roads converge—the existence of a brain, or common centre, being *for sensation* the *sine qua non*, an impression may be made on the external organ, and no sensation result. It may aid the apprehension of a difference between mere impressions upon the organs of sense, and the same impressions carried into *full sensation*, that some of the organs of sense being double, mere impressions made on them must be also double; whereas sensation (because the brain here comes in) is always single. In reading, the two eyes do not see two books; though the two nostrils convey two impressions, one smell is the result; nor do two ears disturb the *unity* of the sense of hearing; all of which, if the mind, which is single, did not come into play, would necessarily happen. We should see double objects, and hear two Pastas, two Grisis, &c. &c. Now, though the arguments derived from examination of their *structure* might of themselves be held sufficient to raise serious doubts about the sensibility of insects, or at least any considerable degree of it, we are disposed to insist more particularly on the views respecting the nature of sensation itself, which consider it as not *entirely* an organic, any more than *entirely* a mental operation, and which maintain that into *sensation*, *mind* as well as *body*, must enter. We entirely adopt the opinion of the Encyclopédiste, that “the highest exercise of the intellectual faculties is not *more* incompetent to *matter* only than the *simplest sensation*; and that there is infinitely greater distance between the most refined etherealized *matter*, however organized, and the lowest *perception*, than betwixt perception in its simplest form, and the most *reflective* of the acts of intelligence.”*

Though it be evident that the mind, strictly incorporeal, and not liable to the demands of the body, or susceptible of the injuries of the body, *cannot* be the proper seat of pain, nevertheless

the discussion of sensation, or sensibility, necessarily introduces mind, because sensation involves *perception*, and perception supposes *consciousness*. But the mind can only *perceive* what the sense has first duly brought under its cognizance; a smell, to be *recognised* and *distinguished*, as of musk, or acetic acid, of assafetida, or a rose, must have been transmitted from the *corporeal* organ to the *incorporeal* sensory; nor can any thing be presented by memory to the *mind's eye* which has not been *originally* transmitted by the nerve of vision, through the optic apparatus. If these explanations be correctly given, it follows that sensation is strictly neither an affection of the *mind*, nor exclusively of the *organ*, but results from the *combined action* of the two; and farther, that it is really *more* a mental phenomenon than of the apparently sentient organ, is probable, from the fact that forced attention, preoccupation, or distraction of the *mind* interfere to a great degree with the perceptions of painful impressions made on the *body*. The *extent* of this power of the mind over matter may vary much in different individuals, but we all possess some considerable share of it. When the *attention* is either voluntarily conceded or involuntarily drawn off in another direction, we obtain, in requital of the effort, or as the result of the distraction, a *greatly diminished consciousness of pain*. On the other hand, who does not know that the unceasing *attention*, the unceasing vigilance which the hypochondriac devotes to his least symptom, aggravates his *malaise* into pain? It must be partly from alienated attention (not entirely, for we know that the smart, or the throb, require an interval before they supervene on the injury; and we partly apprehend the reason of this, and call it *reaction*) that schoolboys and pugilists do not feel their bruises till after the fight, and that soldiers occasionally discover gun-shot wounds, of a slighter kind, some time after they have been inflicted. I know a gentleman who held the candle while an operation was performing on him for hernia! The story related in the “Diary of a late Physician” of a lady

* Art. Instinct. Encyclopédie.

who bore the amputation of her breast without flinching, by causing her maid to hold before her the letter she had just received from her husband in India, charms us from its air of truth. Mutius Scævola is related to have thrust his hand into the fire, *velut alienato ab sensu animo*, attentive rather to his glory than his bodily suffering. Could the Cranmers and the Latimers, the saints and martyrs of old, ever have been such but from the autocracy of the high motives by which their attention was enchained? and (to make a sad anticlimax!) do we not daily experience that even the light distraction of cheerful conversation, or *luck at cards*, are as good as *colchicum* in twinges of a *second-rate* gout.*

Things then proceed thus:—An impression, the *materiel*, so to speak, out of which the sensation is to be *forged*, is transmitted to the brain more or less vividly according to the perfection and delicacy of the organism, and the mind, receiving its intimation from the organ of sense, rejoices or is pained according to the perception it thus obtains. The acuteness, however, of the *mind's* perceptivity, its full co-operation with that organ, will vary according to the nature, the force, and the duration of the impression itself; according to the fidelity with which the material instrument, the nerve, may have transmitted the impression; and according as attention has been concentrated, divided, or withdrawn. That some persons bear surgical operations better than others may indeed involve several circumstances; but of these it is probably one, to possess a mind capable of considerable effort in forcing the *attention* elsewhere; it cannot, however, be denied that a more obtuse constitution of the nervous system may materially assist. Such, then, seeming to be the nature of sensibility, and such the organ it employs, as those organs are so scantily, or not at all, developed in insects, if the above

statement be correct, the popular and *poetical* opinion of their high sensibility cannot possibly be just.

But these views by no means exhaust the objections that lie against our belief in the great sensibility of insects. The *non existence* of any proper organ of touch (which, in man, is the appropriate organ of general sensibility, and co-extensive with his body itself) in insects is a fact very unfavourable to the opinion that they were created with great susceptibility to pain. Their integuments at large are scarcely ever impressionable by simple contact; and as to those who place touch in the *antennæ only*, and so restrict it almost to a point, they can hardly be said to allow it to insects at all; such persons, therefore, formally deny to insects that general sensibility which cannot be supposed when the sense of touch is not possessed; besides, where the *surface adapted for receiving external impressions* from contact is so exceedingly limited, in the same proportion, one would think, must that general *sensibility* (of which external impression is the first condition) also decline; nay, its existence at all must be very questionable, when we speak of creatures whose bodies are nearly covered with *horn*, whose breastplate is a sort of cuirass, and whose legs are encased in greaves. These, it will be confessed, are unpromising conditions for *superficial* feeling, but it may be urged that when we run a pin into an insect we invade a *deeper* part of the organization; and that if upon such an injury the legs are instantly seen to be violently agitated, the conclusion that pain has produced that agitation is surely natural and unavoidable. But muscular contractions, as we have endeavoured to show above, of any members or parts (like those of a heart recently withdrawn from the body, of which the pulsations can so easily be renewed) only require that inherent property of the living solid, known to

* "And how's your pain?" enquired the gentle maid
(For that was asking if with luck she play'd);

And this she answer'd, as the cards decreed,

"O Biddy! ask not—*very bad* indeed;"

Or in more cheerful tone, from spirit light,

"Why, thank you, Biddy, pretty well to-night."—CRABBE.

physiologists by the name of *irritability*. Or if it be said that though some insects are hard and horny in their integuments, others are soft; that *caterpillars*, which shrink and are much disturbed, and even what we call convulsed when you meddle with them, suggest sensation painfully excited; that the sense of touch in the *spider* is presumed to be acute, and that even *worms* and *slugs* will not patiently be handled; yet there are other and opposite facts which seem to nullify these inferences. Thus, spiders abound on nettle-beds; *slugs*, which are softer than our integuments, lie upon the nettle; the caterpillar *crunches* or masticates the whole of this formidable weed; some insects habitually feed on vegetables of *acrid* juices, juices which would vesicate our skin and inflame the mucous membrane. Now, if insects of this *soft* texture seem not to be harmed by these mechanical irritants; if the thousand barbs of the stinging nettle, which so readily penetrate and pain our comparatively hard integuments (and that penetration must much more readily take place through the *epidermis* of the caterpillar); if, I say, these needles of nature do not hurt him as they hurt us, and he does not afford any evidence, even the suspicious one of unusual motions, that they do, is it not a presumption at least, that he cannot be much pained by the pins of the entomologist? Besides, it has been observed that the caterpillar does not *wince* when the *Ichneumon* pierces his flesh to inoculate him with her pernicious eggs!

Those, however, who are reluctant, or cannot bring themselves to question current opinions (and this, respecting insect insensibility, is so in all countries), have still some objections to urge, though they can hardly pretend to the name of *arguments*. Some, perhaps, will say, that as God wills the *happiness* of his creatures, and as happiness is impossible without *feeling*, worms and insects must therefore be supposed capable of suffering;—that to imagine otherwise is, indeed, almost an impiety, involving notions derogatory to the goodness of the Creator. These surmises scarcely require reply. We do indeed “snatch from His hand the balance, and the

rod,” when we thus presume to create his creatures anew after our own notions of the fitness of things, and the general scheme of Providence! The worm exists according to *his kind*, and man does no more. The plant was not created to feel at all,—why, then, insist that the worm or insect is full of sensibility? because worms are *animals*? But who made this artificial division into animal and vegetable life? “Il n’y a aucune différence *essentielle* entre les animaux et les végétaux.”* “Animals and vegetables are, in the eye of nature, existencies of a very similar order.” Now, none doubting that the vegetable kingdom is absolutely impassive, and the transition from vegetable into animal life absolutely eluding observation, it becomes impossible to refuse the admission that *some animals* at least may be void of sensibility, and we act upon this persuasion. The oyster is eaten while *his heart palpitates*, without qualm or scruple; the Neapolitan batters down the quivering spines of the *echinus* and lacerates him alive!

To such, however, as may still think it becoming to insist that the Creator must needs have willed to impart the advantage of the *senses* to the whole of His animal creation, the question may also be properly addressed, whether to have endowed those humble creatures, which we so unavoidably crush in myriads at every step we take, with an *impassive* body, might not in reality be that very dispensation of tenderness for which they contend?

In addition to so many *general* arguments, which I have now endeavoured to state, against the probability of much sensibility in insects, arguments, I think, fairly deducible from the consideration of what they are in structure, and of what sensation is, it may yet, perhaps, be by no means void of interest to scrutinize their pretension to each of the senses categorically; not but that the question in each particular case does not mainly rest upon the same *general grounds*. If you can *prove* any one sense to exist, the existence of any other becomes possible; if you make the possession of one improbable, you throw suspicion on the whole. If an insect can feel without a brain (that is, if it can have

* Buffon.

the *general* sensibility which is administered by the same organ which imparts the sense of *touch*, without a brain), he may also *see* without a brain ; but if he cannot feel, because he wants both the external apparatus and that intelligence which supposes and employs the *internal* organ, then it will not be possible, from the same defects, for him to *see*, or *hear*, or *taste*, or *smell*. Nevertheless, let us take the senses *seriatim*. It is a mode of dealing with the subject, which may introduce the reader to some curious particulars which he may have overlooked.

SIGHT of insects.—Of all the supposed senses in insects, sight is the *only* one the existence of which is supported by our being able to detect its organ, that of any of the others being only matter of inference. The possession, you will say, of the *organ*, must surely prove the possession of the *same* identical sense which it administers in man ; and there is doubtless a much stronger case made out for the full admission of a sense, which appears from analogy so very expedient, and of which, in *most* insects, the organ is *manifest*, than for that of other senses which present *no organ* to our observation—*smell*, for instance, or hearing. The eye, then, in most insects, is a thing to be seen ; but the question remains, does it confer *vision* in the accurate and full meaning of the word ? for it *may* let in light and not do this, and the light so admitted may even be the appointed stimulus of an insect's eye as of ours, and yet sight, *as we* exercise and enjoy it (and we can comprehend and speak of it in no other sense), not be the result. The well-known experiment of Reaumur, which occurs to me here, and of the accuracy of which I have convinced myself, is *inconclusive*. He smeared the eyes of flies and bees with an opaque paste. The insect, set at liberty, instead of making for the hive, the window, or the luminous object, fell immediately to the ground. This proves undoubtedly that an impression is made by light upon the *retina* of the fly, and that in consequence of that impression, the particular act of flying to the window or the hive takes place. Well, but this is *sight* ! Is it sight with *intelligence*, which is what we understand by this word ? Can *this* be legitimately inferred ? Can we come

to the certain conclusion that an insect *sees*, but by attending to the action which sight determines, by watching what follows, and is taken by every one as the result of sight ? Who ever yet doubted that a bee sees ? We find him in possession of eyes ; we observe him go where he lists, and return unerringly to his home. Nothing seems clearer ! but if you adopt this conclusion you will have to proceed a *great deal farther* before you stop, and make your bee more accomplished than you probably intend ! You cannot disallow that if the bee's flight is directed by *vision*, it must also be regulated as to its extent or velocity by *will* ; follow him then awhile in those mazy, giddy gyrations ; now buzzing about your nose, now out of sight in the blue heaven ; loitering over this flower, or reposing upon that, to say nothing of courtship or companionship when he finds a better *tap* than common ! But however well amused, or profitably employed, the bee must *intend* to *return* ; that is, must note time, must mark the progress of the evening shadows, know when it is time to go home, and abandon business or pleasure for the distant hive, which may be a mile or miles off ! Even where that domicile of his household gods and affections remains in sight, to return to it is to exercise a *will*, founded, as all volition *must be*, upon *comparison* ; but place him *out of sight* of his hive and you must now also confer on him *memory*,—memory vastly superior to your own (such a memory as you perhaps never seriously thought of conceding to a bee !)—object after object passed by in endless succession, all to be noted, observe ! (*if he be guided by sight*) as *land-marks*, or *sky-marks*, for his return ! Take another instance in another insect. You attempt to approach a common troublesome fly,—never mind his *Latin* name,—he escapes you say from *fear*. He saw you and was afraid ! Why, it looks like it. But have you made up your mind to allow a *passion*, or *moral emotion* to a fly ? Consider *what generates fear*. Is it not the remembered experience of something hurtful ? Or, if a fly, instructed by *his eyes*, did indeed fear your approach, or was afraid to trust you, how is it that the very next minute he settles upon your hand ? Do others of the insect race who have so *much more reason* to expect *inevitable*

retribution, exhibit fear? Is a flea afraid? But if a moth flies to the light, say you he must *see* the light, and be guided thither by vision! Here, then, observe, you again allow volition, and with volition I presume intelligence! But could *intelligence*,—intelligence sharpened too by sad and plentiful *experience*, determine to this act of frenzy, this *suicidal* exercise of will? Surely had *any* the lowest intelligence been imparted to the winged fire-worshipper, it would *deter* him from rushing on his fate, which, however, he does with the determination of a Malabar widow! scorched never so severely (one should like to know, at least, *if he feel pain*), back he goes to the fatal wick!

“ Nil ergo est sibi tot olficcisse lucernas ! ”

I presume not to conjecture the nature of that agency, not his own (for this, I conclude, it must be), that *compels* or *conducts* our bee to the inevitable hive, our moth to the inevitable candle;* but assuredly I cannot go the length of admitting an *intelligent exercise of vision*, or discern in these acts the evidence of *mental* operations.

What! when the actions which *prima facie* appear to result from sight, are found in *one* instance to involve a complicated and *salutary* exercise of intellect, in another a perverse and ruinous fatality? Or shall it be said of the moth thus perishing by myriads,—Quos Deus vult perdere prius *dementat*! No! the bee is too wise, the moth too foolish, for the possession of *intelligent vision*, and the explanation of their acts must therefore be sought for out of themselves. What would be *folly* as an *act intended* by the insect may be simply its *fate*, an inexplicable appointment of the wisdom of God!

HEARING.—The same difficulty occurs as in the preceding case. Insects are first believed gratuitously to act as though they heard, and then supposed to hear! but as any act consequent upon intelligent vision proves *will*, which throws us back on the necessity of a *sensorium*, and of a *brain* its seat, to which all the organs of sense respond, and report their discoveries, *hearing* can alone be *supposable*

on the same conditions. A swarm of bees, it is constantly maintained, *follows* the tinkling of a bell, or the more discordant clanging of a cymbal! That loud harsh sounds, *generally* intimidate animals rather than *allure* them, is sufficiently certain, and is a pretty strong objection already; but that some hundreds of bees (who perhaps have no ear for *music*, to judge from their own humdrum monotony) should have a positive taste for *discord*, and *consent* to a common, and to them a prejudicial action to which that discord disposes them, would be particularly remarkable! But we need not rest here; for *neither* the bee nor any other insect has any organ to which the name of ear can be applied, so that if you still determine to suppose such a sense in insects, from a solitary instance, to be *led* by hearing, or *alarmed* by hearing, is not, as far as we recollect, even *alleged* of any other; if you still maintain that, at any rate, *bees* hear, you first attribute to them an *organ* which is absolutely undiscoverable, and then allow them intelligence, and all that it supposes or requires into the bargain!

SMELL.—We have seen that those who would assign to insects the full complement of the senses are in difficulty where to lodge some of them; and well they may! In the case of *smell*, to detect the ordinary organ is so impossible, that it has recently been conjectured by *Andouin*, to consist in a *porosity* of the whole body; thus rendering it accessible every where to volatile emanations. As to the *à priori* argument for the *necessity* of such a sense, it is alleged that insects, in an apartment, never fail to detect and resort to those substances of which the properties delight them; and that as this *could* not be accomplished by *sight* (supposing them to have it), nor by *taste*, *before* they have tasted, it can only be by *smell* that the discovery is made; and that with them, the invisible nostril, as in man the visible, must be purveyor to the palate. Yet how often do insects precipitate themselves with greediness on substances *with* little or no odour? What smell is there in sugar, treacle, honey, flour, and the many vegetable substances on

* They have lighted the Boulevards with gas, and it is curious, in the summer nights, to see the myriads of insects of various kinds that beset the glass lanterns, seemingly angry that they cannot fly in!

which insects swarm, and even travel from a distance to seek? How many tribes of them hover around odourless flowers? The fact is, that its *own* insect lodges and boards within almost every corolla, and that there is *hardly any thing in nature*, alive or dead, animal, vegetable, or even mineral, which does not invite and support its insect colony. The forest-fly stings the impatient herd; the bot burrows in the carrion; the moss-rose is powdered with its green parasites; the cabbage is eaten by the caterpillar; the galeruca rides upon the water lily! —in most of which instances to suppose the allurement of smell would be perfectly gratuitous. It is not even necessary to conclude that the larvæ of Dermestes, Necrophores, Anthrenæ, Staphylini, &c., are invited by the *smell* of putrefaction; nay, that *circumvallation of cow-dung*, of which every specimen, as Mr Geoffrey has observed, contains a perfect treasure for the entomologist, supplies but doubtful proofs that its *effluvia* constitute the attraction.

Flies, however, abound near sugar; and the saccharine principle, in almost any shape, invites the *wasp* into our rooms. But can you make it out to be the organ of smell that connects them? To us sugar has no smell; and to suggest that *wasps have a finer nostril than ours*, loses sight of a very obvious objection; which is, that before we invest the insect with such gratuitous delicacy in the perception of odours, the existence of the odour itself should be something more than a mere supposition; for it is *only by our own senses*, which are here at fault, that we can judge of the properties of bodies.

Think you that the minute and swarming hordes of *apions*, whose burnished blue and green relieve the else unvaried yellow of the flaming *sun-flower*, do really insert those long snouts of theirs into the plant in quest of an unknown *aroma*, or not rather to extract its well-known honey? The *ædemera* haunts the perfectly scentless wild-flower: those minute insect *gems*, the *altica*, do they for this lie blazing in the hearts of so many petals quite inodorous to us, and, we will presume, to them? Do such *general* flower fanciers as the *punctuated donacea* the *necydalis*, or the *cistela sulphurea*; do the blue and scaly *hopliæ*, or the lovely sisterhood of the

lepturæ, take lodgings amidst scentless bouquets, when others are to be had, and yet pretend to noses? as if it was not their *mother's* doing who placed every one of them there before they had any pretensions to a nostril, "or a will of their own."

We have now written certain pages, which, of course, we expect the *candid* reader so to examine as to merit this epithet at our hands. Perhaps he will think we expect too much. Eyes, he will say, and *not* to see with! to what end the organ if not to execute the *function*? Yet exercised it *cannot be*, in the sense in which alone it can be understood by our *experience of it*, as the instances adduced may, perhaps, have sufficiently shown. Not that I entertain any doubt that the *eye*, and so, that *other* organs of which the particular office in insects is less certain, may be regarded as *avenues by which impressions come into their bodies*; but such impressions are clearly not, as with us, destined to become interwoven with the phenomena of mind. If in some of the more remarkable passages of insect life, acts are done which certainly imply *design and intention*, yet many others, in their economy, might be sufficiently explained by the *supposition of stimuli acting upon organism*, as in *plants*, where this explanation would be held *sufficient*. And as to those actions which are placed beyond, far beyond this explanation, since there can only be two possible hypotheses on the subject, whereof the *one* endows the insect with powers that belong to mind essentially, and by implication, confers not only *skill and intelligence*, but *immortality*, on a bee or a wasp—(*for mind is indestructible*;) while the *second* considers him only as a machine moved unerringly by an *intelligence* not his own, I cannot choose but adopt the latter. Apparently, but not *really intelligent*, that is, *not intelligent with intelligence of theirs*, insects seem to me to come under some such denomination as that of *machines* beautifully contrived *within*, but *worked from without*. The comparatively simpler objects of the mere sustentation of the individual, and the secure perpetuation of the race, have been provided for in the *helpless and passionless plant*, and might be in insects, by no other than the *first* of the methods suggested by *stimuli acting on organism*; and as to those more striking wonders in their economy which ex-

cite our admiration, and are the results of mind, of course they obtain an equal explanation, whether we suppose insects to *think* and care for *themselves*, and to be wise, and skilful, and frugal, and industrious, or what not, in *their own behalf*, or to be immediately *thought for and cared for* by the Supreme intelligence! Surely the Creator may have suitably endowed the insect *that perishes* for all its *corporeal* necessities, without conferring on it the nobler boons of sensation, memory, imagination, and judgment; nor need we impose on ourselves the necessity of maintaining, as often as a beetle runs across our path, that he follows this or that course *intentionally*, or that when our heedless footstep tramples upon *his osteology*, it is at the expense of as much *suffering* as "*when a giant dies!*"

But it happens that among the many marvels recorded, and perpetually reproduced, about the wonders of insect life, there are some to explain, which, *without* the admission, not only of intelligence, but of *inherent* intelligence, would be nearly impossible *if they be authentic*. *Inter-communication between insects of the same species*, which has been *seriously* asserted by some imaginative writers, *did it really exist*, could not be explained but by the admission of the *innate intelligence* of the creature endowed with it. Now, what a blessing it would be to it, and to us, if the *common fly* could be quoted in *proof* of so excellent a gift! For flies to be able to impart their mutual experience would save many of *their* lives, and make *us* much more comfortable; it would be enough to make a snatch or two at a handful; or, having chastised a few scores by diligent *flapping* (which must be attended with abundant loss of life and limb), permit the survivors to exhibit themselves, like Djezzar Pacha's fortunate subjects—dismissed with loss of nose or ear, or some other ingenious mutilation—to *encourage others!* Alas, your fly never takes warning! In his community capital punishments never succeed! It may also I fear be safely concluded that *butterflies* hold no intercourse with one another! A score of papilionaceous beaux may be seen besetting a handsome female of their species *pinned to a card*, of whose *duration* they appear to be far from having any adequate notion. With *ants*, indeed, the case is different, as we shall

find by the following narrative, into which we must enter in detail:—Some one had placed a pot of mollasses in a bureau infested by ants, which they soon found out and ate away! The proprietor of the treasure drove them off, and slung up his pot to the ceiling, but, in doing so, left by negligence one of the tiny thieves behind. The cunning culprit having first taken as much as he thought *good* for him—for ants are too *prudent*, of course, to commit excess—at length thought it time to depart. To effect this object, as ants do not fly, it was necessary to crawl up the cord, perambulate the ceiling, and creep down the walls of the room; all which journeys he duly and diligently performed, and in brief time rejoined his comrades. But this was mere straightforward work; and ants of very *ordinary capacity* might have been equal to it. Presently, however, a whole regiment of ants, rank and file, is seen to leave its barracks, and direct its march upon the *same object*, by the *self-same course*, making the most accurate use of the *carte du pays* which the spy had communicated. They send along the ceiling, and, by means of the rope ladder, descend into the happy valley, in which their friend had rioted before. The whole manœuvre was executed, according to the *historian*, in the best style; no jostling, no impeding each other's progress, like your foolish *human* crowds. By a judicious arrangement, the *fasting* descend into the pot in one column, and the *filled* make their exit in another; the rythm of march and countermarch uninterrupted, till they have licked the pot clean! Now, all I have to say concerning this story, which Mr Edwards relates as irrefragable proof of *inter-communication*, is, that we must henceforth give ants credit for *all* the following privileges: We must admit that they not only perceive but remember; not only remember but compare; not only compare but conclude; not only conclude but remember their conclusion; and, consequently, we have already *settled* the point that ants have *ideas*, and therefore must be capable of mental hallucination, and be liable to go mad or melancholy! *But all this is not yet enough!* Having conferred on them ideas, and, together with ideas, by strict necessity, all the *senses* by which *ideas* are obtained, we must still, as these ants are caught communicating with one ano-

ther, extend these extensive privileges! The shipwrecked mariner may have made his *wants* intelligible to savages—but only his *mere* wants—he certainly could not enter into the *details* of his mishap, or make the *manner* of his *escape* apprehended by signs and gesticulations. But as to the *Protagonist* in our tale, why none but a *mime* in those latter days, when Drama had become *Pantomime*, and the stately iambic was no longer acceptable to the mob, could have done as much as he did in a few seconds, without the aid of the flexible features, or the hands and the fingers in which man rejoices. By *which* of his *semaphoric* organs, I should like to know, is an *ant* to tell a story—a story which it requires a printed page to record, conceding to him, as you must needs do, a *wish* or *intention* to set about it? Not surely by his eyes! They are fixed in their sockets, and about as unintellectual as the glass eyes in a doll; he could not even look *up* if he would. I presume he could not *improvise* his part by the invention of *new* signs; and, as to the employment of *old* ones, *traditional* in the *ant republic*, one would as soon believe they *had* a little language of their own at once. Intercourse of mind between insects! No! No! An exchange of intelligent signs for the execution of particular ends in this order of created beings *must* be deemed impossible in the face of whatever supposed examples, or you must at once concede to insects a full set of senses, and an intellect capable of employing them in the acquisition and advancement of knowledge.

I know that to engage in the task of depreciating the reputation either of man or fly is not the way to increase our own. Every difficulty raised will be considered as a *cavil* by those who wish to believe what their childhood accepted as orthodox concerning the *wisdom* of ants and the *economy* of bees, but most of all concerning the endowments which we are accustomed to admire in the *higher* animals; or else, why love a dog better than a watch? asks the Jesuit Bugbear, if we did not believe the dog had a *heart* and a *mind*, and was capable of reciprocity of affection. But, to indulge in a moment's *digression* from the affair in hand, not only, my dear Jesuit, do nuns love canaries—not only do the Lesbians of all ages exhibit red eyes and exact elegies

when tame sparrows die; but, such are the imperative *besoins du cœur*, that revolting things and *inanimate* have become indisputable objects of attachment for want of something better. The inmates of the dungeon have been glad to court the *society* of the spider; sailors become impassioned in reciting the wreck of their *favourite ship*; and oh! with what saddening delight does the man of a few years standing revisit the scenes of his youth! With what emotion does his heart acknowledge as *old acquaintance* the voiceless *witnesses*, he would call them in poetry, of early affections, or still earlier ventures! How he gazes on the still *crumbling*, but still *resisting*, bank of some *unsung* stream, to him worth all the—

— “rura, quæ Liris quæta
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis,”

and grasps—alas! it is with hands of full stature—the trusty and rusty chain which he has so often furtively loosed from its moorings! All this, it may be said, is from early association; it shows, however, my dear Jesuit, that our hearts do not in all their pursuits exact *reciprocity* (men generally go *maddest* for women that care not for them), nor needs there the eloquence of a Tully to assure us that *non modo in hoc, quod est animal, sed in iis etiam, quæ sunt inanimata, consuetudo valet*.

And it should, I conjecture, my equally dear reader! be somewhere about *this* passage that *you* (who have been long “nursing your wrath to keep it warm”) will come down upon me with one overwhelming question—“What do I mean to do with that amazing faculty exhibited in the higher animals in such *uncial* characters that all who run may read? Whether, you will tell me, we can, or cannot detect the *organs*, in minute forms of being, which are so appreciable in the *higher* ones, it will remain certain, that even insects do often exhibit the same marvels, which under the name of *Instinctive* we delight to enlarge upon in the dog or the elephant.” “Stupendous Faculty!” (let us try our hand at an *apostrophe*) “thou art far less fallible than the *Reason* of which we are so *unreasonably* vain. What a *Giaour* must he be that hesitates to recognise *thee* as the sufficient and inscrutable guide of the microscopic myriads that

go forth under *no other* auspices, and fulfil their destinies under *no other* inspirations! Is it not *thou* that teachest the voracious *rat*, by some mysterious intimation, to anticipate the moment when the centre of gravity which gave security to the walls he excavated, and to himself, is about to be lost, and maketh him scan, like a surveyor, the sufficiency of beam and rafter? Led by whom (and never since creation dawned, *mised*) the *swallow* continues to depart almost to a fixed day in the calendar, the same for the same place, since Aristotle in *quoting* that primeval proverb that "*one swallow does not make a summer*," attested also that even the bright autumns on the banks of the Peneus had no charms to detain the migrative bird?† Prompted by thee, behold the thirst-stricken *camel* is seen to mend his flagging pace, and rejoice his weary master by the dumb announcement that the well cannot be distant! and can'st thou have forgotten the *insect* tribes, that so much excel in number and variety *all the rest of creation*? Is not that miracle of winged creatures, whose aromatic honies have imposed the celebrity of their name, alike upon the Canaans and the Atticas of old; have nourished prophets in the wilderness, and armies on the march,‡ an object of thy peculiar care? What though that silly *moth*, who hastens to his own funeral pile with such precipitate impetuosity, will not *attend* to thee (for such fatuity can be no work of *thine*!) who shall deny that the *Silpha*, the *Phalena Cossus*, and the *Carabus* are directed by thy hint to discharge, on suitable provocation, that caustic venom which one of the family§ is mischievous enough to direct into the eye of the prying entomologist? What though the songstress *Cicada*, careless of thy lessons, involves herself in *froth* in the vain hope of eluding observation (for her froth is more observable than herself),

yet there can be no mistake in attributing it to *thy* suggestion that *Tortrices* roll themselves in leaves; that the *Grillus* (that Schœnobatist of the insect reign) escapes us by a *series of jumps* that makes the chase hopeless; that the *Gicendella*, deeming 'discretion the better part of valour,' runs out of harm's way, leaving the *Cimex*, motionless and knowing that he is loathed, to stink in security! Incited by thy resistless *Æstrum*, see where that amorous spinster, the *Lampyris*, hangs out her beacon light, to lure the winged gallant to her bower, from that ocean of air which he is navigating! Tribes without number, and without name, are instructed by thee to wait for the evening star, and go forth into the 'all-eyed firmament' to the positions best adapted for defence, snare, or subterfuge? Thou admonishest the *Bombix* to cling to his cord till the danger is gone by; thou persuadest the *Elatér* to pretend to be dead, and whisperest to the whole hypolithic community to crouch like hares at the approach of human footstep! As to the higher animals—the cerebral part of the creation—they indeed may have heads, and hearts, and minds, and conduct themselves like half-reasoning creatures; but in the economy of *insect life*, Legislator, Tactician, Geometer, and Layer-up in Barns, thou reignest paramount and alone!'

To this *feu de joie*, which I have out of politeness permitted my opponent to let off, what can I reply? Verily what he has alleged is sufficiently formidable, but I shall decline the rhetoric, in which I feel he has the advantage of me. But if it shall, however, appear thereafter that the promptings of this Instinct—this ubiquitous Captain Rock, whom merely to name has hitherto ever silenced objection or satisfied enquiry, are sometimes of a very ambiguous character—that, for instance, *the supposed instinct of an animal is often positively foolish*—

* *μαί χελιδὼν εὐρὺ οὐ ποιεῖ. Arist. Ethic.*

† "Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the waves, or arch beneath the sand,
Who bid the Stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds not known before,
Who calls the councils, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?"—POPE.

‡ Xenophon Anabasis,

§ The Procrustes Coriaceous,

ness as far as its own security is concerned, why, we must either modify our creeds accordingly, or cling to that "*mentis gratissimus error*" which led the dreamer of the orchestra to be angry at those who woke him.

It is far from our object to invalidate a single fact either of those we have or may not have related, but we are not at all compelled to look at facts in the same way; and though, like others, we can endure to hear of "*the ants' republic and the realm of bees*," we have taken leave to doubt if the Supreme intelligence hath indeed lodged such profound wisdom in the small frame of which the motions are directed by it. We desire to "*sing praises with understanding*;" and without vain conjectures concerning what we take upon us to call *final causes*, to study, as best we may, the operations of that power, which

"Changed in all, and yet in all the same,
Lives through all life, extends through all
extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

POPE.

Though the word "Instinct" be familiar to men's ears as "household gods," there is, it would appear, no unity of opinion as to what is to be understood by it. For while some would oppose instinct to reason, and others would represent it as something superior to and beyond reason, all agree, by the very *invention* and employment of the word, to make instinct and reason *different*. To my notion, *instinct should be consummate reason*; but reason acting *from without*, in a word, *συναρπάζει*! Is it explaining any thing, to use the language of a French philosopher respecting bees, that they fulfil their destiny, "*par un sentiment aveugle*?" What in the name of French philosophy is a sentiment *aveugle*? A blind sentiment is a contradiction in terms; define sentiment as you will, some attribute of mind will adhere to it. Sentiment is the result of a conception, and what conceives but the mind? Wherever we see what is called instinct displayed, God forbid that we should doubt the hand of God to be at work! but is it necessary to suppose that wisdom to be concrete, as it were, and resident in the insect which exhibits the wise act? Look

now at consequences! If it is his own knowledge that a bee displays in what you call his *instinctive* actions; if it is his own mind that he exercises in the construction of his cell, or the economy of the hive, you allow more knowledge than man himself can muster (for that particular task) to a bee! A profound problem is proposed to the society of the hive for the first time, and is understood at once by all! So much for the intellectual endowment! now comes the practical. The school of mathematicians has become a colony of architects, of whom all and singular not only perform their own share of the task previously concerted together, but also work in reference to one another; which, if they did not, the parts would not tally, and the work, as a whole, would be an *amorphous failure*, in place of a *geometrically accurate model*! This labour completed, the *Commissariat* department is to be placed in activity, and the work of provision commences. But does *innate* intelligence guide the bee to make more honey and wax than can ever be necessary for his own or his family's consumption? If he acts by his own sagacity, of course, he does not intend to elaborate it for yours; but make the operation not the instinct of the bee for his own sake, and it may well be conceived, and agreeably to the strictest analogy, that the wisdom which created may have imposed the task upon the insect of performing this recondite chemistry for the use of man.

"Sic vos non vobis mellificates apes."

The more I reflect on the subject, the more am I led to believe that, whatever there is of wonder in the economy of insects (and where is there so much?) is the result of an exterior agency, and that, alike in their wisest and their most foolish actions, they intend nothing. The first thing they do is as perfect as the last. They never profit by misfortune, or modify their actions from experience,* and as all knowledge, except that of the pure intellect (which is not in question here, where things are to be done as well as conceived), comes from experience, therefore can they accumulate no knowledge; but without knowledge it follows that they can

παινηματα with them are never *μανηματα*, Croesus apud Herod.

have no will, and so that their *supposed instinctive* actions cannot be the result of choice. The whole of which reasoning, observe, is strictly in conformity to conclusions at which we had long since arrived, by *another process*, in the first pages of this essay, where we endeavoured to show that insects are not in possession of the *organism* (*external, internal, or both*) which is indispensable to *sensibility* and intelligence, and which organism *if they had*, they must also have those perceptions out of which all *practical* knowledge is formed, and experience acquired.* Or, in other words, without the power of comparing and combining ideas, which *requires a brain*, it would be gratuitous to suppose *ideas at all, or organs of sense* by which to get them: for of what use would *abstract truths* be to a *beetle*, or wherefore should he be placed in a condition to acquire the elements of knowledge, which from want of the power of combination could *never serve him*? thus anatomy supports our metaphysics, and metaphysics our anatomy.

And the argument which proves them incapable of acquiring ideas, does it not also show them to be *impassive creatures*? And such I conclude them to be, for conclude I must, that the moth who burns himself over and over again in my candle, as if he could not have enough of it, does *not* feel pain; or, if you will not listen to this conclusion, admit that he is not a voluntary agent, and is *incapable* of obedience to the salutary warning which would save his life; not that I am forced to be the expositor of the law by which he burns himself. The whole insect race is comparatively *ephemeral*! they do not all die (very few do) a natural death,† but are *destined* some to perish by flood, and some by field; some in the mustard-pot, and some in the sugar-bowl; some to devour one another, and some, like our moth, to perish *painless* in the fire. The *superfétation* of insect life, as it

seems, must be kept under; indeed, we do not know *why* insects, except a very few,‡ were made at all, as to any thing they produce for our advantage; but the folly of supposing every thing made for us and our advantage!

“Has God, thou fool! work’d solely for thy good,
Thy Joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?”

Now let us conclude the whole by a little bit of metaphysic. The ingenious author (I do not know who he was) of a treatise, “sur l’âme des bêtes,” after having confuted the Cartesian doctrine of the automatism of the whole animal kingdom, finds less difficulty in bringing into discredit that Aristotelian anomalous “*something betwixt soul and body*,” which was certainly not the brightest excogitation of the great Stagyrice. Having expressed as his own immediate and strong conviction that animals have *minds*, he proceeds to enquire what sort of minds they are—with what felicity or infelicity we shall presently see. “I represent to myself,” says he, “*the mind of beasts* as an immaterial and intelligent *something*, an *active principle* possessing *sensation*, and *no more*.” A parallel being next instituted between our minds and those of beasts, in which he allows to both alike, whatever of good or evil, of pain or pleasure, comes of the possession of the *sentient principle*, he proceeds to allot to man *exclusively* the faculty of forming those *clear and distinct ideas*, upon which, by the action of the *will*, are formed (he says) *reflections, judgments, reasonings, free-preferences*. Now, it is here, and in what follows, where he concedes to animals “*little involuntary ideas*,” that so acute a writer who had “*done the state good service*” in exposing the dogmas of Aristotle, Descartes, and Malebranche, commits himself by manifest *contradictions*. Surely the very notion of a *mind in brutes*, capable *only* of feeling and of forming such

* All knowledge is from *sensation* and reflection, as *Locke*, or from *sensation*, memory, and judgment, as the Scotch metaphysicians say; at any rate the *practical* knowledge (concerning which we enquire) is doubtless so derived.

† It may be said of them, as of the short-lived despots of antiquity,

Ad generem Cereris sine cæde et sanguine, pauci descendunt.

‡ The bee, the *coccinella*, the *cosinus* (which the ancients ate), the *locust*, the *silk-worm*, the *vesicating flies* (to which we are indebted for the luxury of blisters), and many that cleanse foul fish-ponds, partly by feeding the fish, and partly by eating the impurities,

ideas as require to be qualified by the epithets *little* and *confused*, is preposterous. If an animal be conceived to have the power of forming *any idea* at all, he must be allowed the power of forming a *clear one*! Surely it is on the process by which ideas are formed at all, that all ulterior and higher phenomena of mind depend; and if an insect have that power, and can institute that process, he is in full possession of a *mind*; and that mind must be a mind like our own, for mind has no essential differences. Mind must be intrinsically alike in all beings that possess it, and can differ but in degree. In a word, to will, to judge, are the self-same mental acts in biped or quadruped. *Confused ideas*, moreover (if the expression itself can be used without a solecism), could be of no use whatever to the possessor. Take an instance: Suppose an insect endeavours to escape before he is touched—i.e. before the sensitive mind, conceded to him by this author, has been reached—is it from fear? But what mental acts does that emotion imply? To admit that the insect fears, is in effect a full admission (as we have seen) of its possessing that judgment, and that will, which he formally denies to them. But lest there should be any mistake, “insects,” he observes in another passage, “have not the rational mind, have not the mind capable of containing the knowledge on which sciences and arts are founded; yet the spider’s web, the bee’s cell, or the chrysalis’ cocoon, are works continually before our eyes! How do insects, with confused ideas, and only sensitive minds, make them? In short, a purely sensitive mind, if the supposition were not absurd, would be wholly inadequate to any of the wonders of insect architecture. Their economy, their stratagems, or their provident care of their young, all suppose not confused ideas, but deep-laid thought and design, so that it follows, that insects must either have a mind to think, as well as to feel with, or, as we have concluded, no mind at all.

But it may be said that wasps and bees often seem to sting vindictively, and that this implies not only that they

have passions, but design and will. I answer, that wasps and bees do indeed occasionally sting, but so do mosquitoes, and gnats, and sand-flies, and ants, and fleas, and many other insects. If the bee really intends to sting, it must either follow that all insects which sting intend to do so, or we must conclude that the bee and the wasp are alone malignant in their natures, and bear us more ill-will than others; while the ant, and the many troublesome flies of declining summers who dispute with us our peaches and our plums, sting without malice and unintentionally. Here, as in all the other difficulties which this subject presents, that some purpose is intended by an insect’s sting we profess not to doubt. But that stings were given to protect the insect we rather disbelieve; for, 1st, all insects have not stings (it is generally the females alone) nor any other compensating apparatus; 2dly, such insects as have stings seldom use them, at least offensively; 3dly, such conspicuous and formidable instruments should be judged of by their habitual use, which we know not, rather than by their occasional employment; 4thly, instruments really impotent for defence would not have been given if defence were the main object, and stings are in this predicament of inutility; 5thly, still less probably for the mere purpose of inflicting pain, unless some moral lesson were to be taught by the pain inflicted; 6thly, insects leave their stings in the wound, and so die; the completest of proofs that stings were not given them as a means to their own safety; 7thly, weather, which makes us waspish, has the same effect upon the cattle-flies, who may object to rain on their own account, but would be very unreasonable in stinging horse or cow as if they occasioned it. Who does not know that a multitude of flies sting, and only sting, before rain? From all which considerations, the sting in insects not only may, but I think must, have been conferred for purposes widely different from those popularly attributed to it. “When,” says Cowley, “we trust man concerning God, we then trust not God concerning man.”

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE; OR A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

[As related by Mr Michael Heffernan, Master of the National School at Tallymactaggart, in the county of Leitrim, to a friend during his official visit to Dublin, for the purpose of studying Political Economy, in the Spring of 1838.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW FATHER TOM WENT TO TAKE POT-LUCK AT THE VATICAN.

WHEN his Riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot look wid him. More be token, it was on a Friday; but, for all that, there was plenty of mate; for the Pope gev himself an absolution from the fast on account ov the great company that was in it—at laste so I'm tould. Howandiver, there's no fast on the dhrink, anyhow—glory be to God!—and so, as they wor sitting, aafter dinner, taking theirs up together, says the Pope, says he, "Thomaus," for the Pope, you know, spakes that away, and all as one as one ov uz—"Thomaus a lanna," says he, "I'm tould you welt them English heretics out ov the face."

"You may say that," says his Riv'rence to him again. "Be my soul," says he, "if I put your Holiness under the table, you won't be the first Pope I floored."

Well, his Holiness laughed like to split; for, you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down upon Purgathory; and ov coorse they knewn all the ins and outs of the contravarsy at Room. "Faix, Thomaus," says he, smiling across the table at him mighty agreeable—"it's no lie what they tell me, that yourself is the pleasant man over the dhrup ov good liquor."

"Would you like to thry?" says his Riv'rence.

"Sure, and amn't I thrying all I can?" says the Pope. "Sorra betther bottle ov wine's betuxt this and Salamancha, nor's there fornenst you on the table; it's raal Lachrymalchrysal, every spudh ov it."

"It's mortal could," says Father Tom.

"Well, man alive," says the Pope, "sure and hero's the best ov good claret in the cut decanther."

"Not maning to make little ov the claret, your Holiness," says his

Riv'rence, "I would prefir some hot wather and sugar, wid a glass ov spirits through it, if convanient."

"Hand me over the bottle of brandy," says the Pope to his head butler, "and fetch up the materi'ls," says he.

"Ah, then, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a dhrup ov the native in your cellar? Sure it's all one throuble," says he, "and, troth, I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my intrails."

"Pon my conscience, then," says the Pope, "it's very sorry I am, Mither Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you; for I'm sure and certain that there's not as much whisky in Room this blessed minit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well in troth, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "I knewn there was no use in axing; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueeze the liberty I tuck," says he, "of bringing a small taste," says he, "of the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imperi'l quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket; "that never seen the face ov a gauger," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the Pope; "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles ov your Holiness's heart, why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" and wid that he outs wid the cork.

Well, the Pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetching dhrink thataway in his pocket, as if there wasn't lashins in the house: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comprehend the differ betuxt an invitation to dinner from the succissor of Saint Pether, and from a common mayur ov a Prodesan squirean that maybe hasn't

liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you wisit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon; and I'd let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion ov the Church and entitled to laniency. So," says he, "as the liquor's come, let it stay. And in throth I'm curis myself," says he, getting mighty soft when he found the delightful smell ov the *putteen*, "in inwistigating the composition ov distilled liquors; it's a branch ov natural philosophy," says he, taking up the bottle and putting it to his blessed nose. Ah! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Blessed Vargin, but it has the divine smell!" and crossed himself and the bottle half a dozen times running.

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his Riv'rence, "and so there can be no harm any way in mixing a dandy of punch; and," says he, stirring up the materi'ls wid his goolden meeddlar—for every thing at the Pope's table, to the very shrew for drawing the corks, was ov vergin goold—"if I might make boold," says he, "to spake on so deep a subje afore your Holiness, I think it 'ud considherably whacilitate the inwestigatation ov its chemisthry and phwarmacuticals, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well then, suppose I do make the same expiriment," says the Pope, in a much more condescinding way nor you'd have expected—and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facer.

"Now, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "this bein' the first time you ever dispinsed them chymicals," says he, "I'll just make boold to lay down one rule ov orthography," says he, "for conwhounding them, *secundum mortem*."

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"Put in the sperits first," says his Riv'rence; "and then put in the

sugar; and remember, every dhrop ov wather you put in after that spoils the punch."

"Glory be to God!" says the Pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. "Glory be to God!" says he, smacking his lips. "I never knewn what dhrink was afore," says he. "It bates the Lachymalchrysal out ov the face!" says he—"it's Necthar itself, it is, so it is!" says he, wiping his epistological mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

"'Pon my secret honour," says his Riv'rence, "I'm raally glad to see your Holiness set so much to your satiswhaction; especially," says he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty of fetching the fellow ov that small vesshel," says he, "in my other coat-pocket. So devil a fear ov our running thry till the but-end of the evening, anyhow," says he.

"Dhraw your stool in to the fire, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on anilizing the metaphwysics ov this phinomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it dhrink?" says his Riv'rence; "by Gorra, your Holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So wid that they tackled to, to the second fugil a-piece, and fell into larned discourse. But it's time for me now to be off to the leethir at the Boord. Oh my sorra light upon you, Doether Whately, wid your plitical econinny and your hydherastatics! What the *divul* use has a poor hedge-masther like me wid sich deep larning as is only fit for the likes ov them two that I left over their second tumbler? Howandiver, wishing I was like them, in regard ov the sup ov dhrink, anyhow, I must brake off my narration for the prisint; but when I see you again, I'll tell you how Father Tom made a hero ov the Pope that evening, both in theology and the cube root.

CHAPTER II.

HOW FATHER TOM SACKED HIS HOLINESS IN THEOLOGY AND LOGIC.

Well, the leether's over, and I'm kilt out and out. My bitter curse upon the man that invited the same Boord! I thought onct I'd fadomed

the say ov throuble; and that was when I got through fractions at ould Mat Kavanagh's school, in Firdramore—God be good to poor Mat's

sowl, though he did deny the cause the day he suffered! but it's fluxions itself we're set to bottom now, sink or shwim! May I never die if my head isn't as thorougher as any thing wid their ordinals and cardinals—and, begod, it's all nothing to the econimy lecthir that I have to go to at two o'clock. Howandiver, I mustn't forget that we left his Riv'rence and his Holiness sitting fornenst one another in the parlor ov the Vatican, jist after mixing their second tumbler.

When they had got well down into the same, they fell, as I was telling you, into learned discourse. For, you see, the Pope was curious to find out whether Father Tom was the great theologinall that people said; and says he, "Mister Maguire," says he, "What answer do you make to the heretics when they quote them passidges agin thransubstantiation out ov the Fathers?" says he.

"Why," says his Riv'rence, "as there is no sich passidges I make myself mighty asy about them; but if you want to know how I dispose ov them," says he, "just repate one ov them, and I'll show you how to cata-pomphericate it in two shakes."

"Why, then," says the Pope, "myself disremembers the particlar passidges they allidge out ov them ould felleys," says he, "though sure enough they're more numerous nor edifying—so we'll jist suppose that a heretic was to find sich a saying as this in Austin, 'Every sensible man knows that thransubstantiation is a lie,'—or this out of Tertullian or Plutarch, 'the bishop ov Rome is a common imposther,'—now tell me, could you answer him?"

"As easy as kiss," says his Riv'rence. "In the first, we're to understand that the exprission, 'Every sensible man,' signifies simply, 'Every man that judges by his nath'ral sinces;' and we all know that nobody foleying them seven deludhers could ever find out the mysthery that's in it, if somebody didn't come in to his assistance wid an eighth sinse, which is the only sinse to be depended on, being the sinse ov the Church. So that, regarding the first quotation which your Holiness has supposed, it makes clane for us, and tee-totally agin the heretics."

"That's the explanation sure enough," says his Holiness; "and now

what div you say to my being a common imposther?"

"Faix, I think," says his Riv'rence, "wid all submission to the better judgment ov the learned fater that your Holiness has quoted, he'd have been a thrifle nearer the thruth, if he had said that the bishop ov Rome is the grand imposther and top-lawyer in that line over us all."

"What do you mane?" says the Pope, getting quite red in the face.

"What would I mane," says his Riv'rence, as composed as a docther ov physie, "but that your Holiness is at the head ov all them—troth I had a'most forgot I wasn't a bishop myself," says he, "the deludher was going to say, as the head of all *uz*, that has the gift ov laying on hands. For sure," says he, "imposther and *impositihr* is all one, so you're only to understand *manuum*, and the job is done. Auvnich!" says he, "if any heretic 'ud go for to cast up sich a passidge as that agin me, I'd soon give him a lesson in the p'lite art ov cutting a stick to welt his own back wid."

"'Pon my apostolical word," says the Pope, "you've cleared up them two pints in a most satiswhacthery manner."

"You see," says his Riv'rence, by this time they wor mixing their third tumbler—"the writings ov them Fathers is to be thrated wid great veneration; and it 'ud be the height ov presumption in any one to sit down to interpret them widout providing himself wid a genteel assortment ov the best figures ov rhetoric, sich as metonymy, hyperbol, cattychraxis, prolepsis, mettylipsis, superbaton, pollysyndreton, hustheronprotheron, prosodypeia and the like, in ordher that he may never be at a loss for shuitable sintiments when he comes to their high-flown passidges. For unless we thrate them Fathers liberally to a handsome allowance ov thropes and figures, they'd set up heresy at onc't, so they would."

"It's thru for you," says the Pope; "the figures ov spache is the pillars ov the Church."

"Begad," says his Riv'rence, "I dunna what we'd do widout them at all."

"Which one do you prefr?" says the Pope; "that is," says he, "which figure of spache do you find most use-fullest when you're hard set?"

"Metaphour's very good," says his

Riv'rence, "and so's mettonymy—and I've known prosodypeia stand to me at a pinch mighty well—but for a constancy, superbaton's the figure for my money. Devil be in me," says he, "but I'd prove black white as fast as a horse 'ud thro' wid only a good stick ov superbaton."

"Faix," says the Pope, wid a sly look, "you'd need to have it backed, I judge, wid a small piece of assurance."

"Well now, jist for that word," says his Riv'rence, "I'll prove it widout aither one or other. Black," says he, "is one thing and white is another thing. You don't conthravene that? But every thing is aither one thing or another thing; I defy the apostle Paul to get over that dilemma. Well! If any thing be one thing, well and good; but if it be another thing, then it's plain it isn't both things, and so can't be two things—nobody can deny that. But what can't be two things must be one thing,—*Ergo*, whether it's one thing or another thing it's all one. But black is one thing and white is another thing,—*Ergo*, black and white is all one. *Quod erat demonstrandum*."

"Stop a bit," says the Pope, "I can't althegither give in to your second miner—no—your second major," says he, and he stopped. "Faix, then," says he, getting confused, "I don't rightly remimber, where it was exactly that I thought I seen the flaw in your premises. Howsomdiver," says he, "I don't deny that it's a good conclusion, and one that 'ud be ov materil service to the Church if it was dhrawn wid a little more distinctiveness."

"I'll make it as plain as the nose on your Holiness's face, by superbaton," says his Riv'rence. "My adversary says, black is not another colour, that is, white? Now that's jist a parallel passidge wid the one out ov Tartulion that me and Hayes smashed the heretics on in Clarendon Sthreet, 'This is my body, that is, the figure ov my body.' That's a superbaton, and we showed that it oughtn't to be read that way at all but this way, 'This figure of my body is my body.' Jist so wid my adversary's proposition, it mustn't be undherstood the way it reads, by no manner of manes; but it's to be taken this way,—'Black, that is, white, is not another colour,'—green, if you like, or

orange, by dad, for any thing I care, for my case is proved. 'Black,' that is, 'white,' lave out the 'that,' by sin-alayphy, and you have the orthodox conclusion, 'Black is white,' or by convansion, 'White is black.'"

"It's as clear as mud," says the Pope.

"Begad," says his Riv'rence, "I'm in great humour for disputin' to-night. I wisht your Holiness was a heretic jist for two minutes," says he, "till you'd see the flaking I'd give you!"

"Well then, for the fun o' the thing, suppose me my namesake, if you like," says the Pope, laughing, "though, by Jayminy," says he, "he's not one that I take much pride out ov."

"Very good—devil a bitter joke ever I had," says his Riv'rence. "Come, then, Misther Pope," says he, "hould up that purty face ov yours, and answer me this question. Which 'ud be the biggest lie, if I said I seen a turkey-cock lying on the broad ov his back, and picking the stars out ov the sky, or if I was to say that I seen a gander in the same inthrestin' posture, raycreating himself wid similar asthronomical experiments? Answer me that, you ould swaddler?" says he.

"How durst you call me a swaddler, sir?" says the Pope, forgetting, the dear man, the part that he was acting.

"Don't think to bully me!" says his Riv'rence. "I always daar to spake the truth, and it's well known that you're nothing but a swaddling ould sent ov a saint," says he, never letting on to percave that his Holiness had forgot what they were agreed on.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "I often hard ov the imperance ov you Irish afore," says he, "but I never expected to be called a saint in my own house either by Irishman or Hot-tentot. I'll till you what, Misther Maguire," says he, "if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you had better be walking off wid yourself; for I beg lave to give you to undherstand, that it won't be for the good ov your health if you call me by sich an outprobrious epithet again," says he.

"Oh, indeed! then things is come to a purty pass," says his Riv'rence (the dear funny soul that he ever was!) "when the lik ov you compares one of the Maguires ov Tempo wid a wild Ingine! Why, man alive, the Maguires was kings ov Fermanagh three

thousand years afore your grandfather, that was the first ov your breed that ever wore shoes and stockings" (I'm bound to say, in justice to the poor Prodesan, that this was all spoken by his Riv'ence by way of a figure ov spache), "was sint his Majesty's arrand to cultivate the friendship of Prince Lee Boo in Botteney Bay! Oh Boyan dear," says he, letting on to cry, "if you were alive to hear a *bod-dagh Sassenagh* like this casting up his counthry to me ov the name ov Maguire."

"In the name ov God," says the Pope, very solemnly, "what is the maning ov all this at all at all?" says he.

"Sure," says his Riv'ence, whispering to him across the table, "sure you know we're acting a conthrawarsy, and you tuck the part ov the Prodesan champion. You wouldn't be angry wid me, I'm sure, for sarving out the heretic to the best ov my ability."

"Oh begad, I had forgot," says the Pope, the good-natured ould crethur; "sure enough you were only taking your part as a good Milesian Catholic ought agin the heretic Sassanagh. Well," says he, "fire away now, and I'll put up wid as many controversial compliments as you please to pay me."

"Well, then, answer me my question, you santimonious ould dandy," says his Riv'ence.

"In troth, then," says the Pope, "I dunna which 'ud be the biggest lie, to my mind," says he; "the one appears to be about as big a bounce as the other."

"Why, then, you poor simpleton," says his Riv'ence, "don't you persuade, that forbye the advantage the gandher 'ud have in the length ov his neck, it 'ud be next to empossible for

the turkey-cock lying thataway to see what he was about, by rason ov his djollars and other accoutrements hanging back over his eyes? The one about as big a bounce as the other! Oh, you misfortunate crethur! if you had ever larned your A. B. C. in theology, you'd have known that there's a differ betuxt them two lies so great, that, begad, I wouldn't wondher if it 'ud make a balance ov five years in purgathory to the sowl that 'ud be in it. Ay, and if it wasn't that the Church is too liberal entirely, so she is, it 'ud cost his heirs and successors betther nor ten pounds to have him out as soon as the other. Get along, man, and take half-a-year at dogmatical theology: go and read your Dens, you poor dunce, you!"

"Raaly," says the Pope, "you're making the heretic's shoes too hot to hould me. I wundher how the Prodesans can stand afore you at all."

"Don't think to delude me," says his Riv'ence, "don't think to back out ov your challenge now," says he, "but come to the scratch like a man, if you are a man, and answer me my question. What's the rason, now, that Julius Cæsar and the Vargin Mary was born upon the one day—answer me that, if you wouldn't be hissed off the platform?"

Well, my dear, the Pope couldn't answer it, and he had to acknowledge himself sacked. Then he axed his Riv'ence to tell him the rason himself; and Father Tom communicated it to him in Latin. But as that is a very deep question, I never hard what the answer was, except that I'm tould it was so mysterious, it made the Pope's hair stand on end.

But there's two o'clock, and I'll be late for the lecther.

CHAPTER III.

HOW FATHER TOM MADE A HARE OF HIS HOLINESS IN LATIN.

Oh, Doether Whateley, Doether Whateley, I'm sure I'll never die another death if I don't die either ov consumption or production! I ever and always thought that asthronomy was the hardest science that was till now—and, it's no lie I'm telling you, the same asthronomy is a tough enough morsel to brake a man's fast upon—and geoliddy is middling and hard too

—and hydherastatics is no joke—but ov all the books ov science that ever was opened and shut, that book upon P'litical Economy lifts the pins! Well, well, if they wait till they persuade me that taking a man's rints out ov the counthry, and spinding them in forrain parts isn't doing us out ov the same, they'll wait a long time in truth. But you're waiting, I see, to

hear how his Riv'rence and his Holiness got on after finishing the disputation I was telling you of. Well, you see, my dear, when the Pope found he couldn't hold a candle to Father Tom in theology and logic, he thought he'd take the shine out ov him in Latin any how: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I quite agree wid you that it's not lucky for us to be spaking on them deep subjects in sich languidges as the evil spirits is acquainted wid; and," says he, "I think it 'ud be no harm for us to spake from this out in Latin," says he, "for fraid the devil 'ud undherstand what we are saying."

"Not a hair I care," says Father Tom, "whether they undherstand what we're saying or not, as long as we keep off that last pint we wer discussing, and one or two others. Listeners never heard good ov themselves," says he, "and if Belzhebut takes any thing amiss that aither you or me says in regard ov himself or his faction, let him stand forrid like a man, and never fear, I'll give him his answer. How-andiver, if it's for a taste ov classic conversation you are, jist to put us in mind ov ould Cordarius," says he, "here's at you;" and wid that he lets fly at his Holiness wid his health in Latin.

"Vesthræ Sanctitatis salutem volo," says he,

"Vesthræ Revirintæ salutritati bibo," says the Pope to him again (haith, it's no joke, I tell you, to remember sich a power ov larning). "Here's to you wid the same," says the Pope, in the raal Ciceronian. "Nunc poculum alterhum imple," says he.

"Cum omni jucunditate in vita," says his Riv'rence. "Cum summâ concupiscintîâ et animositate," says he, as much as to say, "Wid all the veins ov my heart, I'll do that same,"—and so wid that, they mix'd their fourth gun a piece.

"Aqua vitæ vesthra sane est liquor admirabilis," says the Pope.

"Verum est pro te,—it's thrue for you"—says his Riv'rence, forgetting the idyim ov the Latin phwraseology in a manner.

"Prava est tua Latinitas, domine," says the Pope, finding fault like wid his etymology.

"Parva culpa mihi," "small blame to me, that's," says his Riv'rence, "nam multum laboro in partibus inte-

rioribus," says he—the dear man! that never was at a loss for an excuse!

"Quid tibi incommodi?" says the Pope, axing him what ailed him.

"Habesne id quod Anglicè vicamus, a looking-glass," says his Riv'rence.

"Immo, habeo speculum splendissimum subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatoriae," says the Pope, pulling out a beautiful goold snuff-box, wid a looking-glass in undher the lid—"Subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatorii—no—starnutatoriae—quam dono accepi ab Archiduce Austriaco septuagisima prætheritâ," says he—as much as to say that he got the box in a prisint from the Queen ov Spain last Lint, if I rightly remimber.

Well, Father Tom laughed like to burst. At last says he, "Pather Sancte," says he, "sub errore jaces. 'Looking-glass' apud nos habet significationem quamdam peculiarem ex tempore diei dependentem,"—there was a sthring ov accusatives for yes!—"nam mane speculum sonat," says he, "post prandium vero mat—mat—mat"—sorra be in me but I disremimber the classic appellation ov the same article. How-andiver, his Riv'rence went on explaining himself in such a way as no scholar could mistake. "Vesica mea," says he, "ab illo ultimo eversore distenditur, donec similis est rumpere. Verbis apertis," says he, "Vesthræ Sanctitatis præsentia salvata, aquam facere valde desidhero."

"Ho, hō, ho!" says the Pope, grabbing up his box, "si inquinavisses meam pyxidem, excimnicari debuisses—Hillo, Anthony," says he to his head butler, "fetch Misther Maguire a"—

"You spoke first!" says his Riv'rence, jumping off his sate: "You spoke first in the vernacular! I take Misther Anthony to witness," says he.

"What else would you have me to do?" says the Pope, quite dogged like to see himself bate that-a-way at his own waypons. "Sure," says he, "Anthony wouldn't undherstand a B. from a bull's foot, if I spoke to him any other way."

"Well, then," says his Riv'rence, "in considheration ov the needcessity," says he, "I'll let you off for this time! but mind now, after I say *præstho*, the first ov us that spakes a word ov English is the hare—*præstho*!"

Neither ov them spoke for near a

minit, considhering wid themselves how they wer to begin sich a great thrial ov shkill. At last, says the Pope—the blessed man, only think how 'cute it was ov him!—"Domine Macguire," says he, "valde desidhero, certiozem fieri de significatione istius verbi *eversor* quo jam jam usus es!"—(well, surely I *am* the boy for the Latin!)

"*Eversor*, id est cyathus," says his Riv'rence, "nam apud nos *tumbleri*, seu *eversores*, dicti sunt ab evertendo ceremoniam inter amicos; non, ut Temperantiæ Societatis frigidis fautoribus placet, ab evertendis ipsis potatoribus." (It's not every masther under the Boord, I tell you, could carry sich a car load ov the dead langidges.) "In agro vero Louthiano et Midensi," says he, "nomine gaudent quodam secundum linguam Anglicanam significante bombardam seu tormentum; quia ex eis tanquam ex telis jaculatoriis liquorem facibus immittere solent. Etiam inter hæreticos illos melanostomos" (that was a touch ov Greek). "Presbyterianos Septentrionales, qui sunt terribiles potatores, Cyathi dicti sunt *faceres*, et dimidium Cyathi *haf-a-glessus*. Dimidium Cyathi verò apud Metropolitanos Hibernicos dicitur *dandy*."

"En verbum Anglicanum!" says the Pope, clapping his hands,—"*leporum te fecisti*;" as much as to say that he had made a hare ov himself.

"*Dandæus*, *dandæus* verbum erat," says his Riv'rence—oh, the dear man, but its himself that was handy ever and always at getting out ov a hobble—"dandæus verbum erat," says he, "quod dicturus eram, cum me intherpillavisti."

"Ast ego dico," says the Pope, very sharp, "quod verbum erat *dandy*."

"Per tibicinem qui Coram Mose modulatus est," says his Riv'rence, "id flagellat mundum! *Dandæus* dixi, et tu dicis *dandy*; ergo tu es lepus, non ego—Ah, ha! Saccavi vestram Sanctitatem!"

"Mendacium est!" says the Pope, quite forgetting himself, he was so mad at being sacked before the sarvints.

Well, if it hadn't been that his Holiness was in it, Father Tom 'ud have given him the contints of his tumbler betuxt the two eyes, for calling him a liar; and, in troth, it's very well it was in Latin the offnce was conveyed, for, if it had been in the vernacular, there's no saying what 'ud ha'

been the consequence. His Riv'rence was mighty angry anyhow.—"Tu senex lathro," says he, "quomodo audes me mendacem predicare?"

"Et tu, sacrilege nebulo," says the Pope, "quomodo audacitatem habeas, me Dei in terris vicarium, lathronem conviciari?"

"Interroga circumcirea," says his Riv'rence.

"Abi ex ædibus meis," says the Pope.

"Abi tu in malam crucem," says his Riv'rence.

"Excimnicabo te," says the Pope.

"Diabolus curat," says his Riv'rence.

"Anathema sis," says the Pope.

"Oscula meum pod"—says his Riv'rence—but, my dear, afore he could finish what he was going to say, the Pope broke out into the vernacular, "Get out o' my house, you reprobate!" says he in sich a rage that he could contain himself widin the Latin no longer.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!" says his Riv'rence, "Who's the hare now, your Holiness? Oh, by this and by that, I've sacked you clane! Clane and clever I've done it, and no mistake! You see what a bit ov desate will do wid the wisest, your Holiness—sure it was joking I was, on purpose to aggravate you—all's fair, you know, in love, law, and conthravarsy. In troth if I'd thought you'd have taken it so much to heart, I'd have put my head into the fire afore I'd have said a word to offend you," says he, for he seen that the Pope was very vexed. "Sure, God forbid, that I'd say any thing agin your Holiness, barring it was in fun: for aren't you the father ov the faithful, and the thrue vicar ov God upon earth? And aren't I ready to go down on my two knees this blessed minit and beg your apostolical pardon for every word that I said to your displasement?"

"Are you in arnest that it is in fun you ver?" says the Pope.

"May I never die if I aren't," says his Riv'rence. "It was all to provoke your Holiness to commit a brache ov the Latin, that I tuck the small liberties I did," says he.

"I'd have you to take care," says the Pope, "how you take sich small liberties again, or may be you'll provoke me to commit a brache ov the pace."

"Well, and if I did," says his Riv'-

rence, "I know a sartan preparation ov chymicals that's very good for curing a brache either in Latinity or frindship."

"What's that?" says the Pope, quite mollified, and sitting down again at the table that he had ris from in the first pluff of his indignation. "What's that?" says he "for, 'pon my Epistolical 'davy, I think it 'udu't be asy to bate this miraculous mixthir that we've been thrying to anilize this two hours back," says he, taking

a mighty scientific swig out ov the bottom ov his tumbler.

"It's good for a beginning," says his Riv'rence; "it lays a very nate foundation for more sarious operation; but we're now arrived at a paried ov the evening when it's time to proceed wid our shuperstructhure by compass and square, like free and ex-cipted masons as we both are."

My time's up for the present; but I'll tell you the rest in the evening at home.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW FATHER TOM AND HIS HOLINESS DISPUTED IN METAPHYSICS AND ALGEBRA.

God be wid the time when I went to the classical seminary ov Firdramore! when I'd bring my sod o' turf undher my arm, and sit down on my shung boss o' straw, wid my back to the mather and my shins to the fire, and score my sum in Dives's denominations ov the double rule o' three, or play fox and geese wid purty Jane Cruise that sat next me, as plisantly as the day was long, widout any one so much as saying, "Mikey Hefferman what's that you're about?"—for ever since I was in the one lodge wid poor ould Mat I had my own way in his school as free as ever I had in my mother's shebeen. God be wid them days, I say again, for its althered times wid me, I judge, since I got undher Carlisle and Whateley. Sich sthriictness! sich ordher! sich dhrilling, and leethiring, and tuthoring as they do get on wid! I wisht to gracious the one-half ov their rules and rigilations was sunk in the say. And they're getting so sthriict too about having fair play for the heretic childer! We've to have no more schools in the chapels, nor masses in the schools. Oh, by this and by that it'll never do at all! The ould plan was twenty times betther; and, for my own part, if it wasn't that the clargy supports them in a manner, and the grant's a thing not easily done widout these hard times, I'd see if I couldn't get a sheltered spot nigh-hand the chapel, and set up again on the good ould principle: and faix, I think our metropolitan 'ud stand to me, for I know that his Grace's motto was ever and always, that "Ignorance is the thrue mother ov piety."

But I'm running away from my narrative entirely, so I am. "You'll plase to ordher up the housekeeper, then," says Father Tom to the Pope, "wid a pint ov sweet milk in a skillet, and the bulk ov her fist ov butther, along wid a dust ov soft sugar in a saucer, and I'll show you the way of producing a decoction that, I'll be bound, will hunt the thirst out ov every nook and corner in your Holiness's blessed carcidge."

The Pope ordhered up the ingredients, and they were brought in by the head butler.

"That'll not do at all," says his Riv'rence, "the ingredients won't combine in due proportion unless ye do as I bid yes. Send up the housekeeper," says he, "for a faymale hand is ondispinsably necessary to produce the adaptation ov the particles and the concurrence ov the corpus'cles, widout which you might boil till morning and never fetch the cruds off of it."

Well, the Pope whispered to his head butler, and by and by up there comes an ould faggot ov a *Cuillean*, that was enough to frighten a horse from his oats.

"Don't thry for to decave me," says his Riv'rence, "for it's no use I tell yes. Send up the housekeeper, I bid yes: I seen her presarving gooseberries in the panthry as I came up: she has eyes as black as a sloe," says he, "and cheeks like the rose in June; and sorra taste ov this celestial mixthir shall crass the lips ov man or mortel this blessed night till she stirs the same up wid her own delicate little finger."

"Misther Maguire," says the Pope,

"it's very unproper ov you to spake that way ov my housekeeper: I won't allow it, sir."

"Honor bright," your Holiness, says his Rivrence, laying his hand on his heart.

"Oh, by this and by that, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "I'll have none of your insinivations: I don't care who sees my whole household," says he; "I don't care if all the fay-
males undher my roof was paraded down the High Street of Room," says he.

"Oh, it's plain to be seen how little you care who sees them," says his Riv'rence. "You're afeared, now, if I was to see your housekeeper, that I'd say she was too handsome."

"No, I'm not!" says the Pope, "I don't care who sees her," says he. "Anthony," says he to the head butler, "bid Eliza throw her apron over her head, and come up here." Wasn't that stout in the blessed man? Well, my dear, up she came, stepping like a three-year old, and blushing like the brake o' day: for though her apron was thrown over her head as she came forrid, till you could barely see the tip ov her chin—more be token there was a lovely dimple in it, as I've been tould—yet she let it shlip abit to one side, by chance like, jist as she got fornenst the fire, and if she wouldn't have given his Riv'rence a shot if he hadn't been a priest, it's no matther.

"Now, my dear," says he, "You must take that skillet, and hould it over the fire till the milk comes to a blood hate; and the way you'll know that will be by stirring it onc't or twice wid the little finger ov your right hand, afore you put in the butther: not that I misdoubt," says he, "but that the same finger's fairer nor the whitest milk that ever came from the tit."

"None of your deludhering talk to the young woman, sir," says the Pope, mighty stern. "Stir the posset as he bids you, Eliza, and then be off wid yourself," says he.

"I beg your Holiness's pardon ten thousand times," says his Riv'rence, "I'm sure I meant nothing onproper; I hope I'm uncapable ov any sich dirilection of my duty," says he. "But, marcifful Saver!" he cried out, jumping up on a sudden, "look behind you, your Holiness—I'm blest but the room's on fire!"

Sure enough the candle fell down

that minit, and was near setting fire to the windy-curtains, and there was some bustle, as you may suppose, getting things put to rights. And now I have to tell you ov a really onpleasant occurrence. If I was a Prodesan that was in it, I'd say that while the Pope's back was turned, Father Tom made free wid the two lips ov Miss Eliza; but, upon my conscience, I believe it was a mere mistake that his Holiness fell into on account of his being an ould man and not having aither his eyesight or his hearing very perfect. At any rate it can't be denied but that he had a sthrong imprisonment that sich was the case; for he wheeled about as quick as thought, jist as his Riv'rence was sitting down, and charged him wid the offence plain and plump. "Is it kissing my housekeeper before my face you are, you villain!" says he, "Go down out o' this," says he, to Miss Eliza, "and do you be packing off wid you," he says to Father Tom, "for it's not safe, so it isn't, to have the likes ov you in a house where there's temptation in your way."

"Is it me?" says his Riv'rence; "why what would your Holiness be at, at all? Sure I wasn't doing no such thing."

"Would you have me doubt the evidence ov my sinses?" says the Pope; "would you have me doubt the testimony ov my eyes and ears?" says he.

"Indeed I would so," says his Riv'rence, "if they pretend to have informed your Holiness ov any sich foolishness."

"Why," says the Pope, "I seen you aither kissing Eliza as plain as I see the nose on your face; I heard the smack you gave her as plain as ever I heard thunder."

"And how do you know whether you see the nose on my face or not?" says his Riv'rence, "and how do you know whether what you thought was thunder, was thunder at all? Them operations on the sinses," says he, "comprises only particular corporal emotions, connected wid sartain confused perceptions called sinsations, and isn't to be depended upon at all. If we were to follow them blind guides we might jist as well turn heretics at onc't. 'Pon my secret word, your Holiness, it's neither charitable nor orthodox ov you to set up the testimony ov your eyes and ears agin the

character of a clergyman. And now, see how aisy it is to explain all them phænomena that perplexed you, I ris and went over beside the young woman because the skillet was boiling over, to help her to save the dhrop of liquor that was in it; and as for the noise you heard, my dear man, it was neither more nor less nor myself dhrawing the cork out of this blissid bottle."

"Don't offer to thrape that upon me!" says the Pope; "here's the cork in the bottle still, as tight as a wedge."

"I beg your pardon," says his Riv'ence, "that's not the cork at all," says he, "I dhrew the cork a good two minits ago, and it's very purtily spitted on the end of this blessed cork-shcrew at this prisint moment; howandiver you can't see it, because it's only its real prisence that's in it. But that appearance that you call a cork," says he, "is nothing but the outward spacies and external qualities of the cortical nathur. Them's nothing but the accidents of the cork that you're looking at and handling; but, as I tould you afore, the real cork's dhrew, and is here prisint on the end of this nate little instrumnt, and it was the noise I made in dhrawing it, and nothing else, that you mistook for the sound of the *pogue*."

You know there was no conthra-vening what he said; and the Pope couldn't openly deny it. Howandiver he tried to pick a hole in it this way. "Granting," says he, "that there is the differ you say betwixt the reality of the cork and these cortical accidents; and that it's quite possible, as you allidge, that the thrue cork is really prisint on the end of the shcrew, while the accidents keep the mouth of the bottle stopped—still," says he, "I can't understand, though willing to acquit you, how the dhrawing of the real cork, that's onpalpable and widout accidents, could produce the accident of that sinsible explosion I heard jist now."

"All I can say," says his Riv'ence, "is, that it was a rale accident, any how."

"Ay," says the Pope, "the kiss you gev Eliza, you mane."

"No," says his Riv'ence, "but the report I made."

"I don't doubt you," says the Pope.

"No cork could be dhrew with less noise," says his Riv'ence.

"It would be hard for any thing to be less nor nothing, barring algebra," says the Pope.

"I can prove to the conthrary," says his Riv'ence. "This glass of whiskey is less nor that tumbler of punch, and that tumbler of punch is nothing to this jug of *scaltheen*."

"Do you judge by superficial measure or by the liquid contents?" says the Pope.

"Don't stop me, betwixt my premisses and my conclusion," says his Riv'ence; "*Ergo*, this glass of whiskey is less nor nothing; and for that raison I see no harm in life in adding it to the contents of the same jug, just by way of a frost-nail."

"Adding what's less nor nothing," says the Pope, "is subtraction according to algebra, so here goes to make the rule good," says he, filling his tumbler wid the blessed stuff, and sitting down again at the table, for the anger didn't stay two minits on him, the good-hearted ould sowl.

"Two minuses makes one plus," says his Riv'ence, as ready as you please, "and that'll account for the increased daycrement I mane to take the liberty of producing in the same mixed quantity," says he, follying his Holiness's epistolical example.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "that's the best stuff I ever tasted; you call it a mix'd quantity, but I say it's prime."

"Since it's of the first ordher, then," says his Riv'ence, "we'll have the less deffeequility in reducing it to a simple equation."

"You'll have no fractions at my side any how," says the Pope. "Faix, I'm afeared," says he, "it's only too aisy of solution our sum is like to be."

"Never fear for that," says his Riv'ence, "I've a good stock of surds here in the bottle; for I tell you it will take us a long time to extract the root of it, at the rate we're going on."

"What makes you call the blessed quart an irrational quantity?" says the Pope.

"Becase it's too much for one and too little for two," says his Riv'ence.

"Clear it of its cosficient, and we'll thry," says the Pope.

"Hand me over the exponent then," says his Riv'ence.

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"The schrew, to be sure," says his Riv'ence.

"What for?" says the Pope.

"To dhraw the cork," says his Riv'ence.

"Sure the cork's dhrew," says the Pope.

"But the sperits can't get out on account of the accidents that's stuck in the neck ov the bottle," says his Riv'ence.

"Accident ought to be passable to sperit," says the Pope, "and that makes me suspect that the reality ov the cork's in it afther all."

"That's a barony-masia," says his Riv'ence, "and I'm not bound to answer it. But the fact is, that it's the accidents ov the sperits too that's in it, and the reality's passed out through the cortical species as you say; for, you may have observed, we've both been in real good sperits ever since the cork was dhrawn, and

where else would the real sperits come from if they wouldn't come out ov the bottle?"

"Well then," says the Pope, "since we've got the reality, there's no use troubling ourselves wid the accidents."

"Oh, begad," says his Riv'ence, "the accidents is very essential too; for a man may be in the best ov good sperits, as far as his immaterial part goes, and yet need the accidental qualities ov good liquor to hunt the sinsible thirst out ov him." So he dhraws the cork in earnest, and sets about brewing the other skillet ov *scaltheen*; but, faix, he had to get up the ingredients this time by the hands ov ould Moley; though devil a taste ov her little finger he'd let widin a yard ov the same coction.

But, my dear, here's the *Freeman's Journal*, and we'll see what's the news afore we finish the residuary proceedings of their two Holinesses.

CHAPTER V.

THE REASON WHY FATHER TOM WAS NOT MADE A CARDINAL.

Hurroo, my darlings!—didn't I tell you it 'ud never do? Success to bould John Tuam and the ould siminary ov Pirdramore! Oh, more power to your Grace every day you rise, 'tis you that has broken their Boord into shivers undher your feet! Sure, and isn't it a proud day for Ireland, this blessed feast ov the choir ov Saint Pether? Isn't Carlisle and Whately smashed to pieces, and their whole college of swaddling teachers knocked into sneidhereers. John Tuam, your sowl, has tuck his pastoral staff in his hand and beathen them out o' Connaught as fast as ever Pathric druve the sarpints into Clew Bay. Poor ould Mat Kevanagh, if he was alive this day, 'tis he would be the happy man. "My curse upon their g'ographies and Bibles," he used to say; "where's the use ov perplexing the poor childre wid what we don't undherstand ourselves?" no use at all, in troth, and so I said from the first myself. Well, thank God and his Grace, we'll have no more thrigonometry nor scripther in Connaught. We'll hould our lodges every Saturday night, as we used to do, wid our chairman behind the masher's desk, and we'll hear our mass every Sunday

morning wid the blessed priest standing afore the same. I wisht to goodness I hadn't parted wid my Seven Champions ov Christendom and Freney the Robber; they're books that'll be in great request in Leithrim as soon as the pastoral gets wind. Glory be to God! I've done wid their leathers—they may all go and be d—d wid their consumption and production. I'm off to Tullymactaggart before daylight in the morning, where I'll thry whether a sod or two o' turf can't consume a cart-load ov heresy, and whether a weekly meeting ov the lodge can't produce a new thayory ov rints. But afore I take my lave ov you, I may as well finish my story about poor Father Tom that I hear is coming up to chate the heretics in Adam and Eve during the Lint.

The Pope—and indeed it ill became a good Catholic to say any thing agin him—no more would I, only that his Riv'ence was in it—but you see the fact ov it is, that the Pope was as envious as ever he could be, at seeing himself sacked right and left by Father Tom; and bate out o' the face, the way he was, on every science and subjee' that was started. So, not to be outdone altogether, he says to his

Riv'rence, " You're a man that's fond ov the brute crayation, I hear, Misther Maguire ? "

" I don't deny it," says his Riv'rence, " I've dogs that I'm willing to run agin any man's, ay, or to match them agin any other dogs in the world for genteel edication and polite manners," says he.

" I'll hould you a pound," says the Pope, " that I've a quadhruped in my possession that's a wiser baste nor any dog in your kennel."

" Done," says his Riv'rence, and they staked the money.

" What can this larned quadhruped o' yours do?" says his Riv'rence.

" It's my mule," says the Pope, " and, if you were to offer her goolden oats and clover off the meadows o' Paradise, sorra taste ov aither she'd let pass her teeth till the first mass is over every Sunday or holiday in the year."

" Well, and what 'ud you say if I showed you a baste ov mine," says his Riv'rence, " that, instead ov fasting till first mass is over only, fasts out the whole four-and-twenty hours ov every Wednesday and Friday in the week as reg'lar as a Christian?"

" Oh, be asy, Masther Maguire," says the Pope.

" You don't b'lieve me, don't you?" says his Riv'rence, " very well, I'll soon show you whether or no," and he put his knuckles in his mouth, and gev a whistle that made the Pope stop his fingers in his ears. The aycha, my dear, was hardly done playing wid the cobwebs in the cornish, when the door flies open, and in jumps Spring. The Pope happened to be sitting next the door, betuxt him and his Riv'rence, and, may I never die, if he didn't clear him, thruple crown and all, at one spring. " God's presence be about us ! " says the Pope, thinking it was an evil spirit come to fly away wid him for the lie that he had told in regard ov his mule (for it was nothing more nor a thrick that consisted in grazing the brute's teeth) : bnt, seeing it was only one ov the greatest beauties ov a greyhound that he'd ever laid his epistological eyes on, he soon recovered ov his fright, and began to pat him, while Father Tom ris and went to the sideboard, where he cut a slice ov pork, a slice ov beef, a slice ov mut-ton, and a slice ov salmon, and put them all on a plate thegither. " Here, Spring, my man," says he, setting the

plate down afore him on the hearth-stone, " here's your supper for you this blessed Friday night." Not a word more he said nor what I tell you ; and, you may believe it or not, but it's the blessed truth that the dog, afther jist tasting the salmon, and spitting it out again, lifted his nose out o' the plate, and stood wid his jaws wather-ing, and his tail wagging, looking up in his Riv'rence's face, as much as to say, " Give me your absolution, till I hide them temptations out o' my sight."

" There's a dog that knows his duty," says his Riv'rence ; " there's a baste that knows how to conduct himself aither in the parlour or the field. You think him a good dog, looking at him here : but I wish't you seen him on the side ov Sleeve-an-Eirin ! Be my soul, you'd say the hill was running away from undher him. Oh I wish't you had been wid me," says he, never letting on to see the dog stale, " one day, last Lent, that I was coming from mass. Spring was near a quarther ov a mile behind me, for the childher was delaying him wid bread and butther at the chapel door ; when a lump ov a hare jumped out ov the plantations ov Grouse Lodge and ran across the road ; so I gev the whiloo, and knowing that she'd take the rise ov the hill, I made over the ditch, and up through Mullagheashel as hard as I could pelt, still keeping her in view, but afore I had gone a perch, Spring seen her, and away the two went like the wind, up Drumrewy, and down Clooneen, and over the river, widout his being able onc't to turn her. Well, I run on till I come to the Diffagher, and through it I went, for the wather was low and I didn't mind being wet shod, and out on the other side, where I got up on a ditch, and seen sich a coorse, as I'll be bound to say was never seen afore or since. If Spring turned that hare onc't that day, he turned her fifty times, up and down, back and for'ard, throughout and about. At last he run her right into the big quarryhole in Mullaghbawn, and when I went up to look for her fud, there I found him sthretched on his side, not able to stir a foot, and the hare lying about an inch afore his nose as dead as a door-nail, and divil a mark of a tooth upon her. Eh, Spring, isn't that throe?" says he. Jist at that minit the clock athruck twelve, and, before you could say thrap-sticks, Spring had the plate-

ful of mate consoled. "Now," says his Riv'rence, "hand me over my pound, for I've won my bate fairly."

"You'll excuse me," says the Pope, pocketing his money, "for we put the clock half-an-hour back, out ov compliment to your Riv'rence," says he, "and it was Sathurday morning afore he came up at all."

"Well, it's no matther," says his Riv'rence, putting back his pound-note in his pocket-book, "Only," says he, "it's hardly fair to expect a brute baste to be so well skilled in the science ov chronology."

In troth his Riv'rence was badly used in the same bate, for he won it clever; and, indeed, I'm afeard the shabby way he was thrated had some effect in putting it into his mind to do what he did. "Will your Holiness take a blast ov the pipe?" says he, dhrawing out his dhudeen.

"I never smoke," says the Pope, "but I haven't the least objection to the smell of the tobaccay."

"Oh, you had better take a dhraw," says his Riv'rence, "it'll relish the dhrink, that 'ud be too luscious entirely, widout something to flavour it."

"I had thoughts," said the Pope, wid the laste sign ov a hiccup on him, "ov getting up a broiled bone for the same purpose."

"Well," says his Riv'rence, "a broiled bone 'ud do no manner ov harm at this present time; but a smoke," says he, "'ud flavor both the devil and the dhrink."

"What sort o' tobaccay is it that's in it?" says the Pope.

"Raal nagur-head," says his Riv'rence, "a very mild and salubrious species ov the philosophic weed."

"Then, I don't care if I do take a dhraw," says the Pope. Then Father Tom held the coal himself till his Holiness had the pipe lit; and they sat widout saying any thing worth mentioning for about five minutes.

At last the Pope says to his Riv'rence, "I dunna' what gev me this plaguy hiccup," says he. "Dhrink about," says he—"Begorra," he says, "I think I'm getting merrier 'an's good for me. Sing us a song, your Riv'rence," says he.

Father Tom then sung him Monat-agrenage and the Bunch o' Rushes, and he was mighty well pleased wid both, keeping time wid his hands, and

joining in in the choruses, when his hiccup 'ud let him. At last, my dear, he opens the lower buttons ov his waistcoat, and the top one ov his waistband, and calls to Masther Anthony to lift up one ov the windys. "I dunna what's wrong wid me, at all, at all," says he, "I'm mortal sick."

"I thrust," says his Riv'rence, "the pasthry that you ate at dinner hasn't disagreed wid your Holiness's stomach."

"Oh my! oh!" says the Pope, "what's this at all?" gasping for breath, and as pale as a sheet, wid a could swate bursting out over his forehead, and the palms ov his hands spread out to cotch the air. "Oh my! oh my!" says he, "fetch me a basin!—Don't spake to me. Oh!—oh!—blood alive!—Oh, my head, my head, hould my head!—oh!—ubh!—I'm poisoned!—ach!"

"It was them plaguy pasthries," says his Riv'rence. "Hould his head hard," says he, "and clap a wet cloth over his temples. If you could only thry another dhraw o' the pipe, your Holiness, it 'ud set you to rights in no time."

"Carry me to bed," says the Pope, "and never let me see that wild Irish priest again. I'm poisoned by his manes—ubplsch!—ach!—ach!—He dined wid Cardinal Wayld yesther-day," says he, "and he's bribed him to take me off. Send for a confessor," says he, "for my latther end's approaching. My head's like to split—so it is!—Oh my! oh my!—ubplsch!—ach!"

Well, his Riv'rence never thought it worth his while to make him an answer; but, when he seen how ungratefully he was used, afther all his throuble in making the evening agreeable to the ould man, he called Spring, and put the but-end ov the second bottle into his pocket, and left the house widout once wishing "Good-night, an' plaisant dhrames to you;" and, in troth, not one of *them* axed him to lave them a lock ov his hair.

That's the story as I heard it tould: but myself doesn't b'lieve over one-half of it. Howandiver, when all's done, it's a shame, so it is, that he's not a bishop this blessed day and hour: for, next to the goiant ov Saint Garlath's, he's out and out the cleverest fellow ov the whole jing-bang.

SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE. No. II.

A VISIT TO A VILLAGE OF ATTICA.

ONE of the prettiest rides in the environs of Athens is along the north-eastern part of the plain, and following a very good road which leads to the villages near Mount Pentelicus. This road is a continuation of the principal street of Athens ἡ οδὸς τοῦ Ἑρμοῦ, the street of Hermes or Mercury, which traverses the whole town, running about due east, in a straight line from the angle of the Pnyx to the rising ground on which King Otho is now building his palace. After leaving the precincts of the town the road divides into two branches, one of which ascends the hill of Anchesmus for a short distance, and again turning to the eastward, runs parallel to the lower branch, which winds round the bottom of the hill. A white marble pillar stood where the roads separate, but when the foundations of the palace were laid it was found to be in the way, and was consequently removed. A similar pillar still stands a few hundred yards higher up the Anchesmus, and the local tradition ascribes them to a remarkable bow-shot of a young Turk, who erected one on the spot where he stood and the other where the arrow fell.

In the middle of the road which leads up the hill, to the left, part of a mosaic pavement is still to be seen, but it is doubtful how long it may remain so, for all the horses and donkeys coming from the villages trot over it daily. The small square stones of different colours of which it is formed are lying about in all directions, evidently knocked off by their hoofs. This neglect is the more remarkable, as great care is taken of most of the antiquities in Greece. So much so, that an Archæological Society has been lately instituted, to which the Government has confided the charge of preserving the existing remains, and of excavating where there is any chance of discovering more. They intend to publish "transactions," and to forward to their honorary members in other countries an account of their progress in their interesting task. It is therefore to be hoped that the wanton mutilations of the magnificent

specimens of ancient Greek sculpture which have excited the hatred of the natives towards such sacrilegious travellers will at length be put a stop to, and that with time even the fallen temples will be restored to their original perfection. The Greeks entertain the most sanguine confidence in the generosity of the English, and venture to hope that when they shall have done all that lies in their power towards the reconstruction of these splendid monuments, the marbles so unwarrantably carried from the Acropolis and deposited in the British Museum will be returned to their rightful owners, in order to complete the work of restoration. In one case there is nothing wanting but a frieze, now in London, to render a small temple lately discovered, that of Wingless Victory, as perfect as it was in the age of Pericles. The Greeks could also find some means of indemnifying the British Government for their pecuniary loss in giving up the Elgin marbles, and so just an act of retribution would render the English name as popular in Greece as that of her Muscovite rival has been.

The conical hill of St George, as it is now called, from a small chapel on its summit dedicated to that saint, is identified by some learned antiquaries with the Anchesmus of Pausanias, and by others with the Lycabettus mentioned by the more ancient writers. It seems, however, probable that both opinions are correct, and that the same hill bore both names at different periods. There is another insulated peak to the west of Anchesmus which might have borne one of the disputed names, but being considerably lower and less abrupt in appearance, it could hardly be of so much interest as that ascribed to Lycabettus and Anchesmus. The Greeks call it ἡ σχιστὴ πέτρα, or "the split stone," from its peculiar form, being severed from the top to the bottom of the rocky part; but it is to be feared that it will not long retain its picturesque outline, as a considerable portion of it has been already quarried for building the palace, and the work of destruction is likely to be

carried on. It is certainly a most wanton piece of sacrilege thus to destroy one of the most marked features in the classic environs of Athens, when stone might have been procured from the rocks near the Stadium at very little additional expense. A Greek had purchased from the Turks the few fields that surround this rock, and is now showing his want of taste and patriotism by quarrying and selling the stone. The Government not only suffers this mutilation, but encourages it by buying the stone.

Some vestiges of the Roman aqueducts which led water from Mount Pentelicus to Athens are easily discovered, on two parts of the sloping sides of the hill of St George, but the proprietors of the thin soil on the southern side have searched in vain for the spring which once existed near its peaked summit. Its discovery would very much increase the value of their land, and be of infinite benefit to the town, as the water with which it is now supplied comes from a great distance, and is far from being good. It is interesting to trace the connexion between the descriptions given of certain spots by the ancient writers and the actual appearance they now offer. For instance, this same sloping side of the hill is cited by Socrates as a specimen of barren and arid soil, and he compares the possession of useless property with that of a freehold on this very spot, which still retains the same characteristics. The Russian Consul is now the proprietor of the southern side, but he does not seem to be of the same opinion as the old philosopher, for he has been at considerable expense in planting it with vineyards. The position may be good, and it is true that the best wine is made from grapes grown on elevated land, but the judgment of Socrates is more likely to prove correct in this instance than that of his countryman the Consul, who is a Greek. The latter has not built walls to keep up the earth in terraces: it is therefore impossible for the soil to remain, the slope being so great that each heavy shower of rain which falls, after the vineyards have been hoed, will wash down a portion of it until the roots of the vine stocks are literally thrown out of the ground.

A few hundred yards further on

stands the monastery of *'Ασκηματα*, "the bodyless," or spiritual, which commands a magnificent view of the Acropolis and town of Athens, with the Egean Sea and its islands, backed by the opposite coast of the Peloponessus. The Greek convents are invariably found in the finest situations, most of them having existed previously to the invasion of the Turks, who would otherwise have appropriated them, being excellent judges of a good position. This monastery has been converted into a powder magazine; as there were not more than four or five monks belonging to it, they were attached to another in the neighbourhood equally thinly inhabited. A decree has been passed, by which all convents not containing more than twenty monks or nuns are suppressed and their property declared national, while their inmates are transferred to other religious establishments. This is a most judicious measure, as too much property was monopolized by these useless members of society. Like every other act deserving of praise, it emanated from these administrators who were removed from the country in order to prevent their shackling the gigantic strides of the Count Armansperg towards the improvement of Greece. There was naturally a violent contest between the two abbots regarding the supremacy of the convent formed by the amalgamation of those of *Asomatos* and *Kaisariani*, which latter is to receive the few remaining monks of the former. The superior of *Kaisariani* is a handsome man about forty, who, during the Revolution, merged the tranquil occupations of the cloister in the chivalrous but bloody career of the Guerilla Chief, by doffing the cowl and cassock, and assuming the warlike foustanelle. He led the retainers of the monastery against the Turks, and on several occasions distinguished himself as a capitano; the cross of knighthood of the order of the Saviour has been bestowed on him by the King. The superior of the convent of *Asomatos* is an Athenian of the most dignified and mild manners, which contrast strongly with the burly and swaggering address of the other. He bears the name of *Petrakis*, or Peter, which is that of the founder of the convent, and which the abbot is obliged to assume; the Greek

monks, like those of the Roman Catholic countries, always changing their names on quitting their former position in society. It is supposed that Petrakis will be the successful candidate.

Immediately below the monastery of Asomatos, which does not boast of any building worthy of notice except a church, the monks possessed a large garden, extending to the bottom of the hill where the Ilissus *once* flowed, for here there is now not one drop of water in its gravelly bed. Half-a-mile farther down, where the ravine separates the ancient stadium from the Protestant cemetery, which has lately been walled in, there is a little water in the bed of the river, oozing through the pebbles, and supplying the celebrated fountain of Calirhoe. Soon after passing the monastery, the road enters an olive grove, which occupies a little dell between Anchesmus and Mount Hymettus, whose grey flanks rise in barren nakedness, and bound the plain of Athens to the south-east. This mountain was formerly wooded to the very top, and would soon be so again, if the shepherds were prevented from lighting fires at night, which too often spread and rapidly consume the young trees. This want of wood is probably the cause of the disappearance of the water of the Ilissus, and of many other streams, the dry courses of which still exist. There are several gardens and summer-houses in this olive grove, which belong to citizens of Athens, and which surround a spring of clear water brought from the hill, which fills a marble basin in front of a ruined church. This spot is called *oi Ampeloikoipoi*, or the wine-gardens. The road continues to run in a north-easterly direction, and nearly parallel to the Hymettan range. On the side of the road a line of built pits like wells, at about ten yards distance from each other, can be traced for several miles, being the conduit which leads the water through the rising ground to the fountain at the Ampeloikoipoi. This primitive aqueduct is of Persian origin, and is constructed by digging pits down to the level of the spring and connecting them by a tunnel, thus leading the stream to the surface on the other slope of the eminence. It is not of very old date in Greece. A bridge

has been erected last year across a ravine on this road, which is now quite fit for carriages. This bridge is not of a very solid description, being merely formed of two buttresses of mason-work with larch beams thrown across them, and boarded; gravel is strowed over the whole, and two wooden balustrades are placed at the sides. This is always a step towards improvement, though not a very perfect work; and, when this bridge breaks down, a better will probably be built in its place.

From this point the road continues gently descending for about two miles, till it crosses one of the three branches of the Cephissus, which unite on the other side of the range of low hills, rising in the centre of the plain, and terminating to the south-west in the conical rock of Anchesmus. These hills are called by the Greeks the *Turkobonnia*, or Turkish hills, from the circumstance of the Turks having been proprietors of the land on their sides. From the Ampeloikoipoi to this branch of the Cephissus, the road traverses a barren and waste country, covered with wild thyme, but without a single tree, and which continues from the *Turkobonnia* to Hymettus. This branch of the Cephissus comes from the Monastery of Penteli, and passing the village of Chaloudri, whose gardens it irrigates, it takes a westerly course, and runs close under the convent of Calogresa, where the centre branch, coming from Marousi, joins it. It then winds round the foot of the *Turkobonnia*, and, passing under the arches of the Roman aqueduct, which are still standing, it falls into the main branch of this river, which comes from near Kephissia.

After crossing the little stream the road begins rising gradually towards Mount Pentelicus. On the right lies Chaloudri, almost hid from the road by the grove of olive trees, in the centre of which the village is situated; and, on the left, lies the old nunnery, with its lofty walls and gigantic poplar trees, in the picturesque vale across which the aqueduct stretches. The village of Marousi, being the capital of the Demos, appears in front, embedded in an extensive olive wood,—separated from that of Chaloudri by an open space of about two miles, which is one continued vineyard, belonging to the peasants of the two villages. Half a mile to the west of Marousi rises the ruined tower of a

monastery, which occupies an eminence bearing the name of Pellica; and, to the north, on the summit of this gentle ascent, are seen the houses of Kephissia, a village at which the Turks were in the habit of spending the hot months of summer. Before entering the olive wood the road passes close to a small village belonging to an Athenian proprietor, whose sister was the wife of the British consular agent in Athens during the revolution. Being a Greek, this agent found the means of preserving the lives of many of his countrymen in the village, by hoisting the English flag on one of the towers, which was the portion of his wife, the village and property having been divided between the brother and sister. Thus any Greeks who were pursued by Turks in the neighbourhood found refuge in this village, as the consular flags were generally respected by both parties. It is called Logotheti, from the name, or rather function, of its former owner, whose family name had been dropt, and he was usually called by the title of his office, which was that of magistrate. After passing the centre branch of the Cephissus the road enters the olive wood, and soon reaches the village of Marousi, which is about six English miles from Athens. Here the sombre and monotonous foliage of the olive grove surrounding the village is enlivened by the brighter green of the mulberry and fruit trees which are cultivated in the gardens. A few stately poplars and a cypress or two produce a variety which greatly relieves the eye; while the flourishing vineyards, occupying every little open space, display a carefulness of culture rarely to be met with in Greece.

Marousi is situated on the slope of the lower part of Pentelicus, being the south-western side of a ridge of which Kephissia and Pellica crown the summit, while it shelves gently into the plain to the north-west. The view from the village is not comprehensive, as it is broken in every direction by the irregular eminences at the foot of Pentelicus; but a short walk will present a wide range of landscape on any side. The channel of Eubœa, with the lofty peaks overhanging Carysto, and, farther south, the islands of Andros and Zea, are distinctly visible from a little height;

while, on the other side of Hymettus, the Saronic gulf stretches beyond Egina to the distant Paros and Hydra. The green heights of Pentelicus, with the broad veins of white marble, broken by innumerable quarries opened by the Athenians of old, form a barrier to the north; while the secluded convents, which occupy many of the sheltered recesses on the mountain, vary, with their lofty poplars and oaks towering over the grey buildings, the wild and rugged appearance of the scene. These little oases of this mountain desert are fertilized by the clear springs which find their way through the rich plains of Attica to the gulf of Egina, or to the channel of Eubœa. A small olive grove, belonging to the monastery of Penteli, fills the vacant space on which the ancient town of Gargettos formerly stood, between the foot of Pentelicus and the end of the Hymettus range, which runs at right angles to the other.

To the south-east the principal feature of the view is the village of Chalondri, which lies, with its thick wood of olive trees, in the centre of a rich plain almost covered with vineyards. Behind stands Hymettus, stretching westward till it reaches the Saronic gulf; thus dividing Attica into two plains, the one occupied by Athens, and the other by six villages, which still retain their ancient name, the Mesogala. Near the northern extremity of Hymettus a monastery, whose church is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, situated on the very backbone of the mountain, commands a most extensive view of both the plains. The platform on which it stands is so narrow, that the precipitous sides of the hill shelve rapidly down from the very foot of the walls, barely leaving room even for a goat to pass round them. In front of the gate there grows a single poplar, whose branches are torn in every direction by the violent winds which are constantly rushing over their elevated thoroughfare from one plain to the other. On a lofty peak, higher up the mountain, a lonely tower is perched, where it would seem impossible for any human being to exist; yet this was the penitentiary of the monastery. Here the self-accusing monks were in the habit of passing weeks and months in solitary fasting and prayer. This con-

vent is not now inhabited, and has consequently become national property. Two other monasteries of some importance are situated on Hymettus, Kaisariani, and Kara, but they are not seen from Marousi.

Marousi is supposed to be the ancient hamlet of Athmonum, of which Artemis Amarusias was the tutelary deity, and the name of the modern village is a corruption of the latter epithet. Few antiquities have been found in the neighbourhood, and none of any interest except, perhaps, an inscription which marks the boundary of the sacred precincts of the temple of Artemis Amarusias; thus placing beyond the slightest doubt the identity of Marousi with the ancient Athmonum, which was nearly proved by many remarkable coincidences before it was found. Many sarcophagi have been found, as well as sepulchral reliefs, representing the usual figures, namely, one sitting and holding the hand of another standing; and, in many places, ancient foundations have been discovered which would indicate, from their extent, that the village had once been of considerable size. The Athmonians were celebrated for their skill in cultivating vineyards; and the modern Marousiotes, whether they really are their descendants or not, have most certainly the same reputation. But this may also arise from the favourable nature of the soil for vine culture, and the degree of attention consequently bestowed on the subject. The respect for Artemis, or Diana, the goddess of chastity, has unfortunately not been handed down with the knowledge of vine-dressing; for, in the year 1836, four cases of infanticide occurred in Marousi, and the municipal authorities found it advisable to impress on the minds of three other fair Marousiotes the criminal nature of so unnatural a resource. There is a tumulus on the plain to the east of the olive wood, but its history and object have never been ascertained. Most of the small churches, of which there are forty or fifty in the neighbourhood, are either built on ancient marble foundations, or have square polished blocks stuck in their walls, being in general erected on the site of an ancient temple. In one instance the altar of a small chapel is formed of the stump of a column, supporting a marble slate, on

which there is a long and very perfect inscription; but, unfortunately, it has been turned upside down, and the bigoted Greeks will not allow it to be moved, in order that it may be read.

This is the church of St Demetrius, and being fully a quarter of a mile from the village, the bodies of the victims to the plague, which ravaged Marousi towards the end of the last century, were interred around it, while the vows of the living relatives of the sick were offered at the same shrine. These circumstances render this little church an object of superstitious awe, which will probably deprive the learned world of the purport of the inscription.

A white marble basin into which the copious spring of clear water which forms the wealth of the villagers empties itself, is the only other object of antiquity to be seen at Marousi; but as yet no excavations have been made, though there is every chance of their being attended with success, on the sites of the ancient temples. This basin proves, however, the existence of this spring before the taste for sculpture had been lost in Greece, and it was probably the centre of attraction to the ancient peasants, and their first motive for building on the spot, as running water is unfortunately not very easily found in Greece, and is an object of the greatest value, both for watering the live-stock and for irrigating the land. This spring is, happily for Marousi, particularly abundant, and of the most limpid purity, thus affording to the villagers the enjoyment of one of the greatest luxuries in summer, and considerably increasing the value of their land. Before the Revolution this village was supposed to possess about a thousand inhabitants, who wore the foustanela, and spoke the Albanian language among themselves, although most of them could speak Greek. They were unmolested in the practice of their religion, and allowed to elect their own magistrates or municipal functionaries; for the Turks, finding a system of rustic jurisdiction already established, never gave themselves the trouble of interfering with it. This form of village administration was remarkably simple, consisting merely in the election of three of the most experienced and upright of the peasants to transact all the affairs

of the community, and to perform the duties of judges in all disputes. The election took place at a general meeting of all the inhabitants before the church door, at which the village priest presided; and when the votes of the peasants were all collected, the papas declared the names of the chosen demogerontes, or old men of the people, and was himself requested to act as their assistant. The demogerontia, or common council, was then intrusted with the sole charge of the public interests, and the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the village. But not without some degree of responsibility, for in cases of unusual importance the heads of families held consultations, and called a general assembly to depose the chief magistrates when their measures did not meet with approbation. The demogerontes enjoyed no other salary than the voluntary presents of lambs, fowls, or fruit, offered by those who required their assistance. The system of presents had been introduced into Greece by the Turks, and soon became so established a custom that no favour was ever asked from any one without first presenting the *bachtsis*, or bribe, as it may be called, and even now a petition to any of the ministers is generally accompanied by a cask of wine or some such offering. This is unfortunately encouraged by some, though not all, of the highest functionaries, who do not scruple to accept, and, it has been said, even to demand, this tribute, from clergymen asking for livings, or colonels for regiments. There are, however, instances of men in office, chiefly young men, refusing to accept presents, and loudly deprecating the practice. An archbishop, desirous of filling the chair of one of the districts then vacant, debased himself so far as to make a proposal of this nature, no longer ago than last year, to a young employé of the department of ecclesiastical affairs, who was supposed to possess considerable influence, and his holiness, for such is their title in Greece, thought he would insure success by using the mediation of an elderly lady, a near relative of the employé; but, to the honour of the rising generation of Greeks, the gift was rejected with contempt. It was not so with the Turks, for they looked upon these bribes as the honourable emoluments of their situation, without

allowing their favour or judgment to be biased by their acceptance; unless, indeed, there were two candidates for the great man's protection, both Greeks, in which case the higher bidder carried the point. All disputes between the Greeks and the Turks were settled in the most summary way; and when a peasant was inexperienced enough to go before the *cadi* he never got off, however good his cause might be, without submitting to his opponent, and paying besides a heavy fine to the judge. The Greeks were, therefore, in the habit of yielding all points of discussion with the Turks, as they by this means avoided at least the exactions wrung from them as a payment for the honour of being judged by a Moslem authority.

Most of the property near Marousi belonged to the Turks before the revolution. They possessed gardens, olive trees, vineyards, and corn-land in small detached fields. These lands were cultivated by the Greeks in the following manner. Four oxen being necessary for one plough, in order that they may relieve each other, the Turkish proprietor and the Greek labourer divided the expense of their purchase. The peasant took charge of the oxen, but without knowing which of the pairs belonged to him; and if one died the joint-proprietors replaced him. Thus they were all equally worked and taken care of, which would not have been the case if the Greek had had the sole possession of one pair. For so long as the oxen of the Turk could stand, they would invariably have done all the work, while those of the labourer would have had the rations of the four. The seed was provided by the proprietor, and sown by the labourer, or colleague, as he was called, and the produce was, or ought to have been, equally divided between the Greek and the Turk, the slave and the tyrant. Their relative positions would leave little doubt as to the possession of the "lion's share," were it not recollected that the natural consequence of any attempt at injustice and rapacity on one side must be a system of cunning and pilfering on the other. Considering, therefore, the different capacities and activity of the two nations, it is not astonishing if the Greek was as often successful in concealing the amount of the pro-

duce, or adroitly stealing it, as the Turk was in openly grasping at more than his share. In fact, the villagers had no other means of living and supporting their families, as their own properties were of very trifling value, their best olive-trees and vineyards having been illegally wrenched from them by the Turks. The Greek received two-fifths of the produce of the olive-trees, in return for which he was obliged to plough the land on which they stood, and to collect the olives, which were pressed at their joint expense. Most of the olive-trees which surround Marousi, being the property of the Turks, were thus in the hands of the Greek villagers, and as they only held them from year to year, very little cultivation was ever bestowed on them. With their mode of treatment it is impossible for the olive-trees to bear every year, and as the Greeks were never sure of retaining them after a bad crop, the Turks always attributing the deficiency to their want of honesty, and giving them to others, they never incurred the risk of cultivating them, and then seeing the crop carried to the store-houses of their neighbours. The olive-trees were therefore nearly abandoned to nature, and if there ever was a good crop, it was looked upon as a windfall to the peasant who held them at the time.

The vineyards were managed in a different way. Four years of careful cultivation being necessary before any vintage can be expected, the Turks gave a piece of land to the Greeks, which was planted by the latter, and cultivated for seven years, during which period the Turks had nothing to do with it. Thus the peasant enjoyed the full revenue of three years as an indemnification for his labour during the first four, and at the expiry of the seventh year, the vineyard was equally divided between the Turk and the Greek. The latter then became the undisturbed proprietor of his half until the vine-stocks were too old to bear, which was usually for fifty or sixty years. In some cases the wily Greek prevailed upon the turbaned lord of the soil to alienate the half of the soil for ever, and to make him, *bona fide* proprietor of it; and this was the more easy, as the vineyards were always detached fields; and the compactness of the property was not, therefore, injured by this division.

Many Greeks were of opinion that the Turks were indifferent as to securing to themselves or their heirs, at a remote period of the future, the possession of land in Greece, from a consciousness that the day was at hand when this country would cease to form a part of the Turkish empire. However this may be, it is an undoubted fact, that the Mahometans never felt a real right to any property west of the Bosphorus, and that they constantly look forward to being obliged to retire into Asia Minor, which they regard as their home. They have popular prophecies which foretell the loss of Constantinople. In Greece this feeling was strongly marked on the part of the Turks by their precipitate attempts to dispose of their lands the very first year the revolution broke out.

The gardens at Marousi were held by the Greeks on the simple contract to divide the produce equally with the Turks, who were less afraid of being cheated by their gardeners than by any of their other labourers, on account of their frequently passing a few months in the year in the square towers invariably seen in a Turkish garden. The Turkish proprietors of the land at Marousi always lived in Athens, and from their proverbial indolence, knew little of what was going on at the village, while those who possessed gardens took refuge under the cool shade of the walnut or fig-trees from the scorching heat of the dog-days in Athens. The Turks also possessed bee-hives and flocks of sheep and goats, which proved a less disturbed source of profit to the Greeks from the constant migration necessary in that climate; the sheep-folds and apiaries being artfully placed in distant spots difficult of access, and easily removed when the Turkish obstinacy prompted the proprietor to watch his shepherds or colleagues. The Turk who wished to invest money in this way purchased sheep or bee-hives, and gave them in charge to the peasants, who paid to him all or any part they chose of the annual produce until the whole value of their purchase had been refunded, which generally happened at the end of the third year, as the return of these speculations was about 33 per cent. The flocks or bee-hives were then equally divided between the peasants and the Turks,

whose partnership was then dissolved. If the proprietor had had the luck to procure tolerably honest peasants, he generally found himself in possession of a number equal to his original venture, as live stock in Greece are supposed to be doubled in three years; he then made the same agreement with other Greeks, and so continued receiving this high interest for his money. The Turks are, however, not in general disposed to speculate, and in most cases where they thus invested capital, they had been persuaded into doing so by the more cunning and insinuating Greeks. Breeding mares and cows were speculations into which the Turks never entered, as their only produce being foals and calves, it required particular attention to prevent the disappearance of the young. The Greek monks were the principal owners of the herds of Attica, although an old Turk Dervish, Emin Aga, formed a striking exception to the lazy caution of his countrymen, as he possessed about 500 cows, which grazed on the lower part of the plain of Athens. But this singular man was in the habit of attending them himself, and sleeping in the open air to prevent the herdsmen from stealing the young calves. He was very rich, and owed his wealth to the care he took of his property. His breed of cows was the finest in Greece, and was much sought after by the Atticans, from their having been bred in the country, which insured them against the accidents attendant on the introduction of cattle from other provinces. This old Turk lost the greater part of his valuable herd during the revolution, when they served as provisions to both of the contending armies.

During the revolution the village of Marousi lost at least two-thirds of its population, and many of the houses were burnt down. The vineyards were destroyed by the want of cultivation, the peasants having found it impossible to resume their agricultural labours during the short intervals of comparative tranquillity, and a great proportion of the olive-trees were burnt by the Turks. The live-stock of every description was totally exterminated, having been hunted down by the soldiery, and the limited number of the villagers who survived the bloody struggle for independence

were too weak to resist the predatory incursions of the formidable bands of brigands who continued to overrun the country till the arrival of the king. Almost all of the Marousiotes who were capable of bearing arms were either serving in Athens, alternately besieging and besieged, or following their capitanei to the other districts where the war of extermination was raging. The old men, women, and children were, in the mean-time, frequently obliged to take refuge in the woods and precipitous mountains from the brutal cruelty of the marauding parties of Turks. One instance will suffice to convey an adequate impression of the horrible sufferings endured by these unfortunate villagers. The adventures of a poor widow, now living at Marousi, cannot certainly fall far short of the climax of human sufferings, and there is hardly a village in Greece in which similar horrors have not taken place. She was the wife of a gardener, and mother of three boys, the youngest of whom was still in arms in 1823, at which time she could not have passed her thirtieth year, and was still regarded as one of the handsomest women in Marousi. The small-pox had been raging in the village at the time, and her husband and two eldest sons had been dangerously ill for several days. She had herself escaped the contagion, and had succeeded in preventing her youngest child from taking it, when she was awake before daylight one morning by an unusual noise and bustle in the village. She opened the door of her house, which was, and still is, in a garden at a little distance from the other cottages, and saw a number of villagers hurrying along the road which leads to the hill, one of whom, attracted by the stream of light issuing from the open door, called to her to make haste, for the Turks were upon them. Petrified by this appalling intelligence, and fearing that she was too late to escape from their well-known brutality, the poor woman had scarcely presence of mind and strength sufficient to raise her dying husband and tie him on the wooden saddle of the donkey, which was happily grazing near the door. She succeeded in placing her two sick boys on the knees of their father, who feebly attempted to support them; while snatching up her youngest child in her arms, and

arming herself with a long rod, by dint of blows and shouts she forced the donkey to its quickest pace. Much time had, however, been lost, and the other fugitives were far in front; but as yet there was no appearance of pursuit, the predatory Turks being still engaged in ransacking the abandoned houses. The wretched family had continued to advance for more than half an hour, in the hope of reaching the grotto of Pentelicus, when the day began to dawn, and the trembling wife distinctly descried a party of horsemen galloping after them. There was now but little chance of escape; the dying man was roused by the groan of despair which followed this sad conviction on the mind of his wife, who was tottering and staggering from fatigue. The weight of the child in her arms, and her constant efforts to increase the speed of their flight, had exhausted the strength of the poor woman, and when her husband with difficulty raised his head, he remarked her feeble and uncertain steps, and feeling that he had not long to live, he pressed his despairing wife to abandon him and take his place on the donkey. A short refusal was the only answer to this appeal, and even that was almost drowned by the shouts of the approaching Turks. The sick man's head fell back with a heavy groan, and when the distracted wife withdrew her terrified glance from their dreaded pursuers, she was struck with the change in the expression of his countenance, and a closer examination soon convinced her that she was a widow. But this was no time to give way to grief, for the lives of the three boys still depended on her exertions. After continuing for some time to beat the donkey, which began to flag from the weight of his unaccustomed burden, the increasing sounds of the galloping horses convinced her that the Turks had caught sight of the main body of the Greeks, who were about half a mile in front, and were redoubling the ardour of their pursuit. The unhappy woman collected all her remaining strength to bestow one desperate blow on the tired ass. The animal started forward, but the jolt threw one of the sick children from his place, as the arm which had hitherto retained them was now stiff and cold. The idea now struck the wretched widow that by abandoning

the donkey to the Turks their pursuit might be somewhat retarded by their attempts to secure him, and the vicinity of a ruined Christian church immediately decided her proceedings; she led the animal into it, and, carefully depositing her husband's body before the dilapidated altar, she hurriedly made the sign of the cross and returned to the path; here she left the donkey, and seizing her three children, she succeeded in carrying them in her arms for several hundred yards. But even this stratagem seemed likely to fail, for on looking back she saw that the faithful animal had been trotting after her, shaking himself with delight at having been released from his triple load. The poor mother now sobbed with anguish as the conviction forced itself on her that she must abandon one of her children in order to be able to save the other two. With a natural impulse she immediately singled out the youngest child, which she thought might better bear the sufferings of cold and hunger than the two that were already sick. She pressed it once to her bosom, and with that strength which proceeds from despair, she flung the child, which was placidly sleeping, into a low but thick bush, at a moment when she was hid from the view of her dreaded enemies; and summoning up the last remains of her strength and courage, she continued her flight with renewed vigour, carrying one of her boys on each arm. After straining her utmost power for half an hour more, she reached the grotto in safety. She found the other fugitives already hid in its inmost recesses, and trembling with the fear of discovery, well knowing that there was no hope of the pursuit being given up, as these horsemen had been sent to secure some of the villagers, whom they might put to torture, until they declared where their money was deposited. The Greeks were well aware of the Turkish obstinacy, and that it would avail them little to assert the truth, that the frequent plundering of the Turks had left them in positive destitution. Gunshots were heard on the mountain during the whole day, and the shouts and imprecations of the disappointed Delhis struck terror into the hearts of the concealed villagers, who were aware that their exertions in the pursuit would be stimulated by the cer-

tainty that a few of their heads would be struck off were they to return to Marousi without having succeeded in making captives. Late at night, when it was supposed that the Turks had left the mountain, the bereft widow and mother, although almost fainting from fatigue, hunger, and fear, ventured to emerge from the grotto, in search of the child, which she had every reason to think had been sacrificed for the safety of its brothers. It was hardly possible that the child should not have cried, and thus attracted the attention of the Turks, who would undoubtedly have butchered it without mercy. Even had it escaped their notice, there were too many wolves in the hills to allow it much chance of surviving this dreadful day. The mother continued, however, to drag herself on in the direction of the spot where she had thrown it into the brushwood; but she walked more than two hours on the lonely mountain without recognising the place. She shouted, and listened with her ear to the ground, but in vain. Sometimes a faint cry made her start and hurry on, but she was soon disappointed by the rising of an owl or a hawk. About midnight she sat down on some loose stones, unable to proceed any farther, and groaned in the misery of her heart. A short growl startled her, and looking round, she distinctly saw, in the pale moonlight, the gaunt form and glaring eyes of a dog or wolf, she knew not which, apparently disturbed in some unhal- lowed meal. The idea instantly struck her that the fierce animal had preyed on her child, and with a resolution to know the worst, she arose and advanced, expecting to find the mangled remains of her infant between his frightful jaws. She had not proceeded many steps before she stumbled and fell over a soft, an unresisting mass, which lay on the ground; and, on recovering from the shock, she recognised the ruined chapel where she had deposited her husband's corpse, over which she had fallen. She started up and rushed on, with the sole recollection that the spot was not far distant where she had left her child; and her precipitation was increased by the thought of the wolf or wild dog which had evidently been gnawing the dead body. She reached the bush, and found her child tranquilly sleeping

where she had left him. He was cold, but his regular respiration proved that he was well. The now happy mother returned to the grotto, but her joy was soon damped on finding that the covering, which she had laid over her sick boys, had been stolen by some of her countrymen, and that they were both dead, probably of cold, which would prove fatal in their state of disease.

After staying ten days in the grotto, the Marousiotes, pressed by hunger and want, descended to the village which had been evacuated by the Turks. The widow, with her sole remaining child, returned to her cottage, and lived quietly for two years. But her trials were not over; for, in 1825, she had left her son asleep in the cottage, and having locked the door she set out to gather mulberry leaves for her silk worms at some distance from the village. She was absent about three hours, and on her way back she met a party of mounted Turks, who had evidently passed through Marousi. She hid herself behind some trees on the roadside, in hopes that they would pass on without seeing her.

They advanced merrily, and the mother's horror may be conceived when she recognised the features of her son, on a child's head, stuck on the staff above the crescent, borne by the foremost of the party. The Turks had plundered the village, and finding nothing in her cottage, had murdered her child. The poor woman escaped without notice, and returning home found the headless trunk of her son on the threshold of her house. She survived these dreadful misfortunes, and is now living in the garden of an English landholder at Marousi, which she takes care of. Such temporary flights from their village were frequently the only means of saving the lives of the women and children of the Marousiotes, and were the cause of the destruction of much of their property.

The ruin and devastation of this unfortunate village was completed when part of the Seraskier's army being encamped at the neighbouring village of Kephisia, Marousi was totally deserted by its inhabitants, who, having found their hiding-places in the vicinity now dangerously insecure, emigrated to the islands of Egina and Salamis, where many of them remained for several years in a state of great poverty and distress. The ge-

neral dilapidation into which this once flourishing village had, therefore, fallen during the revolution, was such as to destroy all chance its inhabitants could have of ever re-establishing their agricultural resources on the productive footing which they had formerly enjoyed, were it not for the fortunate ratification of the protocol by which the Turks were enabled to sell their possessions. Many Greeks who had realized considerable fortunes in commerce, and also some capitalists of other nations, were thus induced to take advantage of the favourable opportunity which then presented itself of investing money in the purchase of land, the Turks being anxious to dispose of their estates at any price. Marousi, from its vicinity to Athens, the future capital, and the beauty and salubrity of its position, was naturally one of the spots most sought after. The villagers were then employed as day-labourers by the new proprietors, and taking advantage of the scarcity of population, they demanded and obtained the most exorbitant wages. Being naturally a sober and temperate people, and having been accustomed for some years to the most scanty fare, they lived on almost nothing, and thus realized considerable savings. With great foresight they immediately invested their money in the plantation of vineyards, which give a very large return in that neighbourhood. They lived in the most frugal manner for three or four years, during which their vineyards required much attention, but as yet yielded nothing. Their cottages were patched up in the most imperfect way, in order to afford some shelter in the depth of winter, for in that favoured climate none is necessary during at least two-thirds of the year. The walls were built up without mortar by the villagers themselves,

while reeds and branches were thrown over them to form a crazy sort of roof, which served as a shade from the heat of summer if it did not keep out the rain. For the last two years, however, since their vintages have been abundant and valuable, the appearance of the village has been quite different. It contains about two hundred houses, one-sixth of which are of two stories, and the remainder long, low cottages, with clay floors. The church has been repaired and enlarged by general subscription; and there are five shops, which combine the attributes of coffeehouses and grocery warehouses, while three substantial houses have been built by the proprietors of the gardens, which they bought from the Turks, whose square towers have entirely disappeared.

Altogether, Marousi offers an aspect of comfort and wellbeing rarely to be seen in Greece, few ruins having been allowed to remain in the village, and but little land in the neighbourhood left uncultivated. Marousi is the capital of the Demas, and the seat of the municipal administration, according to the late organization. The Demas has assumed the name of Amarysia, and contains three large villages, and several convents, and *Tchiftliks*, as the Turkish farms were called. Marousi, being the largest of the villages, possesses a population of four hundred and fifty inhabitants, of whom two hundred are capable of bearing arms, so much has the proportion of women and children been reduced by the war. Chaloudri, lying about two miles to the south-west, contains fifty houses, and about one hundred and fifty inhabitants; and Kephisia, which is situated on an eminence half-a-mile to the north-east, consists of thirty-five houses, containing about one hundred souls.

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS.

YE Muses Nine, that dwell upon the sacred Hill of Helicon,
 Inspire me, while with tablets on my knees, I sing the glory
 Of a dire conflict; such emprise as Mars the tumult-gatherer eyes
 Delighted, Oh! that all on earth would listen to my story—
 When the Mice in martial might against the Frogs went forth to fight,
 Imitating earth-born-giant-men in deeds laborious:
 How their quarrel first began, as through mankind the rumour ran—
 So will I tell the wondrous Tale of their attempt victorious.

There was a Mouse went down to slake his thirst within the limpid lake,
 Escaped the talons of grimalkin grim, that sore had press'd him;
 And while well pleased he dipp'd within his whiskers and his downy chin,
 A Frog, the Beauty of the Lake, first saw, and thus address'd him.
 "Who art thou, friend? Why com'st this way? tell me thy father's name, I
 pray?"

Falsehood I readily detect—so be thy speech reality.
 And if thou art a noble Mouse, I'll take thee to our Royal House,
 And give thee many gifts besides becoming hospitality.
 A king am I—and Puffercheek my name, of all this lake, bay, creek,
 And pool the Lord, I govern Frogs above, and Frogs below;
 My father, of the Muddy-race, begat me out of Watergrace,
 When he embraced her amorous upon the banks of Po.
 And, or I much mistake the thing, I would pronounce thee too a king,
 Right puissant, sceptre-bearing, battle-brave, and glorious.

So, pr'ythee, now be plain with me, recount thy genealogy."

Then gravely Pilfergrain replied—"Why tell what's so notorious?
 What gods above, and men below, and all the wing'd creation know.

As for my name 'tis Pilfergrain, and Breadeater the Great
 My father is, and I'm his heir—my mother is the daughter fair
 Of mighty Bacongna the King, the gentle Lick-a-cate
 She brought me forth in hole close shut, and fed my mouseling days with nut
 And fig, and store of dainty bits—but let me understand
 How 'tis you would a friendship strike 'twixt us that are nowise alike?
 For whilst you in the water live, I live, like man, on land:
 And what he eats I eat, nor can big-bellied canister nor pan
 Keep me from loaves of daintiest meal thrice sifted from the bin;
 Cloth-covered dumplings, puddings, pies all full of sesamè and spice;
 Slices of ham, nor sweetbreads white without and soft within;
 From the sweet-milk the new-press'd cheese; and, oh! much sweeter than all
 these,

The luscious honey, which the very gods themselves delight in.
 And mine are dainties laid by cooks in pots and pans, on skewers and hooks;
 Festival preparations all—a glutton's tooth inviting.

I'm most courageous, too, for I in battle never yet did fly,
 Amongst the foremost ever wont to rush upon the foe.
 And what though man be huge of limb and brawny? nought care I for him;
 But creeping to his bed, I gnaw his finger or his toe.

And though I take him by the toes, gently, I stir not his repose,
 But sound he sleeps, unconscious of the nibble—so I bite.

But two dread enemies I fear—dread enemies both far and near,
 I tremble whensoever I think of them—the Cat and Kite.

And there's besides the deadly trap awaits us upon some mishap;

But most I hate that hideous, staring, talon-clawing cat,
 That sets her very heart and soul on catching us at every hole.

But who can eat your watery roots, your colewort and all that,
 Your cress, your parsley from the lake, enough to make one's bowels ache?"

Now Puffercheek this much amused—and with a smile, quoth he :—
 “ Good sir, you seem inclined to puff your belly-provender enough,
 And we by land and water too have wondrous things to see.
 Kind Jupiter that made us Frogs, hath made us lords of lands and bogs,
 And an amphibious nature hath benignly pleased to give,
 So that on earth we skip and hop, and would we hide ourselves, we drop
 Under the waves ; thus joyous in both elements we live.
 But would you know our living you have nothing in the world to do
 But mount my back—cling fast, and not a hair of you shall perish.
 You then may see our royal house, and, if an honourable Mouse,
 Will condescend more favourable thoughts of us to cherish.”
 He spake, and gave his back a lift—and Pilfergrain made nimble shift ;
 Sprang on it, holding fast, his arms clung close about his neck ;
 And wondrously well pleased was he, at first, the neighbouring shores to see,
 As if he were a sailor, looking out on land from deck.
 But when his sides the waters splash'd, his courage was a little dash'd ;
 He wail'd his folly—and shed tears for his too late repentance ;
 He tore his hair, his legs beneath his belly press'd, and scarce could breathe ;
 With palpitating heart, he groan'd forth many a broken sentence ;
 His tail dropt down into the wave the motion of a rudder gave,
 He pray'd to all the gods above to land him safe again.
 The water rose around him high, which made him piteously to cry ;
 He thought a thought, and utter'd forth this lamentable strain—
 “ The Bull that once Europa bore, Love's burden, from her native shore,
 Bearing her o'er the world of waters to the land of Crete,
 Enamour'd of her lovely shape, committed not so vile a rape,
 As this bull-frog, that homeward bears me to his watery seat.”
 And now, behold a watersnake, raising his head above the lake,
 A dreadful sight to both to see ; but Puffercheek, his friend
 Deserting, to the bottom went, that for himself he might prevent
 At least, though Pilfergrain might have a miserable end.
 Then sudden, in the water souse, fell down the miserable mouse—
 He clasp'd his hands, and utter'd lamentations loud in death.
 Oft down he sank, and up again by kicking rose, but rose in vain,
 For destiny was ready now to stop his precious breath.
 Wet was his coat, and dragg'd him down—spite of all efforts, he must drown ;
 But Death allow'd him time to breathe these wretched words, his last—
 “ Thou shalt not 'scape, thou Puffercheek ! for this the gods will vengeance
 wreak.
 Thy passenger thou'st drown'd, like man from rock to ocean cast !
 I'd been thy equal well enough, thou knowest, on land, at fisticuff,
 Wrestling, or racing, or aught else—perfidious brute of bogs.
 Thou now hast cast me to the deep,—but, Jove, whose just eye doth not sleep,
 Will send th' whole host of Mice against the abominable Frogs.”
 He spake, and down to death he sank ; but, Lickerplatter on a bank
 Soft-seated saw him—how'd aloud—then quickly sped away,
 And told the Mice what did befall. Then anger seized them one and all,
 And heralds ran about to call to council all the day.
 The heralds did the nation stir unto the hall of Breadeater,
 Father of wretched Pilfergrain, for whom “ melodious tear”
 Will on his native banks be shed, while he lies miserably dead—
 “ Floating,” another Lycidas, “ upon his watery bier.”
 At dawn they met, and in a trice, uprose and spake the King of Mice,
 King Breadeater—“ Hear, friends, though I this evil chiefly rue,
 Yet tamely think not I alone am destined 'neath such ills to groan,
 These Frogs imagine greater ills alike for me and you.
 Three sons had I, three, wretched three—and now not one is left to me.
 Out of his hole the watching cat dragg'd one—a curst mishap ;
 And monster man, with cunning fraught, my second in an engine caught,
 A new-invented mouse-destroying engine, call'd a Trap.
 We had this third, our darling, sad to me and to his mother, *had*—
 For him, Frog Puffercheek has ta'en and smothered in the lake

But let us arm, and arm with speed, for this the villain Frog shall bleed,
Arm, arm, be clad in mail complete, and let us vengeance take."

He said—at once to arms they flew—and Mars himself their weapons drew.

Split bean-shells green served them for greaves, which they were nibbling at
Deftly all night—a cat's stout hide their breastplates happily supplied,

Strengthen'd with interlacing reeds; right glad they skinn'd the cat.

The oval of a lamp their shield, the needle for a lance they wield,

Long, piercing, keen—nor Mars a sharper weapon sported;

Nor helmet fitted e'er so well, as on their heads the walnut-shell.

Thus were they arm'd magnanimous, and to the field resorted.

But when the Frogs this armament perceived, they to council went,

(The water left) collecting all together on dry land.

And while they look, and guess, and doubt, what may this tumult be about,

A herald came, his mace official bearing in his hand;

Pot-diver the Magnanimous, Cheese-scraper's son was he—and thus

He did the Frogs, in all due form, unto the contest dare.

"Ye Frogs, the Mice in council met, on vengeance and on war are set.

Through me they bid you arm yourselves, and for the fight prepare.

For they have seen, by your king slain, the weltering corse of Pilfergrain.

Arm, valiant Frogs!" he spake, and fled. But they began to quake,

And, murmur'd at King Puffercheek, that he the amity should break

'Twixt Frogs and Mice—But Puffercheek boldly rose up and spake—

"I slay a Mouse! my friends, not I, nor even did I see him die—

But he must emulate us Frogs, and swim—i' the rash attempt

Perished—and now the wretches throw on me his death—as I the blow

Had given, though innocent, and so should be from blame exempt.

We too can arm—to arms I call! I am for war—these Mice shall fall,

And this the plan that I devise, nor can we better take,

That with our limbs in armour braced—all in due form and order placed,

Stand where the bank precipitous lies just above the Lake.

Then, when upon us they rush down, we'll seize them by their helmet's crown,

And to the waves we'll hurl them headlong with their arms and all,

And when we see them fairly drowned, erect upon the self-same ground

A glorious trophy to declare our victory and their fall."

All arm,—and straight the mallow leaves they wrap about their legs for greaves,

Before their breasts the broad beet leaves, for breastplates, they advance.

The colewort leaf supplied the shield, nor weapon wanting was to wield,

Each a tough pointed bulrush held before him for a lance;

And for their helmets, furnish'd well, they simply wore the cockle-shell.

Thus arm'd from head to foot, courageous with their spears they stood

Upon the bank—In Heaven High Jove called round him all the gods above,

And pointed out the ranks of battle, thirsting each for blood.

So multitudinous and strong with their huge spears and lances long,

Bold as the Centaurs were of old, or as the race Gigantic.

"What Deity," he smil'd and said, "say what Immortal gives his aid,

Unto these warrior Frogs and Mice, now for the battle frantic?

Come thou, Minerva, daughter mine, the Mice shall be a care of thine,

For thine they are; and in thy Temple ever skip delighted,

With smell of fat, and sacrifice, and daintiest cakes."—"I help the Mice!

I!" quoth Minerva, "I! no wrongs of theirs by me are righted;

My fillets, and my wreaths they spoil, my lamps they pilfer of their oil;

And this more vexes me at heart, they nibble all my raiment.

A robe I wove they maul'd and bit, and when the tailor mended it,

He prov'd a thief exorbitant, and pesters me for payment.

The robe I wove with thread emboss'd, and borrow'd money for the cost;

Nor have I wherewithal to pay, this and the tailor's bill,

And loss incurr'd upon my cloak, might well a deity provoke;

Provok'd I am, and if I help them, it shall be to ill.

Nor yet the Frogs will I assist, the senseless dolts, till they desist

From that intolerable, odious, croaking noise they keep.

Lately as I return'd from fight, worn down with toil, the livelong night

They would not let me close my eyes, nor get a wink of sleep—
 So, with a headach sore distress'd, abed I lay, and had no rest,
 Until the crowing of the cock proclaim'd the dawn of day.
 But let us all, with one accord, agree no succour to afford,
 Or some of us may chance to be sore stricken in the fray.
 Ye know, that though immortal, we, by spear and lance may wounded be,
 And, by your godships, small respect have they for all our race;
 Let us in pastime here survey, like gods, the tumult of the day."
 She spake, and all assenting went together to one place.
 Two heralds now appear in sight, bearing the signals for the fight,
 And the shrill trumpeters the gnats to the attack are sounding—
 'Tis now the shout, the din, the cry of war, and mighty Jove on high
 Thunders a prelude to the strife, with peals from earth rebounding.
 First Shrillcroak with his lance so long, struck in his belly Nibble-strong,
 And pierc'd him thro' his liver, as in foremost ranks he stood;
 Down he fell headlong at the thrust, and roll'd his precious hairs in dust.
 Then Hide-in-hole, aiming a blow at Clay-grub, son of Mud,
 Did through his breast the spear impel, and Black Death took him as he fell,
 And his soul left its tenement: then Beefeater, he threw
 With fatal aim a deadly dart direct through Pipkin-searcher's heart,
 And Breadeater, he Treblecroak by a wound in's belly slew;
 Down he fell motionless each limb (for life had now forsaken him).
 Then Beauty-of-the-lake, when he saw Treblecroak was dead,
 Struck Hide-in-hole with a huge stone, smashing his neck through nerve and
 bone,
 And over both his eyelids death his cloud of darkness spread.
 Then Nibblestrong his lance he shook, and Beauty-of-the-lake he struck,
 Right through his very liver: this when Cramboguttie knew,
 Down from the bank into the wave he slipt, his precious soul to save
 From the hands of Nibblestrong, in vain, for after him he flew;
 He fell, no more to raise his head, the waters with his blood were red,
 Stretch'd by the shore he breath'd his last, he yielded up his breath,
 In the perplexity entangled of his own entrails, cut and mangled—
 Then Swimmerlake upon the bank put Delvercheese to death.
 Then Sweet-mint-snuffer at the sight of Gnaw-your-toes was put to flight,
 Jump'd headlong down into the lake, and threw away his shield.
 But Waterjoy he with a stone struck Gnaw-your-heels, and smashed the bone
 Above his nostrils, blood and brains were scatter'd o'er the field;
 Then Platterlick with bold advance slew Slimy-sleeper with his lance—
 And darkness seiz'd his eyelids as he tumbled to the ground;
 And Leek-o'-crop in rage set to't, and dragging Savourynose by the foot
 Into the lake, there held him by the neck till he was drown'd.
 And now courageous Pilfergrain stepp'd forth before his comrades slain,
 And by his belly thro' his liver wounded Leek-o'-crop.
 Down prostrate to the earth he fell, and his soul sought the shades of hell.
 At this Mudtrotter took a clod of dirt, and with the sop
 Plaster'd his face right well, likewise he nearly blinded both his eyes;
 Then Pilfergrain he wrathful grew, and from the earth a stone
 Uplifting in his mighty hand, a stone the burden of the land,
 He wounded Mudtrotter below the knee, and crushed the bone
 Of his right leg—backward the blow upon the champaign laid him low.
 Just then the son of Croakingery most nobly kept his ground;
 And at his belly through and through he drove his bulrush; as he drew
 It forth, the very entrails gush'd out reeking from the wound.
 When Nibblegrain this sight did view from the high bank, he quick withdrew,
 Limping as best he could from fight, and sadly was put to't;
 Down in a ditch, and out of breath, he dropp'd, and hid himself from death.
 Then Breadeater he wounded Puffercheek upon his foot,—
 Who smitten sore, contrived to make the best of's way into the lake;
 But Breadeater, when he perceiv'd him breathless, faint, and falling,
 With speed to overtake him went, to slay him instantly intent.
 But Greenaleek as soon as he beheld the sight appalling,

Rush'd on the foremost of the field, and hurl'd his bulrush 'gainst his shield,
 Yet broke it not, for there the point was stay'd from further ill.
 There was a youth among the Mice, that might against whole hosts suffice,
 Dainty-thief, son of Pilferbread, who ne'er could have his fill
 Of blood of Frogs; another Mars, chief captain he in bloodiest wars,
 More valiant than all other Mice, the glory of the nation—
 Apart beside the lake he stood, and vow'd to his last drop of blood
 He would pursue the race of Frogs to their extermination—
 And had perform'd it too ere long, for he was strongest of the strong,
 Had not the king of gods and men look'd sharp from heaven and spied
 The dying frogs, their threaten'd loss, and pitying gave his head a toss,
 Which meant to say, this must not be—then to the gods he cried—

“ Gods—what a work—I'm all surprise—and scarcely can believe mine eyes,
 I'm in amazement, near yon lake beholding Dainty-thief
 Threatening the Frogs t'exterminate—but let us ere it be too late
 Send tumult-gathering Pallas down, or Mars to their relief—
 And fitting 'twere no time we lose,—bold tho' he be, he cannot choose
 But quit the field, when gods like these oppose him in the fight.”
 Thus spake high Jove—and Mars replied, “ not Pallas, no, nor I beside,
 To ward destruction from the Frogs may boast sufficient might—
 But let us altogether try, and, mighty Jove, do thou let fly
 Thy Titan-slaying wondrous engine, death and terror casting—
 Which erst the Titans overthrew; the rebel race gigantic slew;
 The chain-bound vast Encelades with thy red-lightning blasting.”

He spake, and Jove prepared to throw his lightning's fiery bolt below;
 But first he thunder'd, and all vast Olympus shook with dread;
 Then brandishing awhile, he hurl'd his vengeance on the nether world—
 Swift from th' immortal hand Heaven's dire and awful weapon fled.
 The terrors of his hand affright both Frogs and Mice, yet from the fight
 The army of the mighty Mice “ one foot would never fly.”
 But onward with more rage they drive, nor would have left a Frog alive;
 But that the pity of Great Jove sent them a new ally.
 Sudden they take the field; crook-claw'd, round, anvil back'd, and pincer jaw'd,
 Lobsided, marching all awry, shell-clampt, and bare, and bony;
 Bright in shoulder, broad in back, grasping close, tho' hands they lack—
 With their eyes below their breasts, looking stern and strong—
 Call'd Crabs—with purpose firm and fix'd, they march the combatants betwixt,
 Discomfiting the furious Mice; who would have soon turned tail,
 But tails they'd none; the Crabs bit thro' tails, hands, and feet, so off they
 flew,
 And snapp'd their spears to shivers all; and made their hearts to quail—
 Panic-struck—(“ save himself who may” was now the order of the day)—
 The whisker'd cuirassiers no more could stand, but took to flight;
 And with the journey of the sun, the battle it was lost and won—
 And thus the “ Iliad of a day” was ended with the light.

M. ATHANASE COCQUEREL.

Few propositions laid down by the bard of Avon more strongly illustrate the keenness of his insight into the course of human events, none can be supported by more extensive evidence of its correctness than the simple phrase—"there's a tide in the affairs of men." Whether we look to the grave concerns of humanity, or those of more trivial characters, we shall equally find room to admire its justness. Every where we may easily distinguish the flow and the ebb. See, for instance, the movement of political struggles and changes, from the earliest periods to the events big with life of the present age. Observe the tide of monarchy swell, despite all efforts to oppose it, into the despotism corresponding to the full of the tide, remain stationary for a time, and again, changing its character, ebb gradually to the democracy in which it originated. There is scarcely a state in Europe which at some period of its history will not furnish ample evidence of the reality of such a twofold movement in political events. For an example let us take Athens. There can be no doubt that the original form of Government established in the Athenian state was the monarchical; a form which in its pure state ceased to exist with the death of Codrus. The chief magistrate's office still, however, remained hereditary, though the authority attached to it was more limited than that of the king's. Nor was it until three hundred years afterwards that the archonship was made elective, and the time for holding office limited to ten years. A century later, still further advance was made, the number of archons was increased from one to nine, and their retirement from the dignity required at the end of one year. Various changes, of more petty character, but steadily, though imperceptibly increasing popular power, continued to take place until the reaction, under Pisistratus, seemed for a time to have checked, if not to have completely arrested the onward current of democratic supremacy. But it acted like an insufficient supply of water on a fire, the fury of the destructive element was only increased. Popular power grew rapidly more extensive, until the maximum seemed

attained, when all state offices and dignities were thrown open to every citizen, no matter how deficient in intellect or education, and when the representatives of the nation, the framers of laws, and the enforcers of justice—in a word, the legislative and executive authorities—were chosen by lot. So monstrous a state of things could not long continue; the tide was at its height, the ebb was not slow in commencing, and was only accelerated in its progress by the irruption of Philip of Macedon. The same series of changes is to be traced, and perhaps even more distinctly, in the history of ancient Rome, and, in more modern times, of the Florentine republic.

It is, perhaps, not straining analogy to compare the great principles of theorizing, and of observing in the sciences of *à priori* and *à posteriori* reasoning to the monarchical and democratical ones in politics. But whether such comparison be or be not admissible, we shall, as regards them, find the same gradual progression of things. There was a time when observation in medical science, for example, was deemed of sovereign importance, when its beauty and necessity forced themselves on men's minds, as far as, in the early ages of mental cultivation, they were capable of appreciating them. However, the ease and seeming quickness of progress attainable by *à priori* reasoning seduced philosophers from the paths of observation, and the tide of theorizing flowed amain. But the ebb has taken place, and now the current of observation flows triumphantly, acknowledged to be the chief means of acquiring just and solid notions in medical science.

Again, let us turn to the grandest and most important of men's affairs—religious belief. Here the same phenomena present themselves. In the early ages of mental barbarism, polytheism—of which the origin may be traced in the words of Petronius, *primus in orbe Deos fecit timor*—was the prevailing religion, if so it may be called. By a gradual movement, marked by numerous changes, trifling in themselves, but all tending towards the grand end, man rose to the grandeur of monotheism; he acknowledged and

learned to know his Maker, to conceive and worship the infinite purity of a single God. Here he reached the point from which it would seem there could be no return, for such is the majesty of truth that once established it must endure for ever; but even here the symptoms of an attempt at reaction are to be found, the tide makes at least a partial struggle for the turn. Philosophers, as they call themselves, have sprung up, who, in their zeal for the regeneration of humanity, labour to recall to the true creed, *polytheism*, such of their fellow-creatures as are blind enough to resist the evidence of its perfection. The deification of matter is seriously proposed and strenuously advocated; and such is the success of these preachers that pantheism, we are told, is "the hidden religion of Germany." Far be it from us to waste the time of our readers with a refutation of such blasphemous absurdity, that has been foisted, through the sophistry of designing men, on the hot-headed boys and doating grey-beards of Germany. The solid character of our national understanding is of itself sufficient safeguard against the reception among us of such shallow crudities. We have alluded to their existence simply to show that no force of truth will completely counteract the influence of the principle of action and reaction, which is so essential a constituent of our mental organization.

No country has furnished more apposite instances of religious change, of the ebb and flow of belief, the swell to *idolatry*, the fall to complete atheism, than France. And it was in considering a recent supposed alteration in religious matters in that country that we fell into the preceding reflections. They disposed us to view with a more charitable eye than we should otherwise have been inclined to do the fickleness of our neighbours. We considered, if other nations are at present less noted for alterations of various kinds, that in all human probability, judging from the previous march of events, their period of transitions is yet to come.

With respect to the recent change referred to, there are two points to be examined. First, does it really exist;

and secondly, if so, has it been effected by individuals from moral motives, with a view to its excellence and the improvement derivable from it? Few of our countrymen are unaware that within a few years it has been the *mode* among the Parisians of higher rank to observe a certain outward appearance of sanctity, and perform religious duties with a grave punctuality, which for some time subsequent to the Revolution had been utterly unknown. That this external deference to religion does exist in greater degree than it was wont among these classes cannot be questioned. But we are disposed to deny that such habits, and more especially the feelings from which they should legitimately spring, are by any means spreading with corresponding rapidity among the mass of the people. We are aware the contrary is seriously maintained by some who watch what are significantly termed the *signs of the times*. Now what are these "signs," so emphatically appealed to? Observe *en passant* how peculiarly they accord with the genius of the French people. We are told, for example, that such writers as Chateaubriand and Lamartine are read with unwonted zest by the working classes; that the artisan begins to delight in the solemn and religious style of these authors as awakening feelings of a kindred character in his own bosom; that Voltaire is discarded, and Dupois and Volney lie neglected on the stalls of the Parisian thoroughfares. Another argument to which much importance is attached is to be found in the general character of the pictures exhibited last year (1837) at the Louvre. The abundance of sacred subjects, of "Christ," of "Virgins," and of "Holy Families," the very size of the canvass on which these subjects were treated, are urged as irresistible proof of the spread of veneration for holy things. Add to this the sudden appearance of costly editions of the Bible, at a time when the sale of such a book was beginning to be almost unknown to the trade. Again, last winter was the first in which "*Concerts Spirituels*," or oratorios were given on any thing like a large scale for a number of years, and many artists, originally educated for

the school of sacred music, at a time when priestcraft flourished, were by them brought to light again. Can we require further demonstration of the growing spirit of devotion among the Parisian populace? Perhaps to some minds these facts—for such they are—seem formed of the stuff to convince. We confess that ours is not of the number. We need scarcely allude to this general tone and bearing, brought forward, as they are, to prove a growing spirit of religion. Nothing is said of an increased attention to public or private devotion, of an improvement in morals, the first consequence of such attention. A strengthened public faith, an unwonted sense of honour in individual transactions, a new love for the cares of domestic life—such results, of a kind to be justly looked for under the assumed circumstances, are not hinted at. But taking the advocates of spreading religionism on their own ground, let us examine their arguments. To begin with the popularity of Lamartine and Chateaubriand—this notion, we can assure our readers, from personal observation and enquiry, is perfectly groundless. It is true the majority of the people have read *Atala* and *Réné*, and perhaps, being in the mood to grant much, we may add some portions of the “*Voyage en Orient*.” But can it be asserted that the religious elevation to be obtained from their perusal is the object sought in it? If so, how comes it that the “*Génie du Christianisme*,” of which *Atala* is but an episode, is infinitely less known and worse appreciated in France than in England? How comes it that editions of *Atala*, at small cost for popular purses, swarm, while the “*Génie*” itself has never been sold but at a proportionably high price;

how comes it that Chateaubriand is perhaps, when his literary merits and the extent of his works are considered, the least quoted author either living or dead? The fact is the people have no sympathy with such writers, nor is it likely they ever will. Chateaubriand's sanctity is too closely allied with the aristocratic aims of the class with which he is really popular, it savours too strongly of Jesuitism ever to enlist under its banners a populace like the French. Secondly, the very fact of the editions of the Bible, to which we are referred, being expensive, shows that the people neither are, nor are expected to be, their purchasers. Thirdly, it cannot be denied that the walls of the Louvre last year exhibited an unusual number of religious pieces. Their existence, however, constitutes but a sorry argument against us. With one or two exceptions, these works were in the most wretched taste, and of the poorest execution.* Inspiration was evidently wanting in them, and it seemed as if the lowest artists could alone be induced to undertake, as hirelings, works so uncongenial with their tastes as men. But why then did they exist, say you? Because the aristocracy—and that a show of sanctity has become fashionable among them we have never denied—ordered them, and because there are churches to be adorned, and because artists will work for those who pay. The real question is, how did the people receive them? Generally with passive indifference, or, if they did tarry before, and deign to notice them, it was but to sneer at the slovenliness of their execution, or scoff at the subjects treated in them, while they hurried on to gaze long and deeply on the voluptuous forms of such pencils as Winterhalter's.†

* The exceptions were by pupils of the school of Ingres. Their superiority was naturally to be looked for, for the style of that great master, which bears a strong resemblance to that of Overbeck and the German school, is peculiarly adapted to sacred and religious subjects.

† It would certainly appear that the persons intrusted with the arrangement of the exhibition were not in the interest of the party that saw in its contents a symptom of spreading devotion to high things, else they surely would not have placed the “*Decamerone*” of Winterhalter in a frame-work, as it were, of the most wretched religious daubs the *Salon* was encumbered with. Possibly these were meant as a corrective of the mundane feelings it was likely to produce, but in truth they acted as a foil to one of the loveliest groups we have ever seen on canvass. Does the reader remember the sitting figure in the foreground to the left of the spectator?—if he had seen it, it *must* live in his memory—a form of such a sort, so full at once of soul, intellectuality, and

Finally, with respect to the Oratorios, what is the fact? Why, that although the music was selected from the first *maîtres*, and performed by the first artists of whom Paris could boast, and "every appurtenance and means" that was in the least degree calculated to insure thronged houses luxuriously added, yet when the first impulse of curiosity was satisfied the oratorios were performed to empty benches. And, spite of a considerable fall in the price of admission, the people flocked to inferior performances, where they heard the profane music suited to their tastes.

These remarks refer to the spread of Catholicism, and, as we judge, sufficiently show that the fantastic arguments adduced to prove its existence fall to the ground when examined. But if we look to the condition of a sister faith, Protestantism, as it exists in France, and take as our matter for conviction facts of a more substantial character and of far higher import, we shall find that they who yearn for the advancement of that purer creed have abundant room for self-congratulation—that they have every thing to hope and nothing to fear. And this we say from the evidence of facts alone, uninstigated either by party feeling or any other meaner motive than the propagation of an important truth. Let those who may incline to doubt us look to the increasing congregations in the churches; let them see the new places of worship rising up, and assure themselves, by visiting their interior, that still there is lack of room. The prosperity of this faith seems at once a natural and brilliant reward for the patience and endurance with which the early French Protestants bore up against persecution. 'Twas in France

probably—not even forgetting the eventful history of the Reformation in our own country—that the progress of the Reformed religion was marked by the bloodiest scenes of ruthless cruelty, and dignified by the holiest traits of patient suffering. Originating among the people, it soon gained the protection of the nobles, who subsequently yielded to the seductions of power, and sacrificed their faith to the glitter of a court. The fealty of the populace was not so easily led astray. A considerable body of the lower and middle ranks, especially in the south of France, clung to the doctrines of the Reformation in spite of the persecutions they underwent in its name; and though the holders of the new faith were visited with the severest punishment whenever they were discovered—that faith was never thoroughly put down or eradicated. Far from this, it is in France alone of European countries that certain errors have crept into politico-religious ordinances which may *possibly* be viewed as results of a mistaken extension and application of the original doctrines of the Reformed religion. Thus, it is well known that in France perfect civil equality of all forms of worship, and total separation of Church and State have been established. But whether this state of things is to be ascribed to the working of the Reformation, to the complete evolution of its principles, and its secret influence on authorities themselves, Papists—as some writers hold—or to a morbid propensity for change, for driving things to their utmost limits, and to a supine indifference as to the real well-being of religious institutions and the establishment of truth, we leave the reader to determine.*

There is no part of statistics more

the abandon of voluptuous grace, exquisitely harmonizing with chaste perfection of physical beauty, that gazing on it, it grew difficult to believe that its model was indeed but dust.

As if willing that every disadvantageous contrast should be afforded, the *Directeurs* hung, in the near neighbourhood, a "Lot and his Daughters," blazoning forth in the grossest forms of sensualism the details of a story which it were for the interests of religion was for ever forgotten. Disgust is the lightest name for the feeling which the painting created, and it is not likely that freshened acquaintance with so lewd a scene will strengthen religious veneration in a people whose notions are so easily shaken in these matters as the French.

* It has always been found—and, indeed, it seems a natural result of human organization—that such religious sects as had the least strong faith in their particular tenets have been the most tolerant, and the most free from that rancorous feeling which usually forms so prominent a character of sectarian disputation. We pretend

full of interest than that affecting religion; nor is there any on which information is more easily had, if we look simply to the outward appearances of things. But if we desire our results to be *morally* true, our endeavours are beset with difficulties. "For example, in France," as a well-informed French Protestant writer observes, "it is impossible to find a remedy for the source of error originating in classifying, as Jews, Protestants, or Roman Catholics, masses of individuals who scarcely ever, or, more correctly speaking, never attend the places of worship to which they severally belong, and disbelieve many of the dogmas of their particular religion. Be this as it will, however, the two communions of the Confession of Augsburg, or Lutheran, and of the Calvinistic Confession, reckon two millions of avowed disciples. But their influence, their commercial relations, and social position in many of

the other important towns of France, as well as the metropolis, make them appear in the tax list, and in the general estimate of public wealth, as contributors to an amount infinitely superior to that deducible from their proportional numbers."

As we are engaged on the question of religious statistics, it may not be uninteresting to add a tabular view, by the distinguished statistician, Adrian Balbi, of the most recent and approved calculations of the number of followers of the various creeds prevailing over the globe. We may premise that the number of Protestants given below is less than that calculated by other statistical authors. Their estimates vary from fifty-nine to sixty-five millions. The variations seem principally owing to an uncertainty as to the exact number of Protestants scattered over the immense empire of Austria.

Christian Churches.	{ The Latin or Western Church (Roman Catholic),	139,000,000
	{ The Greek or Eastern Church, with all its branches,	62,000,000
	{ Protestant Churches, with all their subdivisions,	59,000,000
		260,000,000
Judaism, at the most,		4,000,000
Islamism, with all its branches,		96,000,000
Brahminism,		60,000,000
Bouddhism, with all its branches,		170,000,000
Religions of Confucius, Sinto, the worship of spirits, the religion of the Shicks, Magism, and Fetichism,		147,000,000
Total population of the Globe,		737,000,000

The discipline of the French Calvinistic churches is properly Presbyterian synodal, but they have undergone considerable relaxation from the severity of that almost despotic organization. They are now of the form of independent congregations, and each makes its own laws and regulations. The Lutheran churches of the province of Alsace are governed by a particular discipline, under the chief authority of a central directory.

The form of divine service adopted in the Calvinistic churches of Paris—where we are best acquainted with

them—is of the most simple species. This simplicity, which is beyond a doubt one of the most perfect characters of worship, scarcely, however, makes up for numerous derelictions from propriety in the conduct of the ceremonial that strike very strongly on an English visitor. The reader shall judge. The service commences by the *clerk's* reading two chapters of the Bible. Of these not one verse is heard or even listened to by nine-tenths of the congregation. In fact, what with the slamming of doors, the interchange of civilities between ac-

not to say, however, that the converse case is equally to be observed. In illustration of the former, we may instance a fact handed down to us by Xenophon, in his *Memoabilia* (lib. 2.) When the oracle at Delphi was asked what worship was most pleasing to the gods, the response was, "That which is established by law in each city." There was sound policy, at least, in this reply.

quaintances, the struggling for places, the rushing hither and thither of the sextoness with charcoal pans to keep the feet of her favourites comfortably warm, it is impossible to catch more than a chance phrase. To a foreigner entering the church at this time, it certainly would appear that the reading of the Bible was a matter of completely second-rate importance, and that a portion of the Holy Book was gone through, simply to give time, as a French lady, who was asked for an explanation, to our knowledge, pithily expressed it, "*pour que le monde s'assemble.*" A psalm sung by the clerk and congregation follows; the former then reads the Ten Commandments, as contained in the book of Exodus. These finished, the clergyman enters for the first time, and ascends the pulpit. Now, has not this late appearance of the chief actor in the scene somewhat of an *ad captandum* look? Besides, may not those inclined to criticise condemn with reason his previous absence as evincing but little respect for the writings from which extracts have been read? The clergyman reads a short prayer, a psalm is sung as before, he then delivers a long extemporaneous prayer, and next proceeds to what is evidently esteemed the most important portion of the service—the sermon. This is followed by the articles of belief and some written prayers, which concludes the ceremonial.

Having thus given an outline of the form of worship adopted in the Protestant Churches of Paris, it would seem natural enough to pass in review its officiating priests. If from strong ardour in discharge of religious duty, the completest purity in private life, and considerable share of intellectual attainment, useful lessons for public instruction may be drawn, we know of no body of men furnishing better materials for the purpose than the Parisian Protestant clergy. But though few in number, they are still numerous enough to render it impossible for us to notice them all. We, therefore, select for consideration one among them, who is eminent among the eminent for the highest moral and intellectual qualifications—M. Athanase Cocquerel.

The labours of this distinguished individual in the dissemination of the

great truths of his religion are perhaps equally to be admired in the pulpit, in the professor's chair, and in the closet. Our observations shall, however, be chiefly directed to his exertions in the capacity of a preacher, as it is in these he exhibits excellence of a kind least commonly met with. Our remarks must, in simple justice to M. Cocquerel, be mainly laudatory; we shall not, however, scruple, when it seems requisite, to censure, never losing sight, we trust, of the respect due to the sacred character of the office he holds.

We consider it necessary to remind our readers, that the style of preaching is so completely different in France from that prevalent in this country, that M. Cocquerel cannot fairly be judged according to the rules of English pulpit teaching. The single fact of his sermons being always extemporaneous sets aside all room for comparison with the immense majority of our clergy. The question of the superiority of spoken or written discourses, as a general rule, which might naturally be discussed here, is one of such grave import that its consideration would occupy too much space to allow us to broach it for the present.

A preacher merits examination as a religious, a moral, and a political teacher, and as an orator.

The religion taught from the pulpit by M. Cocquerel is such as springs from a plain and unsophisticated view of the broad and simple truths of Christianity. Such positions as the zeal of fanatics or the bigotry of sectarians have never taken for their texts, form the ground-work of his religious instruction. In a word, his sermons are never of the kind technically termed doctrinal or controversial; he enters into no discussions on the knotty questions that separate Protestants from Protestants, nor strives to convert a religion of peace into a war of opinions. And, in acting thus, we are persuaded M. Cocquerel acts from conviction of the impropriety of adopting a contrary mode of proceeding. At least no one could, from his varied learning and sound argumentative powers, be better fitted for the task of examining lucidly and profoundly the cavils of religious dogmatists. The pulpit is, indeed, in our humble opinion, not the place where such discussions should proceed. Were we to judge of the gene-

ral impression conveyed by sermons of a controversial stamp by their effect on ourselves and on those whose feelings on the matter we have had occasion to learn, we should denounce them as mischievous in the extreme. For our parts, we have scarcely ever heard a discourse intended to simplify and prove the truth of a point of doctrine without having our faith in it weakened. And it is easy to conceive why it should be so. It requires but little ingenuity to collect the old, or devise new arguments *against* any particular portion of religious credence. The controversial preacher collects these, and gives them forth with accuracy and emphasis, persuaded he shall find it quite as easy a task to overturn as to enumerate them. But his confidence is, in nine cases out of ten, an overweening one. It requires infinitely greater talent to destroy such arguments than to bring them forward, to remove the leaven of doubt than to create it, and the consequence is, that the reasons *contra* press on the mind with their full primitive force. This, we contend, is the most usual result of doctrinal sermons. On men who have been accustomed to think, and been blessed with sound religious instruction, their effect is at the best a negative one. On the unlettered, how infinitely worse must it be; what was clear in their minds is made obscure, what was firm is shaken, where doubt existed it is increased. To them the entire discourse is a chaos, whence they are unable to draw a single clear or useful notion, while its sectarian character leads them—unable as their want of cultivation makes them to separate what really exists in the doctrine from the interpolation of its mystifiers—to view with distrust and disrespect a religion whose priests are so utterly divided among themselves. We have hitherto supposed the hearers of such sermons to be men whose lives have been untainted with any inordinate degree of criminality; but let us fancy a repentant sinner, whose steps have, perchance, for years never been directed towards a church, entering for once again the house of God. His soul is elevated, hope and consolation enter his bosom as he outpours himself in the prayers of our beautiful liturgy. He is prepared for the sermon in which he trusts to find a confirmation of the hopes of forgiveness he has dared to

form. What is his disappointment when, instead of consolation, he finds fine drawn argumentation?—instead of broad views of the principles inculcated by our Saviour, some narrow disquisition on the meaning of a word?—when, in the person of the minister of Christ, on whom, whilst he prayed, he looked with love and veneration, whose high office he coupled with that of the founder of his faith, he finds not him who repeats to the world the words of that Divine Founder, “Come unto me ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” but a professional disputationist? Can we wonder if he, who entered for the first time under these circumstances, should not be inclined to repeat his visit? Shall we ascribe his absence to callousness and irreligion, or to a mistaken view of his duties in the preacher whom he had chanced to hear?

The tone of M. Cocquerel’s morality is of the purest kind. His doctrines are always tempered by enlightened toleration; and, if we were to name their prevailing character, it would be the love of all men. In exhorting to love of our fellows, however, he steers clear of the morbid notions, misnamed philanthropical, which it is at present the fashion to assume.

It may to some appear strange that we should enumerate among the vocations of a preacher that of a political teacher. And, indeed, it is rather because the clergy have on certain occasions assumed to themselves the office of civil and military advisers, than because we think such their rightful province, that we advert to this as a part of pulpit instruction. The spirit of Peter the Hermit has from time to time out-broken among the priesthood, down to the days of Irving, whose crusade-like denunciations against the misguided Roman Catholics yet ring in our ears. Powerful as was the talent that—before his fanaticism converted him into a lunatic—sparked in those bitter invectives, they raised no feeling in our breasts but that of regret that the sacred office of peace, naturally belonging to the ministers of religion, should be prostituted to the encouragement of anarchy. Let us, however, be rightly understood. We mean not to say that critical conjunctures may not occur, in which the interposition of the pulpit teacher may not be of signal service. In such we

admit it may become his imperative duty to rouse to action, or soothe to quiet, his fellow-citizens. Nay more, on certain occasions of political triumph, whether over foreign or domestic enemies, allusions to it in the form of thanksgiving to the Ordainer of all Good, seem well adapted for pulpit discourses. Of this kind are many of the celebrated episodes of one of our most distinguished divines, Bishop Atterbury; and which, though bordering frequently on grossness, are yet excusable when the circumstances that gave rise to them are duly weighed. But what we protest against is the habitual introduction of sentiments calculated, if not designed, to increase the bitterness of feeling that unhappily always, more or less, sways us towards our political opponents.

There are certain nations, too, for whom such excitement from the pulpit is peculiarly unfitted. Among these the French present themselves *in limine*. Our knowledge of their past history is sufficient proof of this. Hence it is that we have never heard M. Cocquerel's invocations to "*la liberté*," "*la patrie*," "*l'égalité*," *et hoc genus omne*, without pain. M. Cocquerel's love of freedom may be, and we doubt not is, of that rational and tempered kind which is the natural offspring of mental culture and purity of feeling. But none know more thoroughly than he that among his audience are individuals whose notions of the term are widely different—men who look on unbridled license and indulgence of every wild and vicious passion as the only form in which liberty is to be understood or valued; who

—"pant for license, while they spurn control,

And shout for *rights*, with *rapine* in their soul!"

Does he forget the infamies whilome perpetrated in the name of liberty by the relations of those very persons in whom his words, for aught he knows, may now foster rebellious feeling? Should he be one day pleased to find himself cited as having played the apologist of revolt? Though he may applaud but the end, and would be chary of the means, what are these to miscreants who fear not God, nor regard man; whose sole estimate of them is whether they be efficient? For our part we see little else in M. Cocquerel's political allusions than

a calculated cringing to popular delusion. Under all circumstances this would be contemptible; coming from the pulpit it is intolerably disgusting.

To pass to more agreeable themes. The topics selected by M. Cocquerel cannot, of course, be more remarkable for variety than those of other clergymen. His range, like that of his brethren, is limited, yet he contrives, by his richness of thought, the fulness with which he grasps his subject, his brilliancy of diction, the newness of his mode of combining and developing his views, to give each a tone of novelty, of which, *per se*, it possesses not a shadow. A very great advantage is thus gained—the power of fixing attention to questions of religious and social duty which, hackneyed as they necessarily are, would, if presented in a less attractive form, be impatiently listened to. His fertility is wonderful, for though preaching, as he does almost every Sunday in the year, an extemporaneous sermon of a mean length of an hour, those who watch him closest are unable to detect any self-plagiarism or repetition in his numerous discourses. The solidity of his matter does not suffer by its exuberance. His reasoning is close, and if, as we shall have occasion to show, his argumentations sometimes fail to convince, the failure cannot be ascribed either to want of soundness in his premises, or of logical justness in his conclusions. The weakness to be detected in his trains of reasoning springs from his being too discursive, from his multitude of allusions overpowering the arguments he strives to strengthen. Into this fault he is betrayed by a fondness for display, as far as we can judge, of his erudition and scientific attainments. Though to a certain extent excusable, there is a point beyond which such display can be with difficulty endured. And who can doubt that M. Cocquerel exceeds it when, in a single sermon, he introduces, as we have known him to do, allusions from political economy, pathology, geology, chemistry, and archæology? To this affectation of omni-science are now and then sacrificed clearness and appositeness. An expression to which he is plainly attached is *la science dans ses dernières découvertes*. By its use he renders evident his anxiety to impress his auditors with a belief that in the affairs of science he is *au courant du*

jour. This is but an unworthy ambition in a preacher. M. Cocquerel should remember that the learned listener is perfectly aware how easily a seemingly profound degree of knowledge may be affected, while rude minds are tortured with a succession of enigmas. The antidote for this bane he does not possess. We mean the facility of familiar illustration, that powerful instrument for rendering abstruse notions easily intelligible, and hence one of the most important elements of success in every department of popular teaching.

In the *conduct* of his subject, M. Cocquerel is eminently successful. To those wearied with the eternal "firstly, secondly, lastly, and to conclude" of the majority of preachers, the change to the purely classical division of his discourses is truly delightful. Nor let it be supposed, that in following the classical model—in as far as it is applicable to pulpit oratory—M. Cocquerel falls into the easy error of hyperdivision, or that in the abundance of minor ramifications he loses sight of the main trunk, the leading element of his sermon. Pulpit orators have as one of their privileges an admirable means of proving the closeness with which they adhere to their fundamental topic—namely, the introduction of the text they are employed in illustrating and explaining. M. Cocquerel's excellence in this way forms one of the most remarkable features of his oratory. The happy manner in which he occasionally throws light on the meaning of an entire division of his discourse, and manifests his unity of design through the whole, by the simple recital of his few words of text, can never be forgotten by those who have experienced its pleasing and powerful effect. Nor do we remember any writer or speaker who is in this respect comparable with him but our poet Young. The striking manner in which the author of the "Night Thoughts" frequently recapitulates in a single terse sentence, of which each word is big with meaning, the matter of a whole paragraph, perhaps is well known to the lovers of that genuine poet. But there is one difference in this respect between the orator and the

writer. The former is obliged to limit his disquisition to the scope of his text, the latter to adopt his concluding phrase to the bygone details; the one—to borrow an illustration from music—invents the variations for the theme, the other points out from the variations the theme that furnished them.

The *exordium* is a portion of his sermon to which M. Cocquerel devotes especial care. He never omits it or clumsily plunges at once in *medias res*. It is, with rare exceptions, beautifully managed so as to enlarge the auditor's conception of the bearing of the text. Very frequently it consists of a discussion of some point of philosophy with which the subject is naturally connected. Thus, for example, in a discourse on the beautiful passage in Ecclesiastes, "il y a un temps de naître et un temps de mourir," the exordium embraced an enquiry into the meaning of time, proofs of the impossibility for aught save the Eternal himself to comprehend eternity, while the nearest approach to such comprehension was shown to be attainable by man from a consideration of ages, generations, periods and cycles of time. Of these the preacher went on to point out the life of man as one, and to show that its extremes, birth and death, furnished matter for meditation, not only as events in human destiny, but as acts of the divine will. In this last statement lay the *enunciation* of the subject, including, as is evident, the *division*. Then followed, to continue our illustration of his method, from this discourse, the *explicative and argumentative part*. In these the importance and solemnity of the opening and closing scenes of life were expatiated on. An allusion to the universality of death naturally sprung from these considerations, and the equality of all men in this one respect, at least, was strongly dwelt on. The folly of establishing distinctions of rank, spite of this "*profonde ressemblance*" between all men, was denounced with the strongest of those arguments that ingenuity has been able to devise for the support of a glaring fallacy. Like St Paul, said our orator, we brought nothing into the world and can take nothing away.*

* Bossuet thought differently, as appears from the following beautiful passage:—"C'est une consolation en morant de laisser son nom en estime parmi les hommes, et de tous les biens humains c'est le seul que la mort ne peut nous ravir." The only one, but in its very loneliness how great!

In the sermon of which we are endeavouring to furnish a skeleton, M. Cocquerel introduced no strictly *pathetic* part. This was rather extraordinary, as his usual habit had been, even were there less fair grounds for doing so than on the present occasion, to engraft on his argument some moving phrases on death and the tomb. The use of the pathetic in the pulpit as an instrument in enforcing argument is, in our minds, perfectly fair; there are situations where a speaker should labour to convince the reason alone,—but the pulpit, where are exposed the doctrines of *religion*, that has been rightly described as a matter more of the heart than the head, is not one of these.

We question, however, the judiciousness of allotting a fixed place in a sermon for the introduction of a pathetic part. When told beforehand to be ready to be moved, we require much more to rouse our softer emotions than if taken by surprise. It might do well for Mark Antony to exclaim, “if you have tears, *prepare to shed them now*,”—he knew thoroughly the audience he addressed, he had the means of measuring the extent of the cause for feeling, he knew the self-interests of his hearers were bound up with that cause, that in them lay the all-sufficient “motive and the cue for passion,” but with the pulpit orator the case is widely different. Ordinary preachers especially, whose powers are not of such a kind as to enable them to calculate to a nicety the success of an effort, should bear this in mind. A failure is much less remarked when unheralded than when ushered in with pomp and circumstance.

The *peroration* of M. Cocquerel's sermons usually consists of inferences, moral and religious, from the preceding argument. Among the consequences pointed out as resulting from the fact that birth and death are “two acts of the will of God,” was the impossibility of a redundancy of population. The Malthusian doctrines were hereupon pithily denounced.

The language of this preacher is pure and perspicuous, as free from timid periphrases as from obscure brevity. Ornate without being florid, it occasionally rises to sublimity, and never descends to colloquial vulgarity—sometimes soaring in the clouds, it never grovels in the mire. In adopting this style he at once proves the ex-

cellence of his taste, and avoids a rock on which no few public speakers, and among them clergymen, split. The sort of antithetic style thus eschewed by M. Cocquerel is a favourite artifice with certain orators, whose chief recipe for “murdering sleep” in a drowsy audience lies in producing startling incongruities. To such clap-trap trickery he has no need to descend. His metaphors, however, are occasionally strained, and hardly possess the essential merit of such ornaments—their rising naturally from the subject. Bold figures are said, and perhaps justly, to be the orthodox language of passion, but, as we shall have occasion to observe, M. Cocquerel gives no evidence of a right to claim, on this score, indulgence for his use of them. There is, however, a solemn poesy about them and his imagery generally which would cover a multitude of defects.

His voice is usually melodious, but when strenuously exerted becomes somewhat harsh. It is capable of a fair degree of variety and intonation. His enunciation is in the main distinct, though occasionally spoiled by an approach to mouthing. His level passages, too, are sometimes uttered with such force that the more energetic ones cause an uncomfortable feeling in the listeners, from the physical exertion requisite in their delivery. There are certain words, too,—among them the closing *Amen* of his sermon—that he intonates in a manner extremely disagreeable to English ears, and, so far as we can judge, unwarranted by the usual accentuation of the French language.

His gesture and action are graceful to a degree seldom witnessed; but his frequent changes of facial expression appear to us of doubtful propriety. The contortion of feature, with which he expresses scorn—the horror and affright of countenance, retraction of the body, uplifting and tremulous movement of the hands, by which he seeks to convey certain emotions, seem to us artifices beneath the dignified calmness which ought to be a primary characteristic of pulpit oratory. A theatrical air is by these peculiarities given to the speaker's delivery, which presses on an English judgment, even making all reasonable allowance for the difference of national manners, as approaching the profane. And it is

rather a striking fact that in France, where *stage* gesticulation scarcely ever outsteps the modesty of nature, the action of the pulpit—particularly among the Papist priesthood—should exhibit frequent examples of unnatural gesture. Whereas in this country, an icy coldness of manner is but too common in the delivery of our sermons, while on the stage we are all rant and physical violence. Spite of these drawbacks M. Cocquerel's delivery is commanding, dignified for the most part, and undoubtedly as near perfection as that of any living public speaker we have had occasion to hear.

Having thus given a picture of M. Cocquerel as he appears in the pulpit—in mere tracery we admit—it is natural to enquire whether he attains the true end of oratory—in a word, whether he *persuades*. Our own experience would answer in the negative, and we incline to think our own represents the general. That our feelings on the question are well-founded appears the more likely from considering some of his peculiarities which are *a priori* calculated to weaken his effectiveness as a persuader. Thus, attentively observed, he will be found deficient in heartfelt warmth; his words never seem to roll forth as *vere voces ab imo pectore*. He seems to be ignorant of the fundamental principle that lies at the root of persuasive oratory, that to persuade others we must *ourselves* seem persuaded—*si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*.* Who will be roused into strong belief by one whose own faith in his credence seems only lukewarm, by one who seems never to forget self in his subject, by one who is devoid of enthusiasm? His failure as a persuader does not arise from any deficiency in force of expression, of variety of manner, of energy of delivery. Our previous sketch sufficiently proves this. It springs from the single fact that the preacher's own mind appears completely unmoved at times when the nature of his theme, and the mode in which he treated it, would otherwise insure the liveliest emotion in his

hearers. Among the petty circumstances that betray the real condition of his mind, we may instance his sudden depressions of voice, abrupt changes of manner, and unnatural transitions of tone—not, we allow, of language—from solemnity to lightness. These affectations, as the similar ones occurring in some of Byron's works, may prove power of a certain sort, it is true, but they evince a want of refined taste, as well as of correct judgment, for they annoy rather than please those to whom they are addressed. Again, there is a slavish attention to grace in M. Cocquerel—a studied preparation of his very robes, so that their fall shall harmonize with such changes as he meditates in the poise of his arms and person—which shows that the spirit is not where the words are.—We recollect a circumstance that capitally illustrates our strictures. On one occasion while delivering a seemingly most impassioned passage, a book chanced to fall from the reading-desk underneath the pulpit. Immediately on its fall the preacher leaned forwards, looked about in different directions, seemed satisfied with the result of his investigation, looked up again, having all the time continued, without the most trifling change, the emphasis of manner, and energy of tone adapted for the sentences in delivery. Had his mind been as wrapt in his subject as a superficial observer, judging from his manner alone, would have supposed, the desk itself might have fallen to pieces without his ever hearing it.

It is from these causes that a well-known English clergyman at Paris, who is in every attribute of intellect, condition, and physical qualification a very pigmy compared with M. Cocquerel, is yet his superior in the power of persuading. Be his doctrines right or wrong, he seems convinced of their truth, and advocates them with a pertinacious bigotry that passes for enthusiasm, and he in consequence has a devoted flock. It must be remembered, however, that in addition to this element of persuasion he has another advantage over M. Cocquerel, tending,

* A maxim the truth of which has been acknowledged by all nations. Take for examples:—"Il persuadait, parcequ'il paraissait toujours persuadé. VOLTAIRE *Siècle de Louis XV.*

"Zu überzeugen
Führt keinem Überzeugten schwer"—SCHILLER'S *Don Karlos*.

though in a way scarcely honourable to himself or his hearers, to the same end. He flatters the bad and envious feelings of the many, by teaching with bitterness, if not with talent, one of the most uncharitable, corrupt and unphilosophical of priestly dogmas—the doctrine of the elect.

Were we required to sum up in a few words our opinion of M. Cocquerel as an orator, we should say—founding our judgment on the general run of his sermons, and setting aside some of his most faultless efforts—that he rather possesses facility in the use of words than eloquence, that he is rather a brilliant declaimer than a successful persuader, that he delights the fancy but fails to enrapture the heart, that he arouses thought but rarely convinces the judgment, while the effect he produces is powerful but it is temporary, dazzling but not solid. It is true he interests and agitates the feelings of his auditory, but he sends no great truths *home to the heart*, for though his general pictures are just and powerful, he neglects that individual application of them by which each man is shown that he may feel himself personally drawn. He seems to strain after effect rather than to labour at enforcing his reasonings or establishing his doctrine. In fine his oratory is of a kind better calculated

to confirm the disciple, than to allure the proselyte, more fitted to illustrate the beauties of his own, than to expose the blemishes of opposing faith.

In the discharge of his pastoral duties M. Cocquerel is above all praise. In him those who require spiritual or temporal advice ever find one who enters into all their feelings, rather with the tender regard of a near relative, than with the cold formality of one who is fulfilling a professional duty. His benevolence is active and persevering, and if his instructions on this topic are forcible, his example is not less so.

His published works consist of some volumes of Sermons; *Esquisses poétiques de l'ancien Testament*; *Deux Lettres sur le Système Hiéroglyphique de Champollion considérée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ecriture*; &c.; *Biographie Sacrée*. The latter work is a dictionary of personages mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, giving their biblical history, an explanation of such difficulties as it may present, and a view of their character and conduct. We may return to this production, which is worthy of notice for the diligence and good faith manifested in its compilation, the luminousness of its religious views, and the power with which they are expressed.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY MR WALL'S PAINTING OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

ORT have I stood in fancy on the shore
Of Niagara, and with moistened eye
Peered through imaginary mists to spy
The wall of waters and the boiling floor—
But never hath it been my chance before
To see in work of hand or fantasy,
Old Ocean tumbling thus from middle sky.—
Hark! heard ye not the solid thunderous roar?
Even while I gaze, methinks the scene grows dark,
Save where yon light flashed past the blasted pine;
It nears, it kindles—'tis a blazing bark—
Lo! o'er the Horse-shoe's foamy-crested line,
Sped like a shot-star to destruction's mark,
Down to perdition flames the Caroline!

S. F

Dublin, April, 1838.

A VISION OF NOSES.

I WAS engaged, the other evening on that learned treatise of the Jesuit Nuquetius, "De Physiognomia Humana," when, yielding to a pleasant drowsiness which had been creeping over me throughout that long chapter on Noses occurring towards the middle of the second book, I lay back in my chair and soon fell fast asleep. Whether it was that the weight of my spectacles, increased by the position in which my head reclined, had suggested a corresponding train of thought, or that my fancy naturally followed the subject on which my judgment had been just employed, I cannot say; but I had scarce closed my eyes when I began to dream that by some dreadful accident I had lost my nose.

I will not weary the reader by repeating what any person of sensitive mind will so readily conceive; I mean my distress at finding myself deprived of this highly useful and ornamental organ. Suffice it to say, that after for some time deploring the misfortune which had befallen me, I sent for a surgeon of eminence who had made the restoration of the nose his particular study, and had acquired a deservedly high reputation in that branch of practice. He came, I thought, and producing a case of instruments—I leave the reader to imagine how I shuddered—proceeded to explain the process of restoration.

"We must first," said he, exhibiting a small article in silver, shaped somewhat like a straddle, "insert this substitute for the *pons*, or bridge of the nose; then lap it on either side with adequate portions of live flesh cut from the *humeri*, *nates*, or other muscular parts of the body, according to the system of the learned Taliacotius, modelling these as we go along to the required shape; and, finally, strip a sufficiency of the *cutis* with its *pellide* from the forehead to give our work an exterior. The scarification of the frontal integuments will, it is true, be somewhat painful; but not very much more so than from an ordinary blister; and in about six weeks, I think I may promise a sufficient growth of skin to enable you to wear your hat again. So, sir, we had better proceed with the operation. May I

ask what particular shape you would wish your new nose to be?"

"Oh—as like my old one as possible."

"Very natural, sir," replied the Doctor, "but never having had the pleasure of seeing you before, I shall, you are aware, require an accurate description of the former organ before I begin."

"Why, sir," said I, "it was an ordinary sort of nose—that is, it was"—In fact, I found to my great consternation that I had quite forgotten what my old nose was like.

"Was it aquiline, sir," asked the Doctor, "or Grecian; or was it a cocked nose?"

"To tell you the truth, Doctor," I replied, "I find it very difficult to recollect any thing about it. I can only say that my general impression of it is, that it was an ordinary sort of goodish kind of nose, just such as you might expect from the general style of my face."

"But allow me to put you in mind, my dear sir," said the Doctor with a slight smile, "that your face at present cannot be said to have any style. The style of your face will depend altogether on the style of the nose you determine on; for, indeed, the nose may properly be called the *stylus*, *gnomon*, or *index* of the countenance. In fact, I may say you have it now in your power to have any style of face you please."

At this moment a tap came to the door, and immediately after a little gentleman, in the court dress of the last century, entered the room, and bowing, presented me with a card on which was written "Signor Aquilino." There was something so very peculiar in his appearance that I totally forgot the presence of the Doctor from the moment he came in. He was a high-featured fierce-looking little fellow, and walked with an erect and martial air; but what was most extraordinary was the general contour of his figure; for although he seemed to me, when I looked hard at him, to be nothing more than a smart figure of a small man in red satin breeches and black silk stockings, yet, whenever I took my eyes partially off him, so as to have

him, as it were, half in and half out of my sphere of vision, the whole outline of his person would become indistinct for a moment, and then take a sudden resemblance to a great hooked nose of that sort usually called the Roman; then, again, the minute I fixed my eyes full upon him, his lineaments would revert to their former figure and consistence.

It is one peculiar characteristic of dreaming, that the most extraordinary transformations rarely affect us with surprise. You will meet a person in your dream as unlike himself as any thing can be, yet you will be perfectly satisfied it is himself and no other, and his masquerade appearance will give you no concern in the world. I therefore did not feel the least emotion when I perceived, as I immediately did, that this was the Nose Aquiline come to wait upon me *in propria persona*. I begged he would take a seat, and set myself in a polite manner to hear what he had to say.

"Having been informed, sir," said the Signor, seating himself opposite to me, "that you are at present in want of a nose, I have taken the liberty of waiting on you; and I shall feel proud if I may be permitted to succeed my lamented kinsman who lately occupied that distinguished place between your eyes."

"Signor," said I, entering at once into the spirit of his application, "you find me very peculiarly situated. I had a nose a few days ago which not only answered all my ordinary purposes perfectly well, but even went a considerable way, as I have reason to believe, in giving me the regards of the most amiable of her sex. I have no ambition beyond keeping the same place in her good graces which I was so happy as to attain to with that organ; and could I but recollect its shape, I would be quite satisfied with a restoration in *fac simile*. But unfortunately, Signor Aquilino, its whole shape and character have totally escaped my memory; and, as I am here among strangers, who never saw me but as you see me now, and have no time to send to my friends in Ireland for a written description, plan, or projection of the missing part of my countenance, lest the progress of cicatrization, you perceive, should interfere with the incorporating process on which its restoration is to be founded—I am re-

duced to the necessity of making my election among the different varieties of the nose at large, and will have much pleasure in entertaining proposals from you, Signor, or from any other member of the Nasal family."

"Believe me, sir," replied the Signor, taking snuff and assuming an air of considerable dignity, "I am happy to congratulate you on the opportunity you now enjoy of making yourself possessor of one of the most desirable features within the whole circle of physiognomy. I am not egotistical, sir, but as many pretenders are abroad, and will doubtless besiege you with their importunities so soon as this vacancy becomes generally known, I would take the liberty of stating that I am the only head and representative of the name; in proof of which I may mention, that in the great case '*Eyes versus Nose*,' in Cowper's Reports, I was sole defendant. Self-respect, as well as regard for the interests of the public, obliges me to put gentlemen on their guard. There is an audacious person, who calls himself Count Belvidere, who has long imposed upon the credulity of people of taste, alleging I know not what absurd claims, in right of what he calls the 'ideal.' I do not deny that if the world were a picture and sculpture gallery he would be a distinguished personage; but speaking of things as they exist, his claims upon the human countenance are altogether visionary. There again is a ridiculous fellow, a Monsieur le Sime, who might rule the roast very well in a community of apes, but whose pretensions to represent the first feature on the face of mankind are ludicrous. You would laugh, sir, did I tell you of some other of my rivals; such as Von Snob, a Dutch boor; Master Bottlenose, an English bumpkin; and one O'Cock, an Irish vulgarian of unrivalled impudence. But, sir, I will have done with these persons and speak for myself. I am truly rejoiced to have met with a gentleman of your devotion to the ladies. I am myself of an amorous disposition—ah, cruel La Retroussée," and the Signor sighed in a very natural and touching manner; "and this community of feeling," continued he, "will much enhance the pleasure I shall experience in witnessing the fulfilment of your fondest wishes: for this I can confidently promise you."

"Alas, Signor," I replied, "who can count with certainty on the capricious tastes of a woman? We show ourselves to them, and we talk to them, and other means of gaining them we have none: And who can tell, I say, how the change of so important an object of sight may offend a lady's eye, or how an unaccustomed twang in the vehicle of thought may destroy the effect of sentiments which were once as sweet as they were familiar to her ear?"

"So far as your influence with the fair sex is concerned," replied the Signor, "set your mind at rest. Let me but lead the van of your personal attractions, and you are irresistible."

"How is that, Signor? instruct me in your reasons."

"First, then," said Aquilino, "to give my reasons in a logical manner: there is no quality under Heaven which women do so admire in a man as valour; either, as Sir Philip Sidney surmises, because they love to hold safe in their arms one who hath escaped thither out of so many dangers, or as Ashenæus hath it"—here perceiving that the Signor was a man of parts and learning, I drew my chair closer to him, in doing which I lost his second quotation, but took him up as he proceeded—"whereas he who hath even the most equivocal sign of valour about him, no matter how hirsute, rude, and unpolished a Brontes he may be in other respects, such as a great scar on his face, received in the wars, or an arm bandaged from a wound in a recent duel, though he should have been sent to the wars against his will, and had fought the duel while he was drunk, and so only pot-valiant, shall be better received of a roomful of ladies than your handsomest fellow, who is known to have the least distaste for the smell of powder. But he who carries on his countenance the very index and token of a valiant heart, I mean an arched, embattled, salient, and eagle-like nose, he shall have need for neither patch nor bandage, but simply showing his noble feature, though he do but advance it an inch past the door, he shall say *veni, visus sum, vici*; for assuredly there will not be a female heart among all present which he will not have captivated."

"But, granting the influence of valour on the female heart," said I, "how do you show, Signor, that the

aquiline nose is a certain index of that quality?"

"Sir, it is the index of all good qualities," replied the Signor with animation, "of valour, magnanimity, sagacity, generosity, and blood-royal; and this I prove, on principles of pure induction, by a series of observations extending from the present time to the age of the great Alexander. For, not to weary you with a host of minor authorities, what says Aristotle?—they, says he, whom we Greeks call Gryfi, or Griffins, from their beaked noses, be of the nature of the eagle, the king of birds, that is of a soaring, generous, courageous, and predaceous nature; which opinion, doubtless, did not arise in the mind of that great naturalist without long and curious observation. Again, concerning Cyrus, who was a pink and pattern for all prince-like qualities, we are assured by Xenophon and Plutarch, that he was of a great and crooked nose, as did become his noble nature. Artaxerxes, likewise, as once might be seen by his medallion in the museum of A'Porta's brother, was a prince of a most eminent feature. So, also, was Antiochus, the magnanimous Emperor of Syria, surnamed the Hawk on this account; while Justin is my authority that that noble gentleman, Demetrius, Prince of the same empire, was a conspicuous Griffin—and does not Dares Phrygius say as much for Neoptolemus, and Suetonius for Servius Galba, and finally, to conclude the ancients, have we not the testimony of Nicephorus, that the apostle Paul himself was of a neat and agile person, small-headed, high-browed, thick-bearded, and of a fair hooked nose? Again, among the moderns, what says Jovius? 'The three most magnanimous monarchs of history' says he, 'namely, Mahomet, the second Sultan of the Turks' (to whom he might have added Selim, the son of Bajazet, and Solyman the Magnificent), 'Charles V. Emperor of Spain, Germany, and the Low Countries, and Francis I. King of France, all three were Griffins; the first, in particular, to the extraordinary degree, that his nose did usually rest upon his upper-lip.' Again, sir, look abroad among the warriors and ornaments of the world in times still nearer our own. Behold the great and good King William: his glorious, pious, and immortal memory is but the meed of that valour

and wisdom indicated by his arched, eminent, and eagle-like proboscis. See what a graceful curve completes the classic profile of Napoleon: what a falciform, embattled, and warlike organ leads the van of Wellington's heroic countenance: what a salient and irrepressible index of the aspiring soul within starts from amid the intellectual features of Grattan! But why do I weary you with an accumulation of examples?—all brave, and great, and wise men have been Griffins since the infancy of observation. The nose-aquiline is destined to lead to victory and fame wherever its possessors have the courage to follow it—it is the marshal of the features, the captain of the countenance, the masterpiece of nature, and the glory of physiognomy."

"Still, Signor," I replied, "these are but individual examples."

"Ay, but," replied Aquilino, "I will now corroborate these individual examples, by showing how a long observation of such has resulted in solemn decrees and legislative enactments, recognising the superiority of the nose-aquiline above all others, and that among some of the wisest nations the world ever saw. For, first, there is the negative decree of the old Jewish law, which, as you may read in the book of Leviticus, forbids any one having a flat nose to approach the altar; whereby the choice evidently falls on such as have either straight or hooked noses; but the Jews being peculiarly an aquiline nose, among whom straight noses were not to be found, I conclude, that the prohibition of the flat nose amounts to a decree in favour of the nose-aquiline; and the wisdom of that decree, I believe, will not be called in question. Again, it was, as Possidonius explicitly informs us, a strict and immutable law of the ancient Persians, a people, also, wise in their generation, that none but those whose noses were of this commanding and magnificent figure should succeed to the kingly dignity among them; so that not only does experience proclaim this fact of the superiority of the nose-aquiline, but history attests the public recognition of it from the earliest ages, and amongst the most enlightened nations."

"Signor," said I, "you speak well and scholar-like; nevertheless, I cannot so much commend the practice of

the Persians you mention, as of those Thracians who are reported (I think it is by Herodotus) to have chosen their monarchs according to their more strictly phrenological indications; allowing those only to be of the blood-royal who had knotty or gibbous foreheads, by which I understand a marked development of the intellectual organs, such as comparison, eventuality, causality, congruity, and individuality, qualities very fit to be observed in the selection of our elective monarch."

"That these Thracians did exhibit a reasonable shrewd judgment, *quoad frontum*, or so far forth as the forehead is concerned, I deny not," replied the Signor; "but I hold that had they confined their search for mental indications to the organ of which I am the representative, they would have taken the matter by, as I may say, the better handle. For although observation may have shown that these gibbosities of the forehead have sometimes been co-existent with an excellent intellect, yet why or how they have been or ought to be so, cannot in any wise be determined; whereas, in the case of the nose, the reasons why that organ should be the index of a sagacious mind, a valiant heart, and a magnanimous nature, are as evident in theory as the confirmation of them is palpable in practice."

"Surely, Signor," said I, "when you compare the exploded dogmas of Lavater with the scientific inductions of Spurzheim and Gall you do a great injustice."

"To the former, I admit," said Aquilino; "for, as I shall shortly prove, the former is a legitimate science, the latter but a handicraft."

"Proceed then, Signor, with your proofs," cried I; "and first your reasons why a hooked nose should be the index of a sagacious mind."

"The nasal functions," began the Signor, "are threefold; one set of them having to do with the olfactory, another with the respiratory, and the third with the visual organs. The functions of the first class in like manner are twofold; first, to convey the perception of those odoriferous particles which produce the sense of smell to the brain; and secondly, to purge the brain itself of humours. Now, in the hooked nose, the cavity, ventricle, or chamber in which the odoriferous particles are received and digested,

and through which the draining and cleansing of the head is performed, is larger than in any other, by reason of the greater convexity of that part of its roof constituted by the ridge of the nose, whereby a greater surface of the *rete mucosum* which performs the double office I have just described, is brought into play for the benefit of the sensorium. Those, therefore, who have hooked noses, do not only enjoy one sense in a much greater degree of perfection, but have the organs of all their other senses, nay, as it is alleged, of thought itself, kept in a much cleaner and more efficient state than other individuals; whence, doubtless, arose that opinion among the ancients of the importance of being well-nosed, which we find indicated in their application of the term 'nasutus,' as Festus explains it, to such as do most sagaciously scent and smell out the politic stratagems of other men. A great confirmation whereof is also had out of Laurentius, who informs us that the old Egyptians in their hieroglyphics did formerly signify a wise, prudent, and clear-headed man, by the symbolic representation or ideograph of a nose."

"Now, Signor, your proofs, if you please, that a hooked nose is the index of a valiant heart."

"Nothing more evident," replied Aquilino, "for, first, the office of respiration is, as held by all the great physicians of antiquity, *ad refrigerandum cor*, for the cooling and ventilating of the heart, whereby it is manifest that the more expanded and capacious the means of ventilation are, the more need for these cooling and recreating visitations the ventilated thing must have; hence I conclude that the hearts of such men as have great, hooked, and capacious noses, must needs be marvellous hot, which is a certain prognostic of valour. But if, rejecting the testimonies of the ancients, we deny this office of the respiratory organs, and hold instead, with Harvey and his modern school, that the blood having imparted all its ruddy and vital energies to the flesh and fibre of the frame during each of its peregrinations from the heart throughout the body, returns languid and sluggish to the lungs in search of a new supply of vitality from the atmosphere with which it there becomes inter-

penetrated, and that at each inspiration an entire renewal and revivification of the vital fluid does so take place; then, I maintain, that in proportion as the nasal *aditus* or door-way (for none but clowns and idiots breathe through the mouth in their waking moments), is open, capacious, fit for the entry of a great host of oxygeniferous particles, and adapted to the speedy expulsion of the deleterious constituents of the breath after each purification of the blood has taken place, so will the blood thus purified, revived, and recreated, be more hot, subtle, penetrating, and vital; whence I conclude that he who has that great ventricle to which a hooked nose is necessary for breathing through, will also have hot and nimble blood, wherein consists the very quality of valour. Hence we have a reason for that philosophic expression of the Hebrews when describing the symptoms of anger, 'there went up a smoke out of his nostrils,' 'out of his nostrils there goeth smoke,' and the like; which some commentators would have to be an Orientalism, but which is only another evidence of the wisdom of the Israelitish nation and of the presumption of the moderns. For which reason also we ought, in our version of Isaiah, to read literally 'for my name's sake will I lengthen my nose,' and not tamper with the sacred text by paraphrasing it thus, 'for my name's sake will I defer mine anger,' which is neither so striking an image nor so philosophical a mode of speech as in the original. But to return to our consideration of the nose as the more immediate index of valour; we have a great confirmation of this truth in the fact which any one may have observed, that the activity of those faculties which go to constitute the quality of valour invariably produces a corresponding development of the nasal organ. Look at the early pictures of Wellington and Anglesea. Their noses, ere yet familiar with the smell of powder, appear scarce more elevated than those of ordinary men; yet see how supereminently they now preside over their respective countenances like valiant colonels mounted at the heads of their regiments ready to lead to death or victory."

"I confess these are strong facts in favour of your claims to valour, Sig-

nor," I replied; "let me now hear your grounds for challenging the further distinction of greater magnanimity."

"The nose," replied Signor Aquilino, "is admitted by all writers not only to complete and adorn the rest of the features, 'having *per se*,' as Laurentius saith, 'a kind of beauty, yea, of majesty;' but to be most serviceable also to the optic organs in separating their more immediate spheres of vision, so as to prevent them having a common focus within those limits which have to do with obliquity of sight. The eye, being thus guided direct to its object, and having no room for dodging or avoiding a full view and contemplation of it, is habituated to a steady and straightforward consideration of whatsoever comes before it. Now there is no more marked indication of a magnanimous nature than that a man should look whatsoever he has to deal with full in the face. Hence doubtless arise the perseverance and sagacity of aquiline statesmen. Think you that Peel could persevere from session to session with his eye on his object as he has done, but for the *linea directrix* of that exalted feature which at the present moment points to office? Hence also I account for the successes of Castlereagh; and I conclude, as well from the prior argument for magnanimity which we draw from the admitted fact of valour, as from this additional use and effect of the falciform organ, that he who has a great hooked and salient nose is necessarily wise, valiant, and magnanimous."

"You seem to have studied the matter very deeply, Signor," said I.

"Sir," replied Aquilino, "I am a Professor of Rhinology."

"Of what?" asked I.

"Of Rhinology, or the science of divining characters by the dimensions of the nose," replied Aquilino, taking a pair of callipers out of his pocket. "But I forget," said he, putting them up again with a smile, "that your character for the present is, as I may say, incommensurable."

"This is a science of which I never heard before," said I, "though I am a member of the British Association, and have not missed a meeting of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons during the season. Pray, when and by whom was it discovered?"

"It was well known to the ancients,"

replied Aquilino; "but the honour of reviving it belongs to Doctors Spleen and Worse'em, two illustrious Germans of the last generation."

"And what led these learned doctors to make the discovery?"

"Doctor Worse'em," replied the Signor, "was first led to consider the nose an index of the mind by observing that a serjeant-major in the Prussian foot-guards, who had already fought three duels with broadswords, and two with rapiers, and who had received his promotion for leading the forlorn hope on a certain very dangerous occasion, was distinguished above his comrades by the extraordinary developement of his nasal organs. Observing the same peculiar formation to accompany like characteristics in another person, a prize-fighter of Stuttgart, he directed his enquiries towards ascertaining the dimensions of the noses of several other buffers and dare-devils, and finding invariably that the indications were the same, concluded, on strict principles of induction, that a large nose of the Roman make was the true index of a valiant heart."

"But a man's possessing or not possessing mere courage goes a very little way in determining his character," said I; "and unless you have been enabled to ascertain the nasal indications of various other qualities, I must deny your right to claim the title of a science for Dr Worse'em's discovery."

"But courage, or combativeness, is far from being the only quality of which we have ascertained the organ," said Aquilino; "there, for example, to begin at the beginning, is wit, or congruity, which was the very second function realized by Worse'em. The manner in which he discovered the seat of this organ is worthy of being commemorated. It is situated at the inferior antero-lateral extremity of the nose, and is a double organ. To this spot Dr Worse'em observed several individuals of a strong natural turn for humour applying the extremity of the thumb of either hand, with the fingers extended, whenever they said any thing particularly witty. It is true there have been various opinions among Rhinologists as to the true cause of the extension of the fingers; but there is no science in which some difference of opinion will not be found among the most learned professors; and, as Rhinology is yet

in its infancy, it cannot be asserted that it should be exempt from those uncertainties which continue to affect even astronomy and geology in their mature age. With regard to the application of the thumb, however, there can be no mistake; and the organ is now considered to be quite conclusively ascertained."

"I must admit," said I, "that Doctor Worse'em's observation was a perfectly true one. I have myself seen the pictures of humorists represented in this attitude; and I recollect, in particular, being struck with the fact in several of Mr Cruikshank's drawings."

"The next organ observed by Doctor Worse'em," continued Aquilino, "was that of amateness, or love of the other sex, the manner of discovering which was as follows:—He had a patient, a lady of a very amorous temperament. When attending her once, for a cold in the head, he observed that in applying her *mouchoir* she caught hold of her nose much higher up than persons usually do. On enquiry he found that the sight of any of the objects of her regards (for she was a lady of extended benevolence) occasioned a peculiar tingling sensation in the same part. This led him to further investigations, which resulted in the amplest confirmation of his theory. The organ is double. It is situated posteriorly and superiorly to the organ of valour, which, as I have already explained, forms the key-stone, as it were, of the bridge of the nose."

"Really this is very interesting," I exclaimed; "and tell me, have you found out the organ of veneration yet? for I always was a person of a religious turn; and, as I must have possessed the organ large, I might thus, perhaps, make a guess at the shape of my former nose."

"Veneration," said Aquilino, "was at first thought, by the French Rhinologist, to reside in the tip, or extremity of the nasal apparatus; because in noses of the Gallic family that particular part most commonly looks up at the sky. But this is now determined to be the organ of attachment; and veneration is referred, by our most learned professors, to the very opposite end, for the reason that the superior extremity of any thing is always nearer heaven than the inferior."

"Good! And because our affec-

tions are too much engaged with the things of this world, you give them the end that looks down towards the earth?"

"Exactly so; with this additional reason to make all sure; that we observe children rubbing the tips of their noses to the bosoms of their mothers and nurses; and that the most affectionate mode of salutation among many nations at the present day is by rubbing noses, in which operation the extremities of these organs are very frequently brought into contact."

"True, true. I have observed the same in dogs. My spaniel always pokes his nose into my hand when he would show his affection for me in the most unequivocal manner."

"No doubt," replied Aquilino, "it is most natural he should. There are a great many other organs," he continued, "which we have ascertained in a similar manner; and the science now is so far perfected that I can speak with certainty to the character of a person I never saw, by merely inspecting a memorandum of the dimensions of his nose."

"How I regret," I exclaimed, "that I cannot give you an opportunity of showing your skill in my own case! I must only console myself with the reflection that as I still have my head on my shoulders, I cannot be said to have altogether lost my character."

"Ah, sir," said Aquilino, "if you depend on your head for a character, your reputation will be of a very equivocal kind."

"Oh!" said I, "two of a trade, I know, can never agree. But notwithstanding the ingenuity of your Rhinological arguments, I must still say that I continue more a disciple of Gall and Spurzheim than of Spleen and the other. For if we admit the brain to be the seat of thought, it is surely more rational to attend to what experience tells us are the indications of thought in the neighbourhood of the brain than anywhere else."

"Sir," said Aquilino, "I will be bold to say that the argument for the truth of phrenology, drawn from the indications of the cranium, would be rather stronger than otherwise if there were no brain in the skull at all."

"How, Signor? You state a paradox."

"Suppose the great clock of the post-office," said Aquilino, "instead of its proper apparatus of weight, pendulum, and escapement, to consist internally of a substance altogether irreconcilable with the indications of the dial-plate, in which neither the system of the hours, nor the division of the minutes, nor the subdivision of the seconds could be traced, and that this substance was said to be the true and only organ of time; and suppose that the hands of this clock were sometimes observed to indicate the true time, albeit no connexion whatever could be traced between them and this internal organ; then, I say, it would be better for the credit of the dial that it should be left alone to stand on its ascertained merits, whatever they might be, than that individuals coming to consult it, and referring to its machinery for a reason why its hands should point so and so, should discover that there was no traceable likeness, connexion, or analogy between the alleged index without and the admitted organ within."

"In that case the dial should get the credit of being index and organ in one," said I.

"Precisely so," replied the Signor. "Admit the cranium itself to be the organ of thought, and the indications of the cranium are, so far, the better grounds of phrenological conclusions; but if you insist on the cranium being the index of that to which it bears no resemblance, analogy, or relationship whatever, namely, to a medullary and cineritious substance, the superior surface of which is convoluted in a manner neither symmetrical as to its opposite sides, nor co-extensive with the indications of the horny covering above, you act as inconsistently as those popes who, granting the Scriptures to be true, did put forth bulls irreconcilable with Scripture as indices and expositors thereof. Now surely it would have been better for these bulls that the Scriptures had not had an existence, than that, by an investigation of the original organ of truth, their false pretensions to explaining the same should be detected."

"Granting, Signor," I replied, "that we cannot trace all the minor convolutions on the surface of the skull, yet you must admit that certain systems of convolutions, each, it may

be, made up of many minor volumina, are externally traceable; and that those, although not made up of parts symmetrically situated in themselves, are certainly to be found in corresponding situations indicated on either side of the cranium."

"That such external indications exist, I grant," said Aquilino; "but that corresponding systems are to be found below the superior surface of the *dura mater*, I deny; for, not to speak of the varieties of thickness which are to be found in the cranium itself, the inequalities of this and the other membranes are so considerable, that the correspondence you would hint at is quite lost and confounded among the integuments, each of which renders the surface more even, as a coat of plaster does a rough wall, until, when the skull-cap comes to be put on, the superior surface of the *dura mater* exhibits no more resemblance to the convolutions it overlies than does the superior surface of the hypogastric region to the convolutions of the intestinal canal. But supposing that you had proved the existence of observable systems, I object, first, that these systems are not bound by the natural *fossæ* or furrows of separation which occur between the different series of the minor *volumina*, and which, if separate organs existed in the brain, would *prima facie* appear to be their natural boundaries; and, secondly, that even if such boundaries had been established to each system, these systems are themselves of uniform structure, and in immediate connexion underneath throughout each sphere of the cerebrum, and cannot, without an assumption which no other result of anatomy will warrant, be supposed to be simultaneously engaged in multiform and dissimilar functions."

"Let me hear you more at large upon your first objection."

"If we map out the surface of the cerebrum according to the external indications of its bony covering, our lines of division will cross the convolutions of the brain ten times for once that they will coincide with them; so that it would be impossible to separate one system of these convolutions thus mapped out from other portions of the same convolutions, extending into what are alleged to be different organs, without cutting

through, and artificially separating the cineritious substance of the brain itself. Thus the organ of faith, we will say, for example, is not made up of a separate convolution, or system of convolutions, naturally marked out and distinguished from the surrounding matter of the brain by a continuous *sulcus* or furrow, but of parts, fragments, elbows of diverse convolutions, separated from *one another* by natural boundaries; but not separated at all from their continuations into adjacent organs, the functions of which are alleged to be totally different from those of the organ of faith. Nay, it not unfrequently happens that the continuous convolutions of different organs, when there happens to be a partial division, overlap, so that what goes to form the protuberance under one organ is really less a part of that than of an adjacent organ."

"But," said I, "since the structure of the adjacent systems is uniform, it matters not whether they are separated from one another by *fossæ* or by arbitrary divisions; for these *fossæ* are no more than folds and corrugations produced by the compressed state in which the surface of the cerebrum is kept, either for the purpose of having it stowed in a more convenient compass, or with the design of exposing a greater extent of surface; so that there are, in fact, no natural divisions whatever: but if, as I think I can prove, the brain must be a congeries of separate organs, it is plain that divisions of some sort will be necessary; and therefore we have no choice but to adopt the arbitrary divisions you find fault with."

"This, then," said Aquilino, "brings me fairly to my second objection, namely, that there can be no local variety of function where there is neither separateness of arrangement nor difference of structure."

"But," said I, "I shall prove that the brain is not one organ but a congeries of organs. You grant that the brain is the organ of the mind?"

"Suppose it so, *argumenti gratia*."

"Then, if it be one organ, it must be exercised all at once, and equally in all parts. But the faculties of the mind are not exercised all at once and equally together, else we could have no such phenomenon as a dream. But we do dream. The brain is therefore not one organ but a congeries of or-

gans, some of which are at certain times in a greater, and some at certain times in a less state of activity."

"Good," said Aquilino, "I like the argument; let us apply it elsewhere, and see what we shall make of it. You grant the nose to be the organ of smell?"

"Suppose it so," said I, somewhat doggedly.

"Then, if it be one organ it must be exercised all at once and equally in all parts. But the smelling faculties are not exercised all at once and equally together, else we could have no such phenomena as the perception of sweet odours at one time and of bad smells at another. But we do perceive both sweet odours and bad smells. The nose is, therefore, not one organ, but a congeries of organs, some of which are at certain times in a greater, and some in a less state of activity; and, therefore, according to the shape of a man's nose and the quantity of mucous membrane exposed in certain parts of it, I am justified in inferring, if previous observation be found occasionally to have pointed at similar conclusions, that such a one has twice as good a nose for civet as for lavender, and that such another one's faculty for smelling a rat is remarkably strong, or, in other words, that his organ of *muriodorateness* is very largely developed."

"The only rat I smell is in your own argument, Signor," cried I. "You institute an analogy between an organ whose business it is to deal with sensitive particles, and an organ which is occupied in performing the work of the immaterial mind."

"And this," replied Aquilino, "is but a shrew-mouse to the huge animal which you have entrapped in your own rejoinder. You argue that because some inconsiderate persons grant in general terms that the brain is the organ of the mind, the implement is therefore liable to all that can be predicated of the operation, which is as absurd as to say, that because the hand-saw is the tool of the carpenter, and the carpenter sometimes spends his evenings at home and sometimes at the alehouse, the hand-saw is therefore not one tool but a congeries of tools. Say at once, the hand-saw is the carpenter, or the brain is the mind, and I will know how to meet you."

"Signor," said I, "I do not much

like accepting of illustrations in place of arguments; still, if you will substitute the tool-box for the hand-saw, I cannot but say that you will give a fairer representation of my case."

"Show me," cried Aquilino, "in the medullary and cineritious substance of the brain, in which you assert that these different organs are to be found, a difference of structure between any two parts of both, so slight as to be detected by the most refined process of analysis, and that moment, '*transfuga ad castra Combiano fio.*' I do not ask for a gross and palpable distinction like that between the blunt hammer and the sharp chisel, the smooth plane and the rough file, the spiral gimlet and the straight spring-bit—show me any difference whatever—let it be but enough to enable the anatomist, with all the help of spectacles and microscope, to say *this* portion of cineritious and medullary matter was cut out of the organ of combativeness, and *that* out of the organ of faith, and I am your convert."

"Well, Signor," said I, "there is no knowing but that we may, some day, be able to gratify you. In the mean-time, we must not be too sure that such differences do not exist, although our present means of investigation may not enable us to discover them."

"'Tis, at the least, somewhat strange," replied Aquilino, "that where the alleged operations are so extremely different—for what community is there, for example, between the exercise of combativeness and of faith, or of self-esteem and of causality?—there should be no difference whatever observable in the implements used by the mind; while in the commonest artisan's tool-box, though all his operations have the same object, that, namely, of removing certain portions of the material on which he works, the difference between each and every other is so apparent as at once to point out its peculiar uses."

"But, Signor," said I, "we do not suppose this difference of function compatible with identity of structure without reason. I, for instance, can see no difference between the optic and the olfactory nerve, yet you know that the functions of these are as different as is the colour of red from the sound of a trumpet."

"If you cannot see the difference

between them, you are no very exact anatomist," replied Aquilino; "but even supposing them identical in structure, they are furnished with external organs as diverse in formation and design as are a drum and a telescope. Yet the senses of hearing and seeing, clearly distinguished as are the differences of their external organs, are not so different from each other as are almost any two of these functions which you attribute to undistinguishable parts of the same undivided cerebrum."

"Still, Signor," said I, "when we see the remarkable agreement of observations made at different times and in different countries, all corroborative of the fact, that certain indications of the cranium are found to be co-existent with certain mental dispositions, and when we know that the general form of the cranium depends on the developement of these substances which it covers, we must not lightly reject the evidence of such facts, because we may find it difficult to devise a perfect theory to account for them."

"Just so," replied Aquilino, "and therefore it is that I think you have cause to regret the presence of so untractable a substance as the brain among those phenomena which have to be taken into account in forming your theory. For, first, if you take the orange medullary matter, which forms the *centrum ovale* of either sphere to be the true brain, you fall into the difficulty that this is the most unlike the external indications of the cranium of all the other substances contained within it; for, the cineritious matter, which is chiefly the *materia formatrix* of these indications, penetrates the medulla unequally, and still less represents its superior surface than it is itself represented by the superior surface of the cranium; and, secondly, if you take this cuticle covering to be the true brain, you fall into the difficulty that this is of very unequal volume in different heads, as well as frequently of unequal and variable thickness in different parts of the same; and, third, if you take either or both to be the true brain, wherever they are to be discovered, you will find it necessary to bring the volume of the spinal cord into your account; since cineritious and medullary substances of the same sort with that of the brain,

occur in all men down even to the lumbar regions; and then the length of a man's back, as well as the capacity and shape of his head, will become a material ingredient in casting the cerebroscope. In fine, if the indications of the cranium be absolutely true, you are bound, first, to assume the cranium itself as the organ of the mind, for it is liker to itself than any thing else; and, failing the cranium, you are, secondly, bound to assume the *dura mater* to be that organ, for it is next likeliest to that which is its index; and, failing the *dura mater*, *tunica arachnoidea*, and *pia mater*, you are bound, thirdly, or fifthly, if you will, to assume the cuticle covering of the medulla to be that organ; for it is next likeliest to it; and, failing all these, you come to the medulla itself, which most men consider to be the true brain, but which is not like the index at all; then, under the medulla, we have got these cavities in which the old Arabians were of opinion that the mental operations were carried on, and from the bulk of which they judged of the activity of the spirits which had made themselves such and such elbow-room; and beyond these I do not expect that you will persist in prosecuting your search after the true instrument of thought; though, if you have the inclination, there are substances enough of functions still undiscovered, such as your *corpus striatum*, your *tania semicircularis*, your *pes hippocampi*, your *corpora quadrigemina*, and your *fornix*, among which to seek after the unsearchable, down even to the *medulla obligata*, and, if you will, to the *os cotygis*. Thus, then, I come round once more to my former conclusion, that the great stumblingblock your phrenologists have to get over, is the brain itself."

"Sir!" cried I, surprised into a momentary warmth by the extravagance of the Signor's conclusion, "after the ridiculous arguments which you have adduced to show that a hooked nose is the sign of valour"—

"I have at least adduced an argument assigning a reason for the fact, proved by the testimony of experience," interrupted Aquilino, "which is more than the supporters of phrenology, under the new system, have done. In the old school, indeed, it

was very different. If Avicenna or Averrhoes concurred in placing the imagination in the fore part of the head, the intellect in the middle, and memory behind, they told you the why and wherefore. The imagination, being to apprehend the species and representatives of sensible things, was placed near the seats of the principal senses; the intellect, being to abstract these images of things from the imagination, was seated next to it; and besides this, it was placed in the middle, because the middle is the safest and most honourable place, and so fittest for the intellect, it being the most precious and noble faculty of the human soul; the memory, again, as being the recorder and registrar-general, as it were, whose office it is"—

"Tut, tut! Signor," cried I; "I am really surprised that you should rake up such rubbish as this from the old hanapars of empiricism. Your own arguments were ridiculous enough; but these puerilities of the Arabians are unworthy even of the advocate of the nose-aquiline."

"You may overthrow my arguments if you will," replied Aquilino; "and I am content to rest upon the observed facts, which I can still do with infinitely greater security than you can, since, I thank heaven, we have no admitted organ of valour in the immediate vicinity of the nose, by a reference to which my evidences can be proved to be inconsistent among themselves."

"Sir," said I, "I know many men with hooked noses who are great cowards."

"And I, sir," replied Aquilino, "know many more with big heads who are great dunces."

"A man may have excellent capabilities, and yet never have used them," I replied.

"Just so," said he. "Every man with a hooked nose may be a hero; if he will only pluck up a spirit."

"Nosey, Signor Aquilino, has from the earliest times been a term of reproach."

"What more opprobrious than the nickname of Chuckle-head?" he replied.

"Chuckle-head," I replied, "has a like signification with Bullet-head, or Round-head; and is used reproachfully only in so far as it applies to

that undue developement of the animal propensities which distinguishes those who are so called."

"Nosey, being a diminutive," replied Aquilino, "can only apply to those who are deficient in a due developement of the organ; like those Sileni and Satyrs, by whose flat and defective noses the philosophic ancients used to figure forth a rude intellect. Nay, as Plutarch and Pliny would seem to hint, those wild men of the woods, the Sileni, had their name from that ape-like shape of their noses, they being in other respects tall and proper men."

"With your leave," said I, "that is a wrong interpretation: for Julius Pollux is clear that the Sileni were so called *απο του ἰλλαινιν*; as indicating a disposition which is but too strongly marked by the protuberant *cerebella* of such figures."

"I appeal to the Etrusean vases," cried Aquilino.

"I confess," said a polite personage, whom I had not before observed, mingling in an easy tone in the conversation, "I am surprised to find the judicious Signor Aquilino appealing to these elegant remains of antiquity, which are, if I may so express it, the very muniments and patents of my right to represent the Nasal family from the earliest ages. Sir," turning to me, "I am happy to find that the honourable situation lately filled by my deceased kinsman is still unoccupied; and, if the recommendations of Jupiter and Esculapius, the wisest, and of Apollo and Mercury, the handsomest of the gods—of Achilles and Alexander the most valiant, and of Plato and Aristotle the most philosophic of men, can interest you in my favour, I trust I am not too presumptuous in aspiring to succeed him."

Aquilino, who during the address, had been snuffing the air, and putting on looks of scorn and defiance, now turned to me. "This, sir," said he, "is the Greek of whom we have just been speaking. I believe I have your authority for telling him that his services are not required. Count, you may retire, you are wanted in the museum—the antiquaries expect you."

"With the forms of classic beauty, whether in the museum, the studio, or in Olympus, I may indeed be said

to reside," replied Count Belvidere, no ways abashed, "but although I am unhappily of late days more at home in the picture and sculpture gallery than on the countenances of men, yet here are features"—bowing to me—"which, as they have been modelled so far on those of the Apollo, it were a thousand pities to leave incomplete."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Aquilino—"a precious specimen of the '*Adulandigen peritissima*.'"

"If you would cap quotations," replied Belvidere, "I have here one from the Legation of Luteprand, 'When we would brand an enemy with disgrace, we call him a Roman, comprehending under that one name of Roman, whatever is base, is cowardly, is covetous, is false, is vicious.'"

"Rascal!" cried Aquilino, "I will tweak you till you are as long as the nose of Slawkenbergius!" and he was about to grasp his adversary round the middle, when a spruce-looking individual slid in between the combatants, and exclaimed with an air of great self-satisfaction—

"Ah, mes amis, pacify you, et retirez in amitie. Saare, milor," turning to me with a bow, "I be come to your assistance; I do commeesurate your condition; I do propose to supply-a your necessities. Ah, voilà le nez piquante, le petit tiez heroïque, apostolique, vrais Catholique et universelle!"

"Monsieur Le Sime," said I; for by this time I took things in the coolest manner imaginable, "That you are the Nose Piquant I readily admit: impart to me, however, the grounds of your heroic, apostolic, and Catholic pretensions."

"Saare," replied Le Sime, "I be the nose which has gain immortal honour by having graced the countenances of the heroic Horace Coeles, and the sublime Fieschi."

"If king-killing be an honour," said Aquilino, "I was the nose of Cæsar's Brutus."

"And I of Harmodius and Aristogeiton," cried Belvidere.

"And I of Oliver Cromwell, and I'm d——d sorry for it!" exclaimed a new comer-in, whom I at once recognised as Bottle-nose: he bore a flagon of ale in one hand, and a pipe of tobacco in the other; and was

followed by a motley group, among whom O'Cock, whom I would have known in a thousand, was conspicuous.

"Now, Monsieur Le Sime," said I, "let us hear your apostolic pretensions, if you please."

"With the most great pleasure," replied Le Sime. "Je suis le Nez Catholique, parceque, je composais le nez du premier apôtre et fondateur de l'Eglise Catholique; car, Simon Pierre vas so call de la simitie son re-troussement de son sainte et benit proboscide—c'est a dire, because of the piquant shape of his organ of de smell."

"I stand upon the testimony of Nicephorus, that Paul, who was as good a man as Peter any day, was a griffin," cried Aquilino.

"Paul!" cried Le Sime, contemptuously. "Comparez vous donc cet pauvre homme au grand évêque du Rome—au premier pontif—au Pierre même—cet grand Pierre contre lequel les ports d'enfer ne s'emportèrent jamais? Pierre, messieurs, Pierre vas dat rock, cet pierre là, car *«ετς»* dans la Greque est justment Pierre dans la Française."

"You don't tell me so!" cried Bottlenose, who had enquired the meaning from Aquilino. "So, then, it isn't upon a rock, but upon a pun that the Church is founded after all?"

"Pauvre heretique!" exclaimed Le Sime; "where-a vas your church jusqu'au siècle quinzisième?"

"Where-a vas your face before it was vashed, Jack Parlevouz?" replied Bottlenose.

"Sacre! Jean Bull!" screamed

Le Sime. "Je vous demand le combat! Je vous defie—tirez, coquin, tirez votre épée!—sa—sa!" and he threw himself into a fighting attitude. The tobacco-pipe in the hand of Bottlenose suddenly took the appearance of a stout cudgel, and the next moment Le Sime's rapier was flying through the air; seeing which O'Cock, who up to this time had been leering and winking at me with one nostril, and telling me that he had received my letter and accepted my terms, with great gallantry jumped into the arena, flourishing a species of overgrown club, and with a profusion of national oaths, engaged in the conflict. The other Noses began to bestow fierce looks upon one another; and Aquilino having trod on Belvidere's toe in endeavouring to keep the ring, these doughty Noses, after a short interchange of reproachful epithets, went also by the ears. Le Sime, who had by this time regained his feet, avoiding the vicinity of the cudgel, flew on Von Snob; all the nondescript features rushed to the fray; the *mêlée* became general, and nothing was to be heard but the clattering of weapons and the snorting of the combatants.

The noise awoke me. It was the only time I had ever detected myself audibly snoring. I do not think I could have given more than one distinct *rhoncus*; so that, if, as Lord Brougham holds, the incident suggesting the end of a dream be also that suggesting the beginning and middle of it, you see what a train of thought may be developed by a single snort.

THE ARABIAN EMPIRE.

It has been the singular fate of the most extensive empire the world ever saw to escape the pen and the reflection of the historian, and to fade gradually from the memory of man. The heroes of Marathon have been celebrated, and their virtues sung; the patriots of Rome have been handed down to us with traditional admiration, while of the vast Arabian empire little was ever known in Europe, and still less is now remembered. The great difficulties attending the complete investigation of that great political phenomenon, have doubtless contributed to this result, by discouraging industry and conquering perseverance. Some of the best works of reference on the subject are missing, and the remainder are meagre, bare, and unsatisfactory. The early history of Herodotus is lost; and the works of the Mohammedan writers are either false in themselves, or have been distorted by prejudiced opponents.

But some impediments to candid reflection and adequate criticism arise from those natural feelings the love of false glory engenders. The imagination is excited by contemplating the Arabian splendour, the severity of censure is averted, the fancy revels in scenes reason deplures, and the homage of admiration is frequently forced, though justice forbids its expression. These universal sympathies in the heart, which ever have honoured military valour in preference to moral genius, are touched by the tale of Eastern glories; the spirit which dignifies Alexander as the Great, which even now clings to the memory of the tainted Belisarius, worships the false fame of the Caliphs, who ranged through peaceful populations to enslave them, or followed up victory by desolation; who broke upon the slumber of the world with the exciting sound of criminal passion, and conquering nations alternately by fraud and violence proselyted by the sword; or punishing fidelity to Christianity, made, like the Romans of old, a solitude, and called it peace. At every step we take in tracing the rise of Mohammedan power, we are struck with astonishment, or are hurried on by the

current of enthusiastic feelings. In vain we strive to pause, and to consider morally the events which so forcibly affect us; we are still overpowered by emotions with which reason contends only to acknowledge their supremacy. We see before us the gorgeous signs of dominion and magnificence, the traces of apparent strength, and the outlines of seemingly unconquerable vigour, and we gaze upon the ideal existences till we dream they are realities; and we refuse to observe the symptoms of folly, or the proofs of hidden weakness, which promise dissolution and decay. At length, like a fairy vision, the whole vanishes away, the place that knew it knows it no more, the beauty is departed and the fabric is gone, and speculation seems to die with the forgotten delight, for the past lives but dimly in the recollection, and its ornaments minister to the taste without sublimating or exalting the heart! But despite these obstacles to the historian, despite all these causes of that enthusiasm and partiality the calm philosopher would avoid, we must endeavour to produce some of the Arabian records, we must strive to produce some treasures of history, and to strip them of the mass which stains and conceals them.

It is not necessary particularly to investigate the origin of the Arabian people. In the Book of Genesis the sacred tale is recorded with the pen of inspiration. We observe that Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, was an Egyptian woman, and that he took a wife from the same nation; that he dwelt as an archer in the wilderness of Parah—*that it was prophesied he should be a wild man—his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him; but that he should dwell in the presence of all his brethren, and be a great people.* The traditions of the Arabs accord with this scriptural account, and events have wonderfully fulfilled the prophetic prediction. To their early history it is also useless to allude; much of it is involved in obscurity and doubt. We meet casual traces of them in the history of the world, we hear of them trading, of their wild hospitality and

fierce barbarity; we find Cambyes treating with them when he invaded Egypt; Philip the Roman Emperor, who first encouraged Christianity, claiming them for countrymen; Origen repressing their heresies; numbers of them suffering martyrdom under Dioclesian; and we constantly meet with evidences that might among them made right; that wisdom showed itself in superior astrological skill; that bloody rites and grovelling superstition constituted their religion, and that they lived in a state of independence which never was completely demolished. Their manners and customs were alien to the habits approved around them—their peculiarities denoted their primæval curse—their deeds spoke their descent. For nearly twenty-five centuries they lived in the vast wilderness which neither has tempted nor deserved the encroachments of insatiate ambition; they existed foes to man, and by none befriended, monuments of the unfolding truth of prophecy, the marvels before they were the masters of surrounding people. No beam of science shone upon them—no indication was given of the latent power, which, with its gigantic efforts, afterwards levelled liberty—no proof was supplied of the force they could exert, when united in one body and by a common bond of sympathy and feeling. Their petty chieftains, intent on family aggrandizement, and emulating in ferocity and daring, struggled against each other, conquered or fell; became temporary victors or future victims; or perished at once before the superior cunning or power of their foes. The population increasing, notwithstanding the ravages of war, gradually extended itself over a land that encouraged no industry, and could reward no toil. Crime, unpunished and un-reproved, reigned supreme, for the hand of the ruler could not reach the guilty; and private revenge (denominated by Lord Bacon “a wild kind of justice”) was the sole retribution. Family feuds and party envy, sectarian excitement and predatory warfare occupied the attention of the people, and entailed on the desolated land a succession of accumulating evils.

But at length Arabia produced a new and marvellous character. The report spread through the land that a

prophet had appeared at Mecca; that his voice forbade mutual slaughter, and pointed at once to foreign conquests and eternal happiness, to a spiritual as the reward of a temporal kingdom. Mahommed was declared to be his name; his lineage was proved to be noble, and calculating (as Gibbon sneeringly remarks) only thirty generations, they claimed him as the chief direct representative of their common parent Ishmael. Proclaiming himself the legate of heaven, irrep- roachable in conduct, admired among his own kindred and in his own city, he possessed pretensions which soon became most formidable. Persecution at length gave the universal notoriety he sought, and defeating their own ends, his opposers found each effort to crush him increase his strength. He fled to friends in other districts, appearing in the character of a suffering servant of the Most High, and soon he came forth a conqueror, trampled on the force that had awed him, entered in triumph the place of his birth and the scene of his sorrows, yet not to immolate or to slay; he maintained his character, and forgave those from whose grasp he had rudely shaken the sceptre of absolute dominion. Exciting his followers by predicting glory, and tempting them by a scheme of religion adapted to their passions, he led them on from victory to victory, swaying them with despotic authority, yet usurping no power but that their affection forced on his use and acceptance. And when his career was ended, the echoes of his eloquence were still heard; he spoke being dead; and the dictates of his spirit animated the hearts, while the recollection of his fame aroused the ambition of his remaining people. The faith he had propagated was endeared to them as the legacy of one who had descended from heaven to raise up their nation to imperial grandeur; who had ventured his life to lead them in the path; whose ennobled mind had elevated his countrymen to dignity and might; and who being possessed of patriotic fervor, had diffused that virtue into every breast that throbbed with a single generous emotion. We cannot allow ourselves to be tempted into any lengthened examination of Mahommed's character. We merely desire to notice him as the founder of the

Arabian empire, and therefore, though we cannot entirely pass over his motives and disposition, we shall curtail our remarks upon them. It is enough to know, that if he had indeed possessed divine credentials, and been aided by superhuman influence, he could not have operated more powerfully on the minds of a degraded people. True it is that he left the Arabians bigoted and benighted,—that he left them without wholesome laws to restrain the bad, or justly constituted authorities to reward and distinguish the humble good, but he had by a trumpet-tongued proclamation startled the guilty from wholesale sin; the robber was made a warrior, the predatory chieftain was converted into the national leader, and the energies of all classes were directed to purposes more grand than the imagination of the Arabian population had ever before suggested. Mahommed found his countrymen opposed to each other, involved in the misery, and guilty of the wrong of civil strife; he found virtue trampled and forbearance scorned; jealousy between the governors and the governed, a bigoted priesthood and a lawless people, yet he moulded these discordant materials at his will, and left Arabia high among the nations of the globe, which long had despised and contemned her. A deep darkness was settling on the earth, and seemed to foretell some approaching peril to the interests of mankind, when this light burst forth in the desert, not to be the harbinger of returning day, but of violence, disaster, and terror. We travel through the obscure and dull passages of early Saracenic story, meeting nothing that can allure the fancy or attract the admiration; not a single object appears on which our respect can be fixed; all is dark, dreary, and desolate; but at length we come suddenly to a nobler prospect and a more enchanting view, just as the traveller passing through the wilderness of Araby the Stony, arrives suddenly at the land termed in contrast the Blest, and as he loves the novel beauties less for their own value than for the sad preceding sterility, so we may pause more fondly on those pages which excite admiration, in proportion to our recollection of former gloom. We look around on the contemporaneous records of the world, and see Heraclius and Constantine the

Third, debasing still more the name of Roman emperors; we see Christianity receding from primitive purity under the corroding influence of the nascent Papacy; Italy torn with intestine discord, and every spark disappearing of that glorious light which before had shone resplendent and supreme. It is at this juncture we hear of a mighty genius bursting the bonds of prejudice and obscurity, and coming forth, first, a bold, successful impostor, displaying his power in the number and devotion of his dupes, and then as a triumphant conqueror, defeating every foe, and founding a majestic empire with a suddenness unexampled and unconceived. We find this adventurer betraying his knowledge of truth, and his capacity to circulate that knowledge merely for his private ends. "The faith," says the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, "which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is composed of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction. "There is one God and Mahommed is his prophet." "We may admire the man's originality and talent; we may respect the consummate skill which he displayed in his dealings with others; we may praise him as a statesman, a general, or a prince, and admit that he did much good by modifying superstition. But when we find that ambition was his ruling passion, that his faith was to be propagated by force, and that it was principally adapted to stimulate valour rather than to encourage virtue, we must look back with regret and even with disgust on the picture of perverted power; we contrast what Mahommed did with what he had the power of doing; we see no just foundation in his system for religious toleration or civil freedom; we see selfishness paramount in his actions, and hypocrisy prominent in his career, and we remember with what malignant influence his votaries have since operated throughout the earth, degrading its most fertile regions and most promising people, sacrificing truth, peace, and prosperity on the shrine of a fanatical spirit, and a base religious ambition. Mahommed sprung suddenly into political vigour and importance; he might have remained in obscurity, and have died neglected, but his powers were not destined to be lost under the form of contempt which con-

cealed them, for sudden circumstances aroused him to energy, developing his real capacity and character. He appeared at once the genius and the warrior; like Milton's crouching Satan touched by the angel's spear, starting up into a figure of majesty and splendour, with regal port and dilated energy—

‘ Like Teneriffe, or Atlas unrenowned,’

with horror plumed upon his crest, and the fierceness of desperation in his gesture. He seemed, indeed, the embodied agency of evil, letting loose once more the elements of discord, and animating by the force of his constraining superior ability his miserable devotees with a spirit of wild and frantic fanaticism. His name was to be a war-cry; the recollection of his deeds was to guide, the sanctity of his banner was to guard, and the walls of Jerusalem his instinctive superstition taught him to worship were to be added to the possession of the faithful; the territories of the Christians he pretended to respect were to form parts of a novel empire, capable of indefinite extension, and armed against every population hostile to his pernicious fraud. In the Arabian empire there was much to admire and amaze. There was a tinge of romance, and a preconception of chivalry in its champions, and there was much of marvelous singularity in its rise; but in the founder of the Caliphates there was nothing that could justly provoke our sympathy. He was a successful impostor, and a triumphant despot. If his mind was elevated, he used his superiority to bind fetters on his slaves. If he were himself degraded in moral feeling, he lowered the sentiments of his countrymen to a level with his own. Had Mahommed not appeared, the unreasonable and ill-defined idolatry of Arabia would long since have given way to a holier and a purer system; but the appearance of that self-called prophet riveted the chains of a loosening superstition which he modified instead of destroying. Temporary good he did—but he entailed future mischief on the world; for his feelings are but reflected in the brutal Turks; and the track of the Osmanli, stained with blood and disfigured by sensual sin, merely typifies the baneful operation on the human mind of that deluding dispensation which, for private ends,

the adventurer of Mecca lived to deliver and promulgate. Had the impostor favoured learning, he would have encouraged that which speedily must have tended to banish the bigotry he created: but Arabian knowledge did not exist till two centuries after his death, when his followers were reposing from the fatigues of triumph the impulse of fanatical ambition had procured them. In the list of those who have dazzled mankind by the boldness of their deeds, Mahommed will ever rank illustrious and high; but his fame will admit no comparison with the solid glory which gilds more humble names—the patriots who have died for their country, and the martyrs who have perished for their God.”

Medina had not long mourned the loss of the Prophet, of her prophet, when the influence was felt of the stirring spirit he had excited. The faithful cast off the weakness of regret, and resolved to celebrate the era of his death by securing the accession of temporal conquests. They went forth conquering, proselyting, ravaging, and enslaving; victory followed victory, kingdom followed kingdom in its fall. Asia was shaken to its foundation, and Europe was threatened with the flood. Like the giants who piled mountain on mountain, the Arabs added nation after nation to their realm. Like the infidels in sacred story, who built up their destined Babel till its height dazzled the vision, the furious conquerors persevered in their conflicts till their strength was beyond calculation. In ten years after the death of Mahommed his followers had obtained the obedience and the conversion of thirty-six thousand cities; they had overthrown, in twenty years more, the Persian monarchy; they had torn from the Greek Empire Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and all the other civilized parts of Africa; they had penetrated Europe, and invaded Tartary. India was threatened with their encroachments; the report of their progress even stole upon the dull ear of the Chinese people. Millions of subjects paid them tribute—the Roman Augustus quailed before them; and Cyrus in the time of his greatest elevation, with Babylon for a province, and Cræsus for a slave—Alexander, in the days of his vastest splendour, when he sighed for fresh worlds to conquer, enjoyed no such extent of dominion as

the low-born caliph, Othman, ministering to the wants, and sleeping by the side of the beggars at the shrine of Mecca! Yet these possessions could not satiate the ardour of Caled, or appease the ambition of Mahommed's nephew, and earliest defender. Success had stimulated hope, and courage was not wanting, to justify the confidence it imparted. Each year added power to the empire; and its first century had not closed ere Spain was a tributary kingdom—and Sardinia, Corsica, Rhodes, and Calabria, were conquered by the Arab arms. The miseries incident to successful invasion, the woes attendant upon a scheme of conquest, which owned no limit or moderation, can more easily be imagined than depicted. The road of the victors was over a field of desolation; and their blood-stained standard only gained a new eminence to wave on, when its bearers had trampled on further rights, and consigned their possessors to a tomb. The wild invaders of Christendom were taught that the foes they fought were the enemies of religion, because they refused to bow down before the image set up for their adoration. They were taught, not that the path of glory leads only to the grave, but that the moment they had done with Time, undecaying splendours were their lot for eternity; and thus, naturally, their spirits were exalted to a lofty contempt of vitality, and the joy of their closing scene cheated death of his sting, and crowned the grave with victory. With every vile passion, therefore, excited and aroused—triumphing once to prepare to triumph again—spreading farther than the Prophet, in his boldest day-dream fancied, and rising higher than his fondest hopes could have expected, the innumerable hosts of the desert rushed on to every encounter—more desperate than the heroes of Rome—as devoted as Leonidas himself. Their religion instructed them in the truth of the Jewish records; and therefore they read of marvels which might well embolden their hearts; they emulated every deed they remembered. They anticipated like miracles in their favour: and they looked for the punishment of the faithless, for their memorials teemed with traditional glories—they knew

“The might of the Gentile unsundered by the sword,
Had melted like snow, in the glance of the Lord.”

All that gave such sanctity to Jerusalem had been done for the progeny of Abraham, and was not he the common father of Ishmael and Isaac; was not *his* refuge and dependence their common hope? Who then can marvel that the Arabs conquered the luxurious Greeks, and the now effeminate Vandals? Who can marvel at their success, when we can barely restrain contempt for their wretched opponents?

It is needless that we should proceed to particularize the conquests, or enter into a detailed account of the actions of the Arabs. There could be little profit, and still less amusement derived from a description of all the sieges and expeditions, all the conversions and massacres the history of the early Caliphs can boast. Suffice it to say, that the commencement of the eighth century saw the Arabian Empire stretching from the Ganges to the Atlantic, from the Pyrenees to the deserts of Africa; yet still much remained to do; their strength was not consolidated, their Government was insufficient to sway the destinies of so vast a power. Europe saw the tide flowing irresistibly onward, and questioned whence so formidable a stream had sprung, as speculators in the present day search fruitlessly for the hidden spring of the mighty Niger, and wonder at the insignificance of the spot which rolls forth from the desert that unrivalled river. Rome remained independent and free, and enough existed there to tempt them on; the Coliseum, surviving surrounding ruin and resisting the crumbling hand of conquering Time, stood in majestic and solitary grandeur, immortalizing the brutality of the masters of the world, and inviting the capturing hands of sympathizing spirits. Constantinople, the destined victim of future Mahomedan aggression, remained to allure Arabian ambition, and the accumulated spoils of former conquests, the uncounted treasures of that imperial capital, must have excited the apathetic temperaments even of the later Caliphs, and tempted them to try to consummate their triumphs by the seizure of the greatest prize in the diadem of Europe. The isles of Greece too were yet unsubjugated; Athens, still in the pride of that beauty past ages had celebrated, was the possession of another power; and though the king-

dom of Ptolemy had fallen, many cities of Autachus were free. But these seemed safe only for a time, their overthrow appeared respite not averted, for the fire of the Arabs still burnt, their courage was undecayed, and their number undiminished; nor did they dream of ceasing their exertions till the name of the Prophet was every where honoured, and the echoes of his false and pretended inspiration were heard by the inhabitants of the most distant shore. When the Spanish adventurers in South America reached the summits of the mountain, whence they could gaze upon the boundless expanse of the western ocean, their hearts melted in gratitude at the sight, for they contemplated the termination of the vast continent they had invaded, and they rejoiced to find that some limits existed to their labours, and some end to the powers of their foes. It was not so with the followers of Mahommed. When the warrior of Arabia, awakening from his torpor, arose like a giant refreshed, and marching on from conquest to conquest, reached at length the summit of the Pyrenean hills, he saw before him a land which invited still further his victorious footsteps, and he marked out the plains he delighted to view as the direction of his next expedition. There may be, and there doubtless is, in the outline of Arabian successes, much to dazzle and excite; there is something spirit-stirring in the idea presented to the mind by the page of historic lore; a nation of enthusiasts rushing suddenly upon all the kingdoms of the earth, crushing every obstacle nature or art presented, and bursting every barrier in their path. It seems as if the strength of Arabia laughed at the limits of that great peninsula, and with gigantic power invaded other regions, distending to a size, and assuming a potency imagination could hardly realize, and humanity scarcely could subdue.

This, however, is not the only phase in which their glory and grandeur shine. Hitherto we have viewed the Arabs merely as wild, rapacious, and successful fanatics;—we must regard them now in another light. We turn from them in the character of heroes of a hundred fights; and we behold them as the builders of the Alhembra, as the people to whom we are so deeply

indebted for literature, science, and taste. The Caliph speedily degenerated, became pampered, idle, and despotic; intrigue was the means to gain power, intrigue was the means to prevent it; but it was far otherwise with the subjects. They applied themselves to the soothing arts of peace, to study and reflection; they became refined and polished; their minds soon rivalled their courage, and both excited the astonishment of their foes and the envy of their tributary slaves. Thus, when we have finished our contemplation of Arabian ambition, we meet with the more interesting spectacle of their growth in knowledge. We view them striding on to civilisation and refinement, participating in the best feelings of humanity— aspirations for perpetual improvement. The barbarity of their temper vanishes away, the intolerance of their sentiments is partially subdued, and the character of the people changes at once, so that the dependents of the Caliphs can scarcely be recognised as the descendants of those who completed the destruction of the Alexandrian library, and whose track was fearfully marked by blood, perfidy, and dismay. Learning becomes a pleasure and a pursuit, the gentler sensibilities revive, and the light of science shining on the benighted mind enables it to adorn with borrowed rays the surrounding and darkened nations. The qualifications and deeds we now honour are by the Moors ardently emulated; those claims to national respect which are founded on mental triumphs, become also to the savage hordes of the wilderness

“ Their pride in life, their thought in death,
Their praise beyond the tomb.”

It is common, however, to imagine that the Arabians were no more than marauders and bigots, incapable of lofty sentiment themselves, and hostile to its appearance in others. A picture of a Saracen's head must needs be the most frightful representation the dauber can conceive, and if one of the precious *morceaux* called modern English dramas contain the character of an Arab, he is of course shown forth as doubly earning the epithets hurled at Alcahman in Southey's admirable Don Roderick, “ Moor, miscreant, and murderer.” The idle

prejudice current is, that Saladin, in courtesy, was an exception to the general class of his countrymen; that Malek Adel was a licentious usurper; and that the Arabian empire bore no resemblance to any thing but Achilles's wrath, in being the source of unnumbered woes. We may hear occasionally of the romantic history of the Goths and Infidels in Spain, but seldom are we taught or told the instructive lesson, that no sooner was Arabian power consolidated than knowledge revived and flourished; we are led to believe, most unjustly, that the opponents of the Crusaders were generally no higher in moral feeling and intellectual endowment than their foes. Such, however, was not the case; we owe to the Saracens much of what we know, much of that refinement the value of which could only be fairly estimated in its absence; we are indebted to the successors of Mahomed for many a beam that now illumines and adorns, for many a sentiment that elevates and improves, and for all that impulse which aroused the slumbering energies of the European people, enabled them to burst through the gloom of ages, changed the appearance of countless populations, and called into action their talent, abilities, and powers. The strange prospect of a band of enthusiasts emerging from a desert conquering a continent, and founding an empire, may well animate and inspire; there is much in the tale to arouse, for the triumphant march of force trampling on right, and invading the peaceful borders of contented countries, may appeal to our false sympathies for admiration we cannot deny, and yet cannot give with correctness. But when the authority gained by arms is settled and secure, when it is exerted for the general good and in the best of all temporal causes, there can remain no longer any hesitation in the verdict, or any folly in the applause. When, instead of expanding empire, we see the Arabians expanding mind; when ambition for power gives place to a desire for more valuable and lasting possessions; when fanaticism subsides, and the pure enthusiasm of intellect arises, the imagination being indulged and not the passions, the conscience being consulted and not the necessities, there is created a national character we are bound to admire and revere; and

when we see this spreading through the territories of a vast empire, raising up Asia, and affecting Europe; the governors sanctioning, and the people applying themselves to the invention and restoration of all modes of human improvement and systems of education, we gaze upon the historical picture, we contemplate it with delight and wonder, we see many features of the nineteenth century prefigured in earlier times, and rejoice in the extent of past causes operating to advance civilisation. For great as was the Saracenic splendour, and vast as was the extent of Mahomedan dominion when Haroun the Just reigned at Bagdad, the learning cultivated throughout the Caliphate was not less admirable or extensive; the brilliancy of knowledge was not surpassed by the glare of conquest and the lustre of victory; the magnificence of the Caliph's power was increased in splendour by the extension of science and the growth of refinement; and the rise of the Arabian empire had not attained its height before the gradual increase of learning had attained also an elevation unknown before, and not to be forgotten hereafter.

Here we must cease our remarks on the rise of the extraordinary people we have been following in their triumphant course of grandeur and ambition; yet it is difficult to quit a subject so interesting and important. In viewing the ruins of gorgeous temples of the olden time the mind becomes enchained by suddenly revived associations to the spot; the visitor gazes, not on the material beauties surrounding, but idly on the air, metamorphosed by the excited imagination into the scene of some cherished deeds of glory; and as the Prophet's servant looked abroad, when the sight of others was held, on the chariots and horsemen of fire, so the poet beholds the images of celebrated actions, and gazes enraptured on the ideal vision recollection enables him to embody, while viewing the sod which heroic blood has honoured, or pondering among the tombs erected to record the time, and to perpetuate the memory of the sorrow, when the hallowed spirits of the great and good, conquering despair in death, fled for ever from the grasp of grovelling mortality. And thus, too, it is with the historian; he cannot quit the page

that speaks of virtue's merit or of truth's success, that shames romance in its touching pathos and awakening power ; he adheres to the remembrance of magnificence and glory, and hesitates to look forward, lest, listening longer, he be told of its departure, and hear next some more saddening story, some mournful prelude of criminality and wrong, grating more harshly on the ear because the melody previously prolonged still echoes on the heart.

But some indulgence must be extended to this preference for the contemplation of the bright portion in the history of man ; it is a preference kindred with ennobling emotions, and resembles that spirit-stirring exclamation of Johnson among the ruins of venerable piles on the western islands, " Whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona ? " We have traced the Arabian power from its rise, we are now viewing it triumphant from the Ganges to the Rhone ; it has trampled on Brahmin, Christian, and Jew ; the Seven Churches are Christianized no more ; Jerusalem is a city of the infidels ; the standard waves where Babylon once was known ; they have levelled Nineveh, and conquered Rome ; for *them* the Nile deluges to bless, the imperial Euphrates is included in their borders, and the Mediterranean itself floats between two shores each of which owns their sway ! The Ishmaelite no longer is denied the birthright and the blessing, Isaac no more is favoured ; the Goth, tainted by the luxuries his valour has won, is a feeble foe ; the Roman legions are sought in vain ; the Pyrrhic phalanx is broken ; the power of Palmyra has faded ; and royal Egypt, the birthplace of literature and knowledge, adopts the faith, and bows to the dominion of the ambitious Arab. But all is not desolation ; every thing is not significant of violence and revolution. In Palestine temples are arising, in Spain the gloomy aspect of the mountain fortress is relieved by the lighter splendours of the Moorish palace ; from every land learning is obtained, in every nation it is encouraged ; year after year increases the refinement and tempers the genius of the chieftains, and from their gorgeous temples at Bagdad, Cordova, and Cairo, the life-blood of knowledge

freely circulates through every artery of the mighty empire their valour has won or created.

Such is the picture we now gaze upon. It remains only to watch the power decay which we had traced in its rise to imperial importance. We have to discover that the light shining on Europe was but a meteor-like and temporary apparition, not the dawn of day ; we must watch moral darkness step by step, with Saracenic declension, steal upon the nations, till at length the regions illuminated by its glance sink again into the depths of moral slavery and mental debasement, waiting the reappearance of science, the restoration of happiness and peace. We have to judge of the causes of Arabian defeat, and to weigh the effect of Arabian conquest ; and if on farther consideration we see grandeur rapidly vanish, our past brief thoughts will have fitly prepared for the result. For we can scarcely marvel at any national changes, when we reflect on the history of which we are treating. A knowledge of nature teaches us that the universe itself may be resolved by the will of Omnipotence into its primary chaotic elements, and so may empires fade, or flourish, dissolve, and disappear. The territories of the Romans, the Persians, and the Greeks were successively conquered in the name of an adventurer ; why, then, should this empire be free from a similar destiny, and superior to so humiliating a fate ? If the learning of Livy have been with difficulty partially preserved ; if whole works of Cicero be lost ; if library after library of Egyptian and Grecian wisdom have perished, shall we regret particularly that Arabian philosophy has silently perished also ! No ! the legitimate speculation in which we must indulge is not the value of that we have lost, but the amount of that we can supply ; and the analogy for examination is between the influence of our civilisation and the refinement which departed with Arabian glory. Nor need we in this nation, in the nineteenth century, droop or despair, while, superadded to our success in mental culture, we have a more permanent foundation for our possessions, and a higher sanction to our hopes. Our rise has been as great ; the Ganges flows by our eastern capitals ; far more distant parts of Africa than

the Arabs knew are ours; while the Saracens fell at the field of Tours, our arms have more than once entered Paris; and though the ocean defied the Moslem dominion, it has long borne gladly on its bosom the vessels of a nation once unworthy of Roman retention and of Arabian conquest! And these are superior blessings, are combined with a freedom the Kaliphs denied, and a tolerance the people themselves derided; the grandeur of our great is not as a cloak to the misery of our poor; our sciences are as deep; our wealth more vast; our influence, if not our power, more extended, and being under a better dispensation, we enjoy more hallowed feelings; if we conquer, it is to enfranchise the enslaved, not to spread, like the warriors of Islam, the degrading supremacy of force. Having civilized the savage, we fear no Hun like the Roman, and no Turk like the Arab, but we look to the peaceful consolidation of the dominion we possess, convinced that one secret of its preservation is the careful avoidance of its abuse. We contrast our position with that of the Saracens at the height of their power and fame; and reflecting that the whole system then established has totally gone, we contemplate the possibility of a like destiny to the order of things now existing. Perhaps the memory is alone to preserve those splendid adornments which now dazzle and dismay; perhaps the dynasties, now firm, must yield soon to the empire of fate; but speculation is idle and vain; we must look to the past and read the instructions for the future. Athens, pillaged and spoiled, is now neglected and deserted; Corinth is unheard-of and forgotten; the Lion is king at Babylon; Lydia is desert; Mecca is desolate once more; and we may follow in the train, sink down, though not dishonoured, to rival in future history the fame of other times more early in the course of time; and those edifices we raise to sanctify or adorn, may be cherished as relics, till coming travellers gaze in fervid rapture on their lofty beauty, as memorials of a grand and gigantic empire—

“ till the place
Becomes religion, and the heart runs o’er
With admiration of the just of old.”

Ay! and when existing fabrics

have all crumbled and vanished away; when the temples of Britain, Arabia, and Rome have all departed to mingle with the dishonoured dust, still shall there live a memory more lasting than an illusion of fancy, more distinct than an imaginary vision, associated with the finest feelings, and the purest sympathies; no ethereal and transitory spirit, but a tradition of unrivalled moral beauty, a recollection of the heroisms, and virtue, and learning that dignified and civilized the past. The tribute of universal homage shall be paid to its inspiration, the hearts of the wise and the good shall be its home, and the murmur of posterity’s worship shall be the requiem hymned in its praise! The names of nations may change, the frame of society may alter, but the heirs of immortality shall be superior to accident and chance; the heroes we honour shall live on to animate the courage and to elevate the hearts of the future inhabitancy of the globe. Though their sepulchres may be shrines no more, though the freedom they gained may have perished, and the shadows of the glory they died to secure have faded from the sight, the mind of man, unfettered by the force of temporary causes, and undazzled by the light of meretricious splendour, shall bless them with the glories of unfading and imperishable fame.

We must now turn from regarding the rise and greatness of the Arabian empire to the more melancholy tale of its decline, fall, and influence. We have seen a nation of shepherds and robbers, suddenly bursting from obscurity and contempt, spring up into an attitude of vigour and majesty. We have traced them marching onward over desolated and vanquished countries, attacking principalities and powers, establishing an unequalled authority, and adding to the religions of the earth a moral-debasing superstition. We have seen them crushing Africa and swaying Asia, prostrating the energies of Gothic Spain, and emulating with no doubtful success the strength of Augustus and the wisdom of those he fostered. When we hear casually in history of the Arabian empire, we think of some wide-spread dominion existing only in the pages of romance or in the visions of the fancy; but we look more closely,

" And that which did appear so fair
To fond Imagination,
Doth rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation."

Our enthusiasm becomes excited, admiration of the realities we contemplate becomes proportioned to our former incredulity of their existence, so that we overlook each symptom of imbecility, and deny, even to ourselves, the belief that the whole is subject to decay; we fondly hope that some things may be exempted from the rule of instability, and that there may be some indulgence accorded to the objects which charm the senses, and engage the affections of the heart. And when at last the conviction is forced upon us that all is vanity, that all must fade and fall; when we watch till we see ruin stealing on, and fate compelling beauty to own its imperious dominion, we reflect upon the spectacle, like the poet who has described so touchingly "cold obstruction's apathy," and we doubt with him if, indeed, we view only the spectre of loveliness and the signs of vanished vitality. We gaze and scrutinize more deeply, and then we observe, though unwillingly, many things reason deplores, and still more that morality censures, but we cannot pause to analyze or attack them; we are overpowered by the force of misplaced sympathies, and though living in the full lustre of gospel light, and the ample enjoyment of Christian knowledge, we yet concede admiration to victorious force, and yield our praise to superstition. Though the hearts impregnated with revelation's spirit may revolt against the reverence paid to such valueless and degrading things; though in the calmness of ritual reflection, in solitude—man sweetest slumber—we may scrutinize successfully the evils of the Mahomedan system, yet we possess no innate and independent power enabling us to estimate at once, with truth and justice, the merits presented to our view. Doubtless, had the Arabians when they erected their empire rejected with Spartan indifference the claims of learning, and discouraged each lofty and arousing aspiration of the mind, the admiration awarded would be infinitely less than it is at present, when we associate the name of Arabian authority with ideas of civilisation, know-

ledge, and refinement. The subject of Lacedæmon's power defies the pen to enwrap it in interest or romance; there is in it so little of mental, so much of the grosser kind of physical exertion, that it checks all attempts to adorn it, and damps the ardour of all who investigate or describe it. But it is because we can think of some Arabian philosophers as burning and shining lights, and because we can consider the eclipse of their effulgence as operating powerfully on the interests of universal man; it is because the irradiating beams of early speculation could not cease to shine without darkening the mind and causing a deep moral and intellectual gloom, that we can properly contemplate the days when Bagdad rivalled the seat of the Emperors, and the palaces of Cordova, like the realms of enchantment, astonished the visions they delighted.

Without entering fully into any wearisome details of the events and causes which led to the fall of the Arabian empire, it will be useful to notice briefly each dynasty separately, from its rise to its fall, as it will appear that there was a want of cohesion in the system, a want of some ruling mind and principle throughout. When Alexander died, his vast schemes were divided with the heirs of his several possessions, and both frittered away; and then, in later times, when the Arabs separated and formed in various parts of the world portions rather of a great confederacy than provinces of one mighty dominion, the want of strength that union imparts was deeply felt, and the result was the gradual extinction of the whole combination. Mecca was the first seat of Government, the Ommiades the first governors. When their power increased and a more central or a more accessible capital was necessary, they removed to Damascus. But there no hope existed of security, for jealousies had been kindled, selfishness was working; personal ambition had usurped the place of religious fanaticism; schism was extending; and all these elements of discord were evidences in the perils impending from the Abbassides on the one hand, as the descendants of Mahommed's uncle, and the Fatimites on the other, as the posterity of his daughter, both of which had assumed the character of bold and des-

perate factions. In 750, Abdallah the Abbaside conquered the feeble and enervated Kaliph of Damascus; and as if to show that Arabian hospitality had departed with the augmentation of power, and that the appearance of luxury had banished the simple feelings of his ancestry, he invited the whole kindred of the conquered to a banquet, and slew them on the spot, as the sacrifice to his ambition, as the completion of his crimes. One solitary representative of the race escaped to Spain, which then was ripe and ready for a revolt, where he established his power and authority, and reigned in undisturbed supremacy. The example of one part of the empire was speedily imitated by another, so that the Fatimites succeeded in founding at Cairo another powerful Government. At the history of each division it will be therefore necessary to glance.

Regarding Europe, first we find that the fugitive to Spain consolidated his strength there, without being able to extend it. The Pyrenees bounded his territory, though they could not discourage his ambition. He formed a sovereignty that existed fully two hundred and fifty years. He defeated and he persecuted, but he could not extinguish his foes. The Christians had retreated to the mountains of Asturias, when, in the earlier part of the 8th century, the timidity of Roderic and the treachery of Count Julian rendered their country a prey to Moslem invasion. From 712 to 1492, nearly eight centuries, the Moors, as they were called, retained their footing, and during the greater part of the time reigned paramount, though never undisturbed. At length, when Ferdinand and Isabella, having united the power of Aragon and Castile, conquered Granada and demolished the kingdom of their foes, the long series of wars was closed, and a termination put to that succession of contests which continued from generation to generation, and included, as the chroniclers assert, "three thousand seven hundred battles;" then closed too the page of Spanish glory; then died the fame which had shone so brightly, and whose memory must live so long; then came, indeed, the discoveries of Columbus and the conquests consummated by the gigantic genius of Cortez (deeds destined to be rewarded by the ingratitude of a court);

then followed the foreign accessions of Charles, the miserable tyranny of Philip, the atrocities of the Inquisition, and the final expulsion from the land of the subjugated Moors—a harmless and industrious people—who at the mandate of bigotry were compelled to depart in search of a home in the wilderness or on the coasts, whence their gallant fathers emerged, nearly a thousand years before, to dazzle the world by the heroic glory of their deeds. But the tale of Christian opposition to the Mauritanian empire in Spain cannot be cast utterly in the shade by the weakness or the wickedness that followed. The days when the Gothic nobility, animated by the purest patriotism, refined into the spirit of incipient chivalry, came forth from the mountains, like their ancestors from the northern wilds, to resist the encroachments of enemies to their faith and conquerors of their country, are not days to be forgotten, still less to be robbed of their merited reward. They proved the truth of the conviction, that there is something in a good cause which adds to the success and insures it as a final result; they constitute an instance invaluable, memorable and renowned,

"That freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

And at the present time, when we think of grand and glorious events,—when we desire a specimen of the strength of man, as displayed in honourable strife,—when we recall the remembrance of periods distinguished in the history of the world,—in the first rank (not behind the struggles of Greece, or the triumphant vindication of American independence) is the era when the Moors and Christians fought, year by year, for rights lost, and power usurped,—the era when the heart was braced to the height of resolution, and when life was consecrated to the cause of freedom, or valued as an opportunity of national revenge. We are accustomed to think of the Spanish revolutions as emanations of a vigorous and noble spirit; we fondly dwell on the history of periods so honourable to the land liberated by native valour from foreign aggression; but few duly appreciate the sufferings of the oppressed, or the power of the Moorish oppressors—few form a just

and adequate idea of the character of the contending parties, the refined and polished genius of the one, and the unconquerable vigour of the other. While the Arabs were in Spain, that nation was the residence of two classes of inhabitants, both eminent in history, and revered in memory,—both adopted into the family of the poet, covered with romantic interest, and associated with heart-stirring and most ennobling recollections. But when, at last, the Christians were the victors, and the Moorish might was shattered, the conquered departed to sink again into contempt, and have scarcely, with all their nobility of feeling, escaped oblivion; the vanquishers, as if they could not exist but in the stormy times of national convulsion or in connexion with an alien population, sunk also in character and respect; just as, in nature, the oak, stripped of its encumbering ivy, totters alone, strangely falling a victim to the loss of that which could continue only to corrode. It would be thought, in the moral case, that the moment the necessity of force being exerted for protection was obviated, the energies of the people would be directed to hallowed purposes and useful ends, and that the destructive operation of an encompassing, contaminating faith would only cease to elevate the character of those no longer subject to its sway; and so, in the natural incident, we would imagine that the king of the forest, emancipated from the encircling tendrils which, like the death-impregnate robe of Hercules, infused poison through every fibre of the quivering frame, would flourish in renovated health, and in the vigour of renewed vitality, instead of sinking from exhaustion and decay—an evidence that its attendant evil afforded also an artificial support. But history records that the fall of the Arabian empire in Spain was at once the cause of that nation's independence, and the commencement of its moral debasement. The Omniades fell; the Gothic character, after being grafted on the aboriginal Iberian spirit, had expended all its greatness in the contests against them, or, as if it were destined to shine only when opposition aroused its fire, became degraded; and no sooner was victory won than nobility sunk into mean-

ness, and courage into fraud. Every right, defended against infidel encroachments, was conceded to civil tyranny or ecclesiastical demands; every vestige vanished of that which the patriotic in every age and country will honour; and so sudden was the change, that it seemed as though "light did but counterfeit a gloom."

To turn to Asia, and the Arabian empire there, we observe, that from the time when the Abbaside Kaliphs established themselves at Bagdad, there was one continued series of crimes in public life, scarcely gilded by the refinement of private station and the honourable patronage of learning. When we arrive at the early part of the ninth century, and see Haroun claiming the proud title of Al-Raschid, sanctioning science, and allying himself with Charlemagne and the Christians, we cannot forget that we read of the assassin of the Barmecides, and that our sympathies are claimed on behalf of a despot, celebrated merely as less despotic than his successors. We hear of the Tartars coming forth from the frozen forests, and pouring down upon the regions of civilisation, and we can scarcely find any cause for regret in the catastrophe, except from a comparison, suggesting that the tribe of Seljuks was worse even than the Arabs in their worst moments; that the former wanted the knowledge that dignified the latter, and were influenced only by the grosser portions of Mahomedan creed—ignorant altogether of its better spirit and doctrines. Bagdad was founded in 762; the Turks wrested Syria from the Kaliphs in the commencement of the eleventh century, and the Arab dynasty finally fell before the Tartar conqueror in 1258. Thus, for more than five centuries, with very slight interruptions, the Abbasides reigned at the head of a vast empire, in their magnificent and costly capital on the banks of the Tigris. That period was employed by the citizens in literary exertion and scientific speculation; it was coincident with an era as dark elsewhere as any in the history of man. It is celebrated as a time when the enterprising genius of an extraordinary people was exerted, and it will be remembered with admiration and astonishment so long as

the majestic ruins of their temples remain to extort our eulogy, and to command our praise. Unfortunately for the security of the Arabian power, it depended for its security more on the forbearance of its foes than its own independent capacity and vigour. Directly the faith of Mahommed animated with fanaticism some furious inhabitants of the desert, and sent them forth on a lawless expedition against the peaceful regions of the globe, the Kaliph's empire, as most obnoxious to the attack, decayed, and at length was completely destroyed. The Turks came upon the populated and fertile regions of the south with all their ancestral fierceness; they rushed forth armed against every realm which invited invasion from the sensual and ambitious. The first torrent from Tartary would most probably have overwhelmed and swept away every vestige of the Arabian empire ere its strength was expended, had the Christians not been aroused by the tale of pilgrims from Palestine, who, having experienced from its new possessors a reception different to that given by the Arabs, called loudly on the professors of their faith to rescue the holy city from the spoliating and contaminating grasp of the new tyrant and invaders. The Crusaders delayed the fall of the Arabian empire by throwing themselves in the path before the reeking and maddening Osmanli; but when the Saracens became also opponents of the Christians, and were, in turn, reduced in strength by the conflict, they became easy victims, as well as tempting objects, of Bactrian aggression. The issue was the extinction of that Asiatic empire which had reared its head on the banks of the Ganges, and had stretched to the confines of Egypt, and which, during a long period and a prosperous reign, contained much of what was honourable on the earth. Bagdad fell, and the majestic Kaliphate departed; the Arabian institutions faded and sunk; the regions which had been adorned by the imperial strength of the Abbasides became subject to a despotism which has ever since continued its demoralizing and desolating influence, reducing the scene of bygone glories to one wretched and miserable district—a wilderness whose woes accumulate, and appear more dismal from

the absence of all just anticipation of relief and resuscitation.

The remaining dynasty of the Arabs was not more firm or lasting. Cairo, like Bagdad, at length yielded to the Turks, and is still included in their territories. The African empire departed from the effect of the same causes, and its final effectual overthrow was procrastinated by the same agency. It fell, too, with a reputation as high for genius, enterprise, and learning. The Fatimites surrendered to the barbarous hordes from the North, after having more than once struggled for universal dominion; they disappeared from among the rulers of nations to become tributary to a petty uncivilized people. Had Cairo continued the state of an intelligent and industrious government, the interior of Africa might now have presented us a far more cheering aspect than the few straggled travellers who have explored it can report; there might have been in the great Continent something more than a mere vast amphitheatre wherein man and beast dispute the mastery. But it was not so ordered. The whole of Egypt has been ever since beneath the paralyzing yoke of tyrants, who themselves are slaves; it has been trodden by the lustful "children of the sun," spoiled to minister to their pleasure, ruined to satisfy caprice. Its ample ancient granaries, its pompous mausoleums, its pyramids, and its natural adornments, were all marred by the brutalizing temperaments of the second Mahommedan invaders; and now it is a mean and miserable district, parched, valueless, and polluted, like the masters who call it their own. It had fallen successively beneath Greek, Roman, and Arab; and, lastly, it has bowed beneath a burden more galling than any, the destructive influence of the Turks. Nothing but domestic treachery or jealousies could have doomed a land so powerful to a destiny so degrading; and these, unhappily, were not wanting. Sectarian envy had awakened the professors of the Mahommedan faith; they agreed only, to use the historian's words, in considering a sectarian opponent worse than an unbeliever. One Kaliph endeavoured to raise up a new religion, another encouraged and maintained the ascendancy of the old profession; and our British wars of the Roses were never more rancorous or

bloody than the contests between the green and the white bannered factions. Foreign hostility, added to domestic treason, completed their ruin, and speedily Arabia itself alone remained the possession of the Prophet's descendants. Mecca attracted pilgrims from every land, Medina, and its fabulous magnetic tomb, teemed with votaries and worshippers, but every other sign of that mighty empire, which had extended so widely and was elevated so high, was sought in vain throughout the vast territories which had owned the authority of fanatical rulers, and had fallen beneath the force of a popular impulse no power sufficed to resist.

Thus fell the Arabian empire. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Three thousand years had elapsed since Ishmael, a friendless wanderer, left his parent's home, and owed his preservation in the desert to a miracle. More than six centuries had passed since Mahomed, like the great ancestor of his people, was expelled from the place of his birth, and was banished from the city of his fathers. The polished Arab now yielded to the ferocious Bactrian; and as the great Roman empire had fallen beneath the inundating torrents from the European north, so the great Arab power was overwhelmed by impetuous invasions from the Asiatic deserts. Similar in grandeur, it was similar in fate; it had risen more rapidly, its ruin was as hasty, not more complete. It left behind a moral and a memory of desolation; its scattered vestiges of magnificence are a standing evidence of temporary pride; its recollection is suggestive of mournful and chastening feelings. The Arabic heroes are forgotten by name; their monuments are admired for their architectural beauty, not for the nobility of the spirit they were erected to honour; the bones deposited within them, to employ the eloquent elegiac language of Sir Thomas Browne, "have now rested quietly in the grave beneath the drums and trappings of three conquests." The field of Tours has been whitened by them, but even tradition there bears no record of the event; Jerusalem has seen them laid side by side with prophets and with kings, and the tombs of all are forgotten together. Ishmael and Isaac, foes on earth, rest peacefully in alliance in the same grave.

Spain has been beautified by their memorials, but degraded by the practical negation of their independent heroic spirit; and if there is truth, as we would desire to believe, in the tale of the Cid's funeral, when death reassumed vitality to protect nobility from profanation, surely there has been in that land enough of degradation to arouse alike Christian and Moorish warriors from the sepulchre to vindicate the character of the nation. Every where

"Decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Every where Saracenic glory and power have faded away; the Arabian aspiring blood has sunk into the ground, and not to vegetate there. Shorn of strength, the Arabs have lost also the moral splendour that adorned them. Their sciences, their refinement, their valour have decayed, or been wasted; their hand once more is against every man, and every man's hand against them; the Turk is their master and the desert is their home! Their fathers—where are they? Departed from memory as their nation has faded from fame, their history is a blank, their boasted empire has vanished and gone for ever! The standard of Islâm no longer is the banner carrying terror and dismay along the confines of Christendom; the pale despots that rear it are defeated, despite its sacred and inspiring renown; fanaticism, pointing to heaven as a conqueror's reward, utters a feeble sound unechoed in the regions it formerly startled from torpor; the deluge of Mahomedanism having at length subsided from the ark of Christianity, the dove has gone forth to show every nation that the olive-branch of peace now tranquilly and triumphantly waves this globe to add a pure and moral loveliness to those fields of nature designed as the dwelling-place of man!

Our remaining consideration is the influence of the Arabian empire on the world. That it must have operated powerfully few will deny, for a mighty dominion could not have been raised and then fall, without leaving traits of influence on every land once stamped by the powerful ensigns of its transient authority.

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?"

Still we must not hope to find evidences of direct effects very perspicuously displayed in history. The fall of an empire chiefly operates on the mind with a force which can scarcely be calculated, and yet which is sensibly felt. When a thralldom is shaken off, and the restraints that tinged the sentiments with a particular colour, and directed the energies of the population in a particular direction, are suddenly loosened, the reaction, like that of the fabled oak, may be destructive, and must be severe. Its extent and precise power remain more matters of speculation than of certainty; the equilibrium of the mind, once disturbed, may speedily settle again, or once shaken, may, like the pendulum, under regulated laws continue vibration. We know that shortly after the Arabian empire departed, mankind commenced those strides which since have incessantly been taken, leading onward to ends as yet dimly developed, opening constantly fresh hopes of advancement, and expanding the horizon which recedes from our approach, and tempts us by its resplendent brilliancy still farther in the search. But we cannot positively determine the value of the impulse afforded by the stirring events we have considered—the crash of thrones, the destined fall of dynasties—we can merely admit them into the catalogue of causes, and acknowledge their united power, without attributing to each individual agency a definite relative importance. When we see civilisation creeping into a country once the residence only of the barbarous and the bold—

“Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea;”

and in the rising state of society observe the intellect more asserting its sovereignty over matter, and controlling the passions, the sword and the spear rusting on the walls, the national phalanx disappearing altogether; the posterity of heroes seeking the glories of peace, and adorning by mental triumphs the bright land of their nativity, consecrating every effort to mental improvement, and speculating with sublimated affections, yet not resisting the force of those patriotic emotions which burned in the bosoms of their fathers, we can recognise the effect of some great causes without distinguishing with exactitude

their nature, or the force of each; we see knowledge increase, and refinement influence the heart, and we marvel whence they came. But when, as in the case of the Arabian empire, we know that there was a degree of learning, a latent moral influence which could not be entirely lost, we can appreciate the operation in subsequent events, and trace it in future changes. We know that we owe to the Arabs the use of the numerical character, the manufacture of paper, of cotton, and perhaps of gunpowder; we know that we are indebted to them for much of that spirit of scientific and experimental enquiry which for a time was abused indeed by the alchymists, but which afterwards was visible in the pursuits of Lavoisier and Black. In mechanics too, and in medicine, we experience the advantage of Arabian researches; and still more have we felt that advantage in earlier and less cultivated times. In some things, however, the immediate contemporaries of the Arabs or the generations living directly after them, have experienced benefits which we should not have enjoyed, had they not handed down to us a tradition of their knowledge. Our acquaintance with the sublime truths of astronomy would, for instance, have been as deep had Eastern philosophers never turned their eyes to the realms of illimitable space, gazed enraptured on the canopy above, and watched with enraptured and admiring minds the harmonious movements of the countless worlds that career along in unrivalled beauty, adorning the firmament they people. “The moment,” says Sir John Herschell, “astronomy became a branch of mechanics, a science essentially experimental (that is to say, one in which any principle laid down can be subjected to immediate and decisive trial, and where experience does not require to be waited for) its progress suddenly acquired a tenfold acceleration, nay, to such a degree, that it has been asserted, and we believe with truth, that were the results of all the observations from the earliest ages annihilated, leaving only those made in Greenwich Observatory during the single lifetime of Maskelyne, the whole of this most perfect of sciences might, from those data, and as to the objects included in them, be at once reconstructed, and appear precisely as it stood at their conclusion. The operation, indeed, of Arabian

knowledge of astronomy in the early ages was perhaps principally to lend a plausibility to astrology. The observers of stars, like Columbus predicting the eclipse, had the power of astonishing, when they prepared to delude. We must not, however, underrate the debt we owe the Arabians. If it be true that they have added nothing to our astronomical lore, they have at least been greatly influential in imparting to us the bold spirit of enquiry by which alone that lore can be collected. We do in some measure owe it to those early philosophers that we now have reached a noble enlightenment, and live in days when Galileo is no longer heretical, and Kepler no longer mad; for surely we must frankly acknowledge that we can trace the enterprising spirit of the present time to no source but the example of Arabian speculators; and therefore it is to them we should feel indebted, if not for our stores of learning, at least for the energy that dictates their discovery, and the spirit that directs their use. If we have in some cases improved on the legacy they left us, in some we remain listless, without any efforts to increase the value of our possession; and in others we have, it must be feared, degenerated. Heraldry may have been expanded in its uses, but it can scarcely be considered improved; and when we regard the gorgeous relics of the olden time, the architectural adornments of the East; when we contemplate the delicate fretwork, and the ingenious combination of their ornaments, the boldness of their designs, their gigantic proportions, we must admit, that though other lands may possess attractions derived from noble exertions of art, yet that our country is covered with few modern evidences that we can despise the graceful power of the Saracenic artists. Generally we have benefited greatly by Arabian examples. Universally the influence of that empire has

not only been good, but lasting. It aroused that European genius from the lethargy of inactivity which since has wrought such marvels in moulding matter and in elevating mind, which has shone in the conceptions of our poets and our statesmen, in the daring schemes of the foes of tyranny and wrong. That influence, though slow in its operation, though for a time lost in the darkness of the ages succeeding the Arabian fall, now operates with powerful effect; it has cast round the western nations an electric chain, that conveys a mysterious emotion to the very core, and touches the nerves and the springs of action; it has awakened the populations to an ennobling and still-improving appreciation of their destinies and hopes; it has penetrated the most humble ranks from which oftentimes since the greatest of our intellectual nobility have sprung. So long as the spirit shall live which is not content with first impressions or casual observations, which dives into the recesses of nature for accumulating evidences of a great first cause, which traverses the regions of space, and dignifies earth by making it the receptacle of knowledge, shall the empire and the men whence so much of that spirit was derived live in the memory, and be cherished there. Ay, and when the recollection of Arabian conquests has departed, the remembrance of their nobler deeds shall not perish. Arabia, a desert, shall be venerated as the birthplace of wisdom; and once the shrine of the wise, though desolate, it shall not be despised. And Arabian power, a name, shall yet be revered, because used to exalt the sentiments, and to advance the interests of every tribe of man. The vanquishers of the world shall be remembered long after their temporal ambition is forgotten, from a just admiration of their mental triumphs, and of the impulse they imparted to its people.

OUR TWO VASES.

NOTHING so trying to the temper as the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of one of the necessities of life. "Where the deuce has flown our pocket-handkerchief?" exclaims to himself an editor, with a drop at his nose; and as Echo answers, "where?" he curses some choice contributor, and flings a crack article into the fire. "Who the devil has stolen our gloves?" cries the same celebrated literary character, as stamping, he blows his nail, and bangs the front door after him, sulkily shaking his naked mawlies on the steps with Sir John Frost. "Hang it! had we three hundred and sixty-five snuff-boxes, not one of them would be suffered to lie still on this table—but the whole gang shall be dismissed—men and women alike, they are all thieves." "You have not seen our slippers—you say, sirrah?—well then we shall use our interest to get you admitted into the Blind Asylum." "Hold your confounded tongue, sir, and instantly fetch us our hat. What else have you got to do in this life, you lazy hound, but attend to our hat? and have you no fears, you infidel, in the next, of your immortal soul?"

Nay, frown not on us—thou model of propriety—for "*de te fabula narratur*." We are innocent of all such enormities as these; for in the first place, we never wear gloves. 'Tis an effeminate usage. Byron prided himself on his small, white hands—proof of high blood; we are not ashamed of our large brown ones, plebeian if they be; though we hold ourselves to be as well born, and better bred than his Lordship. We do take snuff—but for some years past have carried it loose in our right-side waistcoat-pocket. Slippers would only serve to prevent our soles from feeling themselves softly sinking into the luxurious carpetry of our Castle of Indolence, as we walk ankle-deep in meads of asphodel. It seems you have but one hat—we have a hundred—some with feathers; for in our bright and shining youth we went a colonelling; and though the shape of some of them be obsolete—especially such as flourished between the Peace of Sixty Three and the Revolutionary War—they all

of them fit—and, plain or cocked, to our forehead never come amiss, showing now like the castor of a Dignitary of the Church, and now like the crown-piece of a General of Horse Marines.

But how light all such losses, real or imaginary, temporary or eternal, to the loss of OUR GOLDEN KEY! For weeks we could not bring ourselves to believe that it indeed was gone. Many thousand times did we search for it through and among the Bunch. The world well knows we are curious in keys—and eke in seals; and there beats not the repeater richer than ours in appendages. But we became at last convinced that it was not there; and we could no longer bear to look on the baubles. We wound up our chronometer irregularly—by fits and starts—thrice a-day perhaps—or once a-week—till it fell into an intermittent fever, grew delirious, and gave up the ghost.

We have no great number of domestics; but they did all that men and women could do to find our GOLDEN KEY. In ones and twos they kept "pacing about the floors continually," like so many leech-gatherers, and sometimes all in a body, sweeping the whole House, but-and-ben, with a line of lynx-like eyes that brought many a lost pin and needle to light—but though not unfrequently during the first few days there was a false alarm like the cry of fire, the Sun set on their fruitless research, till it was given up in despair. For ourselves, we looked into "impossible places;" and on clear nights could not help shaking our fist in the face of the Man-in-the-Moon.

Meanwhile Ir had been advertised all over the Island; and many a strange-looking tool had been brought to us to look at by still more strange-looking people, some of them harmless enough, we daresay, in their way, and gratifying under such pretence their natural curiosity to see Christopher North; some, we suspect, housebreakers eyeing the portables; and some belonging to the industrious classes, who go about inspecting lodgings, and make free with the contents of desks and cupboards, let the mandarin shake his head as he will. One

old woman, probably the wife of a sexton, brought forth what looked like the key of a church, and an elderly virgin in a riding-habit, produced from a pocket in her bustle, what would have been easily able, judging by its size, to open the largest livery stable ; and both looked discomfited on our hesitating to own either of the soft impeachments, for not having read the advertisement with their own eyes, and rumour always exaggerating loss or gain, they had, without communication with one another, naturally enough supposed that we had offered a reward for the key of our cellar. Wet Menads and slim Milliners, as Thomas Carlisle would have called them, were shown ever and anon, one by one, curtsying, into our Sanctum, who, after much ado about nothing, with fair fingers fumbling in their bosoms, presented to us, between forefinger and thumb, each a tiny toy, warm from the heart and faithful to its fires, apt almost at hap-hazard for any tea-chest. By the adjacent old maidhood we began to be scandalized, and Miss Shushie Sowrocks wrote to her Glasgow correspondent, that the story of the loss of our Golden Key was all a hum, circulated for purposes too shocking to be committed to paper, or intrusted to a private hand.

The World became, in due time, acquainted with the LOSS OF OUR GOLDEN KEY, and the Article so named made her almost cease to regret the cessation of OUR TWO VASES. The World, sooth and sad to say, has no very tenacious memory ; or worse, she is apt to grow ungrateful to her benefactors, and indifferent to their noblest works. Poetry, it is true, and fine poetry too, continued pouring into the Sanctum, and was duly transferred to the press. But finer still, we knew, was imprisoned in those sacred receptacles ; and 'twas miserable to see Clio and Euterpe, without prospect of a cure, suffering under that lock-jaw. For some weeks the Odes and Epithalamia kept up their spirits, and were heard by us occasionally crowing like cocks in their Pens—or like nightingales, in shadiest covert hid, singing all night long their amorous descants—or like larks lilting their lyrics in the lap of the purple dawn—or like linnets, " low down in the broom," saluting, in sweet chorus, through the dusk, the first faint effulgence of the evening

star. But, ere long, the Vases hummed like hives on a frosty spring, when bees are afraid to fly a-field—and at last were silent. The verses within, we knew, were then all dead or dying—we felt that the hour was come for their deliverance—and lifting up the Hammer presented to us many years ago by our friend George Robins, the moment after it had knocked down one of the finest estates in Sussex, we shut our eyes to give Clio and Euterpe each her *coup-de-grace*. But the exquisite beauty of the old Etruscan workmanship—old, perhaps, as the pillars of Pæstum—smote our heart through our eyelids, and our imagination palsied our sacrilegious hand. We recoiled from the unfaded sanctities, and, flinging ourselves into the Queen of Chairs, fell asleep, and dreamt a dream.

We dreamt that we were sitting in the Sanctum, but that we were an ordinary and anonymous man—of no particular country, parentage, or profession—merely alive and happy—without fear and without hope—the Now being to us all-and-all, and sufficient to us an Innocent. We beheld an aged man asleep in his chair, and knew intuitively that he was Christopher North. While we were regarding him with love and awe, Three Fair Spirits stood beside him, and joining hands, encircled him with their snowy arms, and then harmoniously glided around him, with measured movements that almost melted into dance. Yet seemed they rather sad than gay, and careful not to disturb his sleep. One sang—and a smile on his face showed that the melody was heard in the world of dreams. Then the singer took what seemed a golden ornament from her hair, and with a touch of light fastened it to a diamond ring on the old man's finger, kissing the somewhat shrivelled hand, and letting fall on it a tear. As they came so they went—all of a soft sudden—and we awoke—We Christopher North—with OUR GOLDEN KEY restored to our Sanctum, and shining therein like one sufficient star in the sky.

Some day or other we shall publish OUR BOOK OF DREAMS. Or, why not, Dream by Dream, in *Maga* ? Philosophy can make nothing of the *rationale* of dreaming—nor of any thing else—the amount of the whole of her lugu-

brious lucubrations on the Motions of the Soul in Sleep seeming to be merely the very disputable dogma that therein she suffers a suspension of the Will. But Poetry finds herself at home in the fluctuating phantom-world, and Imagination can tell her own story of sights beyond this visible diurnal sphere. True, many dreadful things endured in those abysses accessible only to the sleeping soul, are *ineffable*; but words are like lightning, and with one flash can "far round illumine hell." *Ineffable* too the delights there sometimes endured, in which the soul expires into boundless life; and shall Poetry ever be permitted by Universal Pan to sing transcendent songs of that Heaven of Heavens!

But why sit we soliloquizing with OUR GOLDEN KEY in our hand—while CLIO and EUTERPE are luring us in among the shadows of their Orange Grove? Let us try how it fits—for we are not without fears that we may have injured the lock by attempting to pick it with one of Mrs Gentle's knitting-needles. If this be not provoking! The wards have got a cruel twist—and the hole is filled to the brim with wax—the grass-green wax used in Fairy-Land. There is no help for it—so we shall just take a swing in our South American Hammock. There we go—winnowing the buxom air—and dreaming of the first time we ever enjoyed it—fifty years ago—when we were a Middy—with the Princess-Royal of Peru in our arms!

Softly—softly—can that be PUCK! Yes, it is Puck, raising up the lid of Euterpe on his head grotesque, and laughing at us, while his chin rests on the rim of the Vase, all mouth like a nest of thrushes. Ah! you rogue! had you not known we were in our Hammock you durst not have mocked us so—but let down the lid, you villain. Whew! off and away to the

Back-of-Beyond with his Etruscan Helmet. What ails thee, Clio? "Knowest thou not ARIEL, Christopher?" and, helmeted like him, after Puck that delicate spirit hies, "to put a girdle round the globe in forty minutes." And can this too be a Dream?

Dream or no dream here stand OUR TWO VASES with their mouths wide open—and—let us feel—all is safe. Puck and Ariel have doubtless committed all the contents to memory—and Puck, who is a sad plagiarist, will be passing off choice specimens of Euterpe as his own—incribing them with the air of original genius in the Albums of the Sylphs; but Ariel, who is the soul of sincerity, will acknowledge the source of his inspiration to have been Clio, as he kneels to receive the crown at Titania's feet.

We wonder what Puck thought of *this* strange affair now in our fist; we hardly know what to think of it ourselves—SACRED SUDORIFICS! Sent us—we see—by THE INVOLUNTARY EXPERIMENTALIST, who recorded in our pages his experiences in Mr Busby's Cooler. He informs us, in this slip pinned to the stanzas, that they are the production of a friend of his, whom modesty induces to call himself CATHOLICUS SUDANS, and who inscribed them, evidently in a feigned hand, in an Inn Album, county of Wicklow. We recollect hearing at the time that the Pope was in Dublin, along with Father Maguire, summer 1837; indeed Tomkins averred he had seen the two worthies in the Powerscourt demesne, admiring the water privilege, and that one of them was the Pope, whom he had not only supped with in Rome, but kissed his toe to the bargain, as sure as the Devil looks over Lincoln.

SACRED SUDORIFICS.

1.

Fatigued with wand'ring over
High mountain, moor, and dale,
I here, in Heatty's clover,
Luxuriously regale
On stuff, that to recover
My spirits ne'er did fail;
For I'm a constant lover
Of chops and bottled ale.

2.

Lamb-chops are crisp and tender,
And Pim's ale's very fine;
And if homely fare can't render
The Pope disposed to dine,
Let our good old faith's defender
Come here and take share of mine,
And call me a pretender,
But I'll find him hence divine.

3.

Your Holiness, so please you,
Should start by screech of day,
Ere ugly night-mares seize you,
When you think of what you'll say
When grumbling bishops tease you,
Or cardinals so grey,
With bulls to sign surprise you,
Or eke with bills to pay.

4.

Bounce, Papa, from the blanket,
Nor nature's gifts abuse ;
Away with stole and trinket—
Clap on your clouted shoes ;
For over the hills we'll spank it
Ere Sol has drunk the dews—
Then at night, oh such a junket !
And then, Lord, what a snooze !

5.

Come, take this neat shilelagh
Within your holy fist ;
For though your umb-e-rella
Be made of silken twist,
You'll find it won't avail-a
Trauneen against the mist,
Which shortly shall exhale-a
Beneath your inner vest.

6.

For such a copious moisture
Shall ooze from every pore
At every blessed gesture
Behind you and before,
That you'll need from this till Easter
Nor bath nor physic more ;
Only put yourself in posture
To march with me, *astore* !

7.

Thus through the dewy valley
His Holiness and I
(I think I see us) sally
From Heatly's on the sly ;
And most poetically
We scan the morning sky,
As Phoebus o'er sweet Bally-
nalla ascends on high.

8.

As up Slieve Buck we ramble
All in the dawn so raw,
With many a graceful gambol,
The Pope begins to thaw ;
And now, sire, for a scramble,
For westward here we draw,
Where, hid in brakes of bramble,
'S the brink of Luggelaw.

9.

Ho ! down we go careering
Like bucks upon the green,
Such tossing hats and cheering
Sure ne'er was heard or seen,
As over the hills appearing
The cliffs of Carrigeen
Their lofty brows are rearing,
With sweet Loch Tay between.

10.

Adown that vale bucolic,
Where Avon's waters glide,
We now pursue our frolic
Along the river side,
In order apostolic,
Without a bit of pride ;
Two devil-may-care and rollick-
ing madcaps as e'er were tied.

11.

Then being somewhat weary
With all the way we ran,
Drop in, as 'twere, on Mary,
"The Rose above Loch Dan ;"
But fearing a quandary,
I judge it here my plan
To follow my own vagary
As fast as e'er I can.

12.

'Tis up among the birches,
And down among the sloes,
Across the bogs by perches,
And round the rocks he goes,
Dissolving as he marches
(As you may well suppose),
Till 'gainst the Seven Churches
He knocks his good old nose.

13.

More power to Coomaderry !
Long may you stand, Lugduff !
And Kevin's lochs so dreary,
God bless you, smooth or rough !
For round your summits airy
I've tried the Papal stuff,
Till, fairly blown and weary,
Old Gregory cries "Enough !"

14.

And now that we have sweated
Each sacred joint and limb,
And soft and lubricated,
Are just in sailing trim,
Here standing cool and shaded
On Poolanass's brim,
I'm strongly actuated,
Papa, to have a swim.

15.

So down among the daisies,
 All on the leaves and buds,
 For want of drier places,
 Let's spread the holy duds;
 And with simple airs and graces
 (Since here's nor soap nor suds),
 Heels over head, like blazes,
 Go plump among the floods!

16.

Ho, ho, the genial ele-
 ment, how it glides in light,
 O'er blessed back and belly,
 As ducking left and right.
 Like porpoise in a swell, he
 Goes tumbling with delight,
 With his pelt as red as jelly,
 And his head like silver white!

17.

Now on the bank, renewing
 Our costume—an't it grand?
 We ask for no shampooing,
 Nor toil of menial hand,
 For o'er the hills pursuing
 It's course, a zephyr bland
 The napkin's work is doing,
 While we stand shirt in hand.

18.

Your Holiness' suspenders
 Look somewhat long and loose;
 For, walking fast engenders
 Great store of gastric juice;
 And none but salamanders
 Can long continue spruce,
 Unless the Corks Commanders
 Their artful aids adduce.

19.

I therefore counsel sweetly,
 And this I recommend,
 That back to Mister Heatly
 Our weary way we bend;
 For fully and completely
 His people comprehend,
 To dress a chop discreetly,
 And stand the traveller's friend.

20.

"Egad, I'm rather pickish,"
 The good old Pontiff cries;
 As, bracing up his breeches,
 His stout shoe-strings he ties;
 Then over the drains and ditches,
 To where the chimneys rise,
 That hold the hams and flitches,
 Just like an ostrich hies.

21.

"Ho! Dennis, here, you sinner!
 And hi there, Peggy Byrne!
 Come tell us what's for dinner,
 For I'm in haste to learn?"
 Roast turkey, pudding in her—
 Broiled chops, done to a turn—
 Oat-cake, no wafer thinner—
 And butter from the churn.

22.

Now, on the board before you,
 Papa, you see your fare,
 Nor need I much implore you
 To eat and not to spare;
 For, to shorten a long story,
 I vow and do declare,
 That A—— in his glory
 Would have got third man's share.

23.

The turkey's flown by magic,
 The chops by sleight of hand,
 The dishes all, quite tragic,
 Their bosoms bare expand;
 Till, driven from our project
 Of eating house and land,
 By strength of natural logic
 We both came to a stand.

24.

The wolf now somewhat humbler,
 That lately gnawed so keen,
 The Pontiff, no dissembler,
 Calls loudly for poteen,
 And, after the third tumbler
 Begins to crow and sing,
 "Lord, where's the senseless grumbler,
 That wouldn't be a king?"

25.

With whiskey punch and waggery
 (In both the golden mean),
 And toasts, and tricks, and gaggery,
 And many a song between,
 A jollier pair than Gregory
 And I were never seen,
 He in holy toggerly
 I in my velvetene.

26.

To well aired sheets adjourning,
 At half-past ten or so,
 As fresh as larks next morning,
 We both are on the go;
 His Holiness returning
 To pastoral cares, och, oh!
 I to those friends of learning,
 John Doe and Richard Roe.

27.

That last enormous bouncer
 Our steeple-chase completes,
 Which, as you see, sir, runs, sir,
 Through seven-and-twenty heats;
 And now, if asked to answer,
 Who soiled so many sheets?
 I think I need no sponsor,
 To tell you I, my sweets.

CATHOLICUS SUDANS.

Done at Heatly's Hotel, Roundwood, in the lesser SUDARIUM,
 or left-hand parlour, this third of the Dog-Days, 1837.

Irish Humour! Rich, quaint, queer, crazy, grotesque, fantastic, absurd, *insane!* How mirthful even to the dull ear of melancholy, who doffs her weeds to the merry measure, and setting to Erin on the sod shorn for the nonce of its shamrock, toe-and-heel, maddens at a *Patron*, in the Shouting Jig.

Low burns the Fire—the Lamp flickers—our pen we hear upon the paper, but see not the inky word it drops—and yielding to the mood, “when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind,” we wonder, and almost weep to think, why, instead of scribbling thus, we fly not to the refuge of the wretched—poppy’d and mandragora’d sleep! Let us rather welcome a flock of thick-coming fancies—be speculative and analytic—and show you how to philosophize.

“O Night and Day but *YE* are wondrous strange!”

Nobody knows how much of the universal work of Intellect is shown in our idea of night and day; how a total eclipse of the sun does not destroy day; how moonlight, though it should make a night clearer than a day, would leave the night, night, and the day, day; how starlight illumines night, brightening as the night deepens; how silence and sleep, and not darkness, are night! In short, there is an immense developement, not to mention twilight, and dayspring, and slow sunrise. What is our last idea of night and day? We must have travelled the Globe, have seen antarctic midnight in the South, and the sun’s noon turned into the North, seen Auroræ illuminating the night, and those zones in which the 365 changes of light and gloom are changed into one long night, and one long day, which between them divide the year! We must have seen that day to one half the world is night to the other. Then

with all this utter confounding of our primitive ideas thoroughly carried through, our whole understanding scientifically illuminated and clear, all our experience and our logic consummated, we must go back into our senses and pristine imagination, turn back to children, see night descend as if it fell from the skies upon the whole surface of the earth at once, see the sun rise, as if he came up a returning God to mankind, and set in the ocean, be able once more to think the night starless, and the day cloudless; one griesly, the other blissful; one the eternal grave, and the other immortal life!

“O Night and Day but *YE* are wondrous strange!”

The child sees the world, from a certain point in imagination, and believes imagination. The man, divested of the belief, must be capable of resuming the imagination. This is the difference between man and boy, between poet and child. He must be capable of laying aside his true knowledge, to hold for the moment only the forms which congrue with the moment’s feeling; and afterwards to resume his knowledge. This is the clearness and instinct of mind to which we tend—against imagination to know things as they are; retaining a power of voluntarily surrendering ourselves to understood imagination. And thus it is plain that to understand imagination we must understand truth. We now distinguish, which we did not before, between poetry and reality, and see poetry ever hovering, a changeable, pictured, reality-mimicking cloud upon the earth, disguising truth but to beautify it and make it dearer to our heart!

Compare with this, we beseech you, for the comparison may do you service, an innocent child’s idea of the good and the wicked—the prevalent notion of Heaven and Hell. Paley it is, we

think, who says, that both are graduated to the degrees of crime. But don't you see that in all cases the two main opposites are conceived as two great masses totally distinct, and without graduation? We do not analyze, we conceive them as unities. On examination, we afterwards resolve each, and then we find infinite divarications from the first opposition. We open out a new view—two utmost points of opposition, all between which tends to union. Then we find detractions from this idea; till at length, from a familiarity with the facts of nature, it becomes the most difficult enterprise in the world for the understanding to maintain the original idea of the opposition. We find the good are not so unmixedly good as we had imagined; the wicked not so unmixedly wicked. At last we may come to doubt if there is any difference between virtue and vice! We find our first idea to have been false,—suited to our infancy of understanding and to our position in the world. We are, from bad education, or self-neglect, not able, as our understanding matures, and our position changes, to bind together the truth that was in our first idea, and that which has been afforded by our fuller experience.

The most obvious and perhaps the most striking example of the disposition of imagination to connect its workings with the emotion of personal fear, is in the universal fact that every mind in which the belief in spectral apparitions subsists, connects the idea of such appearances especially with the darkness of night. To understand the ground of this connexion, it seems only necessary to remember that Light is indeed, in its own nature, the season of courage and safety to men, and Darkness that of peril and fear. This is a direct and necessary connexion to beings whose resources and powers of defence in all danger are, in the first place, in light. In every condition in which, from whatever circumstances, danger is a frequent thought, and a real guest of life, the perils of night are no unsubstantial creation of a deceived fancy. Night is the season which nature has marked out for fear, by marking it out for danger: and day brings back courage to the heart because it brings back both safety and power. Thus then, especially in the ruder states of

human life, there is a great foundation laid for connecting darkness with fear. But there are connexions of the same kind which affect the mind by much finer influences. The presence of light is blended essentially with the feeling and activity of life in the spirit: the whole soul is awakened through the eye, and converses, through the eye, with the whole living world. Thus, independently of any thing of actual safety or peril, the vivid consciousness and rejoicing power of the soul belong to the day: and darkness, which bereaves it of its communication with the living world, and shuts it up within itself to converse with its own imaginations and emotions, does on this account alone, if there were no other, give it over to sadness and dim uncertain fear. Besides, the great bond of human society, which holds all living hearts strong in communion with one another, is spread over the earth with day, but is dissolved with night, which shuts up every home and every heart within itself. When all these things are considered, and when it is remembered besides in what states of human life and of the human mind these strong beliefs have their origin, states in which the imagination is strong, and when the soul looks round it with open and credulous faith of surrounding invisible powers, rather seeking for objects of belief than withdrawing from them, there appears to be a sufficiently strong ground assigned in natural reason for that connexion of darkness with superstitious terror which is found so widely prevalent among mankind. In the strong natural associations of fear with night, and the manner in which the soul is severed, as it were, by darkness from its alliance with realities, and delivered up to the power of imagination—to which should be added the influence of sleep and dreams—there appears sufficient reason to rest that connexion, which philosophy may have denied, but which the common passion of mankind has attested. For, who is there that has not seen or shuddered to think he saw—a ghost?

Lo! Ariel waxing into a figure of light among the orange trees, with a lamp only a little brighter than the hand that holds it, looking now into Clio and now into Euterpe, uncertain from which heap of poetry to lift a lay. The Delicate Spirit has chosen Eu-

terpe, and bears towards us some specimens of calligraphy, "*versicoloribus alis.*" Translations from Schiller we declare. THE RING OF POLYCRATES and CASSANDRA, and by first-rate translators. None else must think to partake the noble ardour of that stately Son of Song.

Who was Polycrates? A tyrant of Samos, so Valerius Maximus tell us, the excelling felicity of whose life had excited the envy of the world. With him, "*velle ac posse in æquo positum erat.*" Afraid in his heart of his too happy lot, he flung into the sea a precious ring, "to propitiate the dire deity of Misfortune," but the sea returned it to him in the stomach of a fish,—and most calamitous was his end. "*Sed hunc, cujus felicitas semper plenis velis prosperum cursum tenuit, Orontes, Darii regis præfectus, in excelcissimo Micalensis montis vertice cruci affixit. E qua putres ejus artus et tabido cruore manantia membra, atque illam lævam, cui Neptunus anulum piscatoris manu restituerat, situ marcidam, Samos amara servitute aliquamdiu pressa, liberis ac lætis oculis adspexit.*" It is recorded that Amasis, king of Egypt, fearing a revolution of such high fortune, presaged the tyrant's overthrow, and retired from his alliance. You will now understand Schiller's ballad.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

TRANSLATED BY THE REVEREND JAMES WHITE.

He stood upon his turret's height,
And looked with feelings of delight
On Samos' land oppress'd—
"All this is subject to my sway;"
To Egypt's King he 'gan to say—
"Confess that I am blest."

"Favour'd by all the gods art thou,
Those who were once thine equals,
now
Beneath thy sceptre lie;
Yet one still lives revenge to plan—
And blest I cannot call the man
Watch'd by a foeman's eye."

And ere the King his speech had done,
Before the Tyrant standeth one
Come from Miletus fair;—
"Let sacrificial altars breathe,
And laurel boughs in chaplets wreathe
To deck thy godlike hair,

"Thy foe has sunk beneath the spear,
And Polydore has sent me here
The joyful tale to tell"—
And—while the hair in horror stood—
Took from a basin stain'd with blood
A head they knew full well.

The King drew backward, horror-struck—

"I warn thee trust not to thy luck,"
With thoughtful look said he;
"Think on the faithless wave,—an hour
May wake the tempest in its pow'r—
Thy fleet is on the sea!"

And ere he says the latest word,
Hark, from the roads a sound is heard
Of jubilee and din;
Rich laden with the foeman's store,
Triumphant to their native shore
The wood of masts sails in.

Astonish'd was the Kingly Guest,
"To-day thy fortune smiles her best,
Yet dread that fickle smile;
The Cretan hosts, well skill'd in arms,
Are threatening thee with war's alarms,
E'en now they're near the isle."

And ere the word is ended, lo!
Crowds from the ships triumphant
flow,
And victory is the cry!
"We now are freed from foeman's
sword,
The storm the Cretans' pride has
low'r'd,
The war is past and by!"

Amaz'd he hears—that wond'ring
Guest—
"Yes! truly I must deem thee blest,
Yet fear I for thy weal,—
I fear the envious wrath of heav'n;
For to no mortal is it giv'n
Unmingled joy to feel.

"To me no less once all things sped,
In all my undertakings led
By Heaven's propitious aid;
God took from me my heir—my pet—
I saw him die—and so my debt
To fortune I have paid.

"Wouldst thou from ill thyself defend,
Pray to th' Invisible to blend
With happiness some wo;
Ne'er have I seen a happy close
To him on whom, without a pause,
The gods their gifts bestow;

"And, if the gods refuse thy prayer,
Take thy friend's counsel and prepare
Some sorrow of thine own.
Of all thy treasures, let the one
Thy heart is chiefest set upon
Be in this ocean thrown."

The other answers, moved with fear,
"Of all this island holds of dear
This ring's my chiefest good ;
I to the Furies offer this,
If they will pardon me my bliss !"
—He cast it in the flood.

And by the earliest dawn of day,
A fisherman elate and gay
Before the princes went—
"My lord, this fish I've caught ; such
one
Has never in our meshes run
As this which I present."

And when the cook the fish prepared,
He rushed up, hurriedly and scared,
And cried, amazement-struck,
"See, Lord, the ring thou used to
wear!
In the huge fish's maw—'twas there ;
O, boundless is thy luck."

The Guest in terror turned away ;
"Here may I now no longer stay,
Nor for my friend own *thee* !
The gods vow thy destruction ; I
To shun impending ruin fly,"
—He said, and put to sea.

'Tis a fine Ballad,—and Schiller has made the most of a legend which has been moralized in a few sentences by Cicero. Wordsworth has struck the same chord, and to his hand it gives forth a loftier music. The Solitary, in the *Excursion*, in that affecting confession of sins and sorrows that endears him to *our* heart and soul, and while he says

"Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem, and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed,"

sets him, in *our* esteem, above the pompous pedlar, who being a bachelor and in easy circumstances, "could afford to suffer"—the Solitary—God bless and pity him ! if he be still alive by Blea-Tarn—exclaims—no doubt with a silver voice—and with all the impassioned eloquence of a Coleridge, at the close of a harangue that must have held in suspense the listening cliffs :—

"O tremble ye to whom hath been assigned

A course of days comprising happy months,
And they as happy years ; the present still
So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope ;
For mutability is Nature's bane ;
And blighted hope will be avenged ; and
when

Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not,
But, in her stead, fear, doubt, and agony."

Mr Bulwer in his "pride of place," may, by some "mousing owlet, be hawked at," but he is in no danger of being "killed ;" and we have long looked with admiration on his daring flights. Among living novelists he has no equal—among living writers no superior ; yet could we upset—we think—some of his moral opinions—correct and qualify others—and tear out a few by the roots. In his "Athens," he treats nobly of the Greek Tragedy—and says many fine things of the Agamemnon. But he must reconsider this sentence—"If Clytemnestra has furnished would-be critics with a comparison with Lady Macbeth, for no other reason than that one murdered her husband, and the other persuaded her husband to murder somebody else," &c. For Thomas Campbell, and Mrs Jameson, and Christopher North, have compared Clytemnestra with Lady Macbeth, though not for the reason assigned ; and if we Three are "would-be Critics," where do the Sons of the Morning hide their many-coloured heads ? "The Critics," he says, too, "have dwelt too much on the character of Clytemnestra—it is that of Cassandra which is the masterpiece of the tragedy." It is hardly possible for any critic to dwell too long on the character of Clytemnestra ; and, in proof of that, we refer Mr Bulwer to *our* No. I. on the Greek Drama (August, 1831) ; and there, too, he will see these and many other words in the same spirit :—"Then comes the Scene of Scenes—the Inspiration of Inspirations—the Immortal Prophetic Ravings of Cassandra." But Mr Bulwer knows that the dreadful grandeur of the catastrophe consists in the conjunction of the Two Characters—and that mutual power is given and received by Prophetess and Fury.

Schiller's Cassandra is a noble strain. Send us a translation of any

composition of Goethe's on a classical subject to be compared with it, and it shall go forthwith into Clío. This fine version of Cassandra, it gives us pleasure to say, is by a son of Mrs Hemans.

CASSANDRA.

Joy thro' Troy's proud mansions rung
Ere her lofty ramparts fell ;
Hymns of Jubilee were sung
To the gold harp's thrilling swell.
Whilst his war-sick soldiers rested
From the battle's conflict rude,
Pelus' son, the fearless-breasted,
Priam's lovely daughter woo'd.

Ilion's stately chieftains, pouring,
Laurel-garnished, crowd on crowd,
To the Thymbrian's fane adoring
Pressed, with acclamation loud.
Through the streets, in sacred madness,

Bacchus' orgies wildly swept :
One lone heart, 'mid all that gladness,
One alone forsaken wept.

Joyless e'en where joys were squandered,

None to seek her—none to love,
Fair Cassandra lonely wandered
Through Apollo's myrtle grove.
To the deepest wood-recesses
Hurriedly the Seeress passed,
And the fillets from her tresses
Sternly to the earth she cast.

" Gladsome eyes are round me beaming,
Gladsome hearts on every side ;
Age itself of hope is dreaming,
And my Sister moves a bride !
I alone must weep deserted,
From my eyes the sweet dream falls,
And I see, with looks averted,
Winged ruin seek these walls !

" Lo, a torch before me flaring !
Not in Hymen's sacred hand.
To the heavens I see it glaring,
Yet 'tis not an off'ring-brand.
Round me feasts the boards are loading,
Yet one sound my sad ear fills,
'Tis the lonely heart's foreboding—
'Tis His step—the God who kills !

" And they blame my spirit's mourning,
And they chide the starting tear ;
Lonely 'mid my kindred's scorning,
I a haunted heart must bear.

Smiles before my presence sadden,
Joyous looks in anger flee.
Oh, this dower will kill—will madden—
Phœbus—crafty deity !

" Why 'mid senses all unheeding,
Hearts that no belief can feel,
Hast thou doomed this spirit bleeding
Thy dark mysteries to reveal.
Wherefore fates, that changeless bind us,
Hast thou given to my sight ?
Still the dreaded hour must find us,
Still the hidden come to light !

" Vainly is the dark veil lifted
From the Future's turbid strife.
Oh ! 'tis death to be thus gifted,
Ignorance alone is life.
Take, oh take, thy mournful dower,
From my eyes this brightness tear ;
Fearful 'tis, this godlike power,
For a mortal heart to bear !

" Give me back my sunny childhood
Ere thy spirit o'er me hung !
Now no more the laughing wild-wood
Echoes back the songs I sung.
True, the *Future* stands before me,
But the *Present* hast thou ta'en !
Joyless sweeps each dark hour o'er me—
Take thy false gift back again !

" Never have the bridal flowers
In my tresses sought to twine ;
For my dearest maiden-hours
I have consecrated thine !
All my childhood knew but weeping,
Tears alone I ever know,
Grief on grief my soft heart steeping
In a deeper, surer wo.

" Hark the lyre—the merry singing !
All around is life and love !
Mid the light laugh's joyous ringing
Sadly I alone must move.
Spring's bright smiles are round me lighted,
Gilding every flower and tree—
Oh ! my being's Spring is blighted,
Sear'd by thy dark mystery !

" Sister ! still may joy elate thee,
Still in fond delusion rest !
Dream that still thy warrior waits thee,
Smile, my Sister—thou art bless'd !
Aye ! and well I so may deem her,
Steeped in happiness and love !
Now she envies not—fond dreamer !
E'en the Gods who rule above.

" I, too, him who loved—who won
me—

Once have seen, and still can see ;
Still his bright eyes shine upon me—
Star of my idolatry !

Fain would this worn spirit lightly
On that one-loved bosom rest,
But a Stygian shadow nightly
Frowns me from his guardian breast.

" Hell's dark shades for ever round me
Roll, a ghastly, living stream—
Fierce, infernal fires have bound me—
Where I wander, there they gleam.
Mid the song the laughter ringing,
From my lips the smile they tear,
O'er my soul a dark pall flinging—
Joyous hours—where are ye—
where ?

" Lo ! the murderer's dark eye burn-
ing,
And the murder-steel I see !
Right and left all vainly turning,
Ne'er can I the horror flee :
Still these eyes must gaze unwilling—
Still, though godlike, scorn'd by
all,

I, my mournful fate fulfilling,
In a stranger land must fall !"

Hark ! amid her accents flying,
What strange murmurs shake the
skies ?
On the temple's threshold dying,
Thetis' warlike offspring lies !

Discord shakes her serpent-tresses,
All the Gods in haste are flown,
And the thunder's dark cloud presses
Heavily o'er Ilion !

Come now, Ariel, no more of your
nonsense, or positively when we catch
hold of you we will clip your wings,
and let you go to crawl along the car-
pet, like a poor bee in that condition,
who may never more hope to awaken
by her murmurs the sleeping flowers.
Give us that MSS. you bat, and no
more keep circling our cranium, you
fitter-mouse, as if you were aiming to
settle, to prune your airy pinions, on
our *Pia Mater*. And mind, you
Humming Bird, that it be Poetry in-
deed—for after Polyocrates and Cassan-
dra, counterfeits will not pass current
—we must have the sterling gold. And
the sterling gold it is—for we read
round the rim the impress SIMMONS.
Napoleon again ! One of the finest
things in the language is his "*Napo-
leon's Dream*;" another set of his
grand stanzas we remember well
about the bed-ridden mother of the
Throne-shatterer—and here the vision
again haunts the poet at sea. Mr
Simmons on this theme excels all our
great poets. Lockhart and he may
be bracketted as equal. Byron's lines
are bad—Scott's poor—Wordsworth's
weak—theirs good—rich—strong—
exempli gratia.

OFF USHANT.

BY B. SIMMONS.

" —I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, ' Ushant? Cape Ushant?' I replied, ' Yes, Sire,' and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained *from five in the morning to nearly mid-day*, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed; it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!"—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat, by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*

1.

What of the night, ho ! Watcher there
Upon the armed deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair
The last of empire's wreck—
E'en HIM whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite ;
Ho ! rock'd upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night ?

2.

" The stars are waning fast—the curl
Of morning's coming breeze,
Far in the north begins to furl
Night's vapour from the seas.
Her every shred of canvass spread,
The proud ship plunges free,
While bears afar with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

3.

At that last word, as trumpet-stirr'd,
 Forth in the dawning gray
 A silent man made to the deck
 His solitary way.
 And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
 Till on his straining view,
 That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,
 Distinct, but slowly grew.

4.

Well may he look until his frame
 Maddens to marble there ;
 He risked Renown's all-grasping
 game,
 Dominion or despair—
 And lost—and lo, in vapour furled,
 The last of that loved France,
 For which his prowess cursed the
 world,
 Is dwindling from his glance.

5.

Rave on, thou far-resounding Deep,
 Whose billows round him roll !
 Thou'rt calmness to the storms that
 sweep
 This moment o'er his soul.
 Black chaos swims before him, spread
 With trophy-shaping bones ;
 The council-strife, the battle-dead,
 Rent charters, cloven thrones.

6.

Yet, proud One ! could the loftiest day
 Of thy transcendent power
 Match with the soul-compelling sway
 Which in this dreadful hour
 Aids thee to hide beneath the show
 Of calmest lip and eye
 The hell that wars and works below—
 The quenchless thirst to die ?

7.

The white dawn crimson'd into morn—
 The morning flashed to-day—
 And the sun followed glory-born,
 Rejoicing on his way—
 And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
 That muser cast his view,
 While round him awed and silent stood
 His fate's devoted few.

8.

He lives, perchance, the past again,
 From the fierce hour when first
 On the astounded hearts of men
 His meteor-presence burst—
 When blood-besotted Anarchy
 Sank quelled amid the roar
 Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
 Eventful Thermidor !

9.

Again he grasps the victor-crown
 Marengo's carnage yields—
 Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down
 Bavaria's thousand shields—
 Then, turning from the battle-sod,
 Assumes the Consul's palm—
 Or seizes giant-empire's rod
 In solemn Notre-Dame.

10.

And darker thoughts oppress him
 now—
 Her ill-requited love,
 Whose faith as beauteous as her brow
 Brought blessings from above—
 Her trampled heart—his darkening
 star—
 The cry of outraged Man—
 And white-lipped Rout, and wolfish
 War,
 Loud thundering on his van.

11.

O for the sulphureous eve of June,
 When down that Belgian-hill
 His bristling Guards' superb platoon
 He led unbroken still !
 Now would he pause, and quit their side
 Upon destruction's marge,
 Nor king-like share with desperate
 pride
 Their vainly-glorious charge ?

12.

No—gladly forward he would dash
 Amid that onset on,
 Where blazing-shot and sabre-crash
 Pealed o'er his empire gone—
 There, 'neath his vanquished eagles
 tost,
 Should close his grand career,
 Girt by his heaped and slaughtered
 host !
 He lived—for fetters *here* !

13.

Enough—in moonlight's yellow light
 Cape Ushant melts away—
 Even as his kingdom's shattered might
 Shall utterly decay—
 Save when his spirit-shaking story,
 In years remotely dim,
 Warms some pale minstrel with its
 glory
 To raise the song to Him.

And here we might cross our legs,
 fold our arms, and go to sleep. By
 doing so perhaps we might please that
 Critic, who once a-month for nearly
 twenty years has been commending

the excellence, but complaining of the length of our Articles. He is a simpleton. Our Articles are perfect. "Journeying on from verdant stage to stage," how short, in our company, seems the longest day! Now we halt in a regular hollow—with no prospect—hemmed in by low-browed hills—a still seclusion, though so near the high-road that we hear wheels and horn—and how pleasant our confabulation as we lie diffused on the primrose-bank of a living well,

"And talk with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and free;
A pair of Friends, though thou art young,
And Kitty seventy-three."

Now seated on a heaven-kissing hill we seem to see all England—towns, villages, church-towers, palaces with princely fronts on elevated terraces, and lawns, and fields as fair as lawns, sloping beautifully among majestic woods. Now we drop down a river, sans sail, or oar, wondering, and of our wonder finding no end, at the succession of castles and cathedrals, built by nature out of the cliffs.—Now in pinnace anchored by the calm in the bay of Water-lilies, we lie floating on the imagery of earth and heaven, and know not in our happiness to which region we belong—so spiritual our life!

Lend us your ears—our friends—and again we shall philosophize, allowing you to insist on silence, as soon as the continuous flow of our stream-like voice persuades to sleep.

What should we be without—EMOTION? Its influence is felt in the distinctness with which all the various parts of a single scene, which has affected strongly the sense of wonder or beauty, remain collected and entire to the imagination: they are bound together by one deep common emotion. It may be perceived very decisively in the minutely detailed remembrance that remains in every mind after the lapse of many years, of the particulars of every event that was accompanied with strong interest; while those that are not so combined by such a principle seem to break and detach their links, and are remembered only in fragments. You would see in its force this power of passion to impart distinct precision to the Memory if you could read the minds of those who have had part in

dire transactions, or whose happiness has been torn from them by the events of a single day. There you might see how the deep pain of passion has engraven indelibly all the deliberate process of a dreadful Act, or registered in characters that cannot be obliterated the long slow passing of some agonizing Event, with words and looks and gestures, down to the least circumstances even of indifferant things. There are pictures left in the Mind that in the blank darkness of unremembered years, are vivid, strong, and entire as the impressions of yesterday. It is passion that has stamped them so deep on the soul, and burnt in their colours.

The same power, exerted by some predominant conception and feeling, when it has strongly seized upon the Mind, to determine the whole current of its associations, may be remarkably observed in those instances where some event strongly affecting us, either with pleasure or pain, has very recently occurred. It fixes itself, it takes possession of the mind; and whatever other laws of its action may be in operation, casting up thoughts and images, this one conception and one passion will hold their presence in the soul, and rule over them all. Fancy, Imagination, Intelligence, are not suppressed in their ordinary working by such a predominant influence, but they act in subjection to it; and very remarkable laws of thought and feeling are disclosed to us in that perturbed and unusual state of the spirit. Grief brings back the image of one who is lost; and pain springing up at its side calls up, by a perverted power of association, all that various, inexhaustible, and indelible imagery of the past, which was once associated with that happiness of which it has taken the place. Features, voice, and actions, a thousand little recollections linked with one loved image,

"*Sic oculos, sic illa manus, sic ora ferebat!*"

—Pictures and visions which fancy had drawn and happy love had inspired, come now in a fierce torrent of recollection over the prostrate and afflicted soul. Though sorrow had no part in them before, it possesses them now. Thus, one idea and the pain which is now inseparable from it reign over all the changes of thought;

though these thoughts themselves have been fixed in their connexion with one another, and image linked to image long before :—they rise up by those connexions ; but they are determined to arise and depart, by that one fixed conception which holds its unshaken seat in the sorrow of the soul.

The power of passion or strong feeling to unite itself with ideas which address themselves to the understanding is known throughout life. How much tenderness of love, how much bitterness of remembrance is awakened by a name ! “ A man,” says Mr Locke, “ has suffered pain or sickness in any place ; he saw his friend die in such a room ; though these have in nature nothing to do one with another, yet when the idea of the place occurs to his mind, it brings (the impression being once made) that of the pain and displeasure with it ; he confounds them in his mind, and can as little bear the one as the other.”

Most wonderful is the *power of emotion to raise up images and ideas to the Mind.*

In speaking upon this subject, Mr Locke departs from the calm and unimpassioned character of his usual style, and says :—

“ In this secondary perception, as I may so call it, or viewing again the Ideas that are lodged in the Memory, the Mind is oftentimes more than barely passive ; the appearance of those dormant pictures, depending sometimes on the Will. The Mind very often sets itself to work in search of some hidden Idea, and turns, as it were, the eye of the soul upon it ; though sometimes too they start up in our minds of their own accord, and offer themselves to the Understanding ; and very often are roused and tumbled out of their dark cells into open daylight, by turbulent and tempestuous passions ; our affections bringing ideas to our memory which had otherwise lain quiet and unregarded.”

The most important series of ideas depend upon this power of Passion. In all our great series of Thought there must be one of two regulating laws. They must be determined by a principle of Feeling or an Intellectual principle. Let us see, if you please, how they are determined by Feeling.

Any cause affecting the Mind strong-

ly *with joy* will raise up emotions associated with joy, and images and thoughts of pleasure in quick succession ; so that the mere course of ideas through the Mind is itself happiness, inspiring a cheerful spirit of enterprise, hopeful courage and resolution ; and scattering gloomy thoughts and fears that reason had not power to dispel. In the same way misfortune will take possession of the soul. It brings its whole full train of emotions, one inducing another, and each of them amassing recollections, and shaping fears that deepen the shadow of the Mind, and weigh down the spirit with their damp and heavy gloom.

The man who feels himself injured by another with whom he has had long intercourse, and whose heart burns with the sense of the wrong, finds his imagination fill fast with the memory of forgotten grievances from the same quarter ; and with diseased activity of scrutiny, and unreasonable sensibility to pain makes up a more grievous amount of wrong for his present torment. It is not intellect that darts back through the past to hunt out ideas of injury. Intellect would follow its own laws, and pass over occurrences of so little importance. It is passion that brings up from the past the slightest recollections, in which it can find a spark of like flame. It is passion and not intellect that holds dominion of the mind : that sweeps from it like a driving storm, a thousand thoughts with which it was filled : and suffers those only to roam abroad whose nature are like the season.

All may observe in themselves in some degree this power of present feeling to determine the cast of the mind, this fertility of feeling to throw forth fresh springing thoughts from an inexhaustible source. But those who are exempt from the violence of disordered passions, can know but in faint likeness what is this terrible power in thus ruling over the intellectual action of the mind. It is in natures given up to passion, to a fierce un-governed will,—who brood over pain and fear, and hate,—who bend their stern determination to obey the impulses of some dark monitor of evil in their souls, that the true character of that influence is seen. There intellect is, indeed, the slave of passion. Judgment, knowledge, convictions established for long years, thousands of

ideas, hopes, beliefs of good are driven out of thought at once, as if they had never been, and convictions suddenly conceived, and evil recollections cast up as from the bottom of a surging sea, are all that is present to the understanding. Such is the natural power of passion, so deeply is it associated with ideas formed in the intellect, that when it acts in its full strength it determines absolutely and alone the course of all the associations. The force of strong feeling is often seen, if not in that dread predominance of passion which over-rules all the thoughts of the mind, and bears it on without pause to some great catastrophe of its fate,—it is often seen in some fixed affection which, having suffered severely, long embitters life, till time abates its strength or leads the sufferer to rest. The pain that dwells in the heart keeps present to the Mind the image with which that pain is associated, and the image nourishes the pain. “When such a combination is fixed and settled in our minds,” observes Mr Locke, “and while it lasts, it is not in the power of reason to help us and relieve us from its effects. The death of a child that

was the daily delight of his mother’s eyes and joy of her soul, rends from her heart the whole comfort of her life. Use the Consolations of reason in this case, and you were as good preach ease to one on the rack, and hope to allay, by rational discourses, the pain of his joints tearing asunder. Till time has by disuse separated the sense of that enjoyment and its loss, from the idea of the child returning to her memory, all representations though ever so reasonable are vain; and therefore some in whom the union between these ideas is never dissolved, spend their lives in mourning, and carry an incurable sorrow to their graves.”

But somewhat too much of this—so, with your permission, attentive neophyte, let us change the subject.

You remember the “Poetry by our new contributor.” Henceforth you will know him by the signature of “*ARCHEUS*.” “Crystals from a Cavern,” and “*Legendary Lore*” we hope he will be induced to continue.—Meanwhile we shall delight and instruct your hearts by “*Thoughts in Rhyme*,” from the pure and deep fount of his genius.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

STATUES.

Fair Statues! blind ye look, but full within
Of vision more than mortal eyes can show;
A race ye seem of some transcendent kin,
Remote from our dim lot of joy and wo.
Yet human hands could frame you, such the power
In man to rise beyond his own weak hour.

INWARD GRATITUDE.

As few the gleams that here and there betray
The secret streamlet on its leaf-clad way,
So faintest hints and tokens may express
Hearts poor in thanks, but rich in thankfulness.

THE VOYAGE OF EARTH.

This grey round world so full of life,
Of hate and love, and calm and strife,
Still shiplike, on for ages fares,
And holds its course so smooth and true,
For all the madness of the crew,
It must have better rule than theirs.

THE HERMIT’S LAMP.

When wanes thy lamp amid the morning light,
Forget not, hermit! how it cheered thy night.

THE FUNERAL TORCH.

Nature supplies the corpse, and man the tomb,
But God the light of hope that quells the gloom.

DELOS.

Is Life a sea? O, no, 'tis steadier far.
 Is Life a land? O, no, too fast 'tis driven.
 It is beneath its guiding heavenly star,
 An island floating toward the coast of heaven.

SMOKE AND CLOUD.

More dear the smoke that marks the shepherd's roof,
 Than gorgeous worlds of cloud from man aloof.

SIN AND REASON.

All sins must needs in man's own choice begin,
 So pray believe that Reason is not sin.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

The future joy he only will not miss
 Who grasps to-day to-morrow's hoped for bliss.

SCORN AND REPENTANCE.

Scorn not Repentance, for be sure that thou
 Must needs repent the scorn thou boasted now.

STARS.

All stars that fill Time's mystic diadem
 Are falling stars, save that of Bethlehem.

PEARLS AND BUBBLES.

Pearls ne'er like bubbles o'er the surface drive,
 And who would search for them must learn to dive.

THE LOCKED GATE.

Nature the Gate to God, and Faith the Key,
 Which opes the Pass that else a Wall would be.

ART AND CONSCIENCE.

Who Art prefer to Conscience needs must prize
 More than the fountain's spring, its sunbow dyes.

THE EARTHEN LAMP.

Who loves not darkness still must dare proclaim
 Man's lamp of clay sustains a heavenly flame.

THE HUMAN COUPLET.

This Life's the Couplet's opening verse, and Time
 Will add the next to round it off with rhyme.

DELICATE SENSIBILITY.

O tender heart, that feels too much remorse
 To nail a hoof, so lame the shoeless horse.

THE SCYTHEMAN.

A man who bore a scythe, by chance or aim,
 Lopped his own head: Will Time e'er do the same?

SNUFFERS.

Reforming Friend! believe 'tis true, though trite,
 That sometimes snuffers may put out the light.

THE WELL OF TRUTH.

How few would pump if they believed the tale,
 That truth perhaps might issue in the pail.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

Our Thoughts like figures on the magic glass,
By Action's light to outward vision pass.

MILO'S DESTINY.

How oft must men a fate like Milo's mourn,
Who tore the oak, and by the beast was torn.

SELF AND SELFISHNESS.

Free thou thyself from self's narcotic leaven,
And life becomes a waking dream of Heaven.

THE WORLD AND THE PEBBLE.

The sea for ever rolls the stone,
Till like the world a sphere 'tis grown ;
So life to each the form would give
Of that great All in which we live.

THE WORLD AND THE DEWDROP.

The Law that rounds the world, the same
Rounds too the Dewdrop's little frame.

THE WOUNDS OF LIFE.

God only smites that through the wounds of wo
The healing balm he gives may inlier flow.

CHRIST AND MAHOMMED.

Of Christ's betrayal wouldst thou know the reason ?
Mahommed met with no Iscariot's treason.

TO A LADY.

Dear lady ! all of loveliness and good,
Are knit and blent in Christian ladyhood.
Whate'er humanely fairest springs on earth ;
Whate'er of holy truth has loftiest birth ;
As if in some smooth vase of pearly stone,
With artful flowers and foliage overgrown,
No lamp terrene, but some descending star
Should burn, and show what Heaven's own cressets are.
But good ethereal, or of earthly sod,
Thou know'st, dear lady, all the boon of God.

THE SHADOW.

False friend ! in sunshine like my shadow nigh,
Thou straight art gone when clouds conceal my sky.

THE TORCH.

True friend ! that with me like a torch I bear,
Thou shinest most when darkness fills the air.

DRINK AND THINK.

Life, my friend ! is fairy wine ;
Drink it ere it cease to shine.
Drink with gay and fearless heart,
But refrain ere comes the smart.
Poison, if you drain the whole,
Taints the bottom of the bowl.

On each of these " Thoughts in Rhyme"—as a text—could we write a discourse. They emanate from a high and humble spirit. They rebuke that worldly and earthly temper of morality now so prevalent ; and bid

us lift up the eyes of our soul to Heaven.

It is that temper of morality framed to the equable level of the world's virtue, that appears to be the first evil resulting from regarding it as se-

parated from the Source from which it proceeds, and the Law by which it is regulated. Nor can it be denied, that if it be thus separated there is some reason for this moderate and humble view of it. For if there be no requisition upon man from a higher authority, what claim can there be upon him for greater exertions than he makes? If the Judge of Man is in his own heart only, it speaks, and it cannot err. The actual morality of mankind is that which is necessary to satisfy them; the actual morality of each man is that which is requisite for satisfying his own estimate. And there it must rest. If a higher desire of virtue should arise, virtue itself will rise higher. If not, if the desire remains as it is, the virtue will remain as it is. That is all that the case allows to be said. Blame there cannot be, for each man follows his own nature, and can do no more. This is the temper of feeling which accompanies this view of the moral nature of man; and this is the strain of reasoning which justifies it; to which, upon the premises, it seems difficult to find any reply. If, on the other hand, this Moral Spirit be regarded not merely as a principle *residing in Man's Nature*, but as given him from a higher source, then the very fact of its being so conferred, implies an obligation to use it for the purposes, and to the height, for which it may be conceived to have been designed by the Giver. It is not possible so to regard it without beginning to frame comparisons between the state in which man holds this gift, and the character of the bestower. If he is excellent, infinitely beyond all understanding and imagination, then that faculty by which he has communicated to us the knowledge of goodness is misemployed and abused if it does not create in the soul desires continually aspiring to a higher virtue. This is a conclusion that follows from the mere acknowledgment of the gift. The *habitual* contemplation of it, as so proceeding, will make the comparison habitual, and will induce a settled elevation of feeling in regard to the destination and employment of this moral principle. If to this regard to the source whence our moral faculties descend, be added yet further the consideration of those superior laws by which they are regulated, that is the Divine Pleasure in whatever way made known to us, whether by

express declaration, or by just deductions of our reason from observation of the Providence of the world—if the consideration of these laws be added, there then results in every way to man, an obligation of the strongest kind, a responsibility felt to be most solemn, to carry his exertions of duty to the highest. It takes away from him all limitation of the measure of virtue. It takes away from him all reference to himself, or comparison with others; and instead of the self-satisfying admeasurements of a mind resting in humanity, it gives to the human mind this *one* rule of action,—that it has not yet done enough. Such then is the practical result to the feelings of the two different ways of considering morality. We do not say that those who form the low estimate of virtue, regard man altogether as unconnected with the Divine Being, but for any effective result they do so regard him. Their conception of that connexion is weak and inefficient. Their practical regards are directed upon man alone; their habitual feelings are framed upon those regards; and if they believe that Man is the creature of an Omnipotent hand, they have left all deductions from that fact out of their contemplation in framing their judgment of his moral condition.

But the respect to the known or believed Divine Will, as a direct law of action, acts not merely by the force of obligation it imposes, and the strong demands it makes upon us, but by its influence in exalting and directing the whole moral nature. Our mind, left to itself, is disordered and ill regulated. We do not understand ourselves, and our affections run wild and confound themselves. It is the strong conviction of great religious truths that first clears up darkness through the whole mind, and to every distinct feeling gives its true moral character. It has been urged as an objection to views in some respects resembling these that, according to them, an Atheist could have no morality. We acknowledge that according to the views now given, and it is not an objection, but an argument of their truth, the morality of an Atheist must be exceedingly imperfect. For the whole tone of his morality must be very low; many important duties must be positively unknown to him; and the whole of his affections must be more or less disordered—wanting

due moral regulation, of which the principle is not with him.

Thus the consideration even of the *source* of morality is not unimportant; and theologians have been, with just reason, jealous of that philosophic pride which has refused to humble itself by acknowledging this origin; it being harsh and grating to the haughtiness of the human spirit to confess that it possesses nothing of its own; and that, if it knows any good, it knows it merely as the creature of a mightier power.

Now, it is possible that theological writers, in urging such sentiments as these may have occasionally laid themselves open to a charge of bigotry. But there is as little doubt that bigotry has been often charged upon them when they were defending the sacred cause of true morality. The bigotry of the philosopher, when narrowly looked into, is perhaps worse than that of the theologian, and far more intolerant; for while the religious suspects the sceptical mind of trusting too much to human reason, the sceptical more than insinuates that the religious mind abandons it altogether. Now, they who found morality on the Will of Deity, and, as we hold, found it rightly, must not, and do not, suffer themselves to be confounded by bold and vague assertions respecting the alleged virtues of unbelievers. They look around them into human life, and ask themselves where and how these virtues have been exhibited, proved, tried, and triumphant. And, first, if it is said that downright Atheists have been men of virtue, let the instances be brought and canvassed. We maintain that no such instances are known. The number of those who are to be placed in this class is exceedingly small. We scarcely know where to find the names of those from whose belief the idea of Deity has been deliberately, completely, and finally excluded. If there are such, let the cases be brought forward, and the virtue which is pretended subjected to examination. The greater part of those who are taxed with Atheism are men who have indulged in daring speculations, and who, trusting to fathom all questions by the faculties of human reason, have perplexed and darkened their belief on the most important points, and have shaken and loosened in their own minds convic-

tions which yet they could not extirpate. Now, with respect to the virtue of such men, there can be no doubt that they have greatly weakened, though perhaps not destroyed altogether, the connexion between religion and morality. As little doubt can there be, that in so doing they have weakened and lowered their own moral character. For compare the life of those to whom religion has been the quickening principle of virtue with that of those from whom its influence is altogether or nearly withheld. See the high and sacred magnanimity which has been attained by the one, the great and memorable acts of duty which they have performed, and ask what is there answerable to be produced from the history of the others. It will be found that their virtue amounts to this—that they have not been immoral. And if we enquire farther, we may find sufficient reasons why they should not be so. They are men, perhaps, of calm temperament, and who have lived in the midst of the restraints which society itself imposes on its members. They regard their own reputation; they regard the tranquil enjoyment of a regulated life; their own pleasures and pursuits lead them away from ordinary vice; the circumstances in which they have stood have not tried them with severe and difficult temptation. That there are many concurring causes in the world determining men to prefer a life not immoral to one in violation of the laws of morality, we know well. It is a remarkable feature of its constitution. And no doubt, these have their weight with minds uninfluenced by religion, as well as those that are. But to try, indeed, the relation of Atheism to virtue, let those be taken, in whom passions are strong, who are disengaged from many of the chief restraints which society imposes, and are left in their own minds to find, without religion, a law of morality. Now, there is no doubt that this leads us at once to the most profligate and abandoned characters that have disgraced human nature.

The consideration of the principle of CONSCIENCE as exercising the supreme government of the human soul, alone enables us to form a just view of the nature of man, that is, as a being in whose nature there is a constituted order, framed as a harmoni-

ous whole. For look at him without this principle, and see how divided and disordered a being he would be—see how his best and basest feelings would all clash together—in how many shapes his character would appear during every hour of his being—how his very mental identity would be lost—and his life an alternation of shadows coming and going beyond his control like the phantoms of a dream. He is full of strong impulses of passion, some higher, and some lower, but all impetuous and unreflecting, seeking their own object alone, tending diverse ways, pulling against one another, each at enmity with the other, each calling the whole man to its own gratification—and which of them shall he obey?—His Reason, you say, will step in to control them. It will survey the whole prospect of life, and determining what is the just happiness of an intelligent nature, will reduce the irregular impulses of passion into their due subordination to this rational election of calm self-love. But is this a just account of himself? Has Reason, indeed, this power? Alas! Reason itself is but the minister of passions. Inexperienced of life as it originally is, what can it judge of that happiness which is a combined and tempered result of so many principles and powers? Calm wisdom, indeed, which life has lessened through long years of trial, may have won at last from the hard strife, the knowledge of happiness lost, or late attained. But Reason entering upon life, leading the full throng of ardent and fiery passions, is kindled with their contagion; is hurried along in their torrent of ungovernable enterprise;—a powerful commander, while it heads their unrestrained march, but powerless and overwhelmed in their mutinous disarray when it summons to retreat. Look upon life, which Reason leads, and see what passion of the human soul there is that has not held Reason captive. Men of the mightiest minds have no assurance against these delusions. They enter upon life in power, and what they undertake they will in all probability achieve; but under what guidance are they to make their choice amidst many strong passions, if they know of no happiness, but that which some passion desires? This is the weakness of Reason as the guide of man, that though powerful to judge where the means of judging are

before it, this is a case where the grounds of the judgment are yet to be ascertained:—and it is the retrospect, and not the prospect of life, that lays *them* in their distinct and entire evidence before her eyes. Reason then separate from all protecting safeguard—alone in its intellectual strength—is not able to govern man's tumultuous soul. It is itself a power, and not the arbiter of his powers. It links itself in its pride to passion—and rejoices too often in its conquest over virtue herself.

Such is man, even in his selfish nature, *a divided and disordered being*: nor have we any reason to believe that reason alone could reduce his life to harmony. Let us add the noble and tender affections that unite him to the welfare of his kind,—and there is indeed a great counterpoise given to his own distracting desires. He is now held back from his rapid career on the precipitous paths of his own passions; and the emotions that seek others' good are in some measure the protectors of his own. But these affections themselves are often blind. He embraces the welfare of others with his own. He makes their existence part of his—henceforth he will be unjust and rapacious for them—for them he will be ambitious. He will take them into his heart, and if his own passions are predominant there, those whom he loves will but be borne along with him on the sweeping tide. He will not rest till he moulds them he loves to his own likeness—and thus those affections which at first acted as a counterpoise to his own distracting desires, do at last blend with them, and give them tenfold energy. True, that his kindest affections lift him out of the hazard to which those of a lower nature are exposed, but they cannot save him from the short-sightedness of Reason. They are therefore a higher power than the others, but they still leave place for a higher power still; a governing and commanding principle that shall have some steadfast law of judgment which cannot err, that shall be independent of the short-sightedness of reason; and which even in its excess cannot injure. Now this principle there is; it is that which crowns the structure of the human soul; which reduces all other parts to due subordination and place; which presides in the conflict of propensities; which enlightens nature; which places a lawful monarch on the throne

of the human mind, and makes that little world an ordered, peaceful, and happy kingdom. This is CONSCIENCE, who with Reason at her right hand, and Love at her left, holds her state in the faithful soul, that is willing to be subject to her dominion.

It is no fiction of Poetry that tells us of men being attended or deserted by their guardian Genius. This is the common language of humanity itself, embodying in an impersonation the most sacred convictions of our Moral Being, which they believe never forsakes them till they have forfeited their right to the protection of that Holy Power. This great assurance is the consolation and trust of the humblest mind. The high powers of Intellect may be given to some—the fervour of Genius is infused into other spirits; the wealth of Knowledge is the possession of more capacious Thought; high Science explores with the Few the wonders of the world;—but to the lowliest of all, in his ungifted simplicity, are given the divinations of Conscience. Thus God through Milton speaks—

“ To prayer, repentance, and obedience
due,
Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not
shut ;

And I will place within them as a Guide
My umpire, Conscience, whom if they will
hear,

Light after Light well-used they shall attain,

And to the end persisting safe arrive.”

Many a walk, our friends, have we in imagination—that is in Maga—taken together among the British Mountains—in all seasons—and in all weathers ; and many a walk, our friends, have we in reality taken among them, all alone except with our Shadow. What sent us into these solitudes ? and what went we there to seek ? Who asks ? Tribulation, anguish, and despair. O vain and idle all—for Love and Peace and Joy met us—in our prime—on the Mountains—to us the Rainbow was more than an Arch of Promise—and we seemed with those fair spirits to be travelling towards Paradise. Now fain would we shut the eyes of our Memory—but, imbued with some preternatural power, they see afar into our haunts of old in the heart of all those beautiful wildernesses ; and dreams and visions, too heavenly sweet to be endured, come flocking from all the secret solitary places, till in our everlasting desertion we could almost wish to die !

And is this a Christian Poet's Faith ! Hear ARCHÆUS.

AN HOUR IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

High amid the mountain ridges
I have climb'd, and stand alone
Where the mist the torrent bridges
In a world of stream and stone.

II.

Dark ravines, and summits hoary,
Downward steeps that scare the view,
Blocks whose sculpture hides a story
Human wisdom never knew ;

III.

Clouds that yield no voice of thunder,
Shifting isles of wind and rain,
Sunny gleams with shows of wonder
Opening wide the distant main ;

IV.

Lonely vastness, might unmeasured,
Deep ye fill the labouring breast !
In your halls uncouth are treasured
Powers that make us gravely blest.

V.

While along the chasm before me
Sounds the torrent's endless voice,
There's a rainbow arching o'er me,
And in air my dreams rejoice.

VI.

From their wizard cauldron boiling
Ghostly vapours roll and swell,
Round each crag and buttress coiling,
Sealike pouring through the dell.

VII.

Now again they flit and vanish,
And the green hills dawn an ew,
And exulting sunbeams banish
All the landscape's deathlike hue.

VIII.

Earth and sky, to thought ye win me,
Strong below, and bright above !
May ye never weaken in me
Man's sublimer heart of love !

There is profound meaning to our mind in the last stanza—for though the delight in nature can never be anti-religious, it may be non-religious, and so possess the imagination and even the heart, as to disincarnate and incapacitate them both for that deep religious affection in which Self is absorbed or annihilated, and the spirit filled with, or rather composed of perfect love. "Man's sublimer heart of love" communes not with material things, except as they are symbols of

the immaterial; and when the heavens and the earth have been shrivelled up as a scroll, will live in beatific enjoyment of its holy objects.

Another profound and pathetic strain by ARCHÆUS—and let us unite with it one by a kindred spirit—Mr Moir of Musselburgh—to which there is many an eye that will not refuse its tears—and three beautiful sonnets by a man every way worthy to join the brotherhood.

THE SONG OF EVE TO CAIN.

Oh! rest, my baby, rest!
The day
Is glowing down the west;
Now tired of sunny play
Upon thy mother's breast
O! rest, my darling, rest!

Thou first-born child of man,
In thee
New joy for us began,
Which seemed all dead to be,
When that so needful ban
From Eden exiled man.

But more than Paradise
Was ours,
When thou with angel eyes,
Amid our blighted flowers
Wast born, a heavenly prize
Unknown in Paradise.

My happy garden Thou,
Where I
Make many a hopeful vow,
And every hour espy
New bloom on each young bough;
My sinless tree art thou.

I fearless reap thy fruit
Of bliss;
And I who am thy root,
Am too the air to kiss
The gleams that o'er thee shoot;
And fed, I feed thy fruit.

Thy father's form and pride
And thought,
In thee yet undescried,
Shall soon be fully wrought,
Grow tall, and bright, and wide,
In thee our hope and pride.

Nay, do not stir, my child,
Be still;
In thee is reconciled
To man Heaven's righteous Will.
To thee the Curse is mild,
And smites not thee, my child.

To us our sin has borne
Its doom.
From light dethroned and torn,
'Twas ours to dwell in gloom;
But thou, a better morn,
By that dark night art borne.

Thou shalt, my child, be free
From sin,
Nor taste the fatal tree,
For thou from us shalt win
A wisdom cheap to thee;
So thou from ill be free!

My bird, my flower, my star,
My boy!
My all things fair that are,
My spring of endless joy,
From thee is Heaven not far,
From thee, its earthly star.

So, darling, shalt thou grow
A man,
While we shall downward go,
Descend each day a span,
And sink beneath the wo
Of deaths from sin that grow.

And thou, perhaps, shalt see
A race
Brought forth by us, like thee;
Though strength like thine, and grace,
In none shall ever be
Of all whom earth can see.

And thou amid mankind
Shalt move
With glorious form and mind,
In holiness and love;
And all in thee shall find
The bliss of all mankind.

Then rest, my child, O rest!
The day
Has darkened down the west.
Thou dream the night away
Upon thy mother's breast;
O! rest, my darling rest!

WEE WILLIE.

Fare-thee-well, our last and fairest,
 Dear wee Willie, fare-thee-well !
 He, who lent thee, hath recalled thee
 Back with him and his to dwell.
 Fifteen moons their silver lustre
 Only o'er thy brow had shed,
 When thy spirit joined the seraphs,
 And thy dust the dead.

Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling
 Shone thy presence bright and calm ;
 Thou did'st add a zest to pleasure ;
 To our sorrows thou wert balm ;—
 Brighter beamed thine eyes than summer ;
 And thy first attempt at speech
 Thrilled our heart-strings with a rapture
 Music ne'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping,
 With thy fine fair locks outspread,
 Thou did'st seem a little angel,
 Who from heaven to earth had
 strayed ;
 And, entranced, we watched the vision,
 Half in hope and half affright,
 Lest what We deemed ours, and earthly,
 Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'ermantled hill and valley,
 Sullen clouds begrimed the sky,
 When the first, drear doubt oppress'd
 us,
 That our child was doom'd to die !
 Through each long night-watch, the
 taper
 Showed the hectic of thy cheek ;
 And each anxious dawn beheld thee
 More worn out, and weak.

'Twas even then Destruction's angel
 Shook his pinions o'er our path,
 Seized the rosiest of our household,
 And struck Charlie down in death—
 Fearful, awful ! Desolation
 On our lintel set his sign ;
 And we turned from his sad death-bed,
 Willie, round to thine !

As the beams of Spring's first morn-
 ing
 Through the silent chamber played,
 Lifeless, in mine arms I raised thee,
 And in thy small coffin laid ;
 Ere the day-star with the darkness
 Nine times had triumphant striven,
 In one grave had met your ashes,
 And your souls in Heaven !

Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms
 Of our hopes, and hearts, and hearth ;
 Two asleep lie buried under—
 Three for us yet gladden earth :
 Thee, our Hyacinth, gay Charlie,
 Willie, thee our snowdrop pure,
 Back to us shall second spring-time
 Never more allure !

Yet while thinking, oh our lost ones,
 Of how dear ye were to us,
 Why should dreams of doubt and dark-
 ness
 Haunt our troubled spirits thus ?
 Why, across the cold dim churchyard
 Flit our visions of despair ?
 Seated on the tomb, Faith's angel
 Says, " Ye are not there !"

Where then are ye ? With the Saviour
 Blest, for ever blest, are ye,
 'Mid the sinless, little children,
 Who have heard his " Come to
 me !"
 'Yond the shades of death's dark val-
 ley,
 Now ye lean upon his breast,
 Where the wicked dare not enter,
 And the weary rest !

We are wicked—we are weary—
 For us pray, and for us plead ;
 God, who ever hears the sinless,
 May through you the sinful heed ;—
 Pray that, through Christ's mediation,
 All our faults may be forgiven ;
 Plead that ye be sent to greet us
 At the gates of Heaven !

SONNETS. BY M. J. CHAPMAN.

I.

There are some hearts that never do grow old :
 Tho' the face wither, and the form decay,
 And the flesh crumble sensibly away,
 Still fresh as evergreen in genial mould,
 The loving spirit doth a new life unfold,
 As if Divine Love with invisible ray,
 Did interpenetrate the house of clay,
 And fill with vernal warmth life's winter cold.

Oh! beautiful to see the face of age
 Flush with the feelings of a generous youth!
 When Charity is mate of Wisdom sage,
 Prompting to smiles of joy, or tears of ruth;
 And Hope and Faith complete life's pilgrimage,
 Their truthful course resolved into Truth.

II.

Poor stricken deer! for whom the world had not
 A sovereign cure, nor dittany, nor rue,
 Nor any healing herb that ever grew;
 Whom the herd left in the sequestered spot
 That thou did'st hide in, scorning thy sad lot;
 Yet was there One, to love and mercy true,
 That from thy wounds the rankling iron drew,
 Which the remorseless Huntsman fiercely shot.

He soothed the fever of thy frenzied brain—
 Apart he kept thee from the Scorners' gaze—
 He taught thee where to shelter, and obtain
 Pasture and living water, and to raise
 Thy heart to Him—He made thy loss thy gain:—
 Art thou not, Cowper, hymning now His praise?

III.

Not seld of yore, 'tis said, Calabrian eyes
 Saw a rich show by fairy fingers made:
 For oft, in bold relief of light and shade,
 Castles and palaces they saw uprise
 From the sea-mirror under the blue skies,
 Towers, pinnacles, and many a long arcade,
 And many a bower and leafy colonade—
 The homes of blissful Immortalities.

Such are the hopes, when youth with rapture glows,
 Which Fancy scatters from her fragrant urn;
 But like a solemn music at the close,
 Our fairy vision melts—and then we learn
 'Twas but a dream; so Time with all his shows
 Must to the Eternal surge again return.

Who are the best of our rising or
 risen Poets, since the burst-out of By-
 ron? We leave the older Heroes by
 themselves—living or dead—from
 Wordsworth to Hunt. Moir, Mother-
 well, Tennyson, Alford, Trench—any
 more? Knowles, Beddoes, Taylor,
 Talfourd, Bulwer, are Dramatists—
 and though as unlike to one another
 as may well be, belong to another
 Class—and must be treated accor-

dingly, should we ever find ourselves
 in a promising mood for such a Series.
 But of the Poets aforesaid, think ye
 the very best—whoever he may be—
 could have written the following stan-
 zas—by Archæus? Could he—and if
 he can—*will* he write something as
 good? We opine 'tis a solemn strain
 worthy of one of the laurel-crowned

“Serene Creators of immortal things.”

THE LADY JANE GREY.

I.

There is an old and costly room of state,
 With roof deep groined of blazoned shields and flowers;
 And arras rich with gold and silver weight,
 Hangs round the walls, and shows green forest bowers.

2.

And figures blent of giant, dwarf, and wight,
Of lady fair, and palfrey, hawk and hound,
Amid those leafy cells the gaze invite,
Invite yet mock, for leaves half close them round.

3.

In order set are works of regal price,
Quaint carven chair and table, chest and lute ;
And web of scarlet black and gold device
Spread o'er the floor makes every footstep mute.

4.

The windows' shafts and loops of branching stone
Are gemmed with panes of each imperial hue,
Where saint and angel from the stars new flown,
With streams of crystal splendour flood the view.

5.

They fall with fondest brightness o'er the form
Of her who sits the chamber's lovely dame,
And her pale forehead in the light looks warm,
And all those colours round her whiteness flame.

6.

Young is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,
With grave soft face, where thoughts and smiles may play,
And unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,
Serene as meadow-flowers may meet the day.

7.

No guilty pang she knows, though may a dread
Hangs threatening o'er her in the conscious air,
And mid the beams from that bright casement shed,
A twinkling crown foreshows a near despair.

8.

But Jane regards not auguries of ill,
Nor even that sovran vision draws her eyes,
Which bent in contemplation smooth and still
Drink dews that make the heart devoutly wise.

9.

She reads in Plato's page, and sphered with him
Sees dark Hymettus, sees Ilissus flow ;
Through many an age's shadow dark and dim,
Lives back to where Athena's olives grow.

10.

With sunbright stems whose summits flowers enwreath,
The light and sculptured colonnade is there ;
In marble forms the gods and heroes breathe,
And awe with tranquil eyes the empurpled air.

11.

Before her spread the azure Grecian seas,
The cities, towers, and temples rise around,
And columned halls are blent with nestling trees,
Where sages musing pace the sacred ground.

12.

And there with look as silver pure and bright,
And calm, and clear, like some deep ocean bay,
Her cherished teacher walks in evening light,
With steps that mark his soul's unruffled sway.

13.

With him she lives, and meditates, and loves,
And learns how nature, building up the mind,
Prepares the faith which wisdom best approves
In One the immortal friend of mortal kind ;

14.

To whom all Being tends, from whom proceeds,
Who is the only Source and Law of Good,
Benignant arbiter of earthly needs,
Felt, owned, revered, divined, not understood.

15.

Who imaged in a thousand gods for man,
And on ten thousand living things impressed,
Himself is hid where none his light may scan,
Yet ever present warms the longing breast.

16.

A sun to which 'tis hard our eyes to raise !
Yet shining round, it pours each beam of day,
In every drop lights up a mirrored blaze,
And lends each blade of grass a kindred ray.

17.

Monarchal Spirit known to human Thought,
By fixt beholding of its own domain,
By cloudless Truths to brooding conscience taught,
By aims which time would strive to bound in vain.

18.

Such flights of soul was hers, and thus she rose
Above the mist and turmoil thickening round,
Breathed purer air that o'er Cephissus blows,
And cull'd the wreaths that on its banks abound.

19.

Not long she knew this quiet. Loud the shout
Of tumult thickening on in heady strain ;
And murmured march, and echoed all about,
Breaks forth the dizzy cry, Long live Queen Jane !

20.

Back falls the Chamber door ; and lo ! a crowd
Of judge, and counsellor, prelate, knight, and peer ;
Swords, plumes, and jewels, fronts with victory proud,
And snow-white heads are bent her will to hear.

21.

Some tears she sheds, she trembles, turns away,
Then yields her presence at her sire's command.
The volume falls, abandoned where it lay
A moment past in her attentive hand.

22.

The Queen in robes of state and royal halls
Glides shuddering back with memory's swift career,
With inward voice upon the past she calls,
And wondering feels that she must learn to fear.

23.

She thinks,—“ O ! Teacher, gentle, vast, sublime,
Strange lesson this for one upheld by thee ;
But thou hast help for man's most adverse time,
And in worst bondage adest to be free.

24.

“ Yet while I look within me wisdom fails,
I seem all dark and weak, an erring child,
When most I need it least thy lore avails,
And Truth's pure brightness shows me all defiled.”

25.

Low drooped her brow when trembling through the air
A sweet-voiced hymn was gently borne along ;
Perhaps an angel's music warbled there,
Or human echoes of angelic song.

26.

So soft, so full, so thrilling deep it spake,
It won the soul in seraph bliss to die,
And seemed at once her inward thirst to slake,
With joys of heaven and tears of Calvary.

27.

She felt her life a trembling, earthly spark,
Was mounting up to shine a star above,
And lucid thoughts came rippling through the dark,
In one mild flow of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

28.

“ Methinks, O ! Sage, a nobler lore than thine,
More steadfast comfort gives and holier peace ;
And I am fed by wisdom more divine
Than e'er inspired melodious tongues of Greece.

29.

“ On other shores beneath more eastern skies,
Thy faith was once proclaimed from age to age,
Not sealed a treasure for the proudly wise,
But spread a people's common heritage ;

30.

“ In saint and prophet burnt with inlier flame
Than e'er illumed thy gracious soul's delight ;
In children's words, in songs of ancient fame
Was known, ennobled many a festal rite.

31.

“ And all that Athens breathed of high and true
With finely moulded, keenly uttered speech,
In our dear Lord to Act and Being grew,
Whose Life was more than words could ever teach,

32.

" A Heart that beat for every human wo,
A Choice in holiest purpose pure and strong,
A Truth, sole morning-Light of all below,
A Love triumphant over deadliest wrong.

33.

" In Him thy God, O Plato, dwelt in earth,
An open Presence, clear of earthly ill ;
The Life which drew from him its heavenly birth,
In all who seek renews his perfect Will.

34.

" So have we Suffering, so a Trust like His,
So large Repentance born with many a throe,
So Zeal untired to better all that is,
And true communion such as Angels know.

35.

" Then be it mine the Cross with him to bear,
And leave the flowery shades of Academe ;
With him go mourning through the infected air
Of grief and sin, and drink his bitter stream.

36.

" So clearness, meekness, and unfaltering might,
Ungained, though bravely sought, O ! sage, by thee,
Shall be my starry chaplet in the night,
And in the coming dawn my crown shall be."

37.

Quick changed the darkening hour ; the reign was done ;
The princely crowds were shrunk away or dead ;
The prison closed in gloom, and hid the sun ;
And sank in dust, the fair, the youthful head.

A glorious handful, Ariel, hast thou had of ARCHÆUS ; and perhaps the poems—for poems they are—with which we close our article—are the finest of the whole—material rich, pattern rare, workmanship worthy of Dædalus.

SHAKSPEARE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that moved a great man's breast !
Though nought of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air ;
Though Shakspeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies ;
With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows.
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice,
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye ;
And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,

And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
 Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
 Above a land more inly his than ours
 He sits supreme enthroned in skyey towers,
 And sees the heroic brood of his creation
 Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
 O! shaping brain, O! flashing fancy's hues!
 O! boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dews!
 O! wit humane and blythe! O! sense sublime
 For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
 Transcendent Form of Man! in whom we read
 Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed;
 Amid the expanse of years beholding thee,
 We know how vast our world of life may be;
 Wherein, perchance, with holier aims than thine,
 Our smaller task and strength are more divine.

COLERIDGE.

Like some full tree that bends with fruit and leaves,
 While gentle wind a quivering descant weaves,
 He met the gaze; with sibyl eyes, and brow
 By age snow-clad, yet bright with summer's glow;
 His cheek was youthful, and his features played
 Like lights and shadows in a flowery glade.
 Around him flowed with many a varied fall
 And depth of voice, 'mid smiles most musical,
 Words like the Seraph's when in Paradise
 He vainly strove to make his hearers wise.
 In sore disease I saw him laid,—a shrine
 Half-ruined, and all tottering, still divine.
 'Mid broken arch and shattered cloister hung
 The ivy's green, and wreaths of blossom clung;
 Through mingling vine and bay the sunshine fell,
 Or winds and moonbeams sported round the cell.
 But o'er the altar burnt the heavenly flame,
 Whose life no damps of earth availed to tame.
 And there have I swift hours a watcher been,
 Heard mystic spells, and sights prophetic seen,
 Till all beyond appeared a vast Inane,
 Yet all with deeper life revived again;
 And Nature woke in Wisdom's light, and grew
 Instinct with lore that else she never knew,
 Expanding spirits filled her countless forms,
 And Truth beamed calmly through chaotic storms,
 Till shapes, hues, symbols, melted all in air,
 And 'mid the hush of silence God was there.
 O! Heart that like a fount with freshness ran,
 O! Thought beyond the stature given to man,
 Though many an error marked thy page of Time,
 Yet Faith remedial made the tale sublime.
 With all the poet's fusing kindling blaze,
 And sage's skill to thread each tangled maze,
 Like some fair Grecian Shape thou meet'st the view,
 And bear'st the sunlike torch, and subtle clew;
 Yet more than these the Christian's Crown is thine,
 Where Love, Trust, Hope, and Peace, unfading shine.
 This wearing, enter God's supernal dome
 And reach at last thy fair ideal home.
 Enough for us to follow from afar,
 And joyous track thy clear emerging Star.

We, too, have a thousand things to say of the Wonderful. But these are indeed Fine Characteristics! God bless the Man! Pity, Grief, Gratitude, Love, Admiration, and Reverence hallow his name!

Imagination! what is it? Listen and you shall here—gentle Neophyte. Hints, mind ye, and no more; but hints of ours are more luminous than Dissertations by “budge Doctors” that smell of the lamp. They breathe of the flowers and airs of spring.

From the property essentially characterizing the procedure of the Mind in Imagination, namely, “the intimate union, in one act, of the intellectual and the passionate nature,” it will appear at once that you would greatly deceive yourselves, and fall infinitely short of the true intelligence of this mighty principle, if you were to conceive of it as an endowment of peculiar and more highly-gifted minds:—an idea which is not uncommonly formed of it. It has not, and cannot have any such exclusive appropriation. It is a common part of our common nature. It is a combination of the two great elements of our mental constitution, carried into effect by a necessary law, which comprehends all minds, and in each begins with the dawn of thought. If Intellect and Passion are universal, this their first simple and inevitable combination is also universal: for they cannot meet together, and not thus unite.

The great character which has been assigned to Imagination by those who treat it as a separate faculty, is, that it is the power of the Mind to change into new forms the impressions it has received from original simple affection of sense or feeling. It has been described by them as a creative power—as a faculty by which the Mind—rich in the stores it has gathered from the paths of life—full of beautiful, of dark, or magnificent imagery which it has drawn in to itself through Sense—yet more deeply and powerfully filled with the remembrance of manifold feelings to which the heart has been awakened, and which having once known it will not suffer again to perish from its being—rich, too, and yet more elated in the endless forms of thought to which its intelligence has unfolded in converse with this various world,—may frame to itself in undisturbed conception scenes, and beings, and ac-

tions and characters of men unlike to what it has known—drawing the elements of its creation entirely from the accumulated materials of experience, but imparting to them from itself the form in which they are now embodied anew. The action thus assigned as characterizing the Faculty of Imagination is alike important to be considered, whatever opinion we may form as to the philosophical propriety of assigning to it the rank of a separate and independent power. For whenever the Mind acts under the dominion of the law of Imagination, such change does undoubtedly take place among the impressions received simply and directly from sense, passion, or intelligence. It transmutes the memory of the past to another form and nature. But it effects these transformations not merely as creations of its active and conscious power. It effects them unwillingly and unknowingly, when the transmuting force which is laid in the primal constitution of its being, proceeds forth, by its own law, through pain to deform, or through delighted love to adorn with imparted beauty, the shapes which Memory strives in vain to guard in their original truth.

Imagination is the link which unites Passion to Intelligence. By that step passion passes over into the intellectual spirit, to disturb and confound the laws of its ordinary government. Memory is the servant of Intellect, and Reason is only secure in its sovereignty of the Mind, while that faculty preserves unaltered and undisturbed the treasured knowledge of the past which is committed to her faithful ear. But neither Memory, nor Reason in her might, are strong against the power of Passion, when, through the avenues of Imagination, it makes inroad on the Understanding, and betrays the faculty of Intelligence into error in its keenest perceptions, by presenting to it the very subject of thought in the form not its own, in which it has been disguised by this mysterious and unsuspected influence.

As an organ or a power of passion, therefore, as one of the provided and constituted means by which the sentient nature of man has its command in his mind, we are to regard Imagination in a very different light from that of a mere intellectual faculty. It

is the power by which passion at its height shakes and overthrows the spirit; but it is the organ also by which feeling carries over its gentlest influences upon the intellectual mind, and diffuses itself, through all the finest channels of thought, over the whole complicated and united being.

Many mighty nations of the earth have been characterised in their whole mind by the prevalent influence of Imagination on their passions and their intellectual spirit. Such were the Arabs. Wild barbarians and robbers in the eyes of civilized nations, they were in their own thoughts an exalted people. Their minds in their wild solitudes nursed high Imagination; hence their proud sense of personal honour; hence the inviolable assurance of their plighted faith (a trait marked from the time of Herodotus to this day); hence their strict attachment to their clans; hence their passionate love to their art of poetry; hence that fiery and overwhelming enthusiasm, which, under one impulse, in so short a space spread their conquest, like a rushing inundation, eastward and westward over many a kingdom, till on one side it was only stopped by a distant ocean.

The history of early nations cannot be understood at all, without conceiving the wide and powerful influence of this principle. Not only their virtues spring from it, but the very stability of their social policy is founded in it. It has been said that all government is founded in opinion. But if opinion itself were not founded in Imagination, it would afford but a shifting ground for policy to build on. The judgments of the unenlightened intelligences of nations can have no steadfast endurance. But Imagination is a permanent principle. It is transmitted unbroken through successive generations. The chief who bears in his own name the name of his long line of ancestors, unites on his head the worship of their collected renown. His authority is not over the fear of his people; it is not over their understandings. It is over their Imagination. That Imagination stretches afar into the times of years long past. It weds itself to the remembrance of ancient greatness, and prepares out of the sounds that are echoed down from days long vanished from the earth, obedience of heart and mind to him who now claims from them the service of inherited allegiance.

In truth, the history of those heroic times, which are within the limits of authentic record, is in nothing more interesting than for the splendid evidence in which it holds up the power of this principle over the entire minds of united societies of men. The exposition of their lofty principles of national passion traced, as it might be done upon the assured ground of ample record, would furnish one of the most instructive lessons of philosophy, as well as one of the most grateful, at a time when Imagination seems almost disposed to relinquish her empire over human life. We are hardly prepared to conceive how much this principle would claim in that love of their country, which to every simple and virtuous people has been such a passionate affection. It is not the mere heart of love that cleaves to the soil on which it was nursed. It is the mind from its deep nature bringing forth births of thought to blend with the simple beatings of the heart, that makes the passion so great and strong. The mere native earth and sky, with the simplest scenery about the simplest home, are subjects to which Imagination in its simplicity can attach itself with deep delight. That which has been seen and loved from the beginning of life, becomes something far different from that which it appears to the eye. For with the visible form is deeply and inseparably interposed the spirit of all the happiness which has ever been felt there since the memory of life began. The unadorned scene is covered with a beauty which the mind has poured over it; even inanimate nature seems almost to breathe back love of its own towards the heart that yearns towards it with such fond affection. If metaphysical analysis could lay bare and dissect the affections of some lowly peasantry, and expose the elements of their feelings, there would be found many mysterious processes and deep-wrought illusions of the mind, of which they can have themselves no notion, concurring to compose that power of passion in their heart, of which they feel only the strong dominion, but know nothing of the course which nature has pursued in forming it to its strength.

The youthful season of life is distinguished to the human spirit, in its course through this world of mingled pain and joy, not merely by the vigour of its hopeful powers, and that buoy-

ancy of the living blood which throws off sorrow from the soul—but it is marked out from the rest by a yet more precious endowment. It is the period of life when all the faculties of power in the mind are most infused with a kindling, a joyous, and a deep sensibility. It is the season of Imagination. Not, indeed, that such a power is bestowed on one era of life alone. It is inseparable from the nature of man. It springs up with the birth of the mind; and dies slowly away in the decays of late old age. But to youth it is given in its strength. Life is beginning to open before eager, aspiring expectation; and the representations which intelligence, reading the world, has collected from books or young experience, expand themselves into more bright, more beautiful, more majestic forms. If the mind is made capable of enthusiasm, this is the season when enthusiasm takes possession of the spirit. For it has risen out of the narrow and contracted sphere within which the thoughts of its earlier years were bound. It has risen in growing power, enlarging itself to take in those prospects of life to which its steps are now so swiftly advancing. The whole field of human action and power spreads before it; and whatever trust, whatever hope it may cherish of itself, it now looks earnestly and near upon the scene, in which it will be called to prove that its hope, its faith, were no vain illusion. It is not possible but that the mind carrying such thoughts into the heart must waken all its capacities of feeling and desire. It is not possible that all the feelings of the mind should not crowd up into such expectations. This, then, is the season of Imagination, when Intellect and Sensibility are both in their strength; and when the very point which the young traveller of life has reached shows him a prospect for his onward steps, at which that intellect and that sensibility must arouse themselves in all their powers. Hence it is that such bold and daring hope looks forward from the opening heart, beholding the sun-light of Imagination flung over the whole wide-spread world.

But the Imagination, of which we

speak as the endowment of this period, is marked by influences which have no connexion with the hopes which the young mind entertains of itself. At this time intelligence is rapidly acquainting itself with existence. What has till then been before the mind was a bright picture merely, but now the world begins to assume its strong reality. From whatever source it draws its knowledge of men and things, those ideas are now distinct and strong; enough of experience has been obtained, and enough of enlargement has been given to the faculties of thought, to make every object well conceived and defined that can ever become interesting to the intelligent mind. Hence the subjects of Imagination are numerous and high. For whatever is looked upon with interest, with affection, or reverence, draws upon itself communicated value from that source. Imagination accompanies intelligence in all its walks.

It is, therefore, a most important season of the whole life. Because at that time there is power in the mind to conceive good, which it will not possess again. The fervour of the spirit decays, and withering blasts across the deserts of humanity strike bitterly on the heart. Enthusiasm, the highest state of Imagination, will pass away. And the brightness of many objects will decay, not because they themselves are less good, but because the faculties of the mind can no longer aspire to the belief of their excellence.

How important, therefore, O ye Sons of the Morning! to guard and cherish the feelings which thus spring up in the power of youth! They change the conceptions which the intelligence had acquired; they pour in their influence upon those which it receives, at the very moment when they take their place; but it is not on that account to be supposed that they suggest illusion, and that all the power of Imagination is imposture. In a world such as that in which we live, looking upon the mixed characters of human beings, and ourselves subject to be darkened in our judgments by the bitterness that swells up in our own natures, we need Imagination to believe the Truth.

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OUR TWO PANNIERS.

Of all climates and countries there are none within any of the zones of Mother Earth that will bear a moment's comparison with those of Scotland. A single proof might suffice—Thomson's Seasons; take another—Burns's Poems. But for a moment forget the People—and think only of the region—its Earth and its Heaven. The lovely Lowlands undulating away into the glorious Highlands—the Spirit of Beauty and the Spirit of Sublimity one and the same, as it blends their being in profoundest union to the Imagination and the Heart! Bury us alive in the dungeon's gloom—incommunicable with the light of day as the grave—it could not seal our eyes to the sight of Scotland. We should see it still by rising or by setting suns—whatever blessed scene we chose to call on would become an instant apparition. Nor in that thick-ribbed vault would our ears be deaf to her rivers and her seas. We should say our prayers to their music—and to the voice of the awful thunder along a hundred hills. Our soul now needs not the Senses. They are waxing dim—but it may brighten—long as the Light of Love is allowed to dwell therein—thence proceeding over Nature like a perpetual Morn.

Vain words! and worse than vain! and obliterated be they by these two or three big plashing tears! Not such the strength of our soul. Day after day we feel more and more sadly that

we are of the dust, and that we are obeying its doom. This life is felt to be slowly—too swiftly wheeling away with us down a dim acclivity—man knoweth not into what abyss. And as the shows of this world keep receding to our backward gaze, on which gathers now the gloom and now the glimmer, of this world hardly would they seem to be, did not memories arise that are realities, and some so holy in their sadness that they grow into Hopes and give assurance of the skies.

And it is the Month—the merry month of May—and the green earth is glad—and bids us take up our staff, and, sallying out into the sunshine, yet a little while, as best we may, partake of her pleasure and of her pleasantness, along the primrose paths that lead through “the old familiar places,” to the river of our youth, THE TWEED.

Heaven forefend that we should ever be so wicked as to abuse the Month of May. The Seasons are dutiful Children of the Year, and obedient to Nature's law, no more dream of seriously quarrelling among themselves than of being ungrateful to their Parent. Spring, with the most youthful look of the Four, is the eldest; and, strange to say, Winter is the youngest, though in a great measure owing to his peculiar taste in dress, he might, especially in his favourite frieze surtout, pass for a carle

of fourscore. Of the three children of Spring—pleasing coincidence that the Seasons should have each the same number of progeny, showing that there must be something constitutional—May has met with most admiration, and might have been spoiled by the praise of poets, had she not felt that she was the object likewise of love. No human being can be spoiled by love—and the Months are all human beings, and May the most human of them all. So perfectly human is she felt to be, that she is called the Divine.

But not to be too poetical—you complain, it seems, of the caprice of May—of her changefulness of mood—and her occasional coldness of manner—and prefer June. June cannot fail of feeling greatly flattered by the preference of such a wiseacre in weather, but her coz does not envy her such a conquest, and susurring in our ear “Come, dear old Christopher!” we trip away—with our arm round her waist—into the woods—while the cushat continues to croon, fearless of our footsteps, and Morning bids her full choir salute us with her Own Anthem, the leaders being the Linnet on the broom, the Blackbird on the tree, and the Lark in the rosy cloud.

It matters not how we got here—here we are—and as happy as we wish to be; and though to you who, without wishing it, enjoy boundless and unmeasured happiness poured in upon you by your prime from the East, ours would seem to be but small indeed, nay, to be very wretchedness bordering on misery—yet westering life is not disconsolate, and is supported, as it is sinking, by the hope grown into faith that when the dream ends, the vision will begin, and that not till then is Life—Life.

THE TWEED! There it is! Flow on—flow on—and fear not that we are going to describe thee—for of thy beauty thou carest no more than of thy happiness—and heedless of both art thou in thy perpetual prime—even as thou, Grey ruin! on which we have so often gazed, art heedless of thine own decay—or of the motion carrying you away into empty nothing, ye fair floating Clouds!

But though we love thee too well to describe thee, (we wonder what the world will call what we have now written), this we must say, that of all the rivers in the world, thou behavest most

kindly to the angler, when the water is low, and the sun bright, and the air calm, and the trouts may be seen *pan-ting*, apparently too languid even to elude the Pike (none here), much less to leap at a Fly. On such days, even at meridian, and literally in the very town of Kelso, have we taken trout a foot—nay, a cubit long—and eke smaller fry of about four to the pound—such as look better in the pan than the pannier—but then it was with a *worn* midge, on invisible gut, that floated into the suction of their jaws along with living animalcule, inextricable in their tongues as the “gored lion’s bite.” These were extreme cases, though not rare; but at all times we would rather angle in the Tweed when it is low, than when it is high, or even “though not overflowing full,” for below Melrose there is always a free-flowing stream in mid-channel—and many a populous place “in bosoms, nooks, and bays,” is then apparent which, when there is much water, is lost in the general current, and we suspect then ceases to be populous; and were the day to be shadowy and breezy too, it would do good to the heart of a misanthrope to see our sport—nor would he not offer of his own accord to carry our pannier, and at eve to accompany us to our Wayside Inn to be rehumanized by a gentle colloquy. To-day the state of the water is not amiss, but the air is scarcely warm enough—nay it is even cold—yet since yonder Trout, who looks as if he were the Tyrant of the Flood, is so fond of showing his back, we shall try to get a look at his belly, and he must have a rare head and shoulders, judging by that tail.

In a word let us describe ourself. *Risum teneatis amici* to see us once more in OUR OLD SPORTING JACKET? Behold our back burdened—no, not yet burdened—with OUR TWO PANNIERS. We are in a bloody mood, O May! and shall not leave this Pool—without twenty mortal murders on our head. Jump away, TROUTS—without any bowels of compassion for the race of flies. Devouring Ephemerals! Can you not suffer the poor insects to sport out their day? They must be insipid eating—but here are some savoury exceedingly—it is needless to mention their name—that carry *sauce piquante* in their tails. Do try the taste of this bobber

—but any one of the three you please. There! hold fast KIRBY—for that is a Whopper. A Mort! we did not suppose there were any in the river. Why he springs as if he were a Fish! Go it again, Beauty. We ourselves could jump a bit in our day—nearly four times our own length—but we never could clear our own height nor within half-a-foot of it—while you—our Hearty—though not two feet long, certainly do the perpendicular to the tune of four—from tail-fin to water-surface—your snout being six nearer the sky than the foam-bells you break in your descent into your native element. Cayenne, mustard, and ketchup is our zest, and we shall assuredly eat you at sunset. Do you know the name of the Fool at the other end—according to Dr Johnson? CHRISTOPHER NORTH. 'Tis an honour to be captured by the Old Knight of the Bloody Hand. You deserve to die such a death—for you keep in the middle of the current like a mort of mettle, and are not one of the skulkers that seek the side, and would fain take to the bush in hopes of prolonging life by foul entanglement. Bravely bored, Gil Morrice. There is as great difference in the moral qualities of the finny tribe as among us humans—and we have known some cowardly wretches escape our clutches by madly floundering in among floating weeds, or diving down among labyrinths of stone at the bottom, in paroxysms of fear that no tackle could withstand, not even Mackenzie's. He has broke his heart. Feeble as the dying gladiator, the arena swims around him, and he around the arena—till sailing with snout shore-ward, at sea in his own pool, he absolutely rolls in convulsions in between our very feet, and we, unprepared for such a mode of procedure, hastily retreating, discover that our joints are not so supple as of yore, and *play cloit* on our back among the gowans. Tip—our terrier—tooths him by the cerebellum, and carries him up-brae in his mouth like a mawkin. About Four Pounds.

Not a ninny you talk to about angling who does not "fill his pannier." This one on our left side will contain about three stone weight, and that is seldom taken in trout, burn, or sea, in the Tweed, even with the minnow. It would require a Grahame Bell or a George Dundas. This on our right side is somewhat smaller, to

leave our working arm free. Our rod, the gift of Sandy Ballantyne (would he were here to play a triumphant spring on his bit whussle), is called Sampson, and in Angling as in Artieling, we are often designated by the endearing diminutive—Goliath. Now for a caulker. The man who drains it dry at his forenoon work in a town is not fit to live—the man who drains it not, wet at his forenoon work in the country, is not fit to die; and we are wet—for we never drop a fly on the water till we have ascertained the temperature by wading in waist-deep—and oh! how restorative the pure water of the Tweed, as it eddies lovingly round our breast!

OUR TWO PANNIERS have from time immemorial been known on all the rivers and lochs of Scotland by the names of Gog and Magog. Guess what is in Gog. The entire contents of CLIO! Yes, we *toomed* them into his mouth that gaped to receive the treasures, as wide as that of Joe Grimaldi—and not them alone, but others if not so rare as rich—such as a knuckle of veal—a how-towdy—a dozen or so of common beef sandwiches—and a pair of bear's paws—our annual gift from the celebrated Lloyd, now in Norway. For though our appetite is not what it once was, it is about an average appetite still, though lunch destroys it; and therefore during a day like this, we merely take a few suitable mouthfuls to every pounder, which, when sport is tolerable, keeps from our stomach that indescribably unpleasant feeling of emptiness, which, so far from aiding, impedes the performance of a hale and hearty man at a late dinner at St Boswell's.

Had we killed such a mort as is now in Magog, fifty years ago, we should not have rested a single instant after basketing him, before re-rushing, with a sanguinary aspect, to the work of death. Now carelessly diffused, we lie on our elbow, with our mild cheek on her palm, and keep gazing—but not lack-a-daisically—for the dear delights are now starring the whole of Tweddale—on the circumambient woods. Yes! circumambient—for look where we will, they accompany our ken like a peristrepthic panorama. If men have been seen walking like trees, why may not trees be seen walking like men—in battalia—in armies—but oh! how peaceful the

array—and as the slow silvan swimming away before our eyes subsides and settles, in that steadfast variegation of colouring, what a depth of beauty and grandeur, of joy and peace!

What's this so hard we are sitting upon? A book. *THE FLY-FISHER'S ENTOMOLOGY*, BY ALFRED RONALDS. Two years published and not yet reviewed in Blackwood. That is a very great shame. Yet how review a volume of which one chief merit consists in admirable likenesses, to the very life, of a great many of the insects, whose imitations are used in Fly-fishing, and of likenesses of those imitations themselves, only equalled, if indeed they be so, in Bainbridge's celebrated Manual? No angler, either literary or scientific, and the best anglers are both, should be without Ronalds. "Having himself," he says, "sorely felt the inadequacy of mere verbal instructions to enable him to imitate the natural fly correctly, or even approximately, and the little utility of graphical illustrations unaccompanied by the principal requisite, viz. colours, he has been induced to paint both the natural and artificial fly from nature, to etch them with his own hand, and to colour, or superintend the colouring, of each particular impression. He therefore presumes to hope, that he has succeeded in giving a useful collection of the leading flies for every month in the season, and that any one who may be led by it to a choice of flies from the stock of the manufacturer, or to the construction of his own, will not have cause to repent of having consulted the Catalogue, chiefly composing the Fourth Chapter." He will not, indeed; for it is a Chapter that reflects the highest credit on Mr Ronalds, as an artist, an entomologist, and an angler. In his endeavours to improve the art of Fly-making, having made many careful observations relative to some of the habits of the Trout and Grayling, he introduces very interesting accounts of some of the most curious, which prove him to be a keen and accurate observer. He should not, however, have said, speaking of the Trout, "that the weight of those usually taken with the fly is from half a pound to two pounds and a half, and sometimes from four to five pounds."—There are thousands and tens of thou-

sands of trouts below half a pound, for one above it, and they rise at a fly even before they can speak. He has given a coloured plan of a stream, denoting the Trout's favourite haunts in rapid clear-running waters, with a rocky or gravelly bottom—in which are marked by letters the tail of the stream, the end of a little rapid, or swifter portion of the current, the junction of little rapids formed by water passing round an obstruction in the midst of the general current, tracts where a chain of bubbles or little floating objects indicate the course of the principal current, which course, he well says, is chiefly dependent on various reflections of the water, from projecting banks, rocks, scours, and shoals, and may be often guessed at, when not sufficiently visible, by attending to the position of the banks, roots of trees, or other places where the froth (called in Staffordshire Beggar's Balm) collects, and little whirlpools and eddies; in all of which places insects follow the course of the bubbles, and are there caught by the fish. In the plan the Trouts are seen single, or in shoals, with their snouts stream-ward, and it is of itself sufficient to show that Mr Ronalds is a true brother of the craft.

Mr Ronalds has been at great pains to obtain accurate knowledge of the habits of the Trout from ocular observation—and we read with interest this account of some of his experiments:—

"With a view to obviate this difficulty, a little fishing hut, or observatory, of heath, overhanging a part of the river Blythe, near Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, seemed favourable for the purpose. Its form was octagonal, and it had three windows, which being situated only four feet and a half above the surface of the water, allowed a very close view of it. The middle one commanded a scone, each of the two others a small whirlpool or eddy. The curtains of the windows were provided with peepholes, so that the fish could not see his observer, and a bank was thrown up, in order to prevent a person approaching the entrance of the hut from alarming the fish. The stream was regularly fished, and nothing else was done to interfere with the natural state of the animal.

"The stationary position in which he is enabled to maintain himself in the most rapid stream, poised as it were like a hawk in the air, was the first thing which seem-

ed worth noting at this fishing-hut. Even the tail, which is known to be the principal organ of propulsion, can scarcely be observed to move, and the fins, which are used to balance the fish, seem quite useless, except when he sees an insect; then he will dart with the greatest velocity through the opposing current at his prey, and quickly return. The station which he occupies in this manner is invariably well chosen. Should a favourite haunt, where food is concentrated by the current, be rather crowded by his fellows, he will prefer contending with them for a share of it, to residing long in an unfruitful situation. A trout will chiefly frequent one place during all the summer months. It is well known that he quits the large waters, and ascends the smaller brooks for the purpose of spawning in October and November, when the male assists the female in making a hole in the gravel wherein to deposit the ova. By some it is supposed, that they both lie dormant in the mud during the greatest severity of the weather."

SENSE OF HEARING.

"In order that we might be enabled to ascertain the truth of a common assertion, viz. that fish can hear voices in conversation on the banks of a stream, my friend the Rev. Mr Brown of Gratwick, and myself, selected for close observation a trout poised about six inches deep in the water, whilst a third gentleman, who was situated behind the fishing-house (*i. e.*) diametrically opposite to the side where the fish was, fired off one barrel of his gun. The possibility of the flash being seen by the fish was thus wholly prevented, and the report produced not the slightest apparent effect upon him.

"The second barrel was then fired; still he remained immovable; evincing not the slightest symptom of having heard the report. This experiment was afterwards often repeated; and precisely similar results were invariably obtained; neither could I, or other persons, ever awaken symptoms of alarm in the fishes near the hut by shouting to them in the loudest tones, although our distance from them did not sometimes exceed six feet. The experiments were not repeated so often as to habituate them to the sound. It is possible that fishes may be in some manner affected by vibrations communicated to their element either directly or by the intervention of aerial pulsations; although it does not seem to be clearly proved that they possess any organs appropriated exclusively to the purpose of hearing. At all events, it appears, that neither the above-mentioned explosions, nor the loud

voices, had power to produce vibrations in the water, which could so affect them."

Mr Ronalds says that he leaves the discussion of this intricate subject to more able and learned speculators, but that it is sufficient to know that the above mentioned Trout had no ears to hear either the voice or the gun; and he expresses his firm belief, in which we agree with him, that the zest which friendly chat often imparts to the exercise of the captivating art need never be marred by an apprehension that sport will be impaired thereby. Don't stamp, quoth Kit, like a paving machine along the banks, for the Trout is timorous in earthquake, and don't blow your nose like a bagman, for he is afraid of thunder. We also hold with Mr Ronalds, that in fish sight is perhaps the sense of most importance to them; and that they can perhaps frequently distinguish (with greater or less distinctness) much more of objects which are out of their own element than it is often supposed they can. His experiments on their Taste and Smell are exceedingly curious.

"It seemed almost impossible to devise experiments relative to the sense of smell in fishes, which would offer the prospect of satisfactory results, without depriving the animal of sight; the cruelty of which operation deterred me from prosecuting the enquiry. Observations on the taste of fishes are involved in still greater difficulties. I once threw upon the water, from my hut (by blowing them through a tin tube) successively, ten dead house-flies towards a trout known to me by a white mark upon the nose (occasioned by the wound of a hook), all of which he took. Thirty more, with cayenne pepper and mustard plastered on the least conspicuous parts of them, were then administered in the same manner. These he also seized; twenty of them at the instant they touched the water, and allowing no time for the dressing to be dispersed; but the other ten remained a second or two upon the surface before he swallowed them, and a small portion of the dressing parted and sunk. The next morning several exactly similar doses were taken by the same fish, who was apparently so well contented with the previous day's treatment that he seemed to enjoy them heartily. From these and similar experiments, such as trout taking flies dipped in honey, oil, vinegar, &c. I concluded that if the animal has taste his palate is not peculiarly sensitive. My ex-

perience goes to prove, contrary to the opinion of some who say that the trout will take every insect, that he does not feed upon the hive bee, or wasp, and that he very rarely takes the humble bee. It seemed to be a common practice with those who pined for food near the hut, to lay an embargo upon almost every little object which floated down the stream, taking it into the mouth, sometimes with avidity, sometimes more slowly, or cautiously, as if to ascertain its fitness, or unfitness for food, and frequently to reject it instantly. This seems to favour the notion that if the trout has not a taste similar to our own, he may be endowed with some equivalent species of sensation in the mouth. It may also account for his taking a nondescript artificial fly, but it furnishes no plea to quacks and bunglers, who inventing or espousing a new theory, whereby to hide their want of skill or spare their pains, would kill all the fish with one fly, as some doctors would cure all diseases by one pill. If a trout rejects the brown hive bee at the time that he greedily swallows the March brown fly, it is clear that the imitation should be as exact as possible of the last, and as dissimilar as possible to the first. I have very frequently watched fish in an apparently hesitating attitude when bees and wasps were within their ken. How far either smell or taste may be concerned in this seeming indecision the writer cannot determine.

"On one occasion I observed an humble bee, which floated down the stream, visited by a trout, who suffered himself to descend also with the current, just under the bee, his nose almost touching it for about three feet, but he struck away without taking it. At another time I saw a fish swim up to an humble bee which was thrown to him, and examine it very attentively, he then cautiously and leisurely took it in his mouth and descended with it, but immediately afterwards gave it up; he then seemed to be closely occupied with another humble bee, swimming up to and away from it six times, each time almost touching it with his nose. Ultimately he took this also, but immediately rejected it. Sir H. Davy (*Salmonia*, page 28) says, 'The principal use of the nostrils in fishes, is to assist in the propulsion of water through the gills for performing the office of respiration; but I think there are some nerves in these organs which give fishes a sense of the qualities of water, or of substances dissolved in or diffused through it similar to our senses of smell, or perhaps rather our sense of taste, for there can be no doubt that fishes are attracted by scented worms, which are sometimes used by

anglers that employ ground baits.' Also, page 184, he says, 'We cannot judge of the senses of animals that breathe water—that separate air from water by their gills; but it seems probable that as the quality of the water is connected with their life and health, they must be exquisitely sensible to changes in water, and must have similar relations to it, that an animal with the most delicate nasal organs has to the air.' Surely no reasoning can be more sound than this. Should not our endeavours be directed, rather to the discovery of senses in fish, which we have not, than to attempt at comparisons between our own senses and theirs? Having examined the stomachs of many trouts taken in almost every week throughout the three last entire fishing seasons, with a view chiefly to assist my choice of flies for the catalogue below, I found that his food consisted, besides flies and caterpillars, of larvae squillae (or fresh water shrimps), small fish, young crawfish, spiders, millipedes, earwigs, and the water beetle. I never discovered frogs, snails, or mice, but have no doubt that other waters afford other fare, even 'sauces piquantes of fish hooks.' A convenient method of examining the contents of the stomach is to put the materials into a hair sieve and pump clean water upon them; when parted and sufficiently clean, the whole may be put into a large cup, full of clean water, for examination."

That is pleasant reading—and we wish the author were here—but we must be up and doing, for enter the Sun behind a cloud. Ha! there are our three young friends—the Neophytes—angling their way from below Old Melrose—and we shall be forgoing with the foremost below Fly-Bridge. They seem, from frequent wadings to and fro the bank (never try to take off a trout in the Tweed) to belandng them "thick and threefold;" so now, Sampson, do thy duty, or we shall be ashamed, and Magog will upbraid his master, empty but for a single Mort. A manly voice from a manly bosom calls—"Father, what sport?" For the *elite* of the youthful anglers of Scotland consider themselves our sons, and rejoice to do honour to their sire. His companions close in, and in half an hour we threaten to harry the stream, to the wonder of the lasses bleaching claes on the opposite bank, for the simple villagers supposed that few or no trouts were lying so near the houses; but soap-suds soon float away on the surface, and

here is a tenant hooked by the tail—whose seven years' lease this day with himself expires. It might be fatal to a man with weak nerves to hook a Tweed Three-pounder like this by the tail. We feel entirely at his mercy—and like lightning or a locomotive he flashes away below the span of the beautiful Bridge, on a visit to Colonel Spottiswoode. Suddenly, as if he had knocked his head against a post, he comes flying frantically back, while it is as much as we can do to keep winding up with sufficient celerity to keep him tight in hand, and the alarm spreads through the village that he is a *CLEAN FISH*! The Neophytes lay down their rods, and collect at a proper distance behind us—to take a lesson in the most difficult department of the art. We feel that the eyes of all Europe are upon us—for we would back the Three against that Quarter of the Globe—and in nine minutes and a half we land him on the very spot to an inch which we had fixed on at his first rush—a bit of sand between two stones hardly visible when the water, as now, is lowish, just below that part of the shelving bank where an old stunted saugh, always matted with river refuse, tells of the rising and falling of many a drumly flood.

Ground arms!

Empty panniers!

And lo! what a display! Magog is not in the minority, with his mort, his Three Pound burn trout, while each Star has his due accompaniment of satellites. The parties have been at work but some two or three hours, but there are four of us, and that is

equal to a whole day of one. Such conjunct spoil tells to the eye beyond the imagination, and each angler, in the pride of conscious skill, almost believes that he killed them all; and as he gazes on the aggregate, puts his pocket-pistol to his mouth, while one composite gurgle bears testimony to the most perfect unanimity of sentiment, corroborated, after a pause, by one composite *pech*.

Sitting down on a knowe, with the Neophytes at our feet, we call upon Magog to liberate the Howtowdy, which is instantly torn into pieces, and each angler has his joint. What-an eggs! from a pin-point to a pippin. They always go with the back, and the back always goes to us, in virtue of our Presidency of the Backbone Club. Yet, 'tis like eating a Fish big with roe. But we are Malthusians, and the biped population, with and without feathers, is, by means like these, kept down to a salutary level, on which it may laugh at the idea of a Poors'-law.

And now, Curly, dip your paw into Gog, and bring forth a pawful of paper, merely taking care that 'tis paper and nothing more, and we shall have a little Poetry. If a song, sing, if an ode, chant, if an elegy, whine, if an epithalamium, croon it, like "a crooden'-doo," and if blank verse, then, whatever may seem to be its subject, crunkle it up into a ball with a chucky-stane in the heart o't, and shy it at yonder lassie tramping claes, till she jump startled out of the tub.

(*Curly sings.*)

ORISONS.

I.

Soft be the sleep and sweet the dreams,
And bright be the awaking
Of Betsy, this mild April morn,
On my pale vigils breaking;
May wakefulness and weariness,
And unrepaid endeavour,
And aching eyes, like mine this day,
Be far from her for ever!

II.

The quiet of the opening dawn,
The freshness of the morning,
Be with her through the busy day,
Till peaceful eve returning
Shall put an end to studious cares
And dutiful employment,
And bring the hours of social mirth
And innocent enjoyment.

III.

And whether in the virgin choir
A joyous sylph she dances,
Or o'er the smiling circle sheds
Her wit's sweet influences,
May He whom favouring fate assigns
Her partner or companion,
Be one that with a gentle mind
Is fit to hold communion.

IV.

Ah me! the wish is hard to frame;
But should some youth more favour'd
Achieve that happiness which I
Have fruitlessly endeavoured,
God send them love and length of days,
And health and wealth abounding,
And long around their hearth to hear
Their dear ones' voices sounding!

v.

Be still, be still, rebellious heart,
 If he have fairly won her,
 To bless their union we are bound
 In duty and in honour ;
 But out alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 I love her still too dearly,
 To pray for blessings which I feel
 So hard to give sincerely !

You have a sweet pipe, Curly, and we call these very pretty, and more than very pretty verses—though pretty is a good word, when rightly applied, and so thought Shakspeare. Fling us the MSS. Why, 'tis by the same wild wag that wrote about the Pope and Paddy Maguire in our last Number ! What more have you got

there ? Let us hear them—one and all, if not long—according to our directions—since your mouth first with a toothful—mind, no mumbling—imitate our enunciation as closely as you can—as for pronunciation, yours has all the beauty of the Berwick without its burr. *Perge, puer !*
 (*Curly recites.*)

NUGÆ HORATIANÆ.

PYRRHA.

I.

Mid the roses, who caresses
 Pyrrha in th' embowered shade ?
 Say for whom her golden tresses
 All so artlessly arrayed,
 Spread the toils ?—ah, doomed how
 often
 Shipwreck of his hopes to prove,
 When the rising storm shall roughen
 All these summer seas of love !

II.

Heedless he of tempests coming,
 Now his arms are round thee thrown,
 Deems thee ever bland and blooming,
 Ever his and his alone ;
 Hapless dupe of inexperience !—
 I who've proved the treacherous
 main,
 Vow by all my dripping garments,
 I'll never sail those seas again !

CHLOE.

I.

You fly me, my Chloe, just like a shy fawn
 That seeks its lost mother through thicket and lawn,
 Not without a fond dread of each bush that it sees,
 And a start and a tremor at each passing breeze.

II.

For if but a lark from the meadow take wing,
 Or a stirring leaf hail the soft advent of spring,
 Pit-a-pat goes the heart of the poor little pet,
 And its knees quiver so they are shivering yet.

III.

But I am no lion from Africa come
 To devour little maids when they wander from home ;
 Never sigh for mamma then, a lover is here,
 At your age a much fitter companion, my dear !

LIGURINA.

When that cheek, my disdainful but dear Madeline,
 Shall have changed the soft bloom of its rose Damascene
 For the harsh lines of age, and those tresses, which play
 O'er your neck and your shoulders so richly to-day,
 Shall have left you a prey to a premature age,
 When no more a coquet and no longer the rage,
 You'll sigh, and you'll say, when you look in the glass,
 "Heigh ho ! how I'm alter'd from what I once was !

Ah, why was I not of the mind I am now,
 When the rose deck'd my cheek, and the ringlet my brow ;
 And why, when I'm come to a right mind at last,
 Are the ringlets and roses to use aright, past ?"

LYCE.

I.

Though you drank the far Don, the lone bride of a boor,
 My fate, dearest Lyce, you still might deplore,
 For still would I follow and freely endure
 The bleakest of blasts that might dwell round your door.

II.

Do you hear how the gate in the hollow wind creaks,
 How the trees in the court-yard are tossed to and fro,
 Till the dreary piazza re-echoes their shrieks,
 While the keen air is freezing the deep lying snow ?

III.

Lay aside this disdain ; Venus laughs it to scorn ;
 Nor deem—for indeed if you do, you are wrong—
 That your good old papa's pretty daughter was born
 To play the Penelope all her life long.

IV.

Oh, although neither presents, nor prayers, nor vows,
 Nor the lover's cheek tinged with the violet pale,
 Nor the libertine loves of a negligent spouse
 O'er this rigid and waspish reserve can prevail ;

V.

Yet consider, I pray you, a much harder case,
 'Tis the state of my sides, dear, of which I complain ;
 For flesh and blood's patience is failing apace
 On this cold bed of flint, 'neath these curtains of rain.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

HE.

Lydia, while I yet was loved,
 Ere a dearer youth's caresses
 Soiled that neck, I lived and moved
 Happier than royal Cræsus.

SHE.

Horace ! while you loved but one,
 Ere for Chloe you betrayed me,
 Ilia on her Roman throne
 Sat not prouder than you made me.

HE.

Chloe's an accomplished fair,
 In her thrall my heart is lying ;
 Death itself, methinks, I'd dare
 To save my dearer life from dying.

SHE.

Calais with a mutual flame
 Fires my soul—to die twice over
 I'd freely dare, would fate but spare
 My gallant young Thurinian lover.

HE.

What if former love, returned,
 Severed hearts had reunited ?
 Chloe from my breast be spurned,
 Lydia be again invited ?

SHE.

Oh ! though bright as starlight he,
 Fickler you than April weather,
 And surlier than the Adrian sea,
 Let's live, sweet heart, and die to-
 gether !

Ay—ay—boys—we see you winking at
 one another at the idea of an old cod-
 ger like us listening to erotics. But
 we were all the while attending to the
 translations, and comparing them, with-

out an effort, with the originals ; for we
 once had all Horace by heart, and at
 capping verses from him, remember
 once beating Canning to a stand-still,
 though 'tis true George's strength lay

in Virgil, and with the Mantuan 'twas are a Bucher on the flute—so feel for
between us two a drawn battle. a single leaf.

Now, Nosey, 'tis your turn. You (Nosey spouts.)
have a fine finger, we know, for you

LINES WRITTEN IN THE TYROL.

On the mountains of Tyrol the tempest is free,
And the river, unchained, plunges down to the sea.
On the mountains of Tyrol the people are slaves,
Though their *sirés* were as free as the winds and the waves.

From their high thrones of granite yon mountains look down,
And the scorn of defiance is breathed in their frown ;
That frown froze the hearts of invaders with fear,—
For who was more brave than the free mountaineer !

The scream of the eagle, the snort of the roe,
As her light feet skim fleetly the meadows of snow,
The wind in the pines, and the roar of the surge,
As it leaps amid clouds o'er the cliff's dizzy verge ;
This is music meant only for souls that are free,
Fall'n son of a freeman, it speaks not to thee !

True ! the strangers who rule you, well know that a yoke
Which is easily borne is less easily broke,
And the world 'is too old for a Despot to dare,
By trampling the valiant to rouse their despair.

You have merciful *masters*, but answer it then,
Ye who own yourselves *slaves* and yet call yourselves men !
Is not *smiling* oppression more fatal by far,
Than Power that sits pale 'mid the trappings of war ?

Yes, your chains will wear lighter, and day after day,
From your hearts all remembrance of freedom decay,
And your sons without shame shall contentedly creep
From the tomb to the grave in one passionless sleep,
In that torpor of soul which the *Black Eagle* flings
O'er the nations that crouch 'neath her far-spreading wings.

HYMN OF AURORA.

'Ere tall Orion seeks his watery home,
I leap from forth my cloud-enwoven lair ;
My saffron sandals brush the eastern foam,
My purple pinions fan the eastern air ;
And the cold glaciers of the Indian peaks
Glow with the blush that mantles on my cheeks.

I touch the lyre of life, and all its fountains
Of slumbering sound begin again to flow ;
The eagle hails me on the skiey mountains,
The lark upsoars to meet me from below ;
The hum of cities, and the lonely flute
Of early shepherds, my approach salute.

I wake the spirits of the opening flowers,
I turn to diamond all the flow'r-dropt dews,
And o'er the glancing cataract's snowy showers
Weave wide my Iris arch of myriad hues.

All quaint elves shun me, and unlovely ghosts
Slink at my bidding to the Stygian coasts.

No pause, no ling'ring in my fleet career,
From sea to shore, from shore to sea I speed,
Fast on my track Heaven's fiery charioteer
Shakes his hot lash above each panting steed ;
But all in vain—more swift than he pursues
I flee before him with the mist and dews.

Thus, all untired, in one eternal chase
Merrily round the orb'd world we run,
And still Aurora in that headlong race
Outstrips the coursers of the amorous sun,
And heralds his bright path, and bids the stars
Vanish from Heaven upon their sapphire cars.

An Oxonian, for a ducat. J. A.
has a fine genius—his style shows the
scholar—he is classical without being
cold—*simplex munditiis*—and that is
more than can be said for most modern
verses of merit—for they are so ornate,
so elaborate, and so intense, that we
pity the pains more than we admire
the product.

Our dear Blue-Beard, try your
luck. That seems to be a confounded
long skreed—but as this is the hour of
siesta with our finny friends, and we
are whipping a few midges, you will
have time to get through it before the
feed is on the water.

(*Blue-Beard recites.*)

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

'Twas midnight, on St Andrew's eve,
The stars were shining chilly down
On Narva's old beleaguered town,
Where glittering in their wintry ray
The mighty Russian's army lay.
Long, long, at tale of that fell fray,
The haughty Muscovite shall grieve ;
Long, long, the Russian maid shall tear
The ringlets of her golden hair,
And Russian matron weep their fall
Who sleep by Narva's gory wall,
To-night, upon that frozen plain,
Their thousand banners gaily fly,
And sword and buckler give again
The lustre of that starry sky.
To-morrow, and their blood shall dew
The white snow with a redder hue,
While the Boy Swede triumphant waves
His banner o'er ten thousand graves.

The Czar's pavilion stands alone,
Some twenty paces from the camp ;
No light within of torch or lamp,
Only the flickering embers lent
A twilight radiance to the tent,
On helm, and spear, and buckler shone,
And there an ancient Cossack sate,
And there a Counsellor of State,
And there the wondrous Chief who planned
To civilize a barbarous land.
The high of soul, yet wild of heart,
Who bade the generous light of art
Throughout his mighty realm be known,

And tamed all natures but his own.
 In musing mood he silent sits,
 And quaffs the half-drained cup by fits,
 Or marks the fire-wood wave and die.
 Sudden, before the Monarch's eye,
 The lofty tent grew dark and dim,
 And 'twixt the entrance-way and him
 There rose a savage form and grim,
 With swarthy brow and scattered hair,
 His body wrapt in Swedish vest,
 And a Turkish sabre at his breast,
 His foot unshod and ankle bare ;
 And the glance of his eye was stony and chill
 As the beams that play on a frozen rill.
 The red blood left the Monarch's cheek,
 And thrice he rose and strove to speak,
 And thrice did his faltering accents die
 Beneath the spectre's glassy eye.
 If all the snow on Russia's plains
 Melted in one ice draught had been,
 And poured that instant through his veins
 He had not felt so cold, I ween,
 As when that form, or man, or sprite,
 Lifted a finger long and white,
 And slowly beckon'd him away,
 He would have given his throne to stay ;
 But such a spell was in that glance
 He dared not pause, but must advance.

Forth from the imperial tent they hied,
 The monarch and his ghostly guide ;
 Behind the Czar, before the ghost,
 There's not a sentry at his post ;
 There's not a sign or sound of war.
 Only the banners drowsily wave.
 Inly muttered the furious Czar,
 And he ground his teeth for very spite,—
 " Beshrew the heart of each sleeping knave !
 I'll chop off their heads with the morning light."
 Still on and on the spectre speeds,
 The monarch following where he leads ;
 Through the silent camp they go,
 And he leaves no foot-print on the snow,
 But onward he goes, and no word lets fall,
 Straight to the city's hostile wall.

He made no sign, and he spoke no name,
 But the drawbridge fell as he onward came,
 And in the unwilling monarch went ;
 He's far from all that fear or love him,
 Within a hostile battlement,
 And Sweden's banner waves above him.
 Still rapidly on doth the spectre glide,
 There's not a soul in the silent streets,
 Save the guards that stand on either side,
 As still as ghosts in their winding-sheets.
 Thus on they sped for one weary hour,
 Till they paused by an ancient chapel tower ;
 And there, there rose on the Monarch's ear
 Mingled voices of mirth and fear :
 For there came a roar from each rocky grave,
 Like the far-off voice of the Bosnian wave ;

And each old pillar and antique rafter
 Rang with wild shouts of savage laughter.
 The trembling Emperor felt for his sword,
 But he had forgotten to buckle it on,
 And he strove to speak his 'larum word,
 But his tongue was as stiff as a ridge of stone ;
 The hairs were bristling on his head,
 When the pavement yawned beneath their tread,
 And a gleam of lurid light came forth,
 Like the meteor fires that dance in the north.
 Into the gulf stepped the spectral Elf,
 And the Emperor followed in spite of himself.

Loud and more loud grew the frantic din,
 And wondrous the scene he saw within,
 By the red fire light, by the torches' glare,
 There were thirty figures standing there :

Each was clad, like his ghostly guide,
 In garment rough, of the wild wolf's hide,
 Savage of mien, and ghastly all,
 And they seemed to the Czar to be playing at ball ;
 Thirty figures, and all the same,
 With terrible voice, and with noiseless tread,
 They hurried on with their wondrous game,
 And each ball that they played was a Sovereign's head.
 There was William of England, with princely crown,
 And they played with him against Louis of France,
 And the Pope and the Prussian were rolling down,
 With many a lubberly German crown.
 The Austrian Emperor's head did ring
 Right against that of the Spanish King ;
 The Saxon was dashed against the Pole,
 And the Dane and the Dutchman did rapidly roll.
 The grand Signior was flung here and there,
 And the warrior Charles, with his martial air.
 Said one of the drummers, " Much we need
 A ball to play against Charles the Swede."
 Quoth another spectre, " We only wait
 For the head of the Emperor *Peter the Great*."
 The silent guide, with a ghastly grin,
 Raised his finger long and thin,
 He raised his hand, and pointed right
 At the Imperial Muscovite.
 Instantly, with a wild halloo,

The thirty drew each a scimitar,
 Aside their reeking balls they threw,
 And furiously rush'd on the trembling Czar.
 It's ill to deal with a desperate man,
 Hotly the Muscovite's high blood ran,
 Strongly he seized and down he threw
 The first that sprang of that savage crew ;
 Another came on and to earth is roll'd,
 When loudly cried that Cossack old,
 " Awaken, awaken, Imperial Sire,
 Your Highness has tumbled me into the fire !"
 Louder yet the Minister said,
 " Awaken, your Majesty's broken my head !"
 Up starts the Czar, right well content
 To find him in his own good tent,
 His own broad banner waving o'er him,
 And the Cossack and Counsellor lying before him.

Full of life. Tip us the scrawl.
Indeed! By the author of "King Edward's Dream," a composition of much beauty, in a late Number, which, no doubt, you Neophytes remember—whose dwelling is in the Green Isle, but we know not if he be a son of Erin, or a compatriot of our own. 'Tis our turn. From Low Furness! What, from Ulverston, Low Furness, Lancashire? Who the deuce is he?

An ugly customer claiming acquaintance, too, with Hartley Coleridge, and an equality of merit with that ingenious Sonnetteer. We feel that 'tis a little *infra dig* to read up such sort of affairs to our Neophytes; but there is no help for it, for we are bound to give utterance to whatever comes to hand.

(*We drawl.*)

SONNETS.

FOR THE DINING-ROOM.

I.

"Dinner is on the table!" With a smile
The beau, who claims in rank the precedence
In drawing-room, escorts the hostess thence
To dining-room, whose scents each nose beguile;—
The rest, all sniffing, follow, rank and file;
And, lo! like *Ætnas*, hills of flesh dispense
Round seas of soup volcanic vapours dense;—
The slighted guest, at sight, digests his bile;
All crouch'd and munching, he who helps the fish
Before the hostess placed, and smirks upon her
At her right hand, at length breathes forth a wish
That he to "wine" with her may have the honour;
She bends assent—he fills—she bows, and sips;
He glass like crystal taints with greasy lips.

II.

An amateur in "feeds," resolved to sate
The cravings of his pamper'd appetite
From every dish within his range of sight,
Sends, now and then, by John's red fist, his plate
At each skill'd carver's elbow to await
Of fish and flesh supplies; which, in his "kite,"
With wine and beer, cheese, maggot, too, and mite,
Are duly lodged:—he rubs his moisten'd pate
At each short pause; but few—not choice—his words;
Not so the ladies, who, from rich resources,
Chat through the changes of the different courses,—
Dessert as well—yet only peck like birds:—
Alas! the hostess with her tail retreats,
And beaux polite all scramble from their seats.

FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

I.

O blessed nights of tea and toast! when meet,
Summon'd by spell of labyrinth-like note,
Each sex, in pride of coat and petticoat,
To talk like paroquets, and laugh and eat;
Could I your joys in measured lines repeat,
The tales that once the sultan's dame, by rote,
Told to her spouse in bed, to save her throat
In "Araby the Blest," I'd surely beat:—
Neither should genii nor fairies fail
To add enchantment to my nightly tale;
For still, at each gay damsel's back, should watch,

In mortal shape, some patronising sprite,
To lend her fascinations through the night,
And make her, matchless, worthy of a match.

II.

As air-born clouds, in majesty serene,
Their borders richly gilded by the ray
Of that great artisan, the Sun, in May,
Through pathless, boundless skies are floating seen ;
So are the junior damsels, fat and lean,
At evening routs seen compassing their way
Through skies of silk—some beau their god of day ;
Neglectful of the Queen of Night, I ween.
Damsels ! may no dark sudden storms arise
To stop your gallant progress through the skies,
And rend your choicest charms combined asunder,
For evil passions are the storms that chase
The cheering sunshine from the fairest face,
And substitute black lowering clouds of thunder.

The feed is again on the water—the May-Fly. Good-bye, Boys—you will find the Old Man dodging about the holms of Old Melrose—perhaps asleep below a tree. Don't be later than Five—for thence 'tis a stiffish walk by the river side to St Boswell's—and we shall be loaded like Pedlars. You will find some rich ground above yonder cairn. There they go—God bless them—three as fine lads as ever smoked a cigar. We shall saunter along the walks through these wooded banks, without a throw, for we hate to work among bushes, and half a mile down there is free elbow-room on that beautiful bend of the river that goes proudly sweeping the rocks below that “woody theatre of amplest view”—and meanwhile we cannot help moralizing on the trials and temptations to which these striplings will be exposed—but our affection deters us from any application of our soliloquy to their individual characters, and we think but of those incident to youth. Why err and sin we, old and young alike, against the convictions of our reason, though they are clear as day ? Because the conviction which at the time of absent temptation is clear as day, in the time of present temptation grows weak and ceases. We are not without it—not without its monitory whisper, but without the boundless, lucid sight of the truth. How does this happen ? From the intimate relation of knowledge and feeling. There is no clear moral knowledge without the feeling that belongs to it. Let the fine, the good feeling, be strong in the spirit, and

all the knowledge which pertains to and consents with that feeling shall crowd into it. Disturb and dispurify the feeling, and the knowledge has vanished. You are in the presence of one holy, and have insight of all holy things. Go from the presence and your own blood rushes up into your heart, and like a storm chases away all the forms of light. Subject yourself to any other bright influences, even those of inanimate things, then go from them—the effect is the same. The change is produced first in the feelings, then in the understanding. Is it a wonder that the same vessel should be capable alternately of high and low, fair and foul, passions ? That is all the question. There is no wonder afterwards that it should be capable of adverse knowledges, for the knowledges wait upon the feelings. But there is no wonder that the mixture of spirit and flesh should feel alternations from the prevalence now of one, now of the other—any more than that the same mind shall be now merry and now sad. Examine what is our knowledge. It is not a total and summing result of universal inspection of things. It is made up of a hundred parcels of knowledge, perchance ill assembled. Let each parcel be homogenous in itself—yet the several parcels to one another shall be heterogeneous. See how this is possible. The boy reads mighty histories of Roman consuls and warriors. He is in a counting-house, and sees clerks and customers. Are his two worlds one world, or two ? Two. He has one knowledge of human nature, one belief of the capacities of

man, high, magnanimous, daring for one world, a low, timid, suspicious belief for the other. Both aggregates exist in his mind, but not together, alternately. You wonder that two opposite beliefs can exist together, but they do not exist together. Nothing exists in the mind, but what is active in it at the moment. Every thing else is then only a dormant possibility, a determination under certain possible circumstances to the arising of certain thoughts. We know not why there should not be at once determinations subsisting for the arising under different and opposite circumstances, of different and opposite beliefs. Why should the boy bring together the Romans and the present day? He finds one through books and his imagination, the other by his senses. If he is a strong comparer he will struggle to bring them together. If not, he will not. Each is an easy set of ideas in itself. Each in itself is self-consistent. Association tells why the thoughts gathered up *together* will remain together, why the thoughts infused and bound with one feeling will remain together. The law of belief requires that each mass of ideas on which belief is to fix shall be in harmony with itself, self-consistent. Then belief adheres, and applies itself. That is all the law. Therefore we know experimentally that the mind is capable of numberless incompatible beliefs—that it believes, under moods, known fictions. That is a palpable case, well-known. The incompatible beliefs which it holds touching real things is less observed, but more important. It is to an incredible extent. Why not? What ground have we for anticipating that the knowledge shall be well digested, an harmonious whole? That is to suppose wonderful intellectual power of self-examination. You read the well-conducted story which ends in death. You read it again, and in spite of your knowledge, you doubt and hope that it shall not so end. This, then, is our nature. Our mind is not one aggregate, but a thousand half-connected or disconnected aggregates—aggregated good, and aggregated evil—but always thought bound up in its own feeling. Is it any wonder that such a mind shall be one hour all earth, and the *next* all heaven? The younger the mind the more total and separate is the occupa-

tion of it, now by one aggregate, now by the opposite. Wo when the opposites become confounded, and climbing impurity stains the empyrean!

Nay, we must try this stream, for 'tis a famous salmon cast, and we may peradventure happen on a Fish. There! Didn't we tell you so? Fast in a tree. That's lucky—for we cannot be bothered with changing our flies, and now we are presented with a favourable opportunity of getting quit of that set, we shall leave them dangling there for the sand-martins.

Eh? eh? not in Gog—not in Magog—not in our hat—not in our waistcoat—not in our jacket—not in our breeches! By the ghost of Autolyces some pickpocket, while we were moralizing, has abstracted our Lascelles! With the exception of those three up by yonder, we know not where to look for a fly! We may as well tie a stone to each of our feet, and sink away from all sense of misery in this Salmon Pool. Oh! that it had been our purse! Who cares for a dozen dirty sovereigns and a score of nasty notes? And what's the use of them to us now, or indeed at any time? And what's the use of this idiotical rod? Hang it, if a little thing would not make us break it! A multiplying reel indeed! The invention of a Fool. But the coach passes the bridge about this hour, and we shall return to Edinburgh. Don't talk to us of flies at Melrose. O Beelzebub! O Satan! was ever man tempted as we are tempted—see—see a Fish—a fine Fish—an enormous Fish—leaping to insult us—had we a gun we could shoot him—but we have no gun—only this great clumsy rod. There—let it lie there for the first person that passes—for we swear never to angle more. As for the Tweed we are tired of it, and wonder what infatuation brought us here—we shall be made to pay for this yet—whew! there was a twinge—that big toe of ours we'll warrant it is as red as fire, and we bitterly confess that we deserve the gout. Och! och! och!

But hark! whoop and hollo, and is that too the music of the hunter's horn? Reverberating among the woods a well-known voice salutes our ear; and there! bounds our bold Bluebeard over the rocks like a chamois taking his pastime. Holding up our LASCELLES! He drops it with a few

affectionate and respectful words into Gog—hoping we had not missed it—and is off—leaving us to our own reflections and our flies. Nor do those amount to remorse—nor these to more than a few dozens. Sampson's strength having been restored—we speak of our rod, mind ye, not of ourselves—we lift up our downcast eyes, and stealing somewhat ashamed a furtive glance at the trees and stones that must have overheard and overseen all our behaviour,

“Through Eden take our solitary way.”

We leave those who have been in any thing like the same predicament to confess—not publicly—there is no occasion for that—nor on their knees—but to their own consciences, if they have any, their grief and their joy, their guilt, and we hope, their gratitude. Transported though they were beyond all bounds, we forgive them; for even those great masters of wisdom, the Stoics, were not infallible, nor were they always able to sustain, at their utmost strength, in practice the principles of their philosophy—neither always are we, nor, as you shall hear, Tomkins.

One of the most notable Trials and Triumphs of Temper on record is that which occurred to our literary and political associate a good many years ago, before his celebrity at the Hen and Chickens. “Shall I take down your breeches, sir, and give them a brush?” said Boots to the Bagman, lifting them, as he spoke, from a chair by the side of the bed in which the brazier reposed. “Do”—and Boots and breeches disappeared—and shall it be for ever? So, in process of time, began Isaac to suspect; for to that continuous alarumbell of his, chambermaid after chambermaid withdrew his curtains at the life of day, but could give no authentic intelligence of his nether garments. Pair after pair—“alike, but oh! how different!”—were brought, with a clinical lecture, to the Bagman, whom it required no ordinary courage to approach. In desperation, pantaloons were exhibited, though a voice continued to cry to all the house “breeches—knee-breeches—shorts.” “Are you sure, sir,” said one soft voice, “that you had them on last night on descending from the Evening Star?” “Will you have the good-

ness, sir,” said another, “to feel if you have not got them on now?” Job's own stock of patience would have been exhausted by such queries; and Isaac—no lean and slippered pantaloons—stood like a Highlander in a linen kilt on the floor. That floor was literally strewed with breeches “thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa,” but they might just as well have been petticoats—for not into one single pair of the many there could Tomkins, though in the last extremity, get his extremities to go;—so after a few minutes in “maiden meditation fancy free,” he descended in his drawers and his dressing gown into the Travellers' Room. Sternly eyeing a stout gentleman at muffins in a box, he ordered him to stand up—an order at once obeyed—for 'tis a fact worth knowing that not one man in a million will, on the spur of the moment, have presence of mind to sit still, if in an authoritative voice you command him instantly to rise. “How dare you, sir, to wear our breeches?” cried Tomkins, like Jupiter Tonans. “Your breeches!” replied, like Zephyr, the traveller in the soft line. “Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,” replicated the traveller in the hard line—“Yes! Our Breeches! we could swear to that velveteen at Japan.” “It may have been off the same piece, Mr Tomkins,” calmly retorted the man of muffins—“but—no tricks upon travellers—our breeches are our own—(and he clapped his hand firmly on his thigh as he spoke)—and we would scorn to wear any man's—were he the King himself—and what is more, Mr Tomkins, we made our breeches with our own hands—the mistress having taken our measure—and let us tell you, sir, it was forgetful in your Mrs Tomkins not to exchange lower garments with her husband, before he left home—for, gentlemen, the grey mare is the better horse.”

After a stormy discussion, and a torrid house-warming, it was finally discovered, that Boots had borne away the Bagman's breeches in the Morning Star. How was this? With the trunk-hose over his arm, he had been watching the start; and though that was out of his line, assisting to remove the horse-cloths from the four furies; when purpled coachee, in a fit of apoplexy, fell off the box—and though that was out of his line too, Boots, obeying the impulse of his own great heart, gather-

ing up the reins, nor flinging down the breeches, in a jiffy was on the vacant throne. There,

“Attired

With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,”

he handled the ribands in a style that would have excited the admiration and envy of Fowell Buxton. Once off, mortal man might not hope to stop, till they themselves chose to pull up—that is, at the end of the stage—those Greys. Soon as the extraordinary occurrence had transpired, Tomkins, in what is called a state nearly amounting to frenzy, ordered out a Po-Shay and Four—not simply, for their own sake, to overtake his flying Velveteens, but for her own sake too, the Morning Star. For in her had he been booked—so he swore, and none dared to contradict him—inside to Manchester. The Star had ten minutes' start—and the long odds were offered—and safe enough—taken “again” the Po-Shay.” Strange that all his accidents on the road occur to Tomkins at mile-stones. The Po-Shay was hanging on the skirts of the Morning Star, when whew! off flew one of the wheels, and though the other endeavoured to do its duty for some hundred yards, the postilion, trusting to the liberality of Tomkins, thought it prudent to pull up, while the Morning Star was seen lessening to the eye, far away on the horizon, indifferent to the disasters of this lower world.

It was inaccurately stated at the time that Tomkins “was taken out of the vehicle much bruised”—for the vehicle had gone to pieces, and our excellent friend was lying on the path, with his head, as usual, resting on a mile-stone—“FROM BIRMINGHAM NINE MILES.” The swoon was stated at the time to have been perhaps the longest into which he had ever been flung. The postilion had some difficulty in explaining to the surgeon of a neighbouring village who was soon on the spot—and anxiously enquiring “what had become of the Lady?” that the unfortunate gentleman had not been carrying off an heiress, but was in pursuit of his breeches—proved to be outside passengers on the Morning Star. Tomkins is of a sanguine temperament, and bleeds easily; and to his idiosyncrasy must be attributed his many miraculous escapes—for we

doubt if there has been any species of vehicle in vogue within these thirty years out of which he has not been thrown—not to mention his innumerable falls from horseback. In less than half an hour he awoke from his swoon—and will you believe it—prepare yourselves for a wonder, but a truth—with his *Breeches on!* Yes! with his breeches on as indisputably as ours are on at this moment—or yours—pardon, if a Lady, the soft impeachment. Boots, in a return shay, had espied the President of the Free and Easy in the above condition, and not only restored the lamented Bagman's breeches, but, no easy task, assisted the surgeon in putting them on the limbs of one who it was thought had gone, or was just a-going, to settle his accounts in that place from whose bourne no Traveller returns.

The astonishment of Tomkins—But hooly and fairly—hooly and fairly—now for A FISH. With these blessed eyes we saw him—himself and his shadow—and though we do not foresee what we can do with him—should he take down the river—for 'tis twenty feet deep at yonder circumbendibus—and we harried a hawk's nest on the face of that rock—yet let us trust to our genius, which, like Wellington's, is not only fertile, but prompt in expedients in the hour of danger, and should the day seem to be going against us, and the aspect of affairs desperate, why then, we shall charge across the river, and show the heaviest salmon in the Tweed that swimming is a game that two can play at. Let us put on a bigger and a brighter Professor. Gog and Magog—lie you there—and Tip be quiet. Would that Sir Charles Bell were here, who excels in all he tries—artist, anatomist, angler of the first water—in science a discoverer, yet, like almost all the men of genius whom we have known, simple in his manners as if he were an amiable obscure—moreover, a delightful companion—the associate of Sir Humphry, and the beloved of Babington—that we might yield to him due precedence, and see a Fish taken to perfection. “Catch your fish before you gut them,” is almost the only old adage we despise. Its spirit is scornful, and seems to indicate that skill is inferior to fortune. We eat them first—gut them shortly after—and catch them when we can. Strike, Kit! He's harpooned—and

now, gentlemen, for the next half-hour—silence.

What may have been going on for the last half-hour in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa we neither know nor care; but THERE HE LIES!

“And we could wish to die lest aught
less great
Might stamp us Mortal.”

Let the sun shine on him—for

’twould be a shame to set his glory
in the shade.

Some poetry might be of service to us to calm our exultation by diverting some of our feelings into another source. Open your mouth, Gog. Thank you for that.—Schiller's DIVER, translated by the Rev. James White.

THE DIVER.

I.

“Who dares, whether knight or squire, to spring
This wild abyss within?
A golden cup in the gulf I fling—
How quick its black maw has suck'd it in!
Whoever the cup will show to me,
He may keep it. His own shall the goblet be.”

II.

So spoke the King, and the cup he cast
From the rock abrupt and steep,
Whose summit o'erhangs the ocean vast,
Where Charybdis' whirlpools howl and sweep;
“Now, who has the courage, I ask again,
Into this gulf to dive again?”

III.

And the knights and squires around him keep
A list'ning silence there;
And gaze below on the raging deep,
And no one to win the goblet will dare.
And again for the third time asks the King,
“Is nobody here who will dare to spring?”

IV.

But all in the self-same silence stand—
And a gallant page and gay
Comes forth from the attendant's quaking band,
And his girdle and mantle he dashes away—
And all the men and the women there
On the handsome youth in amazement stare.

V.

And now when he look'd on the gulf below,
From the rock's extremest verge,
The waters Charybdis drank down, she now
Sends back again in a roaring surge,
And loud as a distant thunder peal,
In foam from her bosom of blackness they reel.

VI.

They tumbled, and bubbled, and growl'd, and hiss'd,
As when water mingles with flame;
And they sent to the skies their smoking mist,
And flood upon flood unending came;
Uncheck'd, untir'd, they came gushing forth,
As if sea to another sea gave birth.

VII.

At last when the tumult subsides, a rent
Yawns black where the white foam whelms,
Fathomless—endless, as it went
Sheer down into Hell's dark realms;
And the waves dashing on in their surgy flow,
Down, down in the whirling eddies go!

VIII.

How quick, ere the surges come back, the youth
Commends his soul to heav'n,
And—a cry rose all round of dismay and ruth—
And away, away in the whirl he is riv'n,
And darkly the gallant swimmer o'er
The black maw closes! He's seen no more.

IX.

And silence is over the gulf profound,
That booms with hollow swell;
And quivering, from lip to lip, goes round
High hearted young hero, fare thee well!
And hollower, hollower howls the flood,
And they tarry in anxious and fearful mood.

X.

“And shouldst thou the crown itself down fling,
Proclaiming, whoever jumps in
And brings it to me, shall wear it as king,
The prize I would ne'er have the wish to win.
There breathes not the being of mortal mould
Who may tell what these howling deeps enfold!

XI.

Full many a ship in the vortex cast,
And has sunk in the gaping wave;
And shiverd to pieces, have keel and mast
Struggled up from the all-devouring grave;
And clear—like the rushing of tempests drear—
The roar sounds nearer, and yet more near.

XII.

And they tumbled, and bubbled, and growl'd, and hiss'd,
As when water mingles with flame—
And they sent to the skies their smoking mist;
And flood upon flood unending came.
And loud as a distant thunder peal,
In foam from its bosom of blackness they reel.

XIII.

And see! mid the current dark raging there,
Where something gleams swan-white!
And an arm and glist'ning neck are bare,
And it oars its way with untiring might.
'Tis he!—In his left hand holding up
With wavings of triumph the golden cup!

XIV.

And a long deep breath now draweth he,
And he blesses the heavenly air;
And one to another shouts joyously,
“It keeps him not down! he lives! he's there!
From the grave where the whirling waters strive
The brave one has rescued his soul alive.”

XV.

And he comes, girt round by the joyous crowd,
At the monarch's feet he falls,
And gives him the goblet, submissive bowed,—
And the King on his beautiful daughter calls,
Who brims it with wine that brightly burns,
And then to the King the stripling turns.

XVI.

“Long life to the King! Be joyful he
Who breathes in the rosy air!
For all things below most frightful be;—
And to tempt the gods let no one dare;
Let him pray that the things never blast his sight,
Which they've graciously hidden in horror and night.

XVII.

" With lightning speed I was torn below,
And against me from shaft of stone
Came a torrent, wild heaving with gushing flow,
And now by the double-stream's might o'erthrown,
Like a top sent round with giddy twist,
Round and round I was turn'd. 'Twas vain to resist.

XVIII.

" Then God—when I call'd on him—did show,
In my hour of utmost need,
A reef rising up from the depths below,
Which I tremblingly seized, and from death was freed ;
On a peak of the coral there hung the cup,
Or the fathomless deep would have swallow'd it up.

XIX.

" Far, far down below me, mountain-deep,
The purple gloom was spread ;
And there, though the ear may for ever sleep,
The eye look'd downward in shuddering dread,
Where dragons and serpents and crocodiles strive,
Making the hellish abysses alive.

XX.

" Black struggled, in wild confusion there,
In horrible heaps uproll'd,
The prickly ray, and the codfish bare,
And the grisly hammer's unwieldy mould,
And the shark—the sea-hyena—glar'd,
And his threatening teeth in his fury bared.

XXI.

" And there I clung, with the knowledge drear
That human help was none ;
A rational man amid shapes of fear
In his horrors all alone !
Far down—out of hearing of mankind—placed
'Mid the monsters of that most dismal waste.

XXII.

" And shuddering I thought, as around they coil'd,
And a hundred joints grew stiff,
They would snap me up. And with terror wild
I loosen'd my hold of the coral cliff,
And, instant, the vortex with savage roar
Embrac'd me ; but upward to safety bore."

XXIII.

Deep marvell'd, this tale to hear the King,
And he said, " The cup's thine own.
And now I will give thee this golden ring
Adorn'd with the costliest precious stone,
If thou divest again, and will tell to me
The sights in that lowest abyss thou shalt see."

XXIV.

This heard, with soft feeling, the daughter fair,
And she spoke in winsome tone ;
" Oh father, this horrible sport forbear,
He has done for thee what none else has done ;
But if nothing the wish of thy heart can tame,
Let the knights by the gallant page take shame."

XXV.

Then the monarch impatiently seiz'd the cup
And dashed it in the sea ;
" If hither again thou shalt bring it me up,
The noblest of all my knights thou shalt be,
And, as husband, this day shalt embrace the maid
Who now for thee hath in pity prayed."

XXVI.

A power, as of heaven, his bosom raised,
 And his eye shot lightning forth ;
 On the blushing and beautiful maid he gazed,
 And saw her grow pale and sink to earth ;
 It inspires him that costliest prize to win,
 And for life or for death he dives headlong in !

XXVII.

They list to the breakers as back they sweep,
 Made known by their thundering call ;
 With loving eyes they keep watch on the deep ;
 The waters—the waters are coming all !
 Upwards—and downwards they gurgle amain,
 But nothing brings back the youth again.

There is to us no other such deep and undisturbed delight—when we are happy—as Silence. Sound from inanimate or sentient nature there may be—perhaps, even when we are not conscious of hearing it, it is nevertheless necessary to prevent the profound from being painful, by its upholding by some mysterious power over the memory the felt union between our spiritual and our bodily being—so that even “when we are laid asleep in body and become a living soul,” we still are accompanied with a sense of our “word-dividing” life. In the sacred silence of the Living Temple! Think of these words—and then of the prating—jabbering—spouting—prosing—argufying and dinning-in-your-ears that are so continually assailing one’s soul in what is called society—and who would not desire to be an inmate in some Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb! How few are they, privileged by nature to open their mouth and speak! not one in a hundred—and the hundred take good care that the one who has the privilege shall seldom have either the power or the opportunity, and bray him out of the wish to exercise his right. Nay, at the gabble of a single goose—not on a common, where it is very pleasant, even poetical—but in a dining-room—the genius of eloquence, and the eloquence of genius sit tongue-tied. And, oh! dear the day! when there is a whole flock of them, rising on their splay feet, with their clumsy bottoms some inches removed above the level of the sea, necks erected, bills protruded, and flappers fluttering as if they were essaying to mount into the empyrean—at such a crisis, a deep sense of religion may save you from praying to be allowed to die, but nature, poor weak nature, cannot help yielding to the thought, how happy it

would have been never to have been born! We have seen Coleridge himself thus geese-environed—and had he sunk, mute had been the dying swan. Coleridge! often, listening to him, and at the same time looking on his forehead, have we thought of the noble words—not of Byron, but of Waller, “the Palace of the Soul.” Like St Peter’s, or Pandemonium, it was ablaze with light. Such, and so sudden was the splendour. But not with the “false lustre” bedazzling the eyes of superstition—nor with the “permissive glory” allowed to illuminate the hall of the Fallen Angels. Holy the light—as the music was holy, that “rose like a steam of rich distilled perfume,” and love, and wonder, and awe, were inspired by the radiance, the incense, and the Anthem. We have somewhere read, or been told of an extraordinary power, possessed by pigeon-fanciers in some part of Hindostan, over the flights of those beautiful birds, which seems at this moment to picture to the eye of our imagination the power possessed by Coleridge over the fair ideas that came and went at his command. The Hindoo lets loose into the air a multitude of pigeons of every colour incident to the tribe, and for a while they wheel in bright but harmonious confusion, as if they enjoyed the sight of their own loveliness when disporting in the element. But on the motions of their master below they are all keeping an observant eye, and they soon seem to be separating themselves into groupings, each of which insensibly assumes one prevailing colour, till poised in the sky, appear many distinct constellations, white, and yellow, and orange, and blue, and pink, and purple, and crimson—and thus wondrously self-arranged, each beauteous phalanx wheels

its own way through the realms of light, all intricately interwoven in their glittering gyrations, but with perfect regularity and without confusion, and descending near the earth, and over the head of the magician, they all pass before him thus, as if at once in review and in homage, till with a waive of his hand he breaks asunder the invisible chains that have bound them,

"Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show."

Are we growing wearisome? Ah! surely no. If we indeed be so, let us down gently; but first, to please us, and for sake o' Auld Scotland, peruse a fine passage which we recite by heart, from "*Wallace, a Tragedy*," written, we have been credibly informed, by Murdo Young, the Flaming Minister of *The Sun*.

FLOREMMMA.

Stay, 'tis dark.

I'll send a guide.

GRAHAM.

Go, lead the blind! Floremma.

I want no guide. Name but his resting-place—
If mountain, vale, moor, wood, or misty stream,
The haunt of witching elves at shadowy eve:
Or wizard cave, where midnight demons murmur
Their nameless orgies in the ear of silence,—
And startle at the cave's unhallowed echoes,
So indistinct—they scarce believe them such,
But dread that spirits darker than themselves
Are whispering horror!—

FLOREMMMA.

Hush!—you make me shudder.

GRAHAM.

A guide for me!—I know the pathless wild
By intuition, like its guardian genius,—
And Wallace is our master. Canst thou name
A place unknown?—The giddy precipice
Where fairies weave their beautiful illusions
To moonlight melody, and dance, foot-wing'd,
On life's last landmark;—or the haunted tower,
Where desolation beckons wandering ghosts
Who miss'd their tombs, and fly the star of dawn
Perturbedly?—Or the lone cataract,
Where morning's sun surprises woodland nymphs
Disporting down the foamy dashing wave?

ELIZA.

Hast thou been up so early?

GRAHAM.

Up so early?

Why I have mused upon the evening star
Till heaven's bright herald told the noon of night,
And I have watch'd calm nature's awful sleep
With as much transport as a mother gazes
O'er dreaming infancy—till morning smiled
In blushing loveliness upon the world.
I know each scene of wild romantic beauty,
Where magic breathes, or strains of rapture break
On wonder's ear—amid the solitude.
I know each scene of popular tradition,
Veil'd by the hallow'd wing of mystery—
And peopled by the spirits of our fathers,
Who, bending from yon purple cloud of vengeance,
Call forth their children to the battle field.

FLOREMMMA.

I tremble at the fancy.

ELIZA.

So do I.

GRAHAM.

So do not I!—So never trembled Wallace,
 Endeared by danger's emulous adventures,
 Familiar in the page of memory.
 But where is he?

FLOREMMMA.

Close by the hill of storms!

GRAHAM.

Then is he safe!—The torrent's leaping foam
 Shall light me thither. Fare you well;—but mind—
 Speed with the dawn, and sound the name of Wallace,
 Joined with revenge and Scotland's independence!
 And men will arm who never dreamed of battle—
 And maids will weep 'twixt love and patriotism,
 But hush their fears when Wallace waves his sword;
 And boys will burn to march beneath his banner,—
 For I have seen him kiss them when but babes,
 And weep such beauty born to be enslaved! (*Going.*)

FLOREMMMA.

(*Detaining him.*) O speak on still! 'tis music for the soul.

GRAHAM.

Yes, I have seen him weep—when others smiled
 To see the peasant lead his blushing bride
 From Hymen's altar, to beget more slaves!—
 Then would deep feelings hurry him away
 From human haunts; to roam the mountain wilds,
 And startle nature in her stormy dwelling.
 There would he mark the eagle's sweep through heaven—
 And wish for liberty's proud wings to follow.
 Then turn from throned sublimity, to gaze
 On God's creation stretch'd immense around—
 And ask what curse denounced the lord of all
 To be the slave of Edward's damn'd oppression! (*Exeunt.*)

Yes—we call that a fine passage—
 and the drama it belongs to is full of
 force, fire, and enthusiasm—the pro-
 duction of a man of a poetic and pa-
 triotic spirit.

It has turned out one of the sweet-
 est and serenest afternoons that ever
 breathed a hush over the face and
 bosom of the May woods. Can we find it
 in our mind to think, in our heart to
 feel, in our hand to write that Scotland
 is now even more beautiful than in
 our youth! No—not in our heart to
 feel—but in our eyes to see—for they
 tell us it is the truth. The people
 have cared for the land which the
 Lord their God hath given them, and
 have made the wilderness to blossom
 like the rose. The same Arts that
 have raised their condition have bright-
 ened their habitation; Agriculture, by
 fertilizing the loveliness of the low-
 lying vales, has sublimed the sterility
 of the stupendous mountain heights—
 and the thundrous tides, flowing up
 the lochs, bring power to the corn-

fields and pastures created on hillsides
 once horrid with rocks. The whole
 country laughs with a more vivid ver-
 dure—more pure the flow of her
 streams and rivers—for many a fen
 and marsh have been made dry, and
 the rainbow pictures itself on clearer
 cataracts.

The Highlands were, in our me-
 mory, overspread with a too dreary
 gloom. Vast tracts there were in
 which Nature herself seemed mis-
 erable; and if the heart find no human
 happiness to repose on, Imagination
 will fold her wings, or flee away to
 other regions, where in her own vi-
 sionary world she may soar at will,
 and at will stoop down to the homes of
 this real earth. Assuredly the inhabit-
 ants are happier than they then were
 —*better off*—and therefore the change,
 whatever loss it may comprehend, has
 been a gain to good. Alas! poverty
 —penury—want—even of the neces-
 saries of life—never absent—are too
 often there still rife—but patience and

endurance dwell there, heroic and better far, Christian—nor has Charity been slow to succour regions remote but not inaccessible, Charity acting in power delegated by Heaven to our National Councils. And thus we can think not only without sadness, but with an elevation of soul inspired by such example of highest virtue in humblest estate, and in our own sphere exposed to other trials be induced to follow it, on many “a virtuous household, though exceeding poor.” What are all the poetical fancies about “mountain scenery,” that ever fluttered on the leaves of albums, in comparison with any scheme however prosaic, that tends in any way to increase human comforts? The best sonnet that ever was written by a versifier from the South to the Crown of Benlomond, is not worth the worst pair of worsted stockings trotted in by a small Celt going with his dad to seek for a lost sheep among the snow-wreaths round his base. As for eagles, and ravens, and red deer “those magnificent creatures so stately and bright,” let them shift for themselves—and the fewer of them the better—but among geese, and turkeys, and poultry, let propagation flourish—the fleecy folk baa—and the hairy hordes bellow on a thousand hills. Let the people eat—let them have food for their bodies, and then they will have heart to care for their souls; and the good and the wise will look after their souls, with sure and certain hope of elevating them from their hovels to heaven, while prigs, with their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, rail at rail-roads, and all the other vile inventions of an utilitarian age to open up and expedite communications between the Children of the Mist and the Sons and Daughters of the Sunshine, to the utter annihilation of the sublime Spirit of Solitude and—but that is an evil to be indeed deplored—of *Sma’ Stills*. Be under no sort of alarm for Nature. There is some talk, it is true, of a tunnel through Cruachan to the Black Mount, but

the general impression seems to be that it will be a great bore. A joint-stock company that undertook to remove Ben Nevis, is beginning to find unexpected obstructions. Feasible as we confess it appeared, the idea of draining Loch Lomond has been relinquished for the easier and more useful scheme of converting the Clyde from below Stonebyres, to above the Bannatyne Fall, into a canal—the chief lock being, in the opinion of the most ingenious speculators, almost ready-made at Corra Linn.

And what improvements too all over the South Highlands within far fewer than these fifty years! But O think not, Tweddale, that we loved thee not of yore! with all the power of our awakening spirit brought daily into closer communion with that of nature, or that we remember not with gratitude our solitary wanderings over thy bare, still, noiseless, and so even in our boyish days we sometimes felt them to be, thy Melancholy Braes! Nothing mournful meets our eyes at this moment, where long ago we have more than once, we knew not why, sat us down and wept. All is cheerful—man has done his work in most of the fields—numerously diversified with safe inclosures, from the level of the river to the sloping uplands sheltered by prosperous plantations, or the remains of old forests renewing their youth—and nature is doing hers—for you might think that in very truth you saw the braird growing—and that after shutting your eyes for a brief space, you opened them on a greener surface—and on a soil more instinct and astir with the spirit of Spring!

All the poetry in Clio—that is in Gog—we know is above par—else had it not found admittance either into Vase or Pannier. But at such a season, and in such a scene as this, our soul may be satisfied but by some strain such as might have been sung by Simonides. And here it is—BY ARCHÆUS.

APHRODITE.

1.

A spring time eve illumined wide a sunny Grecian land,
Where peace was guarded valiantly by many a spearman's hand;
From field and vineyard home returned the weary peasant crew,
And children laughed and leapt to see their fathers come in view.

2.

The closing twilight dimly fell above the smoking roofs,
The labourers' eyes dropt heavily, the housewives left their woofs,
While softly flew the western breeze above the woods and streams,
But breathed too low to sound amid the slumberers' easy dreams.

3.

As on each lonely silent hearth the blaze was flickering low,
The shaggy wolf-dog stretched himself before the crimson glow,
And shy nocturnal visitants, and horny-footed Pan,
Through all the village wandered slow to guard the rest of man.

4.

The mourners felt it comfort now that they were free to weep,
And in their musing youthful maids went smilingly to sleep,
And some in joyous vision sought the dance in flowery glades,
And some a tenderer heart delight, unseen in forest shades.

5.

Yet one of all the loveliest, young Myrto, sought not rest,
But still the wakeful fancies fed that fluttered in her breast;
While 'mid the pillared porch she sat of her old sire's abode,
Unheeding that beneath the stars her zoneless bosom glowed.

6.

She stooped her head, whose tresses hid her clenched and trembling hand;
She felt her heart swell prouder than in its purple band,
And such the rippling stir of life upon her earnest face,
It seemed a stormy spirit filled a form of marble grace.

7.

"And let," she thought, "the poet bear his sounding lyre and song,
And still through temple, field, and mart my tuneful fame prolong,
For if I but repay the strain with word or look of praise,
'Tis then the last of love and verse, the first of slavery's days.

8.

"Then with the boisterous wedding comes the dark, unhonoured life;
The worshipt goddess fading then is known an earthly wife;
And all the longing sighs that now in all his utterance play,
But like a tedious burden round an old remembered lay.

9.

"And if at last from long disdain, and cold averted eyes,
To other lands and cities now the bard in anguish flies,
To other springs and hills and woods and other ears than these,
My name in melody will sound, and sail on distant seas.

10.

"And if in cave, or desert path, or at triumphal feast,
The journeying minstrel sinks in death, from hopeless toil released;
Upon his tomb be this inscribed,—that he for Myrto died;
And let his last lament record her beauty and her pride."

11.

So flow'd the un pitying maiden's thought, when pierced the laurel shade
A voice that struck with joy and dread the bosom of the maid.
Unseen the man, but known how well! and while he breath'd a song,
His harp-string helped with sweeter grief his overburdened tongue.

12.

"Once more, beloved maid, I strive to touch thy frozen ear,
And wake the hopes so often chilled upon the lap of fear.
Once more, alas! I seek to stir a heart of human mould
With throbs of Nature's pulse that has sweet throbblings manifold.

13.

"And O! bethink thee, icy breast! how vain the thought of pride
Which bids thee from my pleading turn in sullenness aside;
How weak and cheap a thing it is, but O! how rich in good
The joy of hearts when each to each reveals its fondest mood.

14.

"Ev'n had'st thou given some rival's head the flowery wreath of love,
Thy scorn of me men would not hate, nor would the gods reprove.

In words of bitter wrathfulness my grief might urge its way,
But every curse invoked on thee would make my soul its prey.

15.

"O! give me but one whisper'd word, or gently wave thy hand;
Bestow but this on him whose life thy very looks command.
The light of youth that gilds thee now will not be always thine,
But thou mayst bid in deathless song thy beauty's radiance shine.

16.

"Thou speakest no mild relenting word! so part we, I and thou,
To whom so oft in misery has bent my laurelled brow.
The gods that favour song and love will not be always in vain,
And higher they, proud Rock! than thou! to them I lift my strain."

17.

The minstrel turned his steps away, and moved with hurrying feet,
Till past the slumb'rous gloom that filled the lonely village street;
And through the vale beyond he fled and near the rocky shore,
And climbed the winding wooded path that up the mountain bore.

18.

The silent stars were gazing all, the moon was up the sky,
And from below the tranquil sea sent measured sounds on high;
It broke beneath the steep ascent where Aphrodite's fane
Appeared a home of steadfast calm for wanderers o'er the main.

19.

And thither bent the bard his course, until the rugged way
Subdued his desperate recklessness to an abhor'd delay,
And pausing, 'mid his haste, the thought of her he left behind
Brought tears into his burning eyes, and checked his fiercer mind.

20.

Yet soon he reached the terraced height, the spot the Goddess chose,
Where channelled pillars round and strong at equal spaces rose;
Above were graven tablets fair with gaps of dark between,
And o'er the deep receding porch celestial forms were seen.

21.

And soon he gained the marble steps before the abode divine,
And soon he oped the brazen doors and sank within the shrine;
'Twas dusk, and chill, and noiseless all, and scarce amid the shade
He saw the form of her whose might can give the hopeless aid.

22.

"And why," he cried, "O Goddess dread, must worshippers of thee,
'Mid all on earth the most despised, most miserable be?
O! hast thou not the strength to save, or art thou then indeed
Too cold and too averse a power to succour mortal need?"

23.

"And is it false what oft was said in days of old renown,
What hymn and lay so loud proclaim in camp, and field, and town,
That thou, a bounteous arbitress, wilt hear when mourners call,
Delightest most in man's delight, and sendest bliss to all?"

24.

"By thee, as tale and history tell, and sculptured marble grey,
And oracle and festal rite, surviving men's decay;
By thee all things are beautiful, and peaceable, and strong,
And joy from every throe is born, and mercy conquers wrong.

25.

"Thy birth, O! Goddess, kind and smooth, was from the sunny sea,
The crystal blue and milky foam in brightness cradled thee;
From thee all fairest things have light, which they to men impart,
Then whence arise the pangs and storms that rend the lover's heart?"

26.

'Twas thus the sorrowing bard addressed that presence blind and dim,
Startling the visionary space that had no help for him;
But then he raised in haste his eyes, for lo! a sudden ray
Around the Goddess cast a light, her own peculiar day.

27.

A living form behold she stood, of more than sculptured grace !
The high immortal Queen from heaven, the calm Olympian face !
Eyes pure from human tear or smile, that glad and rule the earth,
And limbs whose garb of golden air was Dawn's primeval birth !

28.

With tones like music of a lyre, continuous, piercing, low,
The sovran lips began to speak, spoke on in liquid flow,
It seem'd the distant Ocean's voice brought near and shaped to speech,
But breathing with a sense beyond what words of man may reach.

29.

"Weak child ! Not I the puny power thy wish would have me be,
A rose-leaf floating with the wind upon a summer sea.
If such thou needst, go range the fields, and hunt the gilded fly,
And when it mounts above thy head, then lay thee down and die.

30.

"The spells which rule in earth and stars each mightiest thought that lives,
Are stronger than the kiss a child in sudden fancy gives.
They cannot change, or fail, or fade, nor deign o'er aught to sway
Too weak to suffer and to strive, and tired while still 'tis day.

31.

"And thou with better wisdom learn the ancient lore to scan,
Which tells that first in Ocean's breast my rule o'er all began ;
And know that not in breathless noon upon the glassy main
The power was born that taught the world to hail her endless reign.

32.

"The winds were loud, the waves were high, in drear eclipse the sun
Was crouched within the caves of heaven, and light had scarce begun.
The Earth's green front lay drowned below, and Death and Chaos fought,
O'er all the tumult vast of things not yet to utterance brought.

33.

"'Twas then that spoke the fateful voice, and 'mid the huge uproar,
Above the dark I sprang to life, a good unhoped before.
My tresses waved along the sky, and stars leapt out around,
And Earth beneath my feet arose, and hid the pale profound.

34.

"A lamp amid the night, a feast that ends the strife of war,
A spring that bursts in desert sand, in storm a guiding star,
'Mid wrath and hate a poet's voice, or woman's pleading tone,
Whate'er of good brought forth from ill makes aching hearts its own ;

35.

"All these are mine, and mine the bliss that comes to breasts in wo,
And fills with wine the cup that once with tears was made to flow.
Nor doubt thou more the help that comes from Aphrodite's sway ;
But know that wisdom ever prompts the bard's religious lay."

36.

With lulled and peaceful sense the youth upon the marble floor
Reclined his head, nor wist he how his bosom's pangs were o'er.
Beneath the statue's graven base he sank in happy rest,
But visions plain as noonday truth came swiftly o'er his breast.

37.

For in the unmoving body's trance, when ear and eye are still,
The mind prophetic wakes and yearns, and moulds the unconscious will ;
The calm and throbless heart is near the steadfast Heart of All,
And sights denied to outward view obey the spirit's call.

38.

The radiant Goddess changed her look of clear and mild control,
A gloomy fury seem'd she now, a tyrant o'er the soul.
With furrowed face and deadly glance like storm she swept away,
And still the Minstrel saw the fiend pursuing swift her prey.

39.

And now she reached the chamber fair, the ancient home's recess,
Where wearied Myrto lay asleep in dreamy restlessness.

The lover saw the griesly sprite beside her couch appear,
And but for power that held him fast he would have shrieked in fear.

40.

The thoughts within the virgin-heart took shapes that he could spell,
Like pictures visible and clear the maiden's tale they tell;
And Doubt is there, and Pride, and Love in fluctuating stir,
And many a memory of him, and songs he framed for her.

41.

The fair brow quivers fast and oft, the smooth lips work and wane,
And hand, and cheek, and bosom thrill, and writhe as if in pain;
And then in wan dismay she wakes, and sees beside her bed
The spectral ghastliness whose gaze fills all the air with dread.

42.

She starts, and screams—"O! spare me, spare! I know thy torments well,
To punish fierce insatiate Pride thou com'st to me from Hell.
Forgive, beloved! return from death! and soon thou shalt avow,
That she whose scorn was once so cold can love no less than thou.

43.

"But O! dark demon, if in vain I pray the gods for aid,
Swift let me join my vanished love in thy domain of shade;
And take these horrid eyes away, so pitiless and hard,
I cannot bear the looks that oft I bent upon the bard."

44.

She turned and hid her tearful face, and sighs convulsive rose,
And broke the charm that chained the youth in motionless repose.
But still with waking ear he caught the groans of Myrto's pain,
For she herself before him lay within the sacred fane.

45.

He clasped her quick, and held her close upon his bounding breast,
With tears and kisses warm'd her cheek, and knew that he was blest.
And now the maid forgiveness asked, now upward looked and smiled,
And firmler knit by sorrow past, their hearts were reconciled.

46.

The golden sun sublime arose and filled the shrine with day,
The earth in beauty opened wide, and green the valley lay;
Divinely bright the Goddess glowed amid the purpled air,
And looked with gracious eyes benign on those adoring there.

"That strain we heard was of a higher mood"—

and places Archæus among THE POETS OF ENGLAND.

What art Thou, O BEAUTY! and what meaneth thy Bard, Wordsworth the Divine, in saying, "Thou pitchest thy Tents before him?"

But instead of being poetical let us be philosophical, or both, and sitting on this mossy stump, soft as velvet, and with "withered boughs grotesque," like an arm-chair, imagine ourselves for a moment a rural Dean lecturing to a fixed-eyed audience of the youth of both sexes, showing us what we would discourse on in their faces and in their eyes.

Let us take, our dear audience, in the first place, as examples of Beauty, some of the simplest kind, and which are universally felt—those which are found in the great appearances of Nature—and of these what may be call-

ed most elementary, and because strongly affecting the senses, what seem least to require any cultivation of mind or aid of thought to make them felt. Such is the beauty of a blue and radiant sky—a sunset rich in the gorgeous hues of a thousand painted clouds—the splendour of the nocturnal heavens, green valleys, with their clear bright waters, and the luxuriance of summer woods—snows shining in the sunlight—the still calm glittering ocean. In these and similar instances which may be distinguished, for the elementary nature of some of the principal feelings involved in them, as well as for the earliness and the universality with which they are felt, there is to be remarked, in the first place, a very vivid affection of the sense of sight, such as there is reason to believe, from the earliest observation we are able to make, is a primary pleasure, independent of all associ-

ation, either by the vivid impression of the organ itself, or by the vivid excitation immediately and necessarily carried into the spirit itself, which is called up into a state of animated sensibility—the pleasure of light in all its various modifications. And in all such cases, this first vivid sensuous delight is united, it is to be observed, with very expansive conceptions of the soul. That primary pleasure of the mere sensitive being in light, and brightness, and beautiful colour, has been, from the beginning, continually nourished and heightened by their union with the great objects and appearances of Nature, with the whole activity of the living spirit. Light is to us life, and darkness the extinction of life. Nor can there be a doubt that this deep feeling of our animation, not in the sentient body alone, but in the spirit, connected at every moment with the presence and the power of light, and with all the vital influences that flow with it upon the earth, has become so blended with it in our conception, that it has, on this account, a strong power over the emotion, and even the affection of our souls. Do we not lament even death as a parting from the light of day? This simple, primary, and inevitable influence, to which every living spirit is subject, enters essentially into the feelings we are now considering, and makes the presence of light in itself, and in all it shows of colour, beautiful to our eyes. This, then, is an elementary conception and feeling of beauty, which seems prepared for us by the hand, and in the midst of the primary blessings of Nature, in a manner independent of any cultivation of our minds, and carried as it were irresistibly into the very heart of our sentient being. Further, it is observable that these emotions, thus deep-laid in our very living sensibility, have in such instances as those which we have now selected as examples of visible beauty, an immediate and deeply blended connexion with some important feelings which may be called of a spiritual kind.

For these shows of light and colour are spread over the infinitude of Nature, over Earth and Sky; and are disclosed to us from orbs which are the most remote and wonderful objects on which we can look. This most expansive feeling of our soul, that of boundless space, mixed with

wonder at the mystery of power in these beings, and in the whole frame of nature, concurs with the vivid affection of delighted sense; and thus our whole being, that which is most deep and spiritual, and that which is sentient in the living frame, is united in the feeling of such beauty in these great appearances. These are elements of an emotion entirely different from those pleasures which are derived by association from a direct and conscious reference to the past: for though the past has been necessary indeed, to form the spirit to its present capacity of such feelings, there is no reference in the mind whatever to the past, or to any thoughts personal to itself. These great and beautiful appearances, at once, as soon as they are beheld, invade the Soul with a sudden emotion of delight, in which they seem to carry all their power of beauty in their immediate presence: there is no knowledge of time gone by to which these feelings have reference, or from which they may have their derivation; but in the more glorious appearances of this kind that are revealed to us, the soul is swallowed up, entranced, and lost in the consciousness of its mere beholding.

By the various Cultivation of the Mind in other kinds of Beauty, advancing in high and refined Intellectual Perception, exercising itself in the pure delight of Moral contemplation, and conversant with all the forms of beauty which the happiest spirits of men have snatched from decay, and preserved in the works of their inspired and delightful Arts,—by all this various Cultivation, the Mind seems to have opened up in itself new Capacities of admiration and love:—and when it returns to contemplate that Nature, on which it once looked in simple and untutored joy, it now finds a world spread out in infinite adaptation for its passionate feeling, and for its earnest, solemn Meditation. In the mighty forms that tower up from the surface of the Earth, guarding and enclosing the regions of human habitation, in the rivers that embrace and divide the land, in seas that flow around it, in all the variations and adornings of the Earth, vale, and champaign, and wide-skirting woods, and in the overhanging Sky,—he now sees a world over which a spirit may range in the might of its joy, gather-

ing heavenly thought from terrestrial scenes, and drawing in from all appearances and voices around, the breath of adoration. Delight and love now come to him no longer unmingled with intelligence. He sees in all the forms of things characters that speak to him of Wisdom, Goodness, and Power. It is not that in every moment of delight breathed from the beauty of nature there is a conscious reference to the design of its benign Creator,—But this conviction is habitual and pervading: and the mysterious principle of life in all things around us is not more universally present to the human mind than the delighted gratitude with which it is recognised. When Milton describes the sorrow of our first Parents at the thought of leaving Paradise, he makes the lamentation of Adam sublime, by the regret that he must no more inhabit scenes hallowed by the immediate presence of God.

“ This most afflicts me, that departing hence,

As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent

With worship place by place where he
vouchsaf'd

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appeared, under this tree

Stood visible—among these pines his voice
I heard—here with him at this fountain talked;

So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers:

In yonder nether world where shall I seek

His bright appearances, or footstep trace?”

But in this nether world these bright appearances are to be traced now, as they were in the happy youth of the Earth: And if the beauty of the material world is then most beautiful, when such footsteps are seen by the human soul, the Earth now with all the fierce agencies that have been let loose to trample over it, it is a Paradise still, to those whose spirit knows how to enjoy it.

Whose spirit knows how to enjoy it! Who are they? and how must they live? Again hear Archæus. You will not think of counting the couplets.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

Swim through the waves of Time and ne'er despair,
But lift thy head and breathe eternal air.

The only hopes for ever doom'd to know
A false event are those that aim too low.

Who has not known some moments rich as years,
May watch an hour-glass, not behold the spheres.

No holier truth has reached us from above
Than this,—Love errs not but by want of Love.

Who knows how various Thoughts one Will express,
Blames no man's faith except for faithlessness.

Material Time but numbers grains of wheat,
While Heavenly Time feels Nature's pulses beat.

The dreamer's world of vain inactive bliss
Were hell to him whom Duty sways in this.

How many joys that crowds insatiate quaff,
Are shows as empty as an actor's laugh.

Thou canst not do the thing thou wouldst, no doubt:
Could we do all we would life's task were out.

For strength and not for fear, O! Man, is given
The upward sense that lifts thy soul to Heaven.

O! Gods of Greece, beheld no more on high,
Though ye are set your light still paints the sky.

The much we try proclaims our future hope,
The little we perform, our present scope.

How sad if stars adorned our dwelling's dome,
Not showed beyond its roof a boundless home.

As blows the wind we needs must trim the sail;
But still 'tis ours to tack against the gale.

Had Judas been a fiend all scorn and hate,
He had not died in wo but lived elate.

No face all ugly e'er was seen on earth;
No heart all evil e'er from Eve had birth,

The steersman Will pursues the course it ought,
Consulting still the compass-card of Thought.

Sweet stream! thou hastenest on in youthful pride,
Nor heed'st thy hastening tow'rd the salt-sea tide.

High task, to make at once and read the story
That paints itself in Life's fair allegory!

Some hour will needs in every face disclose
The Best and Worst that any ever shows.

The torch by burning must no doubt expire,
But dying need not set the house on fire.

Ah! Woman, ill those hands thy worth repay,
That seek with plumes of Men to make thee gay.

The subtlest gallant e'er in mask concealed
Is Love—by most disguises best revealed.

Full oft in wrinkled forehead Saturnine,
All Jove and Venus dwell with glow divine.

Fair Time of Youth! your blossom's dearest praise
Is from the hope fulfilled in Autumn's days.

How much had Man's whole aim and life been less,
Would Luther but have changed his No! to Yes!

Who nothing Great behind the small divines,
Thinks Great events are hung on smallest lines.

Some seeing God in Jesus crucified,
Think Faith dares own his love in nought beside.

Drear thought that all the work Man's life can have
Is but to bear his coffin tow'rd his grave.

“Is but to bear his coffin towards his grave!” Yonder come the three
bright boys bounding in their glee—they will assist us in hanging on our back
OUR TWO PANNIERS—for none can bear our burthen for us—and we shall
pass a cheerful evening in our lodgings in Lessudden.

THE KING'S GERMAN LEGION.

WE think of England with even more than the feelings which every man of honour applies to the country that gave him birth. We think proudly, yet not from national pride; reverentially, yet not from the reverence due to the purest institutions on earth; ardently, yet still less from the illustrious recollections which throng upon us in every retrospect of her annals, than from the still more glowing contemplations which rise in what we well believe to be the magnificent and unlimited future destinies of the British Empire.

The rapid growth of British power during the last century, the sudden influence which gave her Councils the virtual direction of Europe, the extraordinary extension of her actual territory by the conquest of India, the colonization of the Canadas, and the settlement of New Holland, constituting the virtual annexation of three vast regions, equivalent to three mighty empires; the whole scene of prosperity crowned by the most unexpected, effective, and brilliant triumphs by land and sea given to any people within European memory, are wholly incapable of being accounted for on any other principle than that of a Providence especially determined to exalt England. But determinations from such a source are for higher objects than to pamper national vanity. They are essentially for great purposes of divine benevolence. If England has been invested with a giant's strength, it is that this strength may be in reserve for some application of good that could be accomplished by no inferior means. Her sudden and matchless accession of faculties for moving the earth has been unquestionably furnished for objects which demanded that accession; and though England, like Israel, may thwart or even fatally defeat, by obstinacy, prejudice, or corruption, the illustrious office to which she is thus delegated, we have the fullest warrant, from both history and the natural operation of human causes, that her office is illustrious, that she

has before her a nobler task than any that she has ever sustained, and that, however she may have suffered obstacles to gather in her path for the time, by a weak Government, an unpurposed legislature, or the agency of a blind, furious and malignant faction in the control of her councils, she has only to make a new effort of her innate vigour for the full resumption of the supremacy to which she has been so palpably called by the great Disposer of diadems. Of the notion of this high duty, we may still have but imperfect conceptions; but its outline may be conjectured. The public mind of Europe requires a new moral and political education; the principles of Government are evidently about to be brought to a new examination in every kingdom. The principles of religion are, with equal evidence, about to become the great enquiries of mankind. The sudden and extraordinary power of population, the increased influence of the multitude consequent upon this increase of their numbers, the more direct appeal of all the disturbers of settled government to the multitude as the results of both, point to a new series of public questions, of political impressions, and of national dangers, the whole attended with a national good, of a kind to which the tardy experience of our forefathers has probably afforded no precedent; provided we shall exhibit sufficient wisdom, constancy, and virtue to stand the trial. That in all the great controversies of good and evil in Europe England is destined to take the lead, there is now no longer any question. She is already involved in the commencement of a struggle between Protestantism and Popery, which can be regarded only as preliminary to the renewed trial of the Scriptures against superstition throughout the world. Out of this other topics and trials will spring, and out of all, not improbably, moral triumphs for England still more distinguished than those which have already crowned her in the field.

The recollections of the French

War are among the most animating that belong to the history of our country ; the strong necessity which compelled its commencement, the vigour with which it was sustained, and the vast and permanent successes by which it was concluded, place it as much beyond all rivalry as it was beyond all example. The merits of the fleet and army by which those great results were achieved have been long acknowledged by the gratitude of the nation ; but she has yet to commemorate by distinct narratives those services of the two leading branches of our force, and to record the separate services of their chief corps, for the honour of our age and for the emulation of posterity.

In the instance of the British fleet, some advances to this object have been made. The lives of Nelson, St Vincent, and other eminent men have been given to the public. At present an individual is commissioned by the Horse-Guards to give detailed narratives of the regiments of the British army ; but the work proceeds too tardily to gratify the national feelings. A work of that order also should be adopted on the largest scale ; it should be given to the public in a shape worthy of the nation ; the ablest military authorship should be combined for the purpose ; it should be illustrated with every necessary plan and every appropriate ornament, and given to the public in a manner worthy of the public pride in the character of the British soldiery. What it should not be is equally obvious ; it should not be a mere extract from the records of the Wars ; it should not be a dry detail of quarters, changes, or campaigns ; it should not exclude traits of individual talent, intrepidity, and success ; it should not be a starved, meagre, and parsimonious muster-roll of regimental movements, but a great performance, in which every memorable action of the regiment, and even every memorable act of the individual, should be recorded. In these observations we desire to be understood as not making any invidious reference to the works which are announced as issuing from authority ; we are merely desirous that so fine an opportunity of illustrating the national annals should not be thrown away, which it will be, if in any degree cramped by either official forms or affected economy. On such occasions the most liberal expenditure is the true economy, and the

impulse given to a single regiment in the day of battle, by the knowledge that its services would be amply recorded, might be worth ten times the expenditure, however large and liberal.

The importance of establishing national records of military service has been already acknowledged by the European Governments. Immediately on the conclusion of the Peninsular war, the King of Spain appointed a commission of general officers to draw up authentic statements of every event of the war ; but this work, when it had already proceeded to some length, was impeded, if not altogether stopped, by the convulsions of that unhappy country. In Prussia we believe that a similar publication is in progress ; it remains now for England to follow the example. We should observe that, in proposing such a work on the largest national scale, we are aware that this would be only for our libraries, but there could be no difficulty in publishing the more material parts of the regimental achievements as would bring them within the power of the humblest purchaser, and render them manuals for the soldier.

A few years after the reduction of the well-known and gallant German Legion in 1816, three distinguished officers of the corps, Major-General Sir George Julius Hartmann, of the Hanoverian Artillery ; Colonel George Baring, of the Hanoverian Grenadier Guards ; and Colonel Von Linsingen, Adjutant-General to the Hanoverian Cavalry, determined on writing a History of the Legion, and made some progress in the performance. This was subsequently interrupted by circumstances. After the lapse of years it has been undertaken by Major Beamish, who, well acquainted with the corps and the country, residing for some time in Hanover for the express purpose of collecting satisfactory materials, obtaining them from the highest authorities, and urged to their publication by individuals solicitous for the honour of the Legion, has produced the highly interesting volumes of which we now proceed to give a general view. The condition of Hanover has always been anomalous since the accession of the Brunswick line to the British throne. Scarcely to be called an independent state, yet evidently not wholly dependent on England, it had all the evils of a non-

resident sovereign, without the advantages of English connexion. The old laws, the formal habits, the disabilities, and the poverty of the country remained unchanged, and while the humblest colony of England was gaining yearly in opulence, population, and power, Hanover continued in the same degree of moral sterility to which it has been so largely condemned by nature.

But it possessed some countervailing advantages of no common order on the Continent—a brave people, remarkably attached to their country and loyal to their sovereign—a national character remarkably free from the stains of revolt, turbulence, and fickleness—private manners pure, at least compared with the general standard of Continental habits—and an honest and simple temperament, adapted, if not for great public distinction, for much personal happiness.

The national qualities were to be severely tried.

Early in the year 1803, Napoleon, then First Consul, declared his intention of seizing upon Hanover as a menace to England. He had already shown he had regarded the Peace of Amiens but as a truce. He had broken through all its stipulations, for the double purpose of augmenting his territory and of forcing Europe into war once more. During the short interval of peace he had seized on the crown of Italy, contrary to all stipulations; insolently demanded the reception of French authorities in all the British ports, who would have been nothing but official spies; and while he was in the notorious act of preparing for the renewal of hostilities, demanded the surrender of Malta. The British Government at length, awakened by this insolence, had stopt short in its concessions. Napoleon instantly sent an army to the borders of Hanover, and threatened to invade it as the dominion of the King of England unless Malta was instantly abandoned. The threat of the Hanoverian invasion was demonstrably against all the laws of nations, for Hanover was not a province of England but of the German empire. The character of the King as Elector of Hanover was recognised, by all the laws of the empire, as wholly distinct from that of the Sovereign of England, and this construction was so universally known, that it was not merely acted upon by

all the other powers of Europe, but was formally recognised even by Republican France, which, in 1795, on the occasion of the treaty of Basle, acknowledged his neutrality as Elector of Hanover, while it was at war with him as King of Great Britain. And the reason of the distinction was obvious. The interests of Hanover had no connexion with the interests of England. England derived no help from Hanover, and to punish her for the hostilities of England would be only to bring war into Germany, spread its miseries without a cause, and punish an innocent people for hostilities which they could not restrain, from which they could gain nothing, and in which they had no share.

But those were considerations which could have no weight with the habitual perfidy and tyranny of Napoleon. He threw an army into the country, and followed up this act of violence by a succession of artifices, almost too low even for the name of political treachery, but fully deserving of all the disgust that belongs to sharpening and swindling. Without an offence offered, or the slightest ground being laid for invasion, the French army, under Mortier, marched into Hanover in May 1803. The army of the Electorate, wholly unprepared for defence, and unaccountably abandoned by the Electoral Ministry, entered into a Convention with the French General, by which they were to engage not to serve against France during the war, unless regularly exchanged for French prisoners. The forts, artillery, and military stores were to be given up to the French; the French cavalry to be remounted by Hanover; and the revenues and electoral domains to be given up to their administration. The Convention was to be subjected to the approbation of the French Consul. This transaction took place at Sublingen, June 3, 1803.

The fair way of acting on this occasion would, of course, have been for the French to have waited on the spot where they stood until Napoleon had either ratified or rejected the Convention. But this evidently did not suit Napoleon's policy. Mortier immediately acted on the Convention, took possession of the fortresses, artillery, revenues, and the country, without a moment's delay; and then, when the national force was thus completely stript, and Ha-

nover in his hands without a blow, the intelligence comes, that Napoleon altogether disapproves of the Convention, and insists on making the whole army prisoners of war, and treating the electorate with the rigours of a conquered country, unless the King of England would give up Malta, which the First Consul perfectly well knew that he would not give up. The fair way now would obviously have been, to place the Hanoverian troops in their former condition; but this was the last thought of the French General or of his master. On the faith of treaties the Government had put itself into the hands of France, and it was now trampled on like a slave. To increase the insult, a mock proposal was made by Talleyrand, that the King of England should ratify the Convention, making it also a necessary stipulation that, for every Hanoverian soldier or officer, a French prisoner in England should be given up. This was a palpable trick in two ways, first, turning into prisoners of war an army which, by contract with the French themselves, was bound only to abstain from hostilities with France, and in the next laying a trap for the King to identify England with the concerns of Hanover. The King refused, of course, to be at once insolently and ridiculously duped; but knowing the helpless condition to which the Hanoverian Government and army had so rashly reduced themselves, he declared, in his character of Elector of Hanover, "that he would scrupulously abstain from any act which could be regarded as contravening the Convention entered into between the Regency of Hanover and the French Government." This would have been enough for honest men, but the French, falsely declaring that the King of England had refused to ratify the Convention, instantly proposed that the Hanoverian army should be regarded as prisoners of war, lay down their arms, and be sent into France. This proposition, however, was too disgusting to the Hanoverian army to be suffered. Though reduced to about nine thousand men, and without arsenals or artillery, they exhibited so strong a determination to fight the French, that Mortier at last acceded to a Convention, by which they were simply to lay down their arms and be disbanded.

It is not our purpose to dwell on the grounds, extraordinary as they are, of this utter failure in the Hanoverian Government. A spirit of infatuation seems to have presided over all the Continental Cabinets at that period. They fully knew Napoleon to be incapable of any moral principle, to be treacherous in every step of his policy, to regard perfidy as the main art of government, and to be remorselessly bent on the seizure of every thing that he could either grasp or circumvent. They continued to carry on a childish game of conscious dupery, affecting to believe his promises at the very moment when they knew them to be utterly faithless; to rely on his professions of peace while he was before their eyes making preparations for war, and when he had even invaded their territories, hoping to soothe him by concessions, and baffle by negotiation the violence which had already broken them down in the field. Thus the Hanoverian Regency could not be awakened to its danger by the presence of a French army on its borders, by its avowals of invasion, by its taking on itself even the title of the Army of Hanover. The remonstrances of the British Government, of the Hanoverian people, and of the army, were equally in vain. The Regency confined themselves to rescripts, to dilapidating the army, and paying new deference to the moral qualities of Napoleon. Their orders to the army were, that it should give no umbrage to the enemy. This timidity amounted to the burlesque; directing the General in command that the troops should not fire except in case of emergency, and that even then "they should use the bayonet with moderation." Some of the wits added the words "Christian moderation." The Minister, however, denied the epithet, but admitted the meaning.

In such circumstances originated the German Legion. George III. was a manly and true-hearted King. As no man was more contemptuous of artifice, none could feel more deeply for the sufferings of brave and true-hearted men like himself. If his counsels had been followed the whole Hanoverian army, in its most perfect state, would have found refuge in England at the commencement of this whole scene of treachery and time-serving; but the delays interposed by the Ha-

noverian Cabinet prevented the exertion of this wise expedient, and the only resource now was to offer its disbanded and broken remnant an asylum. Transports were sent to the German coast to receive such officers and privates as were inclined to leave the country. The final Convention between Mortier and Walmoden, by which the army had been broken up, was so far from being ratified by the King, that all his Ministers at the foreign courts were directed to publish a disavowal of the measure as not having obtained the Royal sanction, it being in fact nothing less than an avowed act of tyranny and treachery.

Out of those events grew the formation of the fine corps which was afterwards to perform so distinguished a part in the British campaigns. In July, 1803, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Decken was commissioned to raise a foreign force of 4000 men. Major Colin Halkett shortly after received a similar commission for a battalion. The intelligence was speedily spread through Hanover. Successive regiments of cavalry, infantry, and artillery were formed; the Duke of Cambridge was appointed Colonel-in-Chief; and within six months the basis of the King's German Legion was completely laid.

The formation of this corps had its effect in more points than the rescue of gallant soldiers from an insolent and oppressive enemy, or their addition of force to the British army. Their general character and conduct had no slight influence on the British soldiery. The remarkable propriety of conduct exhibited by the Germans in general, whether under arms or off duty, their love of music, their freedom from riot and intoxication, their scientific knowledge, in a great many instances, of the more profound parts of their profession, and the striking skill, and even the perfection with which they performed the duties of parade and field-days, were felt by the British as an example from which much was to be learned, and from which, when the first aversion of John Bull to all foreigners was got over, the national good sense learned a great deal. The field-practice of the Legion artillery was excellent, the cavalry manœuvres were the object of constant admiration, and the gentleman-

like conduct and graceful accomplishments of the officers supported in society the respect which was felt for them in their public character. The King, highly gratified at their growing popularity, paid them marked attention. Wherever any considerable body of them were collected for the summer, the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood were frequent attendants on their parades; and the Prince of Wales, then "the observed of all observers," and the Royal Dukes, were constantly among them, speaking their language, listening to their admirable bands, and thus conferring on them those small kindnesses which are felt by all men, and perhaps most of all by the soldier.

The Legion were now to give the first display of their zeal in the general cause. Napoleon, foiled in the hope of invading England, suddenly threw back the mass of his force on Germany. No aggression of his life of war and violence was ever more unjustifiable. Austria had studiously avoided all offence, but Napoleon was determined to make offence where he could not find it. By nature sanguinary, ferocious, and grasping, he had already determined to make himself master of the Continent. His ambition had now found a new stimulant in his shame. The contempt with which England had met his fictitious proposals for peace, the dignity with which she had baffled his stratagems, and the vigour with which she had defied the most arrogant display of his power, had begun to draw upon him the eyes and the scorn of Europe. Unable to make the slightest impression on England, unable even to stir from the shore, with his vast army lying idly on the sands of Boulogne, and every cock-boat of the British navy throwing shot and shell at its ease into his camps, the French Emperor found his diadem daily tarnishing, and had no resource but to give it a new colour in Continental blood. Austria, huge but helpless, honest but inactive, lay before him equally exposed and unsuspecting. The eclat of victory was essential to hush the murmurs of France; and that vivid, yet unprincipled nation, as seldom cared from what quarter of the world the triumph came, provided it sent trophies to Paris. The French trumpets were suddenly heard along the

whole western border of Germany, while all the minor powers were less considering who should first resist as who should first bow down. The tempest, with Napoleon for its minister of evil, thundered upon Austria. All the Ministers of this great but sluggish power were thrown into confusion. All her forces were called to arms with the wild haste prophetic of defeat. A cry was sent round Europe for succour, which was answered only by England. Pitt, an immortal name, instantly promised to aid the empire with heart and hand; a subsidy to a vast amount was despatched to Vienna; an army was put under the orders of General Cathcart to form a diversion in the North; and in November, six thousand of the German Legion forming with the British troops, embarked for the Elbe. But those were the times of European adversity. Napoleon had plunged upon Austria with the rapidity of a famished eagle upon its prey. The campaign was already closed. The swiftness of his movements, always a great element of success, had entangled the Austrian armies in inextricable ruin. The Aulic Council had calculated his advance at ten miles a-day. Napoleon seized all the carts and carriages on his route, threw the muskets and knapsacks of his regiment into them, and marched his men thirty miles a-day. He thus threw himself into the centre of the Austrian levies while they were actually marching to join their divisions. The great Austrian army was flung back in terror and confusion on Vienna. The commander-in-chief, Mack, was forced to throw himself, with twenty thousand men, into Ulm, in the hope of arresting for a while the progress of the torrent. This desperate expedient only increased the general ruin. Surrounded, starved, and frightened, Mack surrendered within a week without firing a shot. Vienna then lay open, and capitulated. The Russian army had hastened up by forced marches to save the city; it was too late. Napoleon's tremendous activity had anticipated the whole system of the war. He followed the retreating Austrian army, overwhelmed it, with its Russian allies, in the great battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805, and thus breaking down the Austrian empire, commenced the series of those overwhelming campaigns, in

which each began with the seizure of a capital, and closed with the prostration of a kingdom.

There never was an instance in war in which rapidity of movement had formed so essential a feature of success. If Napoleon's march had commenced but a month later, or had occupied but a month more in its progress, he would have found the Austrian army drawn up on the frontiers of the empire, the whole Russian army by its side, the levy *en masse* raised from Hungary to the Rhine; in the north, Prussia ready to move on his flank with a hundred and fifty thousand men; and the British expedition of eighteen thousand, with the whole armed insurrection of the north in its train, ready to augment an accumulation of force, which no strength of France or sagacity of her chieftain could hope to overcome. But time was every thing. He flung himself on the body of the empire before its sinews had time to strengthen, or its members to come into use, and paralysed its whole power of resistance by one impetuous and instant blow. In 1807, the expedition against Copenhagen called the Legion again into active service. A communication had been made from high authority to the British Cabinet, announcing that it was the unquestionable determination of Napoleon to force Denmark into active hostilities against England, to seize Holstein, and to equip the Danish fleet as a part of that immense force with which he meditated once more to attempt the invasion of England. It would have been pusillanimity if not madness in the British Cabinet to disregard this important communication. Time and repulse had only embittered Napoleon against England. It was notorious that he disregarded neutral interests, the faith of treaties, and the common principles of national law. Denmark, with a fleet of eighteen sail of the line, was in his grasp; and who could doubt that any respect for her neutrality, regard for her future welfare, or reluctance to bring the miseries of a naval war upon a people who lived by commerce, would relax for a moment the grasp of a man, who, if he declared himself a conqueror by necessity, was a tyrant by nature? The English Minister at Copenhagen was directed to state the views of his country upon the subject, and to de-

mand, for the security of England and of Denmark herself, that the fleet should be sent to a British harbour, with a solemn pledge of its restoration in the same state at the conclusion of a general peace. The Danish Government, corrupted by French influence, and the people, awed by French power, refused this natural and just proposition. The result was necessarily a declaration of war.

This expedition deserves a memorable record in the English annals, alike for its wisdom, its vigour, and its success. If its importance required confirmation, that would be amply found in the torrent of abuse poured upon it by the whole rabble of Whiggism and Revolution in England. The Whigs, always hostile to the national triumphs, wrung their hands over it as a great public success which drove them still further from place, the only sensibility which they could feel in either public joy or sorrow. The Revolutionists libelled it as a "breach of those laws" which it was their supreme principle to break down in every land of the earth; and the Napoleonists were loud in lamenting over what they called an infraction of European peace, but which was an act of intrepidity and intelligence, without their idols, rapacity or habitual guile. That the English Ministry acted upon direct information is long since fully established. The unanimous voice of the country has long since done them honour for their disdain of the rabble outcry; and Europe, which to this hour owes a portion of its final safety to this sagacious counteraction of the general oppressor, still gives its unhesitating applause to the bold and triumphant energy of England. The only sovereign who at the time remonstrated against it, was the Russian Emperor; who, of all the European sovereigns, had the most essential reason to rejoice in its success; who, in all probability, had been the original source from which the actual information was given to the British Cabinet, and who, on the French invasion of his empire, actually took the same course which had been demanded of the Danes, and sent his fleet to the harbours of England! But Alexander, in 1807, was compelled to submit to French influence. In 1812 he had resumed his station as the head of an empire, was entitled to speak the

language of manliness, and exhibited his new found freedom in declaring his confidence in the good faith of our own illustrious land.

On this expedition the whole Legion, excepting two cavalry regiments, were embarked. The British columns landed near Copenhagen, August 16, 1807. The operations were pushed without delay; the capital was invested on the next evening.

In all military narratives the details of the detached services are the most interesting. The movements of the main body are generally monotonous and systematic; our excitement follows the dashing and spirited actions of the light troops. On the day after the investment a capital adventure exhibited the activity and enterprise of the Legion.

Captain Krauchenberg, of the 1st hussars, being in command of a party of the regiment sent out to reconnoitre, learnt that a convoy of a hundred and eighty waggons, with a strong escort, was on its way to the fortress of Frederickswork. He proposed to General Von Decken to cut off the convoy. On his arriving at a certain point it was ascertained that the convoy had already reached the fortress. Determined on not coming back as he went, the gallant captain now proposed to try whether the fortress itself could not be taken by surprise; it was now nearly dark, the horses were much fatigued, and the fortress was still at a considerable distance; it was known to be garrisoned by a corps raised expressly for the defence of the place, and to be a strong position. The General assented, and arriving at one in the morning within half a mile of the place, halted with the main body, while Krauchenberg, with a few men, rode forward, took the enemy's advanced piquet prisoners, and sent its officer to give the commandant the startling intelligence that General Von Der Decken, at the head of ten thousand men, was in full march upon the place, with the intention of storming it unless it was immediately surrendered. The Commandant, an aide-de-camp of the Prince Royal of Denmark, simple enough to believe the announcement, and hearing the advance of the hussars, which was made with all the clamour and parade possible, entered into the terms without delay. Eight hundred and sixty men surrendered,

on condition that they should not serve till exchanged, and all the arms and ammunition of the fortress were placed at the mercy of the captors.

But a new hazard was now to be encountered; it was now daylight, and the armed peasantry, discovering the smallness of the attacking force, began to gather in all directions. That their fortress should have been captured by a squadron of hussars, instead of having yielded to a force of ten thousand men, probably hurt the national pride as well as awoke the governor's sense of responsibility. Some thousands were soon collected, who, taking post on a height, began to fire. The greater part, however, being armed with pitchforks, they were charged by a part of the squadron and dispersed. The General now finding that all the woods and villages in his direct road began to be filled with the peasantry, changed his route, moved the squadron by a detour into the open country, and finally reached his quarters in safety. The defeat of the Danes at Kiog, by Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the bombardment of Copenhagen, produced the capitulation, September 7th. By the 21st of October the whole army was under weigh for England, with the Danish fleet in its train. Never had so magnificent a naval spectacle been seen in the North; a thousand sail, among which were forty-five sail of the line, fifteen frigates, and a crowd of other vessels of war sweeping through the narrow passage of the Sound; but the passage of the fleet homewards was stormy, and between casualties on shore and shipwreck, the Legion alone had lost eleven hundred and seventy-five men, and thirty-six officers, on this memorable expedition.

But another and more comprehensive field was now to be opened to the British arms. In 1808 the glorious insurrection of Spain broke out; England threw herself into the contest with all the enthusiasm of the natural guardians of freedom, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the head of an expedition of nine thousand men, was instantly sent to Portugal. The description given by a German officer of the appearance of the fleet at sea shows the feeling of a poet in the language of a painter.

"There is," says this officer, "something imposing in the appearance of

a large fleet of transports under full sail. The mass of troop-ships in the centre—the accompanying men-of-war ranged in front, rear, and on the flanks, and the whole advancing under the safe guidance of the Commodore, with all the order of an army marching across a vast plain! Towards evening is heard the signal for re-assembling the ships, and those whose bad sailing has prevented them from keeping up with the rest, come slowly and orderly to their proper stations. Then, should it fall calm, not an unfrequent occurrence at the close of a summer's day, the vessels are seen fixed, as it were, like houses on the glassy surface of the deep. The sun majestically descends into the vast mirror which has reflected his image, and just as the last mild rays of the cheering planet have faded from our view, and a profound stillness reigns, the evening guns burst forth their simultaneous signals from the men-of-war, whose mingled music, wafted in double harmony throughout the fleet, closes this magic scene."

At the close of this campaign, the Legion joined General Moore's army, and took a distinguished part in the fighting on the memorable retreat into Galicia. It is now ascertained that the gallant and unfortunate Moore was deceived by the Spanish governor of Madrid, whose object seems to have been to betray him into the grasp of Napoleon; who, with upwards of a hundred thousand men, was waiting to fall upon the British army of 21,000. When the retreat was finally determined on, the cavalry, of course, formed the rear-guard. The German hussars, a very fine corps, were almost constantly engaged. The capture of General Le Febvre, and the defeat of his squadrons of the Imperial guard, was one of the most brilliant incidents of the period. Its narrative is given from the memoirs of a British officer, Sir Loftus Otway. The German hussars, after passing the Esla, of which the bridge was blown up, had been promised a day's rest from the harassing duties of the rear-guard, with the exception of a party of twenty, who made the outlying picquet; the rest were ordered to unsaddle and make up their horses for the night. Fortunately Major Von Linsengen took upon himself to modify this order, and desired that the horses of the 3d hussars should not be

unsaddled. He thought that though the bridge was down, the river might be forded, and the rear-guard surprised. The event verified his precaution, for at daybreak the French cavalry, though they were unable to find a ford, swam the river, to the amount of five or six hundred chasseurs of the Imperial Guard. They immediately pushed Colonel Otway with his picquet within half a mile of Benevente. The Colonel, who now began to fear that the British cavalry would be surprised in their quarters, gallantly determined to gain what time he could, and with his small force of only sixty men, took up a position, where the mud walls of some gardens protected his flanks, and there awaited the advance of the French. The in-lying picquet soon joined, and made up his number to about a hundred and fifty. The French had halted, leaving a squadron advanced in their front. The Colonel bravely charged this squadron; the officer in command was killed, and the squadron broken into fragments. In the mean-time, the alarm had been sounded in Benevente, and three troops of the 3d hussars, prepared by the prudence of Von Linsengen, galloped to the field. The whole now, under the command of General Stewart (the Marquis of Londonderry) and Colonel Otway, charged the French; but the clayey nature of the ground rendered it so heavy for the horses, that the charge was comparatively slow, the squadrons mixed, and the whole became an affair of the sabre. During this *mêlée* the inhabitants of Benevente, looking from the walls and windows, continued shouting, "Vive les Ingleses." The remainder of the 3d hussars now came into the field, and Lord Paget, the commander of the cavalry, galloping up, headed a third charge. The French were instantly broken, two hundred were killed or taken, the rest were driven into the river. This was one of the most showy affairs of the campaign. The Imperial chasseurs had been famous for boasting of what they would do whenever they should be suffered to attack the British. It was said that they had peculiarly petitioned for leave to annihilate the British rear-guard; and luckily for their boast, the petition was granted, and the action having taken place in the sight of the whole French army in the heights above the

Esla, their disgrace was not to be concealed. They never afterwards made any figure in the campaign. In the course of the pursuit a young private of the hussars, named Bergmann, who had already cut down a French officer, and taken his sword and sabretache, had come up with an officer in a green frock and cocked hat, who rode in rear of the flying squadrons. The officer made a thrust at him with his sword, and when he saw the German preparing to return the blow, called for quarter. In the next moment an English hussar, close behind, took the bridle of the prisoner's horse, and marched him away. Bergmann, a lad of nineteen, unconscious of the prize he had made, galloped on, and it was not till he returned to his quarters, that he discovered his prisoner to have been General Le Febvre. This capture was afterwards disputed by the soldier who had carried off the General, but Bergmann's claim was subsequently proved, and he received the Guelphic medal.

The close of the campaign by the retreat to Corunna, though crowned by victory, supplies one of the striking illustrations of the change of fortune in war. The cause of Spain seemed to be utterly extinguished. Three French armies were marching upon Portugal. Sir John Cradock, with a few thousand men left to defend, was palpably unable to sustain any attack. An intention of withdrawing the British was actually decided on in the English Cabinet; when suddenly the manly and fortunate resolution was adopted of defending the oldest of the allies of England to the last. Sir Arthur Wellesley was named to the command, and from that hour the whole scene of ill success, depression, and doubt, was changed for decision, vigour, and victory. On the 5th of May Sir Arthur reviewed the British army at Coimbra. In the words of the Marquis of Londonderry, "this was a most imposing and most magnificent spectacle." To some of the troops which stood that day under arms it is not going too far to affirm that the world could produce none superior. Of this description were the brigade of guards, the 29th, the 83d, and the four battalions of the King's German Legion. Yet this whole army, with which Sir Arthur was to save the Peninsula, amounted only to 14,500

infantry, 1500 cavalry, and 24 guns, England having at that moment at home upwards of a hundred troops of the line, with 20,000 cavalry, and artillery enough to have assaulted all the fortresses of Europe. Such were the feeble aids which were given to the genius of Wellington. The first enterprise showed the spirit of the campaign. By one of the most brilliant exploits of modern war, within a week from the commencement of the campaign he surprised Soult at Oporto, occasioned him a loss of five hundred killed and wounded on the spot, took his guns, his ammunition, his hospitals, and his dinner, and drove him and his army naked out of Portugal. The German Legion were hotly engaged in the battle of Talavera, fought in July, 1809. They lost in killed and wounded upwards of a thousand men, and fifty officers. The artillery were so admirably worked, that it received the praise of Wellington. One of the sergeants, named Bostalmann, exhibited on this occasion a remarkable presence of mind. This sergeant, with some gunners and workmen, had been appointed to supply one of the batteries from the ammunition-waggons in its rear. The enemy's shells having set fire to the dry heath, Bostalmann was constantly obliged to change the positions of the waggons in order to preserve them from the flames which were spreading in every direction. Two of them were conveyed away in safety from the road, but from the spreading of the flames the two remaining ones seemed devoted to destruction. Bostalmann saw all the danger, but, being a man of intelligence as well as a good soldier, conceived that the blowing up of the waggons might occasion the loss of the battle, and besides the confusion which it must produce, the battery to which they belonged formed the key of the position of the allied army. His four workmen ran away, through fear of an instant explosion, but with his four gunners he rushed through the flames, and at the most imminent hazard of life, dragged away the waggons to a spot which was not yet on fire. He there awaited the coming up of some limbers, which enabled him to remove the waggons finally to a place of safety. For this service he was afterwards rewarded with a commission. The German Legion were now employed in all the services of

the British troops in Europe. About three thousand were with Sir Arthur Wellesley. Another division joined with the Sicilian corps in the invasion of Italy, and a third in the expedition to the Scheldt. This expedition succeeded in so few of its objects, that its very conception has been called a national blunder. Yet it is unquestionable that no British expedition during the war was more wisely conceived, constructed on a more effective scale, or directed to objects of more important and pressing value. Its purpose was to destroy the French fleet, building, and the dock-yards of Antwerp and Flushing, to destroy all the French dock-yards on the coast, to render the Scheldt no longer navigable for ships of war, to seize and keep possession of Flushing, which might be easily made impregnable, and thus clap a perpetual padlock on invasion from the North seas; distract the attention of France from the war in Austria and the Peninsula; and form a rallying point for the notorious and growing discontents of the North. To accomplish these objects, England sent the finest army that had ever left her shores, a force of 40,000 men, with a powerful fleet, and paralysed the whole by the unfortunate appointment of the Earl of Chatham to the command.

It is, of course, not our purpose, after so long an interval, either to praise the project or censure the General unnecessarily. But it has been long since quite undisputed that the whole affair was merely a matter of time; that if Lord Chatham had not lingered in the most extraordinary manner, nothing could have saved Antwerp; that the whole province was utterly naked of troops; that, to make up a show of defence, they were actually obliged to mount the works with the charity boys from the city schools; that all was consternation; and that Antwerp must have surrendered, fleet, stores, dock-yard, and city, at the first summons. The result would have been to paralyse the power of invasion in its most perilous point; to save the expense of a British fleet blockading the Dutch coast; and to establish a British garrison on that coast early enough to be protected from the autumnal diseases of the islands in a great degree, or perhaps altogether. Lord Chatham's tardiness, however, would hear of nothing but making regular approaches,

when the whole success was calculated on the idea of a surprise. He accordingly spent three weeks in subduing Flushing when he ought not to have wasted three days, employed himself in bombarding a wretched fishing town when he ought to have been burning the fleet at Antwerp; and, accordingly, having thus occupied himself in absurdly reducing to ruins the very town which he proposed to make his fortress, he found that the French had sent troops enough to make an attack on Antwerp ridiculous; and with such laurels as he could gather from the smugglers of Flushing, returned to England. The troops, disgusted and dispirited, felt the epidemic with fatal force, the island was finally abandoned, and on the 25th of December the army arrived in England, having lost probably a fourth of their numbers by disease.

The battle of Talavera exhibited, in the strongest contrast, how much of the fate of armies and the honour of nations depends upon the ability of the commander. Wellington, with a third of the force which Chatham led against the mouldering walls of a Dutch smuggling town, had fought the French army, amounting to little less than 70,000 men; had beaten them in a long and daring encounter; and after having given this proof of British gallantry in the field, was to prove that superior activity, intelligence, and decision in movement, which form the finest qualities of the great soldier. The loss of the British at Talavera, in killed and wounded, was scarcely less than 5000. The two French armies of Victor and Soult were coming up, by forced marches, to cut off the retreat of the British to Portugal. Cuesta would neither march nor fight, and Wellington, more embarrassed than assisted by his stubborn ally, threw himself behind the Tagus. Spain, now left to itself, was instantly overrun by the French, and Wellington, with the eye of genius, saw where the true defence of Portugal was to be made, and, with the heart of a hero, resolved to defend it to the last. In February, 1810, he commenced the design of arming the line of Torres Vedras. The advance of the French now made the duty of the outposts remarkably active, and the German dragoons, always distinguished for their vigilance, excited so

much wrath in the enemy, that the French General commanding the outposts was said to have offered 100 doubloons to any party who would cut down one of the small cavalry picquets. Of course a good deal of skirmishing took place between the outposts. In those affairs a private in the hussars was remarkable for his alertness and dexterity. His skill in horsemanship and the use of the sword made him so conspicuous to the French, that they used to cry out, "Ah, nous voila, Monsieur Schroeder." It has been ascertained that, between the years 1810 and 1812, this brave fellow cut down twelve of the enemy, wounded many, and took twenty-seven prisoners.

On the 29th of June a showy affair took place in front of the British army. An hour before daybreak the French cavalry poured upon Gallegos, where Colonel Von Arentschild had taken post with a party of the 16th Dragoons, and a squadron of hussars. Captain Krauchenberg, seeing the importance of immediately checking the enemy's progress, led his squadron forward at a gallop to within fifteen paces of the French line, then spreading it out into a line of skirmishers, engaged in a sharp fire with the advance of the enemy, seconded by two guns of the British horse-artillery. The enemy, perplexed at this sudden reception, and not knowing the feeble force before them, immediately came to a stop. Daylight saw three regiments of French cavalry hesitating before a squadron of hussars. General Crawford having ordered that nothing should be hazarded against the superior force of the enemy, the hussars now retreated, having first sent the artillery to gain a position beyond a bridge which they must pass. The French came after them in full gallop. The Captain of the hussars, seeing that the enemy had fallen into some confusion in crowding over the bridge, suddenly charged the division which had passed, and broke through them, though three times their number. The French moved on again, were a second time charged, and a second time broken. An order now came up from Wellington to retreat upon the infantry reserve. The French were thus drawn on, received a heavy discharge from the troops, reined up, and retired, having been utterly foiled in their attempt at surprise, and having expe-

rienced considerable loss in men and horses. The conduct of the cavalry on this day was an object of general admiration. Crawford made a speech to the hussars in German, and praised them in a written order. They received the still higher testimonial of a letter from Wellington, stating his high satisfaction at their conduct, and declaring, that he would take the first opportunity of laying before the King his opinion of their excellent corps. The battle of Busaco, on the 27th of September, followed, which cost the French about 5000 men. On the retreat of the army, the light division and a squadron of the Legion remained on the heights of Busaco, to observe the French movements. Here their exploits were of another, yet scarcely less interesting description. Early in the morning, large bodies of men were seen in the valley, and the squadron were sent down to ascertain what they were. They found them to be peasants of the surrounding country, who, infuriated by the rapine of the French, had come evidently for the purpose of cutting the throats of all whom they found alive on the field. They had now between three and four hundred wounded men in their hands, abandoned by the extraordinary inhumanity of Massena, and expecting to be massacred every moment. The sight of the hussars gave them new hope; they implored their protection; and the honest Germans, procuring some litters, conveyed them from the field to a neighbouring convent, where they were taken care of by the monks. The whole march to Torres Vedras was a continual cavalry fight, and the last exploit, before entering the lines, was a dash of a hussar squadron against the French advance of chasseurs, who were imprudent enough to march at too great a distance from their infantry. The hussars turned on them so suddenly, that they broke, leaving an officer and nineteen men in their hands. On the night of the 14th of November, Massena commenced that retrograde movement which delivered Portugal; gave the first turn of the tide to the affairs of Europe; stripped the French General of his laurels; and placed Wellington in the first rank of military fame.

While their countrymen were gaining honour under Wellington, a portion of the Legion had become active-

ly employed under Graham in the south of Spain. The French Marshal Victor had taken the command of the force investing Cadiz. Graham boldly determined to attack him in his lines. The British corps amounted to about 4000 men, the Spaniards to about 13,000, under the command of Don Manuel Lepena, Captain-General of Andalusia. Graham, to soothe the Spanish pride, unfortunately submitted to act under this incapable officer, and thus plunged into one of the most hazardous enterprises of the whole war. Victor, with 9000 of the best troops of France, waited behind the forest of Chiclana, to fall on the British by surprise, while every movement of the miserable Spaniard was evidently regarded by him as only embarrassing the English General. The hussars broke through the French dragoons, and took guns and prisoners. This was one of the most trying actions of the war, but one which gave the finest evidence of the innate bravery of the British soldier. Graham was unquestionably taken by surprise through the unaccountable tardiness of the Spaniards, but their charge on the French was irresistible, and in this short encounter the French lost two generals, 400 prisoners, and upwards of 2000 in killed and wounded.

During the whole of the Peninsular campaigns, the French possessed an advantage which nothing could counteract but the most distinguished intrepidity and intelligence. Their facilities for receiving reinforcements from the immense population of France, and the rigorous measures by which Napoleon maintained his conscriptions, filled up all their losses with such rapidity, that defeat seemed to be ineffectual. In September, 1811, Marmont, at the head of 54,000 infantry and 6000 horse, marched to raise the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo. The cavalry action at El Bodon was a conspicuous affair. The position was a rocky ridge, intersected by strong defiles, held by three squadrons of the hussars, two of the 11th, and the 5th regiment, with some guns, the whole under the command of General Victor Alten. The French, under General Montbrun, amounting to two thousand cavalry, followed by infantry and guns, rapidly advanced in three columns against the front and flanks of the position. The centre column

dashed along the high-road, on which a squadron was posted under Captain Poten. This officer, knowing that to await the charge must be destruction, spurred forward against the head of the column, and drove it upon the rear. The second squadron, under Captain Bergmann, instantly followed, and, throwing its additional weight into the charge, rolled up the whole column in the greatest confusion. The French right and left columns had in the mean-time attacked the guns and the flanking squadrons. Here the vivacity of their attack promised more success. They took two of the guns; but the gallant British 5th moving up, actually charged the cavalry with the bayonet, retook the guns, and drove the horsemen down the hill. The French, however, now came crowding on. Their superiority of numbers gave them every advantage; for the entire of Alten's cavalry, British and German, had originally amounted only to 340. Those had begun to suffer severely, the action having lasted several hours. The brave Bergmann had received a mortal wound, Paten had lost an arm, forty-four of the hussars had fallen. The British cavalry had lost equally in proportion, but such was their determination, that the French were unable, though they too fought chivalrously, to gain ground. At length an order arrived from Wellington for their retreat towards the main body; but this was a still more perilous exploit. Their march was to be six miles across a plain, in the face of a force of cavalry at least six times their own number. The infantry threw themselves into square, supported by Alten's cavalry and Arentschilds' guns. The French horse continued to gallop round the square, and fire on it with their artillery; but the British musketry still kept them at bay, until the whole division entered the intrenched position at Gumaldo. On this day the enemy were calculated to have lost a thousand men. Those brave men had the honour of a panegyric from Wellington. In a general order the observation of the army was drawn to their conduct, as "affording a memorable example of what can be effected by steadiness, discipline, and confidence. It is impossible," said the Duke, "that any troops can, at any time, be exposed to the attack of numbers relatively great-

er than those which attacked the troops under Major-General Colville and Major-General Alten on the 25th of September; and the Commander of the Forces recommends the conduct of these troops to the particular attention of the officers and soldiers of the army, as an example to be followed in all such circumstances."

The next exploit of the hussars was the brilliant affair of the surprise of Gerard and his army. Gerard had been ordered to levy contributions on the inhabitants of Caceres; Castanos, a Spanish General, applied for aid to Lord Hill, who immediately advanced. That the Frenchman should have been surprised is extraordinary, as he must have known that a British corps was advancing, as the Germans had driven in his cavalry but two days before the surprise. On the 27th of October, the Germans having discovered that the French were within a short league, General Hill halted for the night, and at two in the morning the whole moved forward to the attack. When within a mile of the village of Aroya, the whole force was formed into three columns, and advanced in silence. The French were wholly unprepared; the night was dark and stormy; no fires had been allowed in the British camp; and singular as this want of vigilance was, the enemy seemed to have forgotten that the British corps, whose cavalry had attacked them but a few days before, were in existence. It happened that while the troops were forming, a heavy storm of rain set in, which so completely concealed their approach, that their advance was actually in the village before the alarm was given. Early as it was, a part of the French corps had already marched out, but about 2500 infantry and 400 cavalry were still in the place. Nothing could offer a stronger instance of the value of striking the blow at the moment than the whole expedition. If Lord Hill had delayed the attack but ten minutes, the whole French force would probably have escaped, for the last column were actually moving out of the town on their road to Merida when the British appeared. The enemy broke, after the first dash of the British bayonet; the cavalry were first pursued; the Germans, under Major Bussche, with a squadron of the light dragoons in reserve, were instantly at their heels,

and, with a flooded ravine to cross, charged the French rear-guard. The rear-guard was broke, and the whole body was driven into a wild flight for nearly two miles. Some French squadrons now appeared, coming up to protect the fugitives; the squadron of the ninth now charged; the French were again driven in, and the whole body hurried off on the road to Merida. In this attack the cavalry took upwards of 200 prisoners, two guns, a howitzer, and a General of Brigade. In the mean-time, the British infantry had captured the French battalions almost to a man, including their General and all his staff. During one of the skirmishes that followed, a hussar, named Olvermann, seeing his officer, who was prominent in a charge, fighting in the midst of the French cavalry, and evidently in great personal danger, plunged into the *mêlée*, cut down two French dragoons who had attacked the officer together, and brought him off in safety. The hussar was deservedly rewarded by immediate promotion.

The commencement of the campaign in 1812 was one of the most brilliant that had hitherto distinguished the Peninsular army. In the depth of one of the severest winters, Wellington stormed Ciudad Rodrigo while Marmont was rapidly advancing to the relief of the place. This exploit was followed by the still more desperate assault of Badajos in the face of Soult. Thus in a little more than two months, in the most trying season of the year, in the face of two powerful French armies, commanded by two of the ablest Marshals in the service of Napoleon, two fortresses of the first rank had been captured at the point of the bayonet, and the French Marshals left with no other employment than to look on at the positions of an enemy, who, with less than half their force, baffled, anticipated, perplexed, and beat them wherever they came in contact with him.

The battle of Salamanca, fought in July of this year, established the character of the British as a "manœuvring army." Marmont, celebrated among his countrymen as one of the ablest tacticians of France, was completely out-manœuvred. After three days of movements, with a force before which Wellington was on the point of retreating, from a knowledge

of its numerical superiority, he was attacked in the midst of a manœuvre by which he proposed to "prevent the British from *escape*," saw his army pierced in the centre, and learned the qualities of the General opposed to him by the loss of no less than 26,000 men, of whom 7000 were prisoners.

The cavalry were now ordered to pursue the flying French. The German brigade of dragoons, under Major-General Von Bock, having Anson's light brigade in front, moved in full trot towards the village of Garcia Hernandez. About a league onward the French were found, with several battalions of infantry in square, artillery, and cavalry—a kind of rear-guard of Clausel's army. This was one of the most remarkable days in the annals of the Legion. As the French infantry and guns were hidden by the inequalities of the ground, Wellington ordered the Germans to charge their cavalry. The charge was first made by Anson's brigade, who drove in the left wing of the enemy's horse. The foremost squadrons of Bock's dragoons next charged the right wing, but, on advancing in pursuit, found themselves suddenly exposed to an infantry fire, by which they lost men and horses. The moment was critical. Von Decken, the officer commanding the following squadron, felt that if he advanced according to the order, his squadron must be exposed to the fire of a dense square. In this difficulty he took the daring resolution of charging the infantry at once.

As this square stood lowest on the slope of the hill, the Germans moved against it with order, though under a heavy fire of musketry. When within a hundred yards of the enemy, the fire unfortunately mortally wounded the brave Von Decken, killed his lieutenant, and struck down several others; but at this moment Von Gleichen, the captain of the next troop, galloping up, led the squadron, amid a shower of bullets, against two sides of the square. The French were four deep; the two front ranks kneeling, with fixed bayonets, the two rear ranks firing. But, while all was doubtful, a dragoon horse, which had received a bullet, fell with its rider on the bayonets. This singular accident decided the fate of the square. A space was opened in the kneeling ranks; the dragoons burst in, and the whole bat-

talion were cut down or taken prisoners. The officer commanding the second, seeing the result of this bold attempt, led his troopers against a square higher up on the slope. It poured a heavy fire upon him; but the charge equally succeeded, and the battalion was destroyed. The fugitives from these encounters next attempted to form a third square. This, too, was broken by a charge of the third squadron. The loss of the Germans in this gallant exploit was upwards of 100 killed and wounded; but the French lost in prisoners alone 1400 men, with the commander of the brigade.

This service attracted the admiration of the whole army. Wellington, who knew how to honour soldiership in the way suited to its feelings better than any man alive, showed his sense of this brilliant action, by immediately appointing a guard from the brigade to attend himself, granting them, besides, "two days rest on the field of battle," and finished these testimonies of high consideration by these words, in his official account of the great battle:—

"I have never witnessed a more gallant charge than was made upon the enemy's infantry by the heavy brigade of the King's German Legion, under Major-General Von Bock, which was completely successful, and the whole body of infantry, consisting of three battalions of the enemy's first division, were made prisoners."

Even this was not the close of their rewards; the services of the Legion had long attracted notice in England, and this occasion was justly taken of showing the national respect for those brave and remarkably well-conducted men. By an order from the War-Office, August 1812, it was notified that "the King's German Legion having so frequently distinguished themselves against the enemy, and particularly upon the occasion of the late victory obtained near Salamanca, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent is pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to command that the officers who are now serving with temporary rank in the several regiments of that corps, shall have permanent rank in the British army from the date of their respective commissions."

The pursuit of the French army was one continued skirmish on the road to

Madrid, the cavalry, of course, always in front, and taking prisoners. One day a curious event occurred, which excited general amusement. A hussar patrol, consisting of a corporal and five men, was seen coming back with two officers and twenty-three mounted prisoners. This event happened in the following way:—The prisoners belonged to a corps of Spanish chasseurs which had been formed by King Joseph, and put under the command of French officers. The party were in the village of Blasco Sancho. A private hussar, named Kastorff, was the principal performer on this occasion. After the patrol had captured four chasseurs who were posted as videttes outside the village, Kastorff went instantly to a house in which the rest of the detachment were stationed, directed two of his comrades to fire through the windows, entered the house alone, and, sword in hand, drove the whole detachment from room to room, until they could go no further, and surrendered. Twenty-nine horses were found in the stables, and the whole were brought safely to the headquarters of the brigade. The gallant private was mentioned in Wellington's despatch, and was made a corporal.

After the failure of the assault on Burgos, the only failure of the war, a result entirely owing to the deficiency of siege artillery, Wellington having but three eighteen-pounders and five howitzers, the army, pressed by the superior numbers of the French, moved to its rear from the Douro. The services of the cavalry now came again into requisition, and one of the most desperate cavalry fights of the war took place at the Venta Del Pozo. The French cavalry in the Peninsula were always remarkably numerous, generally highly trained, and the service suiting the alacrity and animation of the national character, and giving opportunities of personal distinction which are seldom to be found in the infantry, the *mêlées* were in general remarkably vivid. Perhaps in the annals of war no two armies ever exhibited two more daring encounters of cavalry. The British charge, wherever it could be made against any thing approaching to an equality of force, was always successful; instant, headlong, and desperate, its dash was irresistible. The German cavalry, brave

by nature and admirably disciplined, was always ready, always in order, and equally capital in the charge, and in the retreat. The French cavalry, unquestionably brave, compensated for its deficiencies in other points by its vast superiority in numbers, the quickness with which it rallied, and the chivalrous gallantry of its officers. In those combats, the officers of the highest rank mingled like the common men, and instances of skill and bravery that might have figured in history were matters of daily occurrence.

In the action of the Venta, Wellington, moving his principal force towards a line seven leagues in the rear, ordered the brigades of Anson and Halkett to remain in front until they should be driven in by the enemy. Halkett placed his light infantry brigade behind a brook, on whose bushy banks a part of his battalion were concealed. Anson's cavalry were in the front. At nine in the morning the French advanced, and the cavalry on both sides became engaged. The German battalion in ambuscade now threw in a heavy fire, and the French instantly retreated, halting at a short distance. As they advanced again, with their numbers reinforced, and threatening to surround the British position, the British and Germans were ordered to draw back about half a league. Here the light battalions occupied a height, while the cavalry halted in the plain. The French, now having the open country before them, moved on in great force, threatening to turn their left. Wellington, who was now with the rear-guard, instantly ordered the infantry to form squares, and move to a pass four miles off to secure the retreat of the cavalry. Anson now gallantly advanced, and by a succession of charges, kept off the French until the infantry had come in sight of the pass, where they found Von Bock's heavy brigade formed in line and waiting to protect them. By some mistake the heavy brigade had not received orders to charge until the French had crossed the bridge, over a canal in their front, in too great numbers to be effectually opposed. The Germans then charged, broke through the first line of the French, but were eventually obliged to retire, from the superior force of the enemy. The infantry were now to bear the brunt of the attack; the light battalions had

continued their retreat, marching in columns ready to form square. The French, rushing after the cavalry, charged the first battalion, which threw itself into square, and gallantly repelled the charge. The French subsequently charged the two battalions in succession, but before reaching the bayonet, received so murderous a fire in the squares, that they fell back, marking their way by the fall of men and horses. The contest was now evidently hopeless on the part of the enemy, but gathering in masses on the rear and right of the squares, they seemed for awhile preparing to try their fortune again; the battalions suddenly opened a fire from their rear ranks, so heavy that the French moved off without delay, and though they continued to follow the retreat, no further charges were made. The troops now moved on for two hours, at the end of which, having a halt to refresh, Colonel Halkett communicated to the battalions Lord Wellington's "thanks for the gallant manner in which they had covered the retreat of the cavalry," and the whole reached the position of the army at Torquemada at two in the morning! The loss in this active day fell chiefly on the cavalry; yet to those who calculate the peril of such encounters, from the means of destruction which they exhibit, the pistol, carbine, and sabre perpetually at work in the hands of bold and dexterous men, it must be surprising to see how small was the actual loss, at least on the side of the allies; the Germans, though they were for a while mingled with the French squadrons, having but two officers and eleven privates killed, and thirty-six wounded; but in the *mêlée* they lost thirty-nine, taken prisoners. The loss of the French, of course, could not be exactly known, as they have no gazettes, and they make a point of keeping silence on such subjects. But General Caffarelli's despatch describes the combat as one "of remarkable fierceness," and as an instance, states that the colonel and six officers of the legion of *gendarmes* had been wounded, that the lancers of Berg had many officers wounded, and that in the 15th régiment of *chasseurs* the colonel and all the officers except two had received sabre-cuts or contusions.

In the retreat towards Rodrigo, on the 15th of November, Victor Alten's

cavalry forming the rear-guard, consisting of but six squadrons, the French came on with their old superiority of number, and attacked him with fourteen squadrons. An instance of intrepidity and intelligence of one of the hussars which occurred here, deserves to be recorded. Colonel Waters, well known as one of the most distinguished officers of the British staff, lying sick in a village through which the rear squadron of hussars passed on the retreat, Captain Aly, commanding the squadron, well aware of the loss which the army would sustain by the Colonel's capture, sent a brave soldier, named Etherott, to try to bring him off; the squadron passed on, while the hussar, going to the Colonel's quarters, took him out of his bed, dressed him, got his horse ready, and leading him from the village, made an attempt to join the squadron; but the French had already intercepted their march, and no resource remained but that of making a long detour. The Colonel's illness prevented his riding fast, and by the time they reached a village where the hussar expected to find a ford, the French were already at their heels. No ford could be found, and they were obliged to swim their horses over the stream. The enemy were now every where round them, and the Colonel, much exhausted by his fatigue, was unable to go further, and was obliged to be hidden for an entire day, during which the hussar watched him. At length this anxious journey was recommenced; but it was not till after several days' travel, and crossing several rivers, during which time they were in perpetual hazard of falling into the hands of the French patrols, that the brave hussar brought his charge in safety to headquarters.

The war was now verging to its close. Wellington's matchless defence of Portugal had first opened the eyes of Europe. The defeat of a veteran French army of 90,000 men! under one of the most renowned generals of France, Massena, in the field of Busaco; his being baffled in the march, and his final repulse from the position of the British army at Torres Vedras, proved that the enemy had still to learn lessons in war, and that the master who was to teach them those lessons was come at last. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow broke down, by the hand of Providence, a force whose immense

superiority in numbers to those of any other Continental power might have long resisted the intrepidity of man. Yet the loss of the Russian campaigns for the time actually increased the difficulties of the British General. The Peninsula, from a secondary object, had become a primary with Napoleon; the most determined orders were given to defend the French possessions to the last. Joseph, the "intrusive king," was at the head of 120,000 men!

At the end of April 1813, Wellington commenced his march from Portugal, perhaps the most extraordinary movement in the annals of modern Europe. Carrying the Allied army in six weeks from the Esla to the Ebro; moving through districts where none but muleteers had ever thought of passing before; and capturing every position on the way, until he arrived in front of the French grand army. Then, June 21, attacking it in position at Vittoria; breaking it in centre and wings, killing and taking 6000 men, capturing all its cannon (150 pieces of brass ordnance), four hundred caissons, its ammunition, baggage, and treasure; and among other spoils, the *baton* of Marshal Jourdan. This was the true crowning battle of the great war. There were subsequent encounters in the Pyrenees and on the soil of France, but Vittoria was the mortal blow.

As Vittoria had virtually completed the Spanish war, Waterloo was to put the close to the war of Europe. It is to the imperishable honour of our country that this high consummation, in both its branches, was thus given into the hands of England; and to the imperishable honour of Wellington that he was the man to fight both battles, and after destroying the French throne in the Peninsula, was to destroy the French empire over the world. The whole force under Wellington in the Netherlands amounted only to 33,000 British, chiefly young second battalions, with 7000 of the German Legion, the rest formed of Brunswick, Nassau, and Belgian contingents; in all 75,000 men, of which 12,700 were cavalry, with 116 guns. On the other hand, Napoleon took the field with 127,000 veterans, all French, and 350 guns; with those, however, he was to face the Prussian army as well as the British. But he had, in compensation, the immense advanta-

ges of having to fight on his own frontier, to make his attack when and where he pleased, and to attack two armies kept asunder by the necessity of watching his movements on an extended front. This necessity diminished even the numbers of the British army, for, by the reduction of a corps posted under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands to cover Brussels, Wellington's force in the field was reduced to 55,000 men. Napoleon's at Waterloo unquestionably exceeded 74,000. The details of this gigantic encounter given by the German allies are remarkably animated and interesting, peculiarly with respect to the attack on the centre where the German Legion was chiefly stationed. But we must hasten to a conclusion. Acts of individual enterprise were numerous, and the desperate gallantry with which Baring's German rifles fought in defence of La Haye Sainte equals any effort of perseverance and valour in the whole campaign. But we must find room for the capture of General Cambronne. This was the officer who uttered the well-known gasconade, on the call to the French Guard to lay down their arms—"The Guard can die, but cannot surrender." The speaker, on this occasion, however, found it more convenient to adopt the latter course, and was content to be taken.

Colonel Halkett's brigade, the greater part of whom had never seen an enemy before, had become suddenly exposed, in the last French attack of the day, to a heavy fire from General Cambronne's brigade of the Guard. Halkett pushed forward his skirmishers to meet the enemy's advance; the Frenchman's horse was shot under him, and Halkett, seeing him in front cheering on his men, thought this was a good time for setting an example to his young soldiers, and dashing forward alone towards the French General, threatened to cut him down. Cambronne dropt his sword, and surrendered himself to the Colonel, who proceeded with his prize to the British lines. Halkett's horse now received a ball and fell, and on disengaging himself from the animal, the Colonel saw, to his astonishment, the Frenchman coolly walking back to his own corps! By great exertions,

however, the Colonel brought the horse again on his legs, overtook his prisoner, and thrusting his hand into the General's *aiguillette*, carried him back again at a canter to the lines. The battle was now a flight; the Prussians had come up; all was a wild confusion. The high-roads, strewed with innumerable arms, guns, waggons, and fragments of every description, had the look of an immense shipwreck. The moon shone bright; and the Prussian horsemen, infuriated by the recollections of French tyranny in their own country, fell upon the flying enemy with remorseless slaughter. This dreadful chase continued through the whole night,—wild, unceasing, and bloody. There is no European instance of so vast an army so utterly destroyed in a single day's battle. Out of 70,000 Frenchmen, nearly 25,000 were killed or taken. The slaughter on the side of the Allies was heavy; their killed and wounded amounted to 600 officers and 15,000 men. The Legion alone had in killed and wounded 129 officers and 1300 men. On the night of the 20th Napoleon reached Paris to be undone. On the 7th of July the Allies took military possession of Paris, and, on the following day, Louis XVIII. entered his capital.

The period for which the German Legion had engaged their services was now complete, and the whole corps was finally disbanded in 1816. The officers received half-pay from the time of their reduction. Many of them were appointed to important employments in the British service as engineers; some obtained high distinctions in the Hanoverian service, and the gratitude and respect of Great Britain and Germany attended them all. They had the memorable and enviable honour of having resisted an enemy who had subjugated the Continent, and of having shared in the triumphs of an army and a General whose achievements will go down to the latest posterity. No distinction more honourable can ever be obtained by a soldier than that he fought against Napoleon for the honour of his country, and that he fought under Wellington for the freedom of the world.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE, AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE contention which has now for several months been maintained between the Archbishop of Cologne and the King of Prussia merits a great deal more serious attention than it has hitherto met with from the public. Almost every where this strife between the civil and ecclesiastical power has been regarded as a matter of local rather than of general interest; or, as the questions it involves have reference to wider religious controversies, with which the world is wearied, people have turned away in disgust from the topic. It has nevertheless a very deep importance. Even the new exhibition it affords of the character of the Church of Rome is, at this particular crisis, especially for us, full of instruction; but the rising spirit of opposition therein manifested to that church in Germany, springing out of its own bosom, and diverse from any which has been heretofore witnessed, forms the most striking feature of the whole subject. Before, however, we enter into its details, it may be well to make a few prefatory observations.

We do not anticipate any effective re-ascendency to the Poppedom, neither do we consider it as a power totally *effete*. Its authority, we feel perfectly convinced, and its very name and nature must be eventually demolished and erased from existence, by means of the anti-religious leaven which is at present infused into the instruction which the multitude of all nations is receiving. A foe, in fact, much direr than Protestantism is growing up against the Romish Church, who will utterly destroy her. Meantime, however, she retains somewhat of her pristine vitality, and appears to have a short period of revival before her previous to her final extinction. Actually about the one half of Christendom still adheres to the Papacy, and will continue to do so till some new popular doctrines, adverse to that apostasy, take the field against it. The triumphs of the Reformation, on a wide scale, in Catholic countries are finished. A creed which has not the attraction of novelty will never move masses, though it may commend itself to the conscience of select individuals.

There seems, then, as we have said,

to be an interval of time in prospect, in which Popery may again lift up its head. A very sensible re-action in its favour has already taken place, and a new line of policy has been adopted by its most zealous adherents, in order to identify Catholicism with popular passions, which may for a season prop it speciously up. We find Papist writers in France insisting that Romanism has ever been more promotive of civil liberty and social progress than the Reformed faith. Chateaubriand and Capefigue are among these writers, and their eloquent paradoxes fail not to produce the desired effect. The Abbe de La Mennais, being moved by the same spirit, wished to go further, and strove to gain the approbation of the Pope to his ultra-liberal rhapsodies, but he acted with a precipitate impetuosity, and was checked. The situation of O'Connell being different, that demagogue has been cheered on to mingle the doctrines of his church with the most violent democratic principles. Cobbett also, the English Radical *par excellence*, has lauded the past sacerdotal dominion of Rome over his country; and Lord Mulgrave asks with Pontius Pilate—*What is truth?* whilst large bodies of so called philosophic and Protestant men are fairly represented by these two individuals.

This last consideration shows that the old antagonists of Popery no longer stand out against her. Infidelity has long since subsided into an indifference to all creeds, and Protestantism is on the verge of falling into the same species of neutrality. The high ground of religious conviction which Protestants stood on at the Reformation has been all but abandoned. The question now popularly raised every where is, not concerning the *truth* of any religion, but concerning its social and political tendencies. One would think, nevertheless, that even this view of the matter would give a decided advantage to Protestantism; yet, in the prospects of the ascending democracy, it has not this effect. Protestantism, inasmuch as it is unadulterated, abjures these prospects, and is a source of continual frustration to the designs of demagogues and their tools; whereas Po-

pery, from the very contempt in the estimation of reason into which it has fallen, seems incapable of throwing any impediment in their way ; and by fairly conforming itself to the spirit of the age, which it has already partially done, it might again be borne aloft gloriously by a triumphant rabble ; at least we feel convinced that, in Roman Catholic and infidel countries, this might happen, and more especially in France, where the Church of Rome has nothing to do but to take a decided part with liberals and revolutionists, to be hailed with universal acclamation, which would not, however, have a very long endurance.

But whether that church will ever boldly play out this final desperate card we will not venture to conjecture. Mean-time it is certain that the banner of liberality, which her ablest champions so often at present advance, does her great service ; her chief strength, notwithstanding, lies in the lukewarmness of her natural adversaries to their own professed creeds and opinions ; once admit, either tacitly or avowedly, the one or the other of which lukewarmness always does—that truth is not to be found in any specific form of Christianity more than in any other form, and Popery will have a charm above them all—a charm not potent enough to make converts, but quite sufficient to attract much kindness ; and this is what is actually happening. Widely does Romanism meet with a returning sympathy, so much so, that those very Papal pretensions which our forefathers put down with a strong arm, and against which Protestants and also infidels directed all the artillery of weighty argument, and all the shafts of bitter wit, are now generally held to be extremely harmless ; and, even when they are put forth into action, they meet with a blame so gentle that it amounts to a passive encouragement.

We have already hinted that there is a considerable degree of contempt mixed with the favour which Catholicism actually enjoys ; we have no doubt there is. It may yet, for all that, produce a revived consideration to the Romish Church, which, springing out of relaxed religious convictions, must in its turn again fatally complete this demoralized state of mind. In this lies the great danger to be apprehended, for no one can for a moment ima-

gine that Popery will ever resume in real strength its former ascendancy.

In fact, one may without any extraordinary perspicacity perceive that there is a new species of philosophy striking root every where, which will eventually, when it comes to full growth, confound creeds of every description together, and without rejecting any of them, nullify and strangle them all.

Many things indicate this. Infidelity, inasmuch as it consists in a denial of the truth of Christianity, is extinct. The high tide of Protestantism, considered as a national profession, is, in all its churches, about to ebb. The actual plethora of activity and fullness of humours, political as well as spiritual, with which the reformed faith is swollen up, intimates its approaching decline. It is, indeed, getting commixed, as the weaker element, with alien seed ; whereas formerly, with whatever extravagances it might be accompanied, it leavened and was not *leavened by*—which is at present the case—the philosophic theories and opinions which have prevailed till lately since the Reformation. In brief, the public—we refer not to select individuals, however numerous—is already wellnigh glutted and sickened with Protestant principles, especially since they have extensively assumed an evangelical expression. Of the Papacy it is unnecessary to say more than we have already said ; the reflux good-will which that corruption of Christianity is daily acquiring, is merely a stepping back in order to spring forward, according to the French proverb, “ *reculer pour mieux sauter.* ” A passion for progress is the paramount characteristic of the age, and no progress will seem to be made till the master influences of past times, which yet in any measure retain their hold on the popular mind, are left behind. What, however, the spirit that is at work may bring forth one cannot distinctly conjecture ; but that the doctrines which are hatching will not be simply infidel, in the common sense of the word, and will neither, as we have said, respect nor abjure revelation, but in delusive semblance overtop and stretch far beyond it, may, we think, be clearly foreseen. Jeremy Bentham's greatest-happiness-utilitarian system, coeval with railroads and steam-engines, and all three

having the same tendency to democratize and materialize society, may perhaps foretoken, under one of its aspects, the revolution that is to be expected. It behoves, therefore, Christians well to consider whether there is not a new enemy rising up against their faith diverse from any that has yet appeared. They should look out and remark the signs of the time, and confront rather those future evils that may be prognosticated, than waste their strength upon the carion controversies of bygone periods, or the comparatively petty squabbles and divisions, and wanton fancies, and ingenious trivialities, which at present engross so lamentably the attention of reformed religionists. Or, if old questions be revived and debated afresh, they should at least have a prospective character; for if Protestantism cannot anticipate the future, but keeps continually looking back to the sixteenth century, the future will come upon her unprepared, and trample her to death. And it is chiefly because we discern in the Cologne contention symptoms of the coming changes we allude to, that we deem it good to dwell somewhat at length on its details. At the same time we confess that the lessons to be derived from all the circumstances of this strife between a Protestant government and a Popish prelate, which admit of immediate application, are also highly important.

The Archbishop of Cologne has chosen to attribute his expulsion from his see solely to his conduct respecting the question of mixed marriages. We shall, therefore, examine this question first.

Ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century mixed marriages have taken place in Germany, not merely frequently and exceptionally, but customarily, and without having met with any impediment from the Romish ecclesiastical authorities. An old decree of the Council of Trent forbade, it is true, these alliances, except on the condition that the children of such marriages should be educated in the Catholic faith; but this decree had, by the prevalence of the contrary practice, extending through centuries, lost its force. The Popish bishops had almost invariably, up to the present time, sanctioned these marriages without having any express authority so to do. Thus a law of

custom, founded on a prime social necessity, and superior to all other laws, had silently grown up; and it would have been neither needful nor expedient to have had recourse to Rome in this matter at all, if in Westphalia, and the provinces of the Rhine, countries formerly exclusively Catholic, but having each now a considerable Protestant population, disputes had not been fomented by the priests, who saw their power waning, as to whether intermarriages between the members of the Catholic and the Reformed Churches should not be preceded by the engagement insisted on by the Council of Trent. In order, therefore, to remove the difficulty thus raised, an application was made to the Pope, that he should issue a formal dispensation to Catholics from the observance of this obsolete ecclesiastical law; and the object of this application was, it was thought, accomplished, though not in a manner perfectly satisfactory, by a papal brief, dated March 25th, 1830.

This brief is very obscurely worded, no doubt intentionally so. It describes the heavy sin that Catholics commit in contracting marriages with Protestants. It calls such marriages, when unconditional with respect to the religious education of children, illicit, though valid and legal. It leaves to priests a discretionary power to bless such marriages or not, as they may think fit. But, throughout the whole document, there is no mention of any engagement (*sponsie*) to be entered into by Catholics with reference to the point in dispute, whilst the spiritual influence which the priesthood are on such occasions to exert, and the disposition of mind of Papists, especially females, about to form a matrimonial alliance with heretics, are dwelt upon at length, under the head of moral assurances (*cautiones*), which are ever, according to the brief, to be scrupulously required. Lest, however, these moral assurances should be strained too far, the Papal injunctions conclude by exhorting the Romish bishops and clergy of Prussia to take especial care that they bring, by their conduct in this delicate matter, no odium on their church.

Two days after the emission of this brief, a pastoral letter of instructions on the same subject was addressed by his Holiness to the Archbishop of Co-

logne and the Bishops of Munster, Paderborne, and Treves, in which it is expressly declared, that mixed marriages, "*which shall be in future celebrated without the formalities prescribed by the Council of Trent, shall be considered as valid and true marriages*" (*proratis ac veris connubiis habeantur*).

Now the question arises, How are these documents, of which we have given the substance, to be understood? If they have any honest meaning at all, they certainly dispense with the engagement we have referred to demanded by the Council of Trent. It was for this dispensation exclusively that the Prussian Government made application to Rome, and it was to meet the wishes of that Government that the brief, with its accompanying instructions, was issued. The formal declaration, that mixed marriages shall be deemed true and valid *without the formalities* prescribed by the Council of Trent, appears virtually to yield all that was required. This declaration has undoubtedly reference to the ante-connubial engagement which was the only question in debate. But then the power given to the priests in the Papal instruments we have cited to withhold their benediction and the rites of their church from the espousals of Catholics with Protestants, nullifies the concession which seems to be accorded. For if we abstract the religious benediction, and the nuptial ceremony at the altar, from the signification of these instruments, they will be found to signify nothing, to cede nothing; as even by the canon of Trent, to which allusion has been made, Romish ecclesiastics were obliged to register and to recognise the legal validity of mixed marriages; and nothing more than this has been granted by the Pope, in answer to the demand of the King of Prussia, if the sanction of their church be now denied to Romanists on their nuptials with members of the reformed communion. We will not say, however, that the Pope would not have acted uprightly and consistently with the principles he is bound to uphold in decidedly rejecting the proposition of the Prussian Government on this point; but to make a show of yielding to it, as he has done, reserving, at the same time, to himself and to Popish prelates the means of evading the apparent sense of his own decrees and injunctions,

is a proceeding which must be stigmatized by every fair mind as an act of consummate arch-priestly juggling.

The Prussian Government conceived, nevertheless, that the Papal brief was issued in good faith, and with a sincere purport to fulfil the object for which it was expressly solicited and granted. Perceiving, however, that its intent might be evaded, should a subdulous construction be put upon certain clauses which it contained, a new application was made to his Romish Holiness, that the end in view might be more clearly and explicitly declared, and freed from all liability to misinterpretation. This application was ineffectual. In order, therefore, to carry the brief into execution as it stood, it was necessary to disentangle its meaning from those double significations which malevolent and disaffected priests might take advantage of to frustrate the purpose which it professedly bore. And with this aim the late Archbishop of Cologne, Count de Spiegel, and the Privy Counsellor Bunsen, resident Prussian Minister at the Papal Court, met, and drew up a series of explanatory articles on the subject, which were known by the name of the "*Convention*," and which was acceded to, and subscribed by the Bishops of Munster, Paderborn, and Treves, as setting forth the sense in which the brief was to be received and applied. We are not here called upon to justify, by any far-fetched arguments, this measure; it is sufficient to say that the equivocations of the brief rendered it absolutely necessary.

Of the convention the following are the principal clauses:—"1st, The canons of the Church cannot, according to general custom, be abolished, and ought not to be violated; but accompanying these canons are dispensations, tolerance, and indulgences, which admit of a mitigation of discipline, so that it is allowable to apply them *in a sense which will be accordant to the royal decree published in 1825*. 2d. In the spirit of these principles, every passage of the brief should be explained in its most moderate signification; in fact, the Bishops may allow all which is not therein expressly and specifically forbidden. 3d. No promise shall be demanded as to the instruction of children either in the religion of the husband or of

the wife. And 4th. "The cases in which the mere passive attendance of priests takes place"—that is, when the rites of the church are withheld, "should be as much restricted as possible."

We have now laid before our readers the substantial sense of the three documents on which the head of controversy now under our consideration rests, and we will leave them to judge whether, in the face of these documents, the deposed Archbishop of Cologne can be justified in declaring, as he has done, and acting up to his declaration, "that he finds the permission contained in the convention to celebrate mixed marriages, without a previous promise respecting the Catholic education of children, in open contradiction with the brief; and that he has therefore instructed priests never to sanction such marriages, when a promise to the effect specified is not given."

We have already, we believe, shown that the Papal brief and pastoral letter in question will not fairly bear the interpretation put upon them in the above declaration, by the first Popish prelate of Prussia; but as those papers, though bearing a solemn official character, appear from what has happened to have had a reserved meaning, destined to defeat their professed object, the Archbishop may be perfectly right, as a Catholic, in insisting that this reserved meaning expresses the real sense and purpose of his Holiness in the matter in dispute. So far he may, therefore, be acquitted; but the shame and dishonour which he thus escapes as an individual falls with manifold weight upon this Church, which can so treacherously prevaricate, and with long premeditation play a double game on an occasion of such deep importance to the peace and to the moral welfare of a whole nation.

From the obligations, however, imposed upon this prelate by the convention, it is not so easy for him to free himself. In order to do so, he has denied all personal knowledge of this document; whilst M. Von Altenstein states, in the face of this denial, that, previous to his election, the Archbishop declared *in writing*, "that he would be careful to maintain the convention made and executed in the four bishoprics of Cologne, Pader-

borne, Munster, and Treves, in conformity with the brief of Pope Pius VIII., and that he would act upon it in the spirit of charity and peace." It is known, also, that this acceptance of the convention was the condition on which the election of the Archbishop was confirmed by the civil authority of Prussia. And, therefore, if he did not read and examine, with the utmost carefulness, a document on which his preferment to the Archbishopric of Cologne depended, which he might and should have insisted on doing, he cannot now plead his own culpable negligence as a justification of his breach of faith. His written adherence to the convention remains a most unequivocal witness against him; and if, subsequently, any scruples arose in his mind about the fulfilment of the engagements he thereby stood pledged to, these scruples could in no measure justify his violation of those engagements. The only path of honour open to him, in that case, was the resignation of his high office; but this step, though it has been suggested to him frequently when he has pleaded his scruples, he has ever refused to take. In fact, we believe that it has been with a deep premeditated design that the Archbishop has invariably declined making himself acquainted with the articles of the convention. He foresaw, from the beginning, that if he could assert that he had not *read* those articles previous to his installation, he should have a sort of shuffling plea to exempt himself from their observance. It is incredible, except under this supposition, that he should have omitted carefully to study the *conditions* on which he was promoted to the highest popish dignity within the Prussian realm. He could not, either, lightly conclude that the convention was to every judgment drawn up in strict unison with the Papal brief, as he most assuredly was not ignorant of the fact that the late Bishop of Treves had, on his deathbed, repented of having subscribed to that instrument, and had denounced it as pregnant with danger to the Catholic Church. This circumstance must at least have roused his attention, and, had he been honestly disposed, his anxiety, scrupulously to examine a document so described, before he gave to it—as he now pretends blindly, but, as is evident, with his eyes wide

open—his written assent. All these particulars make it strikingly manifest that the Archbishop has been, throughout this whole transaction, actuated by a spirit of consummate duplicity.

It remains yet to be stated that there is a law in force in Prussia, since the year 1825, to which allusion is made in the convention, which provides that no formal engagement, as a necessary preliminary, shall be entered into with respect to the religion in which children are to be educated on the intermarriage of Catholics with Protestants. It was to bring about an agreement between this law, and certain decrees of the Church of Rome that stood out against it, that the negotiation with the Pope, of which we have spoken, took place, with what result we have seen. That the law itself is a just and a wholesome one, regarded in its civil scope and purpose, no one will dispute; and we thus see that an enactment *positively good*, with reference to society, is viewed as *positively evil* with reference to religious creeds. For leaving out the accessory details of the case before us, a Protestant minister might, equally with a Catholic priest, refuse to give the sanction of his Church to matrimonial alliances, of which, on theological grounds, he disapproved; and the reason of this diversity of judgment between civil law and religion is, that they have each a different sphere of action. The law is quite right in leaving marriage perfectly free to all indiscriminately, and in removing all impediments and constraints from out its way; and religion may be also quite right, keeping within her own limits, in withholding her approval from certain descriptions of marriages, for in this denial of approbation there is no physical or legal force; there is only a moral influence exerted, which belongs legitimately and emphatically to religion. We should not, therefore, we repeat, have blamed either the Pope or the Archbishop of Cologne, had they declined plainly and positively to reduce an ecclesiastical canon to conformity and subjection to a civil edict. They had unquestionably the right to deny their concurrence, as religionists, to such a measure. But what we do blame and abhor in their conduct is, that throughout this whole

business they have paltered, they have dodged about, they have played fast and loose; they have seemingly professed to comply with the wishes of the Prussian Government, whilst they have kept subtrefuges in reserve, into which to retreat from their equivocal acts and engagements. Neither do we blame the legislature of Prussia for having endeavoured to gain the support of religion to a law, which, having a religious as well as a civil aspect, could not be carried thoroughly into effect without that support. But we think the Prussian executive power wrong in having insisted on this support, no matter with what formalities it was pledged, when conscience was pleaded against it.

We have, our readers will see, expressly included marriage in the operation of the acknowledged principle we have laid down, viz., that the legal and religious authority may judge differently, and yet both rightly, on the same subject. We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that this principle has been *misapplied* in the instance before us; but because if so, its misapplication, in the same sense, in similar cases, is almost universal, and is not recognised as such, censure cannot of course be attached to it, and we will not dogmatically set up our particular opinion against a general judgment. We will venture, however, to explain in what we conceive the mistake we allude to consists.

Marriage being justly considered a religious contract, it is regarded, by virtue of its reference to some creed—if we may use a strange but apt expression—as a *theological action*, bearing testimony to the truth of certain doctrines, and abjuring others as erroneous. A priest, therefore, when he is called upon to hallow with the rites of his church this solemn contract, fixes not his attention upon the act which he is requested to perform, but upon the religious tenets of the parties concerned in it; and if these tenets appear to him to be either on the one side or on the other dangerous and damnable, he must of course, as a conscientious man, refuse to them the Ecclesiastical sanction. The subject before him for consideration are the professed opinions of the persons desirous of being married on matters of faith; and herein lies the mistake in the common judgment on this to-

pic, which we think we have discovered.

Would it not, we ask, be scriptural, Christian, and reasonable to regard marriage as a religious act, irrespective of creeds of all kinds? It is in itself a good and virtuous proceeding, sanctioned and commanded by revelation, reason, and law; and even when performed by Pagans, Mahometans, and infidels, it does not lose its sacred character. What scruple, then, when the subject is presented in this light, could any Christian minister, of any denomination, have to sanctify, by his benediction, and by the solemnities of his church, an action which *per se* has the highest warrant, no matter what may be the belief of the persons engaged in it? Or what necessity is there that he should complicate this action with circumstances and considerations from which it may be fairly separated?

We would dwell somewhat more at length, had we space, on this point, for we deem it most important. It is evident, that if marriage under its religious aspect be not viewed as we view it, a necessity will arise, indeed has arisen, in many countries, and which assuredly is strongly felt at this moment in Prussia, of desecrating the most righteous and the holiest event of human life, by declaring wedlock to be a mere civil engagement, to the infinite detriment of morals, and to the *bastardization*, one may almost say, of society.

We have now arrived at the second question in dispute between the Prussian Government and the Archbishop of Cologne. The Archbishop has deemed it his duty to oppose certain doctrines, or rather a certain system of theological study, pursued for many years at the University of Bonn; and the violent and arbitrary measures by which he has endeavoured to suppress this obnoxious system have provoked the resentment of the Cabinet of Berlin, and are a principal cause of his expulsion from his See. Before, however, we examine the conduct, on this occasion, of the prelate, it will be well to dwell a while on a much more interesting matter, viz., the plan of religious instruction and enquiry which he has pronounced so dangerous to the Catholic Church. This plan of enquiry,—for doctrine it can hardly be called,—goes under the name of *Her-*

mésianism, from Professor Hermes, its author, who has acquired through the archbishop a posthumous fame, and a wide currency to his opinions, which he probably little anticipated during his life. Of him, therefore, we must first speak.

George Hermes was born in 1775. From 1807 to 1820 he was dogmatic Professor of Theology in the academy of Munster, in Westphalia. He was afterwards appointed, under the same title, to the new University of Bonn, where he remained till his death, which happened in 1831.

During the youth of Hermes, Catholicism was exposed to very dangerous influences in Germany. In philosophy, the doctrines of Kant and Tiehte, and in the reformed churches Rationalism prevailed. Reason, shuffling off all its old skins, went out on its voyage of discovery, and essential, original, universal truth was, it was pretended, to be attained to by metaphysics. So moved were all the depths of intellect in that country, that even Popery felt disturbance. In the subterranean recesses of the Catholic Church, the faith of her adherents was shaken. Her doctrines, as well as those of the Lutheran confession, were attacked at once by historical and philosophical criticism, and her old scholastic arguments were found to be insufficient for her defence.

Hermes perceived this clearly, and felt it strongly. He was warmly attached to the Romish Church, of which he invariably speaks in his works with devotion and enthusiasm. But though a Catholic, he was a thinker; and he deemed it a noble task to undertake to reconcile Catholicism with reason, and to prove its truth by a demonstration rigorously philosophic.

This enterprise was certainly new with respect to Catholicism, though it is a very old one, and has been very satisfactorily accomplished with respect to Christianity. The method adopted by Hermes to attain his object was as follows: He commenced by what theologians call *positive doubt*, not merely a suspension of judgment, which is called *negative doubt*, but by a resolution to consider the whole world of intellect a *blank*. He doubted systematically not only of the truth of Popery, but of all truth, of the existence of God, of the existence of the world, and

even of the possibility of arriving at convictions on any subject. Thought, then, according to his system, was to conquer doubt, to establish some first principle, from whence another might be deduced, and so on, till by a logical train of reasoning, first religious truth, then the truth of Christianity, and, lastly, the truth of Catholicism should be demonstrated; and having reached this climax, the learned Theban laid down this dogma: viz. Either truth is not to be found at all, or it exists in the Church of Rome.

Hermes laboured hard in the abyss of absurdities we have described for twenty years of his life. In 1805 he published a pamphlet, called "*Enquiries into the internal truth of Christianity*," which contained the germ of his system, and which he afterwards fully developed in a larger work, entitled "*a Philosophical Introduction to Christian Catholic Theology*," the sole object of which was to demonstrate, that certain general principles of universal and absolute truth lead inevitably to Catholicism; or, in other words, that it is impossible to be an honest thinker without being a Christian, or a Christian without being a Catholic. One would imagine that this result, however attained, would have been satisfactory to the Church of Rome. But it has not proved so. In the exercise of reason itself on Ecclesiastical subjects, no matter what direction it might take, rebellion was foreseen against an authority which rests fundamentally upon an abjuration of reason; and the Pope, in consequence of this its manifest tendency, fulminated a condemnation against the Hermesian system. Hence arose protests from those who professed an implicit obedience to the Holy See, whose supreme authority and infallibility they had, as they conceived, just proved by irrefragable arguments; and hence the Archbishop of Cologne was undoubtedly justified in insisting, that the works of Hermes should not be admitted into the Theological University of Bonn.

So far the Prussian Government made common cause with the Archbishop. Injunctions were issued from Berlin, that the publications of Hermes should be no longer used as text-books, or in any other sense, by the professors of the Bonn University in their classes. More than this that Govern-

ment could not do. It could not, without exerting a tyrannical power, expel all those professors from their posts who were attached to the doctrines of Hermes; and further, this arbitrary act, supposing it to have been advisable, could not have been carried into execution, except at the risk, and almost the certainty of occasioning a rebellion in, or of depopulating, the college. The measure, however, which the civil authority of Prussia did take, the only one within its competence, to satisfy the prelate, had no success. He seems, indeed, to have been resolved either totally to remodel the establishment at Bonn, or to ruin it. He refused to hold any intercourse with those professors who had been the friends of Hermes, or who abjured not the system of that doctor as heretical and damnable. He denied them even official interviews; and rejected the proposal to appoint superintendents over the lectures of the said professors, that the accusations against them might, if true, be proved, in which case they might be legally deprived of their functions. The Archbishop would not be appeased. He had resolved to rule with a high hand; and to listen to no terms of accommodation, and to make and to receive no concessions. The proof of this is that he flagrantly transgressed the limits of his authority, and, contrary to all precedent, and in violation of the prescribed rules of the University, forbade the students of theology to attend the academic courses, lest they should be infected with the Hermesian errors, knowing, at the same time, that by neglecting this instruction, they were disqualified by a Prussian law from entering into holy orders. In consequence of this mandate, many pupils left the college. Out of seventy young men destined to the priestly vocation, sixty took this step. The priests also received orders from the haughty and wilful prelate to give absolution to none who attended the lectures of the obnoxious professors; and from all these proceedings there resulted the most complete disorganization of one of the noblest public institutions of all Germany.

In fact, it is quite evident that the design of the Archbishop was to force the contention, on this point, to extremities, that he might, as he doubtless vainly imagined, triumph over the

University and the Cabinet of Berlin, and so establish a Popish dominion in Prussia independent of the state, of which he himself and his successors would be the chiefs, acknowledging no superior but the Pope. That this was really his purpose is proved by the eighteen articles he published on church matters, which constitutes the third charge against him.

The bare publication of these articles, the sanction of the civil authority not having been obtained, was, in itself, an illegal act. But besides this, their professed object was to set at nought several of the fundamental laws of Prussia, and to set up in their stead laws of the Archbishop's own fabrication. In order to show this it is necessary to recite a Prussian ordinance, which runs as follows:—

"1st, No bishop has a right, without the permission of the civil power, to issue new regulations with respect to ecclesiastical affairs, or to receive such from his foreign spiritual superiors. 2d, All papal bulls or briefs, and all enactments of foreign authorities must, before their publication and execution, be submitted to the consideration, and can only be carried into effect in as far as they may receive the approbation of the government."

Now, in opposition to this statute law, the Archbishop, in the articles above mentioned, declares that all bulls, briefs, edicts, and regulations which have not reference to temporal and political subjects, concern, in no measure, the civil authority; that they are totally independent of its jurisdiction, and have no need of its sanction. In conformity to this rule, thus dogmatically laid down, the 18th article of the document we have alluded to contains the following solemn engagement, which every priest in Prussia, as a condition of his promotion to the rank of confessor, was called upon to subscribe.

"I vow and promise to my Archbishop, honour and obedience in all which concerns doctrine and discipline, without any mental reservation in [which may mean restriction of] the use of these words; and I acknowledge that from the judgment of the Archbishop, *with respect to the concerns of the Catholic hierarchy, there is no appeal except to the Pope*, the head of the whole Church; and that to the decrees of the

Pope in matters of faith and tradition, I must, and will be obedient."

Our readers will perceive that the words printed in italics in the foregoing sentence exclude all right on the part of the Government of Prussia to interfere even in those transactions of the Popedom within its territory which have a secular character.

We deem it not necessary to examine here, at length, whether the Prussian legislature has acted wisely in enacting the laws we have specified, or whether there would not have been more wisdom and justice in leaving the Catholic Church perfectly free in ecclesiastical matters from the control and superintendence of the civil power. This subject is too wide and complicated to be satisfactorily entered upon within the limited space at our disposal. We will, therefore, merely briefly observe, that it involves a *principle* and a *question*.

The principle is, that religious liberty should never be violated by any interference not consented to on the part of the temporal authority; and the question is, can this principle be applicable, when the religious liberty claimed has within its scope, and it may be, within its purpose, *political* objects? To this question we most unhesitatingly answer—No. As soon as religion, whether by necessity or by erroneous views, or through ambition, enters upon the domain of politics; that is, as soon as it is capable, even though its capability be not exerted, of putting forth *physical force*, from that moment it becomes fairly subject, in theory at least, to the supervision and intervention of the civil magistrate. Of course we use the word religion here in its popular, not in its proper sense, which is confined to its spiritual and moral influences, and which consequently abjures the exercise of all material power. We distinguish also between the religious man and the social man, knowing that the latter alone is amenable to human law. Yet, as by reason of the mingling of divine and earthly things in the constitution of society, men cannot retain these two aspects of their nature distinct, it becomes inevitable that the acknowledged principle we have laid down, by getting into conflict with other principles, should lose, in practice, its axiomatic force. A

second question, therefore, arises whenever it is appealed to; viz. does its unrestricted action endanger the safety and order of civil governments? The assertion of a positive abstract right is henceforward dropped, and a right limited by political considerations can alone be maintained, which is nevertheless very broad and extensive. For on every occasion when the state says to religion, "thus far shalt thou come and no further," a case must be made out of danger of a physical kind arising out of religious freedom, in order to justify the restraint, whether immediate or precautionary, imposed upon it.

Bearing, then, these remarks in mind, we ask ourselves, Has the Prussian Government acted justifiably in claiming a *veto* over the edicts of the Pope with respect to the Catholic church in Prussia, and in exercising a jurisdiction over the institutions of that church? Now, were the Popedom in power what it is in pretension, we should at once reply to this query affirmatively. But since this is not the case, we put a prompt negative upon it. There is no peril, we believe, of a political kind in Popery, though we have not forgotten what we have said about the partial revival which, from alien sources, it may yet experience. A church which, after its every sally, is obliged to make a precipitate retreat into its stronghold of *Anti-Reason*, can never fix its hold again upon the *mind* of the world, and must in consequence be, for every aggressive purpose, totally impotent. Or if our readers should think that we have overstated and exaggerated the feebleness of the Papacy, we would then maintain that its subterranean conspiratory activity can never be a match for the open daylight work of Protestant intelligence; and that, therefore, the arm of authority need never be interposed to repress its designs of a secular tendency, whilst there is an antagonist in the field—an unshackled, inquisitive, domineering, popular intellect, apt and potent utterly to defeat them.

We are of opinion, however, that it was not through fear of danger, but out of a desire to raise the social and intellectual condition of the Catholics themselves that the Prussian Government, considering the prosperity of

its Papist subjects as forming an essential part of the prosperity of the whole empire, took upon itself to legislate for their instruction. But this was a fatal mistake. The very attempt to bring Catholicism into harmony with a rational progressive state of things, is baneful, and, in germ, destructive to that superstition, and is felt to be such, and resented as such. It is better, therefore, to leave Romanists to themselves. Let them marry, if they so will, exclusively among themselves, and anathematize all those who form matrimonial alliances with heretics. Let them have seminaries of their own, as in France, or colleges like that of Maynooth. Let them wallow in ignoble monkish ignorance and virulent bigotry, as they do in Italy, Spain, France, and Ireland. But let no government essay authoritatively to improve their condition, especially with respect to education; for it will, in that case, be surely accused of attacking their faith; and will indeed, inasmuch as light and a spirit of enquiry is let in among them, sap its foundations. If, for instance, the priesthood of France were obliged to receive instruction any where beyond the precincts of their own theological establishments, of which no layman is allowed to cross the thresholds, and from which the oversight even of the legislature of their country is scrupulously excluded, an universal outcry would, with good strong cause, be raised from all their rookeries that their church was threatened. In fact, a system of separation from all other orders of men, a mental training so subtle, so obscure, and so unnatural, is necessary from earliest youth to form the Romish clergy for their priestly vocation, that to uncloister their studies would be the surest and most effective mode that could be devised to bring them under the common popular influences of thought and of reason, which would soon penetrate into, and, by their expansive force, split asunder and scatter to the winds the whole fabric of Popery, which can only subsist in an artificial atmosphere and gloom of its own, from which these lightsome influences are carefully shut out. We are not surprised, therefore, that the Archbishop of Cologne has shown himself so anxious to overthrow the liberal education which the Popish

priests of Germany have been lately receiving.

Indeed, that a spirit of intellectual freedom has reached in that country this isolated body of men, is a very remarkable and significant fact. We there see, in the case before us, the Catholic chapter of Cologne taking part with the professors and students of a Catholic college against their primate and the See of Rome, and giving their support to a Protestant Government in its alleged attacks upon their church. This fact cannot, we believe, be matched in the whole history of the Popedom. We attribute it to a rather complex cause fetched from afar, which we will endeavour to explain.

Germany forms one wide extended empire, parcelled out into many lands, having separate governments, and yet a common language, separate nationalities, and yet, by reason of the bond of one speech and literature which unites them, a common nationality. All distinctions between its several states are thus softened down and blent together; and with those prominent distinctions which would, under other circumstances, prevail, and which elsewhere divide nation from nation, and make them so usually antipathetic to each other, disappear all minor, and thereon dependent prominences of character. In accordance with this observation we find that the Germans are not patriotic. They love their fatherland as individuals, but as citizens they care not for its glory. They are not religious either nationally, for they are not attached strongly to any particular creed or creeds, neither are they nationally infidels. In every thing we see a neutralizing fusion of those characteristics among them which give their peculiar aspects to other countries. Yet out of this neutralization of antagonist qualities has sprung a new distinctive character by which these people have been, especially during the course of the last half century, strongly marked.

Having, as may be inferred from our preceding remarks, no attachments or passions arising out of their political position towards practical existing things, every preference of their mind in this direction being effaced by the joint effect of their disunity in one sense, and oneness in another, as a nation, which keeps them

for ever at a dead lock, and therefore indifferent with respect to executive affairs of all kinds, their mental activities have found exercise in a region of *speculation*; so much so, indeed, that when any thing becomes real or realizeable, it loses for them its attraction. Amidst abstract thoughts, fancies, and feelings, they move as in the midst of realities, whilst realities themselves are regarded as mere lumber, as gross brute matter, as stocks and stones, unworthy of notice, or at least of any anxious attention. Hence is derived the social quietism which prevails through the Germanic empire, so strangely combined with an intellectual restlessness, which in the world of theory makes as wild work as ever revolution did in the world of action.

Now this singular peculiarity of mind—this indifference for positive and passion for metaphysical and fantastic subjects, constitutes actually the national genius of the Germans. It has penetrated among them even to the heart of Popery, which being one of those positive institutions that, with these transcendental views, excite no interest, has lost—*i. e.*, in consequence of the passive acquiescent feeling with which it is regarded—much of its exclusiveness and intolerance. In fact, that superstition is in Germany neither rampant nor vital in deadliness as in Italy, Spain, and Ireland, but dormant, or it subsists as a venerable antiquity, and as such is respected, cherished, and preserved fondly from assault and danger even by Protestant populations. Meantime, however, as we have seen in the case of Hermes, the epidemical rage which prevails in that country for abstruse scrutiny, for translating, as it were, all the energies of the intellect, into a sphere of impalpable abstractions, has taken possession even of the priests and professors of Romanism. And it is to this circumstance, showing, as it does, how deeply the German mind is tinctured and overmastered by a propensity to theorise, not merely beyond, but in utter neglect and contempt of experience, that we wish to draw the reflections of our readers.

The profound learning, the patient and industrious research, the subtle ingenuity, and the intermixture of reason and poetry woven inseparably together in all the productions of the

authors of the land alluded to, give to their works a charm and a popularity which it is difficult to resist. Besides this, the enthusiasm which invariably animates them is extremely infectious, and receives a peculiar pungency by being apparently the result, not of an appeal to feeling, but of an appeal to the reasoning faculties, supported by immense erudition. Add again to this, that literature and pedagogism are in Germany identic in spirit; and that there where education is more rifely, and with more pretension and ardour, pursued than in any other part of the world, the whole rising generation of a territory, covered profusely with schools, colleges, and universities, have instilled into them, from their earliest youth, principles of thought, which abjure every practical test of their truth; and we shall perceive that in that empire there is a new school of philosophy in germ, and in rapid process towards maturity, which cannot long remain barely speculative, but which must put forth its vigour and find its level in destructive action. Conjoin, then, this menacing appearance with the democratic bias of other kingdoms of Europe, and we may contemplate together all the signs of the times.

From England, it would appear, will proceed the material revolution springing out of the tenets of Bentham and Malthus, and out of the late discoveries in steam and machinery; from France, a novel political and social morality; and from Germany, certain new religious or spiritual opinions;—with which changes conjunctly, the civilized portion of mankind seem actually to be labouring. We do not say that there are not many counteractive principles in the field which may considerably modify and in part nullify these tendencies; yet if our readers should think that even, while we admit this, the prospect we have opened to them is exaggerated and visionary, they will at least agree with us so far, viz., that the strange mental phenomena which we have described as actually observable in the last named nation, should be taken prominently into consideration by all those who, constructing their moral calculations on the present, would thereby wish to anticipate, and to be

prepared to encounter and to grapple with the future.

When we commenced this paper, we said that we regarded its subject as important, principally from the prospective views with which it seems to be pregnant. We have, therefore, under the influence of this sentiment, passed over many of its details which have merely a temporary and local significance, to indulge in reflections arising out of the whole matter, which, nevertheless, we have not pushed, we believe, beyond a propective futurity, though they would really stretch much further. The shadows which coming events cast before them are, especially in these times, to be anxiously studied; for they are, at the actual crisis, so vast and so portentous, that the facts from which they, as it were, emanate, though often momentous in the highest degree, are cast into the shade and shrink into insignificance, when compared with the indications of yet further developements with which they teem. The popular mind, therefore, all over the world, has become eagerly anticipative. There is a universal feeling that society is on the very threshold of a great and general transformation. Mankind appear to be existing in a state of *expectation*. The word *movement* occupies now the same place in the vocabulary of politicians and legislators, as the words *stability* and *continuance* did formerly. Prognostications consequently, which, till within the last few years, would have been deemed wild and absurd, assume at present an aspect of sobriety; for, however extravagant, and at variance with all past experience, the changes which may be foreseen in themselves are, it is evident that the spirit of the age tends towards their realization. And this makes it incumbent upon us to take them into account with much more solicitude than we should do, if, according to all foretoking appearance, they did not threaten to be, from their very eccentricity, subversive of the equilibrium of the social and moral order, of the springs and balances by which nations have hitherto, despite manifold violent mutations altogether of another kind, been preserved in an uniform course of progressive improvement and prosperity.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

NO. IV.

THERE are few characters more generally amusing than those clever, merry, roguish ones that we read of in classic literature. Your thoroughbred sharper has rare antiquity to recommend him; he cuts a conspicuous figure in the old mythology, and may even boast of celestial origin. Mercury, as every schoolboy knows, was the god of thieves—the Adam of the race—and may lay claim to the praise of being the greatest scamp on record, with the exception of his own son Autolyceus, who was undoubtedly the prototype of our Yorkshire horse-stealers. Homer, who held him in manifest reverence, has done justice to the petty-larceny capabilities of Hermes in a hymn, every line of which shows how truly catholic were the great poet's sympathies with genius. Herodotus, who appears to have entertained an equal respect for the feathery-fingered gentry, has a capital story of a thief who nightly helped himself to the treasures of King Rhampsinitus; and Virgil, and after him Ovid, have immortalized the dexterity of the superhuman Cacus, an adroit sheepstealer, and eke a cattlifer on a most comprehensive scale, for having, on one occasion, special need of a fresh supply of rump-steaks, he made free with not less than eight bulls and cows, the property of Hercules, which, says Maro, he cunningly dragged backwards by their tails into his cave.

"Quatuor a stabulis præstanti corpore tauros

Avertit, totidem formâ superante juvenas;
Atque hos, ne qua forent pedibus vestigia rectis,

Caudâ in speluncam tractos, versisque viarum

Indiciis raptos, saxo occultabat opaco."

This artist, however, though his conceptions were fine and his execution faultless, is very little to our taste, for besides being a sharper, he was a cut-throat and a cannibal, which is a combination of qualities far from respectable. In Lucian's dialogues we have an account of a much more agreeable ragamuffin—if we remember rightly, his name was Menippus, and he was a Utilitarian—who, albeit

a phantom, *did* Charon out of his passage-money across the Styx, for which the grim ferryman threatened him with an action in the Acherontic courts of law; and Apuleius has left us an etching or two of some gifted rogues, who, had they lived in these days, would have gained high preferment at the treadmill. But perhaps the most entertaining of the classic scamps are the Sosias of Plautus, fellows of unrivalled impudence and incredible powers of mendacity, whom Congreve has feebly imitated in his Jeremy, and Garrick still more feebly in his Lying Valet.

The Spanish novelists are as fond as the ancients of portraying these diverting outcasts of society. Mendoza and Quevedo are never more in their elements than when expatiating on the ingenuity of their pets, Lazarrillo de Tormes and Paul the Sharper; and what would Le Sage be without his Rolandos and his Don Raphaels? Even the chivalrous Cervantes does not disdain to do them justice; witness his racy sketch of Gines de Passamonte, whose fineness and delicacy of touch were such, that he was able to abstract Sancho's ass, even while its master was sitting asleep on its back. But decidedly the finest specimen of a Spanish rogue is Don Raphael, the *sang froid* of whose remark, that he would "*almost* as soon be an honest man as a knave," has always struck me as bordering on the sublime.

Our own dramatic writers have several admirable delineations of scamps. Who forgets Shakespeare's nimble Autolyceus, "the snapper up of unconsidered trifles;" Farquhar's free and easy Captain Gibbet; Gay's Filch; Sheridan's Snake, who expressed such a delicate horror of being supposed capable of doing an honest action; Kenney's Jeremy Diddler; or that miracle of non-integrity, Jack Falstaff—the liar, the coward, the braggart, the drunkard, the thief, and the sensualist, yet, notwithstanding this, the least repulsive character in ancient or modern literature? Some of our contemporary novelists have

drawn portraits of rogues and adventurers not unworthy to vie with those of our dramatists. Ainsworth's Dick Turpin is a spirited *con amore* full-length. Much also may be said in praise of Maenish's Red Man, and of that surprising genius in Nights at Mess, who unfurnishes the same traveller twice in one day on the high-road; but the best of them all, the Corypheus of the felonious fraternity, and the most insidious foe a respectable British pocket ever possessed, is Bulwer's Augustus Tomlinson, whose last appearance in England, previous to his departure on a professional tour to America as a clergyman in full canonicals, is a conception which even Don Raphael never surpassed.

Besides these, there are at least a hundred other varieties of the *genus* scamp, and as I am just now in a gossiping humour, I will mention a few of the most remarkable. There is, first, the canting sentimentalist, who is a prodigious stickler for moral and edifying discourse, and throws you off your guard by the lamblike gentleness and simplicity of his manners. Goldsmith's Ephraim Jenkinson, with his silver locks, his oily flatteries, his meek devout expression of countenance, and his one sage story about the "cosmogony," is an apt impersonation of this class of practitioners. Secondly, there is the brutal vulgar ruffian, who makes as close an approach to pure diabolism as the imperfect faculties of human nature will permit, and whom Fielding has sternly but justly portrayed in Jonathan Wilde. This fellow practises in the lowest walks of the profession—his talents are of the most limited order—and he is rarely successful but with those enormous simpletons, the length of whose ears qualifies them to bray in Brobdignag. Thirdly, there is that most inscrutable of small swindlers, the Man with the Carpet-bag, who transacts business chiefly with innkeepers, and whose bag—to which alone he trusts for success—is an instrument as potent for mischief as the burglar's crowbar. Once a month, at least, for the last two years, has this phenomenon figured at the police-offices, but hitherto no magistrate has been able to get at his real name. He is the Great Unknown—the Junius of petty larceny—the awful mystery of the age—of whom nothing can with certainty be

affirmed, but that he is—the Man with the Carpet-bag! His sphere of action extends over the whole kingdom, and he starts up, as if by magic, in the very places where he is least expected. To-day, you read in the *Times* that he has driven an amiable London publican distracted; and lo! a week afterwards, the Edinburgh papers are full of his achievements in that indignant metropolis; how he walked into Ambrose's with a handsome carpet-bag in his hand, well filled with stones and straw; how he got dinner and a bed, when the whole establishment was in all the hurry of preparation for a Noctes; and how, when he discovered next day that he had been entertaining *gratis* the Man with the Carpet-bag, the heart-broken Ambrose took instantly to his bed, and, when the post left Edinburgh, was not expected to survive the shock! Lastly, there is the lively, dashing, accomplished fortune-hunter, of whom the celebrated Claude du Val is the most perfect specimen on record. You generally pick up this mercurial scamp at a watering-place; and when introduced to him by some green master of the ceremonies at the race-ball or the assembly-rooms, you are in ecstasies with his good-humour, his fashionable air, and sprightly small-talk. What a flattering desire does he not evince to conciliate your good opinion! How handsomely he gives in to your prejudices, and listens to the oracular words of wisdom that are constantly dropping from your lips! Then his wit, how easy and fertile it is, and free from spleen and malice! Then his hospitality! Can any thing be more cordial than the manner in which he invites you to his castle, with a hard name, in some remote district of the kingdom? Your eldest daughter, to whom the bulk of your property descends on your death, speaks of him in the highest terms, and so does your wife, to say nothing of your servants, who are one and all devoted to his interests. Is it possible—no matter how close-fisted you may be in your counting-house—that you, having a strong penchant for high life, can refuse a gentleman of whom all parties entertain so favourable an opinion, and who tells you, too, that he is on intimate terms with half the aristocracy of the realm—is it possible, I ask, that you can refuse so enviable

an acquaintance the small trifle of fifty pounds, to be punctually repaid when his lazy steward remits him his usual rents? Assuredly not; and accordingly you give him a cheque, one evening, on your banker, after having nearly killed yourself with laughing at one of his droll post-prandial anecdotes of "that capital fellow, Lord Tom," and a day or two afterwards you find, to your astonishment, that your daughter is missing from your breakfast-table! You ring the bell—no answer. You ring again; and down comes Betty, in tears and as pale as a parsnip—your wife being in a swoon up stairs—and hands you an open note, which she found lying on Miss Leonora's dressing-table, and which informs her disconsolate parents that not wishing to give them offence, but at the same time entertaining a strong conviction of the duty which she owes to herself, she has set off at daybreak for Gretna Green with Captain Theodore Augustus Fitz-Eustace! This intelligence puts you quite beside yourself with rage. You tear the note to atoms, fling your wig behind the fire, swallow your tea so scalding-hot that you are within an ace of suffocation; and having thus given vent to the sensibilities which the loss of fifty pounds rarely fails to engender in an affectionate British bosom, you sit quietly down, and console yourself with the reflection, so soothing to your vanity, that you saw through the rascal from the first, but thought it the best way to take no notice until you had got proof positive against him!

For this last order of scamp, I have—shall I confess it?—the same sort of sneaking, heterodox, theoretical partiality, that I have for his prototype, the gentle Claude Du Val. I love to read of the difficulties which he surmounts; the ingenious manner in which he wins his way into the good graces of some rich, purse-proud, callous old hunks of a stock-jobber; the adroit sophistries with which he reconciles his modes of thought and action to that slender, spare-rib concern which he calls a conscience; and the gallant front which he opposes to danger. Nor need the most fastidious moralist be shocked by this avowal; for the history of such adventurers inculcates, in nine cases out of ten, this useful moral—namely, that honesty is

the best policy, seeing that without it the most winning exterior and the most consummate address lead infallibly to ruin.

These loose thoughts on Kleptocracy—as Leigh Hunt ingeniously calls it—were suggested to me by the sight of a small painting which hung nearly opposite to me, as I sat lounging over a glass of wine in the Picture Gallery. The subject was one which would have suited the genius of a Hogarth; but it was not his, being of far too modern a date. By the rough, emphatic vigour of the colouring I thought it might possibly be one of Morland's paintings; but when I came to inspect it more carefully, I observed a satirical character about it that he never attempted. The scene was a prison-yard, and in the foreground stood two personages, one of whom was listening with an arch but subdued smile of scepticism to something which the other was relating to him. Both, it was evident, were convicts, and I conjectured that the latter was detailing to his companion the adventures of his life. The speaker's countenance, figure, and costume were admirably sustained. He was young, slender, and tolerably good-looking, with an air of consummate assurance; his eye was full of astuteness, and there was a half-formed smile about his mouth that indicated his consciousness that he was playing on the credulity of his listener—most likely palming himself off on him (as the galley-slaves did to Francis Ist.) as one of the most injured of mortals, who had fallen into his present misfortunes solely in consequence of a series of the most untoward accidents. A more genuine sample of the glozing, sentimental scamp, such as we find him drawn to the life in the Vicar of Wakefield, was never exhibited on canvass. In the faded gentility of his attire he reminded me of Beau Tibbs; his hat, which had no crown, and was crushed in behind, was stuck jauntily on the side of his head; his coat, once no doubt a fashionable fit, had long since passed the prime of life, and shed half its buttons; and the dim, discoloured snuff-box which he held in his hand bore traces of equal decrepitude. Altogether, the fellow looked like an impersonation of the Vagrant Act; and I was so forcibly struck with his appearance that I determined—having nothing better to do with myself—to

make him the subject of illustration. How I have accomplished my task the reader will judge by the following sketch, wherein I have endeavoured to portray a reckless, flippant, town-bred scamp, such as I conceive the artist had in his eye; whose idiosyncrasy is peculiar, inasmuch as his moral

sense is not merely blunted, but most curiously and ingeniously perverted by a continuous perseverance in the common-places of roguery. In accordance with the painting, he is supposed to be relating his own adventures to his fellow-prisoner.

THE ABSENT MAN.

I have the misfortune, sir, to be what is called an Absent Man—that is to say, to be afflicted with wandering and irregular habits of meditation which are constantly calling off my attention and inducing it to play truant, at the very moment when it should be most amenable to staid and strict discipline. This infirmity, is, I am aware, no uncommon one, but I question whether it has ever assumed so aggravated a form, or been attended with such deplorable results as in my case. Others it may have subjected to ridicule; me it has visited with disgrace and humiliation. I have been punished for it, as though it were the most serious of all crimes against society, so prone is human nature to put the worst construction upon one's actions, and to treat as positive sins those little eccentricities of temperament which distinguish the few from the many, and are at variance with the received notions of sedate and unvarying common-place.

From earliest youth this embarrassing infirmity fastened on me with the vigour of a giant and the tenacity of a horse-leech, inducing a thousand flighty acts of forgetfulness and irregularity. When a lad at school, I was perpetually mistaking another boy's playthings for my own; and during the holidays, would often station myself behind my father's counter—he was a confectioner in the Minories—angling among the jars above me for preserves and sweetmeats; or plunging my unconscious fingers into the shop-till, musing the while on the interesting adventures of Dick Turpin and the Forty Thieves, works which made a deep impression on my youthful imagination. My poor father often bewailed these habits of mental abstraction on the part of his only son; and in his sterner moments—which, by the by, occurred but seldom, for I was a spoiled child—would endeavour to

eradicate them by a process of strenuous flagellation; but, alas! his well-meant practical remonstrances were of no avail, for my malady grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength, bidding as resolute a defiance to cure as the Ethiop's skin to the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

On my father's death I succeeded to his business; but having a soul above sugar-plums, I soon disposed of the concern, and started with the proceeds as a man of fashion, for I had always a taste for pleasure, and a strong natural conception of the genteel. I gamed a little—sporting a little—set up for a traveller on the strength of a three days' visit to Boulogne—told familiar anecdotes of the aristocracy, which I learned from an Earl's cast-off valet whom I picked up at one of the minor hells at the west end—and, in fact, aped all the free and easy airs of a gentleman about town. But these are airs that no one can give himself with impunity. Gentility is the most heavily taxed of all luxuries—a painful truth which I too soon found out to my cost. My funds, and with them my respectability, began to diminish apace; one after the other my fair-weather friends took flight, like swallows at the approach of winter; and I descended in the social scale as rapidly as I had risen, till at length, in something less than two years from my father's death, I found myself the occupant of one small room in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, friendless—almost penniless—and with neither trade nor profession to fly to for refuge. What wonder that under circumstances so humiliating to a sensitive nature, I should have become more abstracted in thought than ever!

Ah, well do I remember the first really excruciating pang of remorse which this untoward habit of reverie inflicted on me. The occasion was as follows: I had been wandering one

summer evening about the streets, brooding over the dilapidated state of my affairs, when on my road back to my lodgings, the idea suddenly struck me that I would visit the theatre. I had always been an ardent admirer of the Thespian art, and I now hoped that it might afford me a brief respite from sorrow, and that in the contemplation of the majestic griefs of Othello, I might happily forget my own. With this hope I made my way into the pit, and after looking about for an eligible seat, where my neighbours on either side might be respectable—for I am rather particular in these matters—I deposited myself next a middle-aged gentleman in the third row, who was listening with breathless attention to the energetic declamation of Kean. I watched him with considerable interest. He was evidently an enthusiast, for he never once took his eyes off the stage till the act closed, when he would wipe his black horn spectacles, adjust his wig, and refresh his olfactories with a pinch of rappee which he drew from a handsome gold snuff-box. How I envied him his enjoyment! How bitterly regretted that I could not derive the same from the performance! But, alas, my attention, as usual, was playing truant. The brief respite from affliction which I had paid almost my last three and sixpence to purchase proved a mere delusion; the gorgeous scenery—the excited audience—the impressive acting—all were alike forgotten; I could think of nothing but my unpaid landlady, and the minacious language with which she daily taxed my forbearance. While thus plunged in profound abstraction, a sudden thrilling burst of pathos on the part of Kean recalled my wandering thoughts, and took such a hold of my feelings, that, unable to struggle with them, and not wishing to expose my weakness to the coarse derision of a heartless public, I was compelled to make a precipitate retreat.

On my way home, having occasion to refer to my waistcoat-pocket, I found a gold snuff-box deposited therein. You may imagine my astonishment at this discovery! I know not that I was ever more startled in my life, especially as it was that very box which had attracted my notice at the theatre! I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. How came the box there? What magic conjured it out of the

stranger's custody into mine! The circumstance was astounding—miraculous—and after puzzling myself with a variety of vague conjectures, the only plausible conclusion I could come to was, that from sheer absence of mind I had made application to the wrong pocket, and pulled out the gentleman's snuff-box in mistake for my own, just as Dr Johnson, under the influence of a similar hallucination, once mistook a coal-skuttle for a baby.

Here was a dilemma for a friendless orphan to be placed in! Not only had I offered grave affront to the majesty of the law, but I had wounded that keen and delicate sense of honour which, with me, is like the air I breathe; if I have it not I die. It was really a most cruel predicament, and I knew not how I could extricate myself from it. True, I might return to the theatre; but, ten to one, the stranger, rendered restless and savage by his loss, and sick of the very sight of Othello, would be gone; true, also, I might advertise my involuntary acquisition, but this would only expose me to a host of impertinent enquiries, besides being attended with an expense which I had not the means of defraying.

While thus hesitating as to the line of conduct I should adopt, I found myself standing at the door of a pawnbroker's in Holborn. What induced me to select that particular locality I cannot possibly conceive. I must have been strangely bewildered to have deviated at such an hour so far from my road home; however, be this as it may, there I was, and, being there, I considered that the most rational course I could pursue would be to rid myself, as soon as possible, of an article, the sight of which could not fail to act as a constant thorn in the side of my conscience. I therefore disposed of the box with the same alacrity with which a man would throw off a burden that weighed upon his heart, being, besides, reconciled to the expedient by the encouraging reflection, that it was the only alternative which inexorable destiny had left me.

So now behold me, like Nicodemus, regenerated! My haggard cheeks plump out; the sunshine returns to my eye, and the smile to my lips; I can hear the melodious chink of silver—and I have a fine ear for such mu-

sic—in my purse; in a word, I am become as respectable in position, and prepossessing in appearance, as I was ere grim penury had marked me for her own. But this halcyon state of things did not last long. It was but a meteor flash—an April sun-burst. My sky had no sooner cleared up than it was darkened. By the end of the week my exchequer had relapsed into its old state of atrophy; my landlady's bill again began to exhibit symptoms of inflammation; and my last shilling—ah, what a world of pathos is compressed in those two words, “last shilling!” reposed in the forlorn recesses of my pocket.

Such was the abject posture of my affairs, when one morning, by way of relief to my spirits, I went out for an hour or two's stroll down Oxford Street, that busiest and most cheerful quarter of the West-end. Greatly to my surprise, at the corner of Holles Street, I caught a glimpse of the stranger with whose snuff-box I had made so vexatious a mistake at the theatre. One naturally feels diffident at meeting a gentleman under such peculiarly delicate circumstances, so I hurried on with quickened pace till I reached the classic vicinity of Tyburn, when I turned into the Park; and after wandering about for some time in a moralizing and philosophical mood, I took my seat on a bench under a clump of trees close by the Serpentine. It was a delicious morning, the sun lay bright on the distant Surrey hills, brought out the multitudinous architectural beauties of Buckingham Palace, and sparkled on the broad silver waters that spread out unwrinkled before me. In whatever direction I looked, none but enlivening sights met my eye. Gay uniforms kept thronging in and out from the Knightsbridge barracks; pretty servant-maids were scampering after their juvenile charges on the green turf; one or two sentimental damsels were gazing at that stupendous and romantic cascade which hurls down every second three bucketfuls of water into the grateful pond beneath, and whose stunning roar may be heard at least a dozen paces off; and just in front of me, beside the Serpentine, stood a group of young men, manifestly of high fashion, making paper boats, and—striking illustration of the march of Mind!—betting with wondrous animation on their sailing.

As I sat watching this intelligent group, a slow footstep approached, and turning round, I observed a stout rosy gentleman, who, with a courteous bow, took his seat on the bench beside me. There was a primitive simplicity about the stranger that at once won my good opinion. His countenance expressed none of that reserve and shrewdness so characteristic of the townsman; but, on the contrary, infinite frankness and cordiality. His dress was singularly antiquated. He wore a pair of very indifferent corduroy shorts, with loose gaiters buttoning up at the knees; a blue coat remarkable for its fine flowing outline; and a thick padded white cravat, which wholly engulfed his chin. On the whole, he bore the appearance of one of those benevolent and unsophisticated country-gentlemen of whom it may safely be predicated that they will never put the Thames in a state of combustion.

No sooner had the stranger seated himself, than he stared about him for some minutes, and then turning with a smile towards me, he said with ready sagacity, “A fine day, sir.”

“Very,” I replied with equal promptitude.

“The crops look well in the country.”

“You have just left it then, I presume, sir?”

“Yes,” he rejoined, and forthwith proceeded to acquaint me with the exact state of the orchards, the hay-harvests, and the young wheats in Somersetshire—matters of such all-engrossing interest in the eyes of country folks.

He was descending with fascinating prolixity on this instructive theme, and I was listening with respectful attention, when suddenly we heard a loud scream, and starting up, we beheld, half-way down the Serpentine, a servant-maid wringing her hands and looking upon the water in a state of distraction. The instant my companion caught sight of the girl's gestures, he guessed at once what was the cause of her agitation; and running towards her, while I followed close at his heels, we observed, on reaching the spot, a little boy struggling out of his depths in the water, and at every struggle hurrying himself still farther from the bank. At this moment not a soul was within hearing; it was a clear case, therefore, that, but for the exertions of the

stranger or myself, the child must be drowned ; seeing which, and overcome by the girl's entreaties, who, grasping him frantically by the arm, conjured him to save her "darling Tommy," my companion, in a paroxysm of humanity, flung off his coat, threw it to me, and plunged into the stream. I watched him with eyes filled with tears of admiration ; but, alas ! just as he was returning to the bank, with the boy in his arms, a notion struck me that he was seized with the cramp. This horrid fancy so fully possessed me, that I wholly lost my presence of mind, and began shaking like an aspen leaf in every limb. My feelings, in fact, were too much for me. I could not bear to stand by and see a benevolent country gentleman struggling with adverse destiny in the chilly springs of the Serpentine—especially as I could not afford him the slightest assistance, having no more notion of swimming than a salamander. I could not endure the ghastly spectacle of his bloodshot eyeballs, of his convulsed limbs, of his last fond gaze at the meridian sun, as he sank struggling in the water ;—no, no, I felt that I could not stay to witness this ; it shocked all my feelings of humanity ; and, accordingly, off I started, at a breathless pace, unconscious whither, in the hope that by brisk activity of motion, I might dissipate the harrowing magic which a too susceptible imagination had conjured up. I did not slacken my pace till I reached the Park entrance, at the upper end of Oxford Street, when I proceeded some yards along the Bayswater road, and then hastened, as it were by instinct, into a solitary brick-field lying to the rear of St George's burying-ground.

Here halting to rest myself behind a small brick hovel, I discover that, in the flutter and disorder of my nerves, I had carried off the philanthropist's coat ! I was terribly discomfited by this fresh instance of inveterate mental hallucination. What must the old gentleman think of me ? I exclaimed ; and what too must be his own sensations if he have escaped a watery death, at finding himself compelled to walk at mid-day through the West-end in his shirt sleeves ! Poor fellow ! how the little boys will laugh at him as he goes dripping, like a water-cart, all freshness and moisture,

along the streets, deprecating the hour when he enlightened a Cockney on the subject of the Somersetshire crops ! These were painful speculations for a benignant nature to indulge in ; so bringing them abruptly to a close, I determined to return to the spot whence I had eloped, and restore the abstracted garment to its owner. On second thoughts, however, I felt that I could not venture on such a step ; for what if my suspicions of the stranger's death should be well founded, and I should reach the place only just in time to see his body and that of the boy stretched out side by side on the grass, and myself exposed to the malignant insinuations of the by-standers, as is always the case when absence of mind developes itself in the form of acquisitiveness ? After steadily turning over the matter in my mind, I felt persuaded that I could not act otherwise with the coat than I had previously done with the snuff-box—that is to say, retain it in my possession—and having thus resolved on my line of conduct, I proceeded to examine the contents of the pockets. In one of them was a silk handkerchief with a couple of knots tied in one of the corners ; and in the other an old-fashioned black leather memorandum-book. On diligently scrutinizing this last I discovered between the leaves three five-pound Bank of England notes, a spectacle which, had I witnessed it under any other circumstances, would have occasioned me very considerable satisfaction, but, as the case stood, served only to embitter my sense of regret.

But it is idle to indulge in unavailing lamentation. What can't be cured must be endured, says the old adage ; and as my case was past remedy, I determined to bear it with philosophic composure ; and with somewhat of a reassured spirit deposited the notes in my waistcoat pocket ; after which, having no further use for the book or coat, I gave them honourable burial beneath the loose bricks that were scattered about the hovel, and then making the best of my way into the high-road, I indulged my love of contemplative solitude by a stroll in Kensington Gardens, which I did not quit till several hours had elapsed, when I returned by a secluded route into town, and took dinner at a respectable hotel in the neighbourhood

of Hanover Square; and at nightfall, my spirits being excited by the sparkling champagne which I had discussed, I sallied forth to a certain minor hell, whither in my earlier days I had occasionally been in the habit of repairing.

'Tis a strange sight, sir, the interior of a gambling-house. There all conventional prejudices are laid aside; the peer and the plebeian meet on equal terms, for play is a true republican leveller of distinctions; and the fiercest passions of humanity, concealed elsewhere beneath the smooth French polish of etiquette, speak out with terrible sincerity. There is no mistaking the language of the scowling brow—the white, ghastly cheek—the tight-drawn lip of utter despair—or the maddening excitement, rendered yet more impressive from the vain effort to subdue it, of sudden, exultant joy. And then the contrast afforded to such a spectacle by the still, composed, smiling demeanour of the officials in attendance—men without a tear and without a passion—who creep noiselessly about, with fawning, reptile eye that dooms its prey while it glitters! Then, too, the startling vicissitudes, the hopes, the fears, the agonies of years condensed into a single instant of time! One throw of the dice, and lo! the wildest dreams of avarice are realized—the beggar has become a Cræsus!—Another, and lo! Cræsus is a beggar. All seems but the conjurings up of a vivid imagination—yet all is real—the most positive and intense reality.

As I entered the charmed circle, I found there one of my old club associates whom I had not seen since the days when he had evinced such industry in disencumbering me of my superfluous cash. He did not recognise me further than by a knowing glance of the eye, but after I had stood some time by the table, watching the players, he came up and asked me whether I would have any objection to make one of a party who were just going to enjoy a snug quiet game of cards in the adjoining room? With some hesitation I complied, and by singular good luck—for he was an expert player—obtained him for a partner. I lost, however, the two first games, which was the more remarkable, as my opponents were mere conceited novices; and as we played high at their

request, I soon found myself stripped to my last farthing. Nevertheless, I did not despair, but on the contrary, maintained a most commendable serenity, for which I did not go long unrewarded, for the stakes were doubled, the luck turned, and my partner and myself won infinitely more than we had lost.

The other party were, of course, desperately annoyed at this unexpected turn of fortune, but unable to help themselves, they were just going to pay down the amount of their losses when one of them, turning towards me, said with a steady ferocity of which, judging from his previous bearing, I should never have supposed him capable, "I believe, sir, there is a court card in your lap."

"Impossible!" I replied, shifting about in my seat from a natural sentiment of indignation at such an offensive remark.

"I say, sir," continued the fellow with a devilish scowl, "I say there is a court card lying at this moment in your lap;" and he was about to insist on a scrutiny when I anticipated his intentions by saying, with a smile of affected indifference, "Why, God bless me, so there is! How could this have happened? How very extraordinary? I suppose I must have dropped it in the hurry of my last deal."

"Dropped it, indeed!" replied both my adversaries, "you're a cheat, sir—a common cheat."

The word "cheat," uttered in the loudest tones of scorn, attracted the attention of all who were at play in the next room. They rushed towards us, and vied with each other in the expression of their horror and astonishment at any one being found capable of cheating in a place consecrated from time immemorial to all the cardinal virtues. In vain I appealed to my partner for a certificate of character; he testified the most virtuous indignation at its being supposed possible he could know any thing of me, and was the most energetic of all the company in insisting on my immediate expulsion. "Turn him out!" he exclaimed, in the key of a Tower gun; "turn him out!" chorussed the others, and, instantly, the man who had made the discovery, seized me by the collar, despite the most desperate resistance I could offer, dragged me to the door, and then, as he thrust me out, saluted

me with a kick that grievously endangered my sitting parts. Never was there a more cowardly or ungenerous assault. I grant that a court card had, by the merest accident in the world, found its way into my lap, where it lay half concealed by my handkerchief, but what more natural, considering the high state of excitement in which I had been during the day! The truth is, throughout the game, my thoughts were incessantly reverting to the drowning philanthropist in the Park, and with my usual absence of mind, while conjuring up this awful spectacle during my deal, I had let fall the card in question. You smile, sir, and no wonder, but I can assure you, on the honour of a gentleman, that in heart and intention, I was as guileless as the most unsophisticated kid that ever disported on a Welsh mountain.

On quitting this temple of virtue I set out on my return home. I am seldom savage, but on this occasion I will frankly own that my temper had wholly lost its equilibrium. My seat of honour had been profaned by the hoof of the basest of created animals, and I had been publicly branded as a cheat. How should I act? How wipe off this stain on the family scutcheon? At first I thought of attaching myself by my garters to the nearest lamp-post, and then of reposing side by side with the philanthropist at the bottom of the Serpentine; but soon a manlier spirit of resolution prevailed, and I determined to brave the worst.

The drowsy watchman was bawling twelve o'clock when I knocked at the door of my lodgings. By the wheezing cough and sullen snail-like tread along the passage, I guessed the sort of reception I should meet with. Nor were my conjectures at fault, for no sooner had she unbarred the door than my landlady opened on me like a Gibraltar battery. "It was scandalous," she kept muttering between her teeth, "to keep such hours; howsomever, she'd soon put a stop to all these outlandish goings on, that's what she would. Candle, forsooth"—in reply to my demand for a light—"where was she to get a candle at that time of night? as I had found my way home in the dark, so might I find my way to bed in the dark;" and in this fashion the voluble dame was running on, when a fit of coughing cut short her rhetoric, under cover of which I glided past her, and

groped my way up stairs to my chamber.

Early the next morning the testy lady made her appearance with her bill in her hand—a document of such formidable dimensions that the very sight of it scared all the roses from my cheek—and insisted, with insulting emphasis, on its immediate liquidation. Having no means of satisfying her demands, I had recourse to what is called abstract reasoning. I expatiated in a figurative and flattering style on my prospects, and intimated that they were such as would enable me in a few days to discharge all her claims with interest. But my eloquence was unavailing. The unintelligent creature put a stop to it by the contumelious phrase, "gammon;" and after recapitulating with wearisome prolixity all the many kindnesses she had shown me, quitted me with the threat that if the bill were not paid that same day, she would have recourse to measures "as would bring me to book in less than no time."

No sooner had she disembarrassed me of her presence, than I came to the resolution of quitting her roof for ever, for her tongue had become a nuisance no longer to be borne. Accordingly, when I had duly arranged my toilette, and ascertained that she had gone out to market, I made my way quietly down stairs. On reaching the ground floor I perceived that the door of one of the rooms was on the jar. It was the one occupied by my landlady as her parlour when she happened to be without a lodger. The sight affected me, for it reminded me of her whom I was destined never again to meet on this side eternity. Certes, she had given me no very particular cause for esteem or veneration; still I had known her many, many months; had spent more than one festive evening with her over a warm-hearted glass of gin toddy in that very parlour; and the ties of habit—to say nothing of those of companionship—are not to be snapped in an instant.

In this kindly, I may even say affectionate, frame of mind, I entered the apartment, where the very first object on which my pensive glances fell, was a portrait of my landlady dressed as a shepherdess, with a pozy in her hand and a ratn by her side, looking as grave and solid as a bishop. The beams of the meridian sun fell

full on this picturesque work of art, adding depth to every wrinkle, and breadth to the engaging Grimaldi-like simper that lurked in the angles of the mouth. I gazed up at the flattering likeness with those feelings of profound interest which it was so well calculated to awaken. "Never more," said I, and my voice sank to woman's softness as I said it, "never more shall I behold the original of that expressive countenance! I have seen her for the last time; let me then, while yet sensibility retains its hold over my heart, bear away with me some friendly memorial of the happy hours I have passed in her society." Thus soliloquizing, I moved with a noiseless, pathetic step towards a painted deal table, the drawer of which I subjected to a searching scrutiny; but nothing there was suitable to my views; there were only a ball of worsted thread, a brass thimble with a dent in the middle, one or two false ringlets, and a comb with half the teeth out. To have made a selection from a homely miscellany like this would have been merely burlesquing sensibility, so I passed on to a small recess, in one corner of which, hidden in a cracked china bowl, I espied an old stocking, containing, as I found on examination, five guineas enclosed in a play-bill. This was a memorial worthy of an affectionate nature like mine, being associated in the most gratifying manner with the image of my absent landlady; and accordingly I transferred it with befitting zeal to my breeches pocket, cast one last glance at the portrait, and then withdrew meekly from the house. I am aware that this act will subject me to misrepresentation, but for my own part I shall always consider it as one of the most feeling traits in my character. When it is borne in mind how many petty annoyances I had latterly endured at the hands of my landlady; how often she had taunted me with my poverty, and in those moments of distrust, to which the best of us are liable, had kept watch on my most insignificant movements; I think it cannot be denied that the heart which, despite such multiplied provocations, could still cherish a kindly sentiment towards the author of them, must have had an inherent capacity for friendship but seldom vouchsafed to the sons of Adam!

I had not quitted my lodgings above

half-an-hour, when lo! I discovered that my dearly prized token of remembrance—that sole relic left me of the absent—was gone. In the hurry of departure I had deposited it in that particular pocket in which devouring time had gnawed a hole as large as the knob of a pair of tongs. I leave you to judge of my anguish at this discovery, and how for many weary hours after I wandered about the streets, without a home, without a friend, and viewing a constable in every individual that looked me in the face.

But a truce to this disheartening theme. It is past five o'clock; the City folks, the day's toil at an end, are wending their way towards their suburban villas at Camden town and Hampstead; and I, pensive and abstracted, amidst a brisk and shifting throng, am standing before the windows of a respectable tavern in Tottenham-court Road. The dainties within look wondrous tempting; what a seducing countenance that cold, undissected pullet wears! What a winning fragrance comes breathing out from that Westphalia ham which has just completed its education in the kitchen saucepan! Methinks they solicit my acquaintance; shall I then treat their advances with disdain? Never! and with this magnanimous resolution I strutted into the coffee-room, and seating myself in a sequestered box near the door, rang a bold summons for the waiter.

"John," said I, with grave affability, while the waiter was busy brushing off the crumbs from the table-cloth, "John, what have you got for dinner?"

"We have a capital edge-bone of beef, sir, as will be ready in about ten minutes."

"Any thing else?"

"A leg of hot boiled pork as tender as a chick."

"Humph!" said I, and after musing for some seconds, added, "if you have a rump-steak that you can conscientiously recommend, dress it for me as soon as you can; and, d'ye hear, let me have a pint of sherry with it; but remember, it must be your best, for I cannot tolerate indifferent wine; and while it is getting ready, let me see the *Courier* of this evening, for I wish to know at what price Consols left off."

"Very good," replied John, and, placing the paper before me, he va-

nished with a noiseless celerity known only to waiters and phantoms. In a few minutes he reappeared with the required viands, to which, I need hardly say, I did prompt and abundant justice; and when the mustard-spotted cloth was removed, and the sherry emptied, I ordered in a bottle of the landlord's choicest port, over which I luxuriated for upwards of two hours, my thoughts the while wandering from subject to subject, and assuming a more sunny character as the ruby contents of the decanter diminished.

By this time dusk was creeping on, the last man had paid his bill, and exhaled from the coffeeroom, and the unoccupied waiter, with the restlessness peculiar to his fraternity, kept constantly poking his head in at the door. At length his officiousness became so remarkable, that my truant thoughts were attracted to the subject, and then, for the first time, the distressing conviction forced itself on my mind that I had not got a farthing in my pocket. Will it be credited, I had actually ordered a good dinner without having the slightest idea how I should pay for it? Oh this absence of mind, to what humiliating expedients has it not compelled me to have recourse! Another person placed in my predicament would have been fairly horror-struck; but that was not my case, for a settled persuasion that my malady—struggle against it as I might—was incurable, had now reconciled me to its excesses. Yet I felt the full delicacy of my position, and as I could not endure the idea of explaining matters to a disbelieving landlord, and was, besides, desirous to spare his sensibilities as well as my own, I thought the least improper course I could pursue would be to sound a modest retreat.

Ah, there is a quick, elastic step on the staircase, as of one whose faculties are all on the alert! One—two—three—but three brisk, energetic strides, and the waiter stands beside me, just as I am in the act of throwing wide the street door.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I believe you have forgotten to pay the bill?" And the fellow said this with a steady composure of manner, as though it had been a catastrophe he had anticipated.

"Forgotten! Hah, hah! Very good, John; you're in the right to be cau-

tious; I wish those rascally clerks of mine were always as careful of their master's interests as you are;" then finding that this flattering and significant allusion did not make the requisite impression, I continued, "Make out your bill, and by the time you have done so, I shall have returned. I am merely going over the way to my tobaccoist's."

"Shall I step over there for you, sir?"

"No, no—I always like to choose my Havannahs myself, for then, you know, one is sure to have them mild, and of the right flavour—By the by, John, you may add another bottle of port to the account—your last was excellent—and be sure you don't shake it in decanting;" and so saying, I laid hold of the door-handle.

"Beg your pardon, sir," rejoined the distrustful waiter, "but in our house, gentlemen always pay before they goes. It's a way master has of doing business," he added, with something like a sneer.

"What!" I replied, with an air of lofty hauteur, "do you doubt my word, fellow? Do you know who I am?"

"No, but I can pretty well guess."

"Insolent! Let me pass this instant."

"Come, come, that game won't do for me!" exclaimed the waiter, planting his back firmly against the door; then raising his voice so as to be heard at the bar, he continued, "Help, help! here's a rum cove just agoing to bolt."

The landlord appeared in an instant. He was a portly man with a greasy, shining face, as though he polished it with train-oil every morning. As he hurried out from the bar, I took in his dimensions at a glance, and seeing that he was not an antagonist to be trifled with, I suddenly tripped up the waiter, threw wide the door, and darted out at the very moment when the landlord was stretching forth his hand to make a snatch at my evanishing coat-skirts.

"Stop thief!" roared the enraged publican, posting after me with the strides of an ogre.

"Stop thief!" shouted the waiter, following close behind, and waving his napkin above his head as a signal of distress.

"Stop thief!" chorussed the crowd,

who were rapidly beginning to collect.

"Stop thief!" I shouted out louder than all, and dashing furiously on, I cleared, at one leap, a fat Quaker, who was stooping down on the pavement to adjust his shoe-buckles.

The cry of "Stop thief!" rung like an alarm-bell in the long ears of Tottenham-Court Road—the echoes of Warren Street took it up—alley shouted it back to alley—and the New Road, disdaining taciturnity in such a case, plied her lungs like a hurricane, and despatched a fragrant posse of Irish hodmen to the chase, who, starting from the different posts against which they had been lounging, and thanking God that there was at length a prospect of a skirmish, rushed headlong on, oversetting apple-stalls innumerable in their flight, and accommodating many an electrified pedestrian with unlooked-for lodgings in the gutter.

Meanwhile I continued my desperate career, bawling out "Stop thief!" and pointing before me whenever I saw any one disposed to obstruct my progress, while the panting and inflated waiter followed at the distance of a few yards, the landlord having been compelled to relinquish the chase and return home, lest, peradventure, a similar catastrophe might have taken place during his absence.

On—on I flew—when just as I reached the corner of a street near Mornington Crescent, a lamplighter who had just descended from his post, suspecting from my frantic speed, and the crowd in full cry at my heels, that I had eloped from the stringent embraces of justice, placed his ladder right in front of my path. 'Twas a cowardly act, but no matter—in an instant I had cleared the obstruction, so much to the fellow's astonishment, that in the impulse of the moment he swung round his ladder with an abrupt, impetuous movement, and by so doing sent one end of it bang through a shop-window, smashing a dozen panes of glass, and bringing out three scarlet-visaged shopmen—a blessed contingency, which, by attracting the attention of the majority of my pursuers, created a diversion in my favour.

But nothing could stop the waiter. To him the chase was one of life or death. His honour, and, what was of more consequence, his interests, were

concerned in my capture; so waving his napkin aloft in air, and rallying, as he galloped onward, a few fresh auxiliaries under that august banner, he followed close in my wake, tracking me through all my windings with a skill, and speed, and pertinacity, that convinced me that men running after a reckoning run faster than any people in the world, except those who are running away from it.

I had by this time reached that romantic pass at the Hampstead end of Camden-town, which opens into the picturesque vale of Pancras. The darkness of night was upon earth—the Regent's canal wore an awful and swarthy aspect—Mr Murphy's coal-wharf, which stands on its southern shore, looked vague and spectral—and the voice of the pot-boy calling "Beer" at that illustrious statesman's door, sounded, as I flew past, like some solemn and measured cathedral chant. Before me, in mid-air, at the distance of about two miles, towered the Alpine hamlet of Hampstead, shrouded in umbrageous foliage, through which lights were glancing; and to the left, bounding the sylvan meads of Pancras, swelled up the colossal outline of Primrose-hill. The locality, though beautiful, was a most unsatisfactory one, for it afforded me not the slightest outlet for escape or concealment. There were no ruined sheds or unfinished houses—no tall hedges, nor deep dry ditches, into which I might insinuate my perspiring periphery—the country lay open on all sides—so I was fain to continue my course, with the indefatigable waiter still panting at my heels, and a small knot of nimble ragamuffins shouting behind him.

On passing Chalk Farm, where a lane leads into the main road, a serious obstacle for an instant checked my course. An enormous man, so at least he appeared in the gloom, was jogging slowly along on a diminutive jackass, when just as he turned into the Hampstead road, I, being then at my full speed, rushed against him, and such was the tremendous force of the concussion, that I upset both the donkey and its driver, flew over their heads, and fell full length into a heap of gravel. I would most willingly have staid to apologize, especially as I had reason to fear that I had smashed the poor jackass to atoms, but time was

precious ; and I rushed on, therefore, with unabated energy, while the zephyr bore to my ear sundry hoarse and emphatic curses, which seemed to issue with difficulty from a mouth clogged with the dust of the road.

And now Haverstock-hill appears in sight. I clamber up the steep ascent, and halt opposite an old, red brick house, with a garden-wall beside it. I look back, my pursuers are about a hundred yards in my rear ; I look up, the wall is low, and, fortunately, close by the house stands a tall, branching, substantial elm, whence an entrance may easily be gained into one of the upper rooms, the window of which, on a hot day like this, is most probably wide open. It was no season for etiquette or ceremony, for my case was desperate, so vaulting over the wall, I flew to the tree, climbed briskly up, and creeping, as well as I could, along one of its outspreading branches, which shook fearfully beneath my weight, I made a grasp at the window-ledge, raised myself up by it, and then, after satisfying myself that not a soul was in the apartment, crept in at the open lattice.

Scarcely had I done so, then I heard the waiter, who had halted with his awkward squad at the very spot where I had leaped the wall, exclaim in loud tones of astonishment and rage, "Well, I'm blest if the villain arn't given us the slip, after all ! And what a precious dance he's led me ! Why, I'm blown like a bladder !"

"And so am I," replied one of his companions.

"In course you are," observed a third, "werry strange if you wern't, arter a chase such as we've had. But I say, only think of his capsizing a man and a bass ; my eyes, how he must have run for it !"

"I'll swear he's somewhere hereabouts," resumed the waiter, "and I'll not leave till I find him. It's as much as my place is worth—master's so precious crusty in these matters—to go back without the rascal. Oh, my sides, they ache as if they had been played on by a broomstick !"

What followed I was unable to make out, though I listened with the deepest attention ; from one or two words, however, that were uttered in a low, suppressed growl, I conjectured that the party, at the earnest remonstrances of the waiter, had come to the resolu-

tion of keeping concealed, and on the watch, for half an hour or so, in the hope that, thinking they were gone, I might be tempted to venture forth from my hiding-place.

The clear summer moon had now risen, and by the light which she afforded me, I was enabled to make an inspection of my locality. It was a bedroom well furnished, and containing among other items a handsome chest of drawers, whereon lay a Methodist hymn-book ; a swing looking-glass that reflected the whole figure ; and a small mahogany table, in the drawer of which was a well-thumbed copy of Moore's poems, carefully hidden and wrapt up in some leaves of the Evangelical Magazine ; together with a steel purse stored with the current coin of the realm. While, with a natural feeling of curiosity I was examining the workmanship of this last article, and pondering on the singular chance that had led me into a female bedroom, I heard footsteps on the stairs. My mind misgave me at the sound. It was clear that some one was approaching—a conviction which so agitated and bewildered me, that most inadvertently I hurried the purse into my pocket, and flew for refuge to a spacious cupboard, just as an elderly lady and her maid-servant entered the room.

Never shall I forget the painful sense of embarrassment which I experienced at this crisis of my fate. Alone in the bedroom of a woman ! What on earth should I do ? Scream for assistance, or prepare with indomitable courage to brave the worst ? A moment's reflection decided me. I would remain concealed where I was till the lady's eyes were fast locked in sleep, when I would make my exit, as I had made my entrance, by the window ; for to discover myself would not only jeopardize my character for pure morality, but would also give rise to affronting suspicions that I had entered the premises with felonious intentions. Having thus made up my mind, I became comparatively tranquil, though it was not without emotion that I heard the girl fasten the window-latch and close the shutters.

When the servant had performed this part of her duty, she began putting her mistress's hair in papers ; and while doing so, detailed for her edification all the little local scandals of

the day, and then having exhausted her budget, wished her good-night, and retired from the room, while the lady, after carefully bolting the door, prepared, as I thought, to undress for bed. But unfortunately I was mistaken, for previous to her putting on her nightgear, she took it into her head to examine every nook and cranny and article of furniture in the room. Oh, the horrors I endured during this investigation! Yet it was not so much on my own account that I was thus afflicted. No, it was chiefly for the poor lady that my sensibilities were excited, whose maiden delicacy, I felt, must sustain a cruel shock at the discovery of a full-grown man in her chamber. Ah, sir, I have always had a kind and considerate heart, let a viperous world say what it will to the contrary.

The gentlewoman's search was one of no ordinary care and duration. First she peeped under the bed, then behind the curtains, then under the washing-stand, then up the chimney, and underneath the dressing-table. Even a bandbox that was standing on a shelf did not escape her vigilance, for as the devil once got into a bottle, I suppose she thought it not unlikely that he might ensconce himself in a bandbox. Having finished her search in every other quarter, she next came towards the cupboard. Fain would I have held the door fast, but there was no handle inside, at least I could find none; so I was compelled, with as much calmness as I could muster, to await the upshot of the catastrophe. Fatal necessity! An instant, and the door is flung wide open, and lo, despite my most ingenious efforts to shirk behind a clothes-bag, I stand revealed in all my beauty before the eyes of the astounded damsel!

The Irish salmon when he woke up from a dream of the sea to find himself in the saucepan, was not, I will venture to say, more thoroughly obfuscated than was the old lady at this moment so trying to both of us. She stared as if she would have stared me into stone; and screaming out "Thieves!—Murder!—Fire!" dropped her candlestick, and then dropped herself in a swoon beside it, like a post blown down by a high wind.

Her screams, which must have been heard throughout the house, accompanied by her heavy fall, convinced me

that I had not a minute to lose, so groping my way towards the window-shutters, I endeavoured, but without effect, to unclose them, while to add to the perils of my position, I could hear the servant-maid, who had not yet gone to bed, come flying down stairs, three steps at a time. Immediately I rushed to the door and unbolted it, in the hope of being able to explain matters to the girl's satisfaction; but here again I was disappointed, for no sooner did she catch a glimpse of me on the landing-place, than hurrying down into the passage with the speed of one demented, while I rushed back in order to make one last effort to force open the window-shutters, she unbarred the street door, and bawled out for assistance in a tone of voice that might have awakened the seven sleepers. The waiter and his companions, who were still keeping watch up and down the road—for all that I have described took place within half an hour—hastened forward to the girl's assistance, and guided by her, with a rushlight in her hand, unkennelled me with a vulgar shout of triumph, and conducted me to the black hole, whence I was next day transferred to the police-office; and the waiter having testified to my identity, and the old lady's purse having been found in my pocket, I was—to speak professionally—fully committed for trial at the next Old Bailey assizes.

My trial took place within a month from this period. Up to the very hour of my appearance in court I had entertained sanguine hopes of an acquittal, such is the elasticity of spirit which conscious innocence bestows; but when on taking my station at the bar, I cast my eyes towards the jury-box, my heart sunk within me, and I felt as if my doom were already pronounced, for twelve more commonplace, distrustful, impracticable looking jurors I never yet beheld. The foreman, in particular, made me shudder. He was a shrewd, sinewy, grizzled old Scotchman, with thin, dry lips, a lynx eye, and a countenance as hard as a deal board. As the evidence proceeded, a frown of the most ominous nature settled on his darkened brows, and ever and anon he hurled on me a stern glance, in which the word "Guilty!" was legibly stereotyped. When the case for the pro-

secution was closed, I was called on for my defence ; and having no counsel—for in matters where the sensibilities are to be appealed to, I dislike trusting to the imperfect sympathies of lawyers—I read from a written paper an impassioned speech which I had prepared with considerable care. In this luminous document I gave a sketch of my early life, suppressing, of course, all irrelevant and embarrassing particulars ; I spoke of the disastrous malady to which I had been subject from the cradle ; of the herculean efforts I had made to overcome it ; of the agony and contrition of mind which it had occasioned me, and of the utter absence of bad intention that had uniformly characterised the visitation. I then instanced the cases of several exemplary individuals who had been similarly afflicted. I mentioned the illustrious Adam Smith, who was known to have taken off his hat to a cow, mistaking her for a Christian ; the immortal Newton, who made use of a lady's finger for a tobacco-stopper ; the sage Parr, who put on six shirts, one over the other ; and asked if it was wonderful that I, harassed by agitation, should, in the darkness of night, have mistaken a lady's purse for my own, when in broad daylight the sage and pious Johnson made a similar mistake with a bishop's shovel hat ! I next expatiated on the flagrant improbability of my wilfully appropriating another's property at the very moment when, as the evidence against me proved, detection was inevitable ; and then addressing myself to the judge, I conjured him as a man of education—of sensibility—of upright and magnanimous principles—to discriminate between those social

failings which are prepense and premeditated, and those which are the mere accidental results of mental abstraction. I wound up my speech by an affecting appeal to the feelings of the jury, which, to the disgrace of humanity be it said, had no other effect than to create a malignant laugh among the crowd. When the uproar had subsided, the judge commenced his charge, and after complimenting me—in what I must say was a very handsome manner—on the ingenuity I had displayed in my defence, and regretting that such abilities had been so perverted, left the case to the jury, who, as a matter of course, found me guilty, whereupon I was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years !

Thus you perceive, sir, I am the victim of mere absence of mind—punished, in short, for that infirmity to which some of the greatest men this country ever produced have been liable equally with myself. In a few weeks, possibly a few days, I shall quit this prison for a new hemisphere ; but before I go hence to be no more seen, let me here in your presence record my solemn conviction of the necessity of an immediate Reform in the Law ! Yes, sir, I am now, like the enlightened Romilly, persuaded that our criminal code teems with imperfections ; and thus thinking, I shall, at my earliest leisure, note down my poor thoughts on the subject, and transmit them from time to time to the free press of my native country, though I much fear my patriotic efforts will be of no avail, for who will regard the opinions of a Law Reformer who dates from Botany Bay ? However, a man can but do his best.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT is philosophy? Look at man struggling against the fatalistic logic of physics, and thou shalt best know what philosophy is. In the hands of physical science man lies bound hand and foot, and the iron of necessity is driven into the innermost recesses of his being; but philosophy proclaims him to be free, and rends away the fetters from his limbs like stubble-withs. Physical science, placing man entirely under the dominion of the law of causality, engulfs his moral being in the tomb; but philosophy bursts his scientific cements, and brings him forth out of "the house of bondage" into the land of perfect liberty.

If we look into the realities of our own condition, and of nature as it operates around us, we shall be convinced of the justness of this view. We shall see that the essential character of philosophy is best to be caught in contrast with the character of physics; just as man is best read in the antagonism which prevails between him and nature as she exists both without him and within him—this strife conducting in the former case to his natural, and in the latter, to his moral aggrandisement.

Without a figure the whole universe may be said to be *inspired*. A power not its own drives its throbbing pulses. All things are dependent on one another—each of them *is* because something else *has been*. Nowhere is there to be found an original, but every where an inherited activity. Nature throughout all her vicissitudes is the true type of hereditary and inviolable succession. The oak dies in the forest-solitudes, having deposited the insignia of its strength in an acorn from which springs a new oak that neither exceeds nor falls short of the stated measure of its birthright. The whole present world is but a vast tradition. All the effects composing the universe now before us were slumbering, ages ago, in their embryo causes. And now amid the derivative movements of this unpausing machinery,

what becomes of man? Is he too the mere creature of traditionary forces?

Yes—man in his earlier stages violates not the universal analogy: but lives and breathes in the general inspiration of nature. At his birth he is indeed wholly nature's child; for no living creature is *born* an alien from the jurisdiction of that mighty mother. Powerless and passive he floats entranced amid her teeming floods. She shapes his passions and desires, and he, disputing not her guardianship, puts his neck beneath their yoke. All that he is, he is without his own co-operation: his reason and his appetites come to him from her hand, he accepts them unconsciously, and goes forth in quest of his gratifications in blind obedience to the force that drives him. All the germs that nature has planted in his breast owe their growth to her breath, and unfolding themselves beneath it, they flourish in blessedness—for a time.

Hence this view of human life being the first to present itself to observation, the genius of physical science has ever been foremost to attempt to fix the position of man in the scale of the universe, and to read to him his doom. She tells thee, O man, that thou art but an animal of a higher and more intelligent class—a mere link, though perhaps a bright one, in the uninterrupted chain of creation. No clog art thou, she says, in the revolutions of the blind and mighty wheel. She lays her hand upon thee, and thou falling into her ranks goest to swell the legions of dependent things—the leader it may be, but not the antagonist of nature. She bends thee down under the law of causality, and, standing in her muster-roll, thou art forced to acknowledge that law as the sovereign of thy soul. The stars obey it in their whirling courses, why shouldst not thou? She either makes thee a mere *tabula rasa*, to be written upon by the pens of external things—an educt of their impressions—or else endowing thee with certain innate capacities she teaches thee that all thy

peculiar developements are merely evolved under a necessary law out of germs that were born within thee—are but the fruits of seeds thou broughtest into the world with thee ready sown. But whatever she makes of thee, thou art no more thine own master, according to her report, than the woods that burst into bud beneath an influence they cannot control, or than the sea rolling in the wind.

Such is the award of physical science with respect to man; and, confined to his birth and the earliest periods of his life, her estimate of him is true. When contemplated during the first stages of his existence, Hamlet's pipe breathed upon by another's breath, and fingered by another's touch, and giving out sounds of discord or of harmony according to the will of the blower, is not merely a type, but is the actual reality of man.

But these are remote and visionary contemplations. Turning from man in his cradle, let us observe the actual condition of our living selves.

We are all born, as we have said, both in our external and our internal fittings up, within the domain and jurisdiction of nature; and nature, to our opening life, is a paradise of sweets,

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

But the nascent fierceness which adds but new graces to the sportive beauty of the tiger-cub, condemns the monster of maturer years to the savage solitudes of his forest-lair, and the graceful passions of childhood naturally grow up in the man into demons of misery and blood. As life advances, the garden of nature becomes more and more a howling wilderness, and nature's passions and indulgences blacken her own shining skies: and before our course is run, life, under her guidance, has become a spectacle of greater ghastliness than death itself.

Nature prompts a purely epicurean creed, and the logic of physical science binds it down upon the understandings of men; for suppose that we should turn and fight against the force that drives us. But how can we, says the logic of physics? We are in every thing at the mercy of a foreign causality, and how can we resist its sway? We are drifting before the breath of nature, and can the wave turn against the gale that is impelling it, and refuse

to flow? Drift on, then, thou epicurean, thou child of nature, passive in thy theory and thy practice, and sheathed in what appears to be an irrefragable logic, and see where thy creed will land thee!

But perhaps man has been armed by nature with weapons wherewith to fight against the natural powers that are seeking to enslave him. As if nature would give man arms to be employed against herself—as if she would lift with her own hands the yoke of bondage from his neck. And even supposing that nature were thus to assist him, would she not be merely removing him from the conduct of one blind and faithless guide, to place him under that of another equally blind, and probably equally faithless? Having been misled in so many instances in obeying nature, we may well be suspicious of all her dictates.

We have also been prated to about a moral sense *born* within us, and this, too, by physical science—by the science that founds its whole procedure upon the law of causality—as if this law did not obliterate the very life of duty, and render it an unmeaning word. This moral sense, it is said, impels us to virtue, if its sanctions be listened to, or lets us run to crime if they be disregarded. But what impels us to listen to the voice of this monitor, or to turn away from it with a deaf ear? Still, according to physical science, it can be nothing but the force of a natural and foreign causality. Nowhere, oh man! throughout the whole range of thy moral and intellectual being can physical science allow thee a single point whereon to rest the lever of thy own free co-operation. The moral power which she allows thee is at the same time a natural endowment; and being so, must of course, like other natural growths, wax or wane under laws immutable and independent of thy control. Thou art still then a dependent thing, entirely at the mercy of foreign causes, and having no security against any power that may make thee its instrument.

What, then, is to be done? This: Let us spurn from us the creed of nature, together with the fatalistic logic by which it is upheld. If we admit the logic we must admit the creed, and if we admit the creed we must admit the logic; but let us tear both

of them in pieces, and scatter their fragments to the winds. The creed of nature concludes simply for enjoyment; but the truer creed of human life, a creed which says little about happiness, was uttered soon after the foundations of the world were laid, and has been proved and perpetuated by the experience of six thousand years. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou cultivate the earth;" and, it may be added, in a bitterer sweat shalt thou till, oh man, as long as life lasts, the harsher soil of thy own tumultuous and almost ungovernable heart.

This creed is none of nature's prompting, but is the issue of a veritable contest now set on foot between man and her. But how is this creed to be supported? How can we rationally make good the fact that we are fighting all life long more or less against the powers of nature? We have flung aside the logic of physics; where shall we look for props?

Here it is that Philosophy comes in. "The flowers of thy happiness,

says she, are withered. They could not last; they gilded but for a day the opening portals of life. But in their place I will give thee freedom's flowers. To act *according* to thy inclinations may be enjoyment; but know that to act *against* them is liberty, and thou only acetest thus because thou art really free. For thy freedom does not merely consist in the power to follow a certain course, or to leave it unfollowed, but it properly consists in the *single* course of originating a new movement running counter to all the biases which nature gives thee, and in rising superior to the bondage thou wert born in. I will unwind from around thee, fold after fold, the coils of the inert logic of causality; and if thou wilt stand forth practically as nature's victorious foe, and speculatively as the assertor of the absolute liberty of man against the dogmas of physics—breaking the chain of causality—disclaiming the inspiration which is thy birthright, and working thyself out of the slough of sensualism—then shalt thou be one of my true disciples."

CHAPTER II.

But at what point shall Philosophy commence unwinding the coils of fatalism from around man? At the very outermost folds. To redeem man's moral being from slavery, and to circulate through it the air of liberty by which alone it lives, is the great end of philosophy; but it were vain to attempt the accomplishment of this end, unless the folds of necessity be first of all loosened at the very circumference or surface of his ordinary character as a simply percipient being. Make man, *ab origine*, like wax beneath the seal, the passive recipient of the impressions of external things, and a slave he must remain for ever in all the phenomena he may manifest throughout the whole course of his career. If there be bondage in his common consciousness, it must necessarily pass into his moral conscience. Unless our first and simplest consciousness be an act of freedom, our moral being is a bondsman all its life. True philosophy will accept of no half measures—no compromise between the passivity and the activity of man. We must commence, then, by liberating our ordinary consciousness

from the control or domineering action of outward objects. Thus commencing at the very circumference of man, we shall clear out an enlarged atmosphere of freedom around that true and sacred centre of his personality—his character, namely, as a moral and accountable agent.

In returning, then, to the fact of consciousness, we may remark that hitherto we have been chiefly occupied in opening out a way for ourselves, and have hardly advanced beyond the mere threshold or outworks of psychology. Regarding this fact as the great, and, indeed, properly speaking, as the only fact of our science, we have done our best to separate it from any admixture of foreign elements, and, in particular, to free it from that huge encumbrance which, since the commencement of science, has kept it weighed down in obscure and vaporous abysses,—the human mind, with all its facts, which are elements of a fatalistic, and therefore of an unphilosophical character. Imperfectly, indeed, but to the best of our ability, we have raised it up out of the depths where it has lain so long,

and blowing aside from it the mist of ages, we have endeavoured to realize it in all its purity and independence, and to make it stand forth as the most prominent, signal, and distinguishing phenomenon of humanity. But in doing this we have done little more than establish the fact that consciousness *does* come into operation. We still expect to be able to make its character and significance more and more plain as we advance, and now beg to call the attention of the reader to three other problems, which may be said to constitute the very vitals of the science of ourselves. These are, first,—*When* does consciousness come into operation? Second, *How* does consciousness come into operation? And third, *What* are the *consequences* of its coming into operation? The discussion of these three problems will, it is thought, sufficiently exhaust this Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness.

First, however, let us remark, that it was not possible that these problems could ever have been distinctly propounded, much less resolved by the “philosophy of the human mind.” This false science regards as its proper facts the states or phenomena of mind, or, in other words, the objects of the act of consciousness degrading this act itself, into the mere medium or instrument through which these objects are known. Thus researches concerning the nature and origin of the objects of consciousness (of sensation, for instance), and not concerning the genesis of the act itself of consciousness, constituted the problems of the science of mind. Our very familiarity with this latter fact has blunted our perception of its importance, and has turned us aside from the observation of it. Metaphysicians have been so much in the habit of considering all the mental phenomena as so evidently and indissolubly accompanied by consciousness, that the fact that they are thus accompanied being taken for granted, as a matter of course—as a necessity of nature—has then been allowed to fall out of notice as unworthy of any further consideration. Yet we have all along seen, that these phenomena might perfectly well have *existed*, and in animals and children of a certain age actually do exist, without consciousness; or, in other words, without being accompanied by the fact of personality—the notion and

the reality of expressed by the word “I.” In short, we have seen, that the presence of consciousness forms the exception, and that the absence of consciousness forms the great rule of creation: inspired, though that creation is, throughout, by intelligence, sensation, and desire. In devoting our attention, therefore (as the philosophers of mind have hitherto done), to such phenomena as intelligence, sensation, and desire, we should virtually be philosophizing concerning unconscious creatures; and not concerning man in his true and distinctive character; we should, moreover, as has been shown, be studying an order of phenomena, which not only do not assist the manifestation of consciousness, but which naturally tend to prevent it from coming into operation; and finally, we should, at any rate, be merely contemplating attributes which man possesses in *common* with the rest of creation. But the true science of every being proceeds upon the discovery and examination of facts, or a fact *peculiar* to the Being in question. But the phenomenon peculiar to man—the only fact which accurately and completely contradistinguishes him from all other creatures is no other than this very fact of consciousness—this very fact, that he does take cognizance of his intelligent and rational states, blending with them, or realizing in conjunction with them his own personality, a realization which animals, endowed though they are like man with reason and with passion, never accomplish. And thus it is that the fact of consciousness, from having occupied the obscurest and most neglected position in all psychology, rises up into paramount importance, and instead of submitting to be treated with slight and cursory notice, and then passed from, as the mere medium through which the proper facts of psychology are known to us, becomes itself the leading, and properly speaking, the only fact of the science; while, at the same time, questions as to its nature and origin, the time, manner and consequences of its manifestation, come to form the highest problems that can challenge our attention when engaged in the study of ourselves. All the other facts connected with us are fatalistic; it is in this phenomenon alone, as we shall see, that the elements of our freedom are to be found.

CHAPTER III.

The first question with which we are to be engaged is this: When does consciousness come into operation? And we ask, first of all, is man *born* conscious, or is he conscious during several (be their number greater or less) of the earlier months, we may say years of his existence? We answer, No: for if he were, then he would remember, or at least some individuals of the species would remember the day of their birth and the first year or years of their infancy. People in general recollect that of which they were conscious. But perhaps it may be objected that a man, or that many men, may forget and often do forget events of which they were conscious. True; but it is absolutely impossible, and at variance with universal experience, that *every body* should forget that of which *every body* was conscious. If the whole human race were conscious at the day of their birth, and during their earliest childhood, it is altogether inconceivable but that *some of them* at least should remember those days and their events. But *no one* possesses any such remembrance; and therefore the inference is irresistible that man is not born conscious, and does not become conscious until some considerable period after his birth. Let this conclusion then be noted, for we may require to make some use of it hereafter.

If, then, man is not conscious at his birth, or until some time after it has elapsed, at what period of his life does consciousness manifest itself? To ascertain this period we must seek for some vital sign of the existence of consciousness. It is possible that, before the true and real consciousness of the human being displays itself, there are within him certain obscure prefigurations or anticipations of the dawning phenomenon; and therefore it may not be practicable to fix in the precisest and strictest manner its absolute point of commencement. Still, compared with the actual rise and development of consciousness, these dim and uncertain preludes of it are even more faint and indistinct than are the first feeble rays which the sun sends up before him, compared with the glory which fills heaven and earth when the great luminary

himself bursts above the sea. This parallel is certainly not perfect, because the sun, though below the horizon, nevertheless exists; but an unapparent consciousness is zero, or no consciousness at all. Consciousness, no doubt, keeps ever gaining in distinctness, but there is certainly a period when it is an absolute blank, and then there is an epoch at which it exists and comes forth distinctly into the light—an epoch so remarkable that it may be assumed and fixed as the definite period when the true existence and vital manifestation of consciousness commences. Our business now is to point out and illustrate this epoch.

It is a well-known fact that children, for some time after they acquire the use of language, speak of themselves *in the third person*, calling themselves John, Tom, or whatever else their names may be. Some speak thus for a longer, others for a shorter period; but all of them invariably speak for a certain time after this fashion. What does this prove, and how is it to be accounted for?

In the first place, it proves that they have not yet acquired the notion of their own personality. Whatever their intellectual or rational state may in other respects be, they have not combined with it the conception of *self*. In other words, it proves that as yet they are unconscious. They as yet exist merely *for others*, not *for themselves*.

In the second place, how is the origin of the language, such as it is, which the child makes use of, to be explained? It is to be accounted for upon exactly the same principle, whatever this may be, as that which enables the parrot to be taught to speak. This principle may be called imitation, which may be viewed as a modification of the great law of association, which again is to be considered as an illustration of the still greater law of cause and effect; and under any or all of these views it is not to be conceived that intelligence is by any means absent from the process. The child and the parrot hear those around them applying various names to different objects, and, being imitative animals, acting under the law of causality, they

apply these names in the same manner: and now mark most particularly the curious part of the process; how they follow the same rule when speaking of themselves. They hear people calling them by their own names in the third person, and not having any notion of themselves, not having realized their own personality, they have nothing else for it than to adhere, in this case, too, to their old principle of imitation, and to do towards themselves just what others do towards them; that is to say, when speaking of themselves they are unavoidably forced to designate themselves by a word in the third person; or in other words, to speak of themselves as if they were *not* themselves.

So long, then, as this state of things continues, the human being is to be regarded as leading altogether a mere animal life, as living completely under the dominion and within the domain of nature. The law of its whole being is the law of causality. Its sensations, feelings of every kind, and all its exercises of reason are mere effects, which again in their turn are capable of becoming causes. It cannot be said to be without "mind," if by the attribution of "mind" to it, we mean that it is subject to various sensations, passions, desires, &c., but it certainly is without consciousness, or that notion of self, that realization of its own personality, which in the subsequent stages of its existence accompanies these modifications of its being. It is still entirely the creature of instinct, which may be exactly and completely defined as *unconscious reason*.

It is true that the child at this stage of its existence often puts on the semblance of the intensest selfishness; but to call it selfish, in the proper sense of the word, would be to apply to it a complete misnomer. This would imply that it stood upon moral ground, whereas its being rests as yet upon no moral foundations at all. We indeed have a moral soil beneath our feet. And this is the origin of our mistake. In our conduct similar to the child's would be really selfish, *because* we occupy a moral ground, and have realized our own personality; and hence, forgetting the different grounds upon which we and it stand, we transfer over upon it, through a mistaken analogy, or rather upon a false hypothesis, language which would serve to

characterise its conduct, only provided it stood in the same situation with us, and like us possessed the notion and reality of itself. The child is driven to the gratification of its desires (prior to consciousness) at whatever cost, and whatever the consequences may be, just as an animal or a machine is impelled to accomplish the work for which it was designed; and the desire dies only when gratified, or when its natural force is spent, or when supplanted by some other desire equally blind, and equally out of its control. How can we affix the epithet selfish, or any other term indicating either blame or praise, to a creature which as yet is not a *self* at all, either in thought, in word, or deed? For let it be particularly noted that the notion of self is a great deal more than a mere notion—that is to say, it possesses far more than a mere logical value and contents—it is absolutely genetic or creative. *Thinking* oneself "I" makes oneself "I;" and it is only *by thinking* himself "I" that a man can make himself "I;" or in other words, change an unconscious thing into that which is now a conscious self. Nothing else will or can do it. So long as a Being does *not* think itself "I" it does not and cannot become "I." No other being, no being except itself can make it "I." More, however, of this hereafter.

But now mark the moment when the child pronounces the word "I," and knows what this expression means. Here is a new and most important step taken. Let no one regard this step as insignificant, or treat our mention of it lightly and superciliously; for to say the least of it, it is a step the like of which in magnitude and wonder the human being never yet took, and never shall take again, throughout the whole course of his rational and immortal career. We have read in fable of Circean charms, which changed men into brutes; but here in this little monosyllable is contained a truer and more potent charm—the spell of an inverted and unfabulous enchantment, which converts the *feral* into the *human* being. The origination of this little monosyllable lifts man out of the natural into the moral universe. It places him, indeed, upon a perilous pre-eminence, being the assertion of nothing less than his own absolute independence.

He is now no longer a paradisiacal creature of blind and unconscious good. He has fallen from that estate by this very assertion of his independence; but, in compensation for this, he is now a conscious and a moral creature, knowing evil from good, and able to choose the latter even when he embraces the former; and this small word of one letter, and it alone, is the talisman which has effected these mighty changes; which has struck from his being the fetters of the law of causality, and given him to breathe the spacious atmosphere of absolute freedom; thus rendering him a moral and accountable agent, by making him the first cause or complete originator of all his actions.

If we reflect for a moment upon the origin and application of the word "I," as used by the child, we shall see what a remarkable contrast exists between this term and any other expression which he employs; and how strikingly different its origin is from that of all these expressions. We have already stated that the child's employment of language previous to his use of the word "I," may be accounted for upon the principle of imitation, or that at any rate it falls to be considered as a mere illustration of the general law of cause and effect. He hears other people applying certain sounds to designate certain objects; and when these objects or similar ones are presented, or in any way recalled, to him, the consequence is, that he utters the same sounds in connexion with their presence. All this takes place, very naturally, under the common law of association. But neither association, nor the principle of imitation, nor any conceivable modification of the law of cause and effect will account for the child's use of the word "I." In originating and using this term, he reverses, or runs counter to all these laws, and more particularly performs a process diametrically opposed to any act of imitation. Take an illustration of this:—A child hears another person call a certain object "a table"—well—the power of imitation naturally leads him to call the same thing, and any similar thing, "a table." Suppose, next, that the child hears this person apply to himself the word "I": In this case too, the power of imitation would naturally (that is to say, letting it operate

here in the same way as it did in the case of the table) lead the child to call that man "I"—But is this what the child does? No. As soon as he becomes conscious, he ceases, so far, at least, as the word "I" is concerned, to be an imitator. He still applies the word "table" to the objects to which other people apply that term; and in this he imitates them. But with regard to the word "I," he applies this expression to a thing totally different from that which he hears all other people applying it to. They apply it to themselves, but he does not apply it to *them*, but to *himself*; and in this he is not an imitator, but the absolute originator of a new notion, upon which he now, and henceforth, takes up his stand, and which leads him on in the career of a destiny most momentous, and altogether anomalous and new.

In opposition to this view is it objected that in the use of the word "I" the child may still be considered an imitative creature, inasmuch as he merely applies to himself a word which he hears other people applying to themselves, having borrowed this application of it from them? Oh! vain and short-sighted objection! As if this very fact did not necessarily imply and prove that he has first of all originated within himself the notion expressed by the word "I," (namely, the notion of his conscious self), and thereby, and thereby only, has become capable of comprehending what *they* mean by it. In the use and understanding of this word every man must be altogether *original*. No person can *teach* to another its true meaning and right application; for this reason, that no two human beings ever use it, or ever can use it, in the same sense or apply it to the same being; a true but astounding paradox, which may be thus forcibly expressed. Every one rightly calls himself by a name which no other person can call him by without being convicted of the most outrageous and almost inconceivable insanity. The word "I" in *my* mouth as applied to *you* would prove me to be a madman. The word "I" in *your* mouth as applied to *me* would prove you to be the same. Therefore, I cannot by any conceivability teach you what it means nor can you teach me. We must both of us originate it first of all independently for ourselves, and then we can un-

derstand one another. This may be put to the actual test if any one is curious to prove it. Let any man teach a parrot to say "I" (it meaning thereby itself), and we pledge ourselves to unwrite all that we have written upon this topic.*

We have now, then, brought this question to a conclusion; besides having opened up slightly and incidentally a few collateral views connected with other problems, we have returned a distinct answer to the question—When

does consciousness come into operation? Sensation, passion, reason, &c. all exist as soon as the human being is born, but *consciousness* only comes into existence when he has originated within him the notion and the reality denoted by the word "I." Then only does he begin to exist *for himself*. In our next paper we shall proceed to the discussion of the most important, but at the same time most difficult, question in all psychology—*How* does consciousness come into operation?

WHIG PRACTICES AND WHIG PROFESSIONS.

It is usual for statesmen and philosophers, in considering the position and prospects of a country, to search in the history of bygone times for circumstances analogous to those in which they feel themselves placed; and thus, very frequently, with the page of experience opened before them, they are supplied with beacons, and landmarks, and warnings, to aid them in the task of regulating the national affairs. But now, all speculators and rulers may search in vain for any records of a time similar to the present. There may have been seasons of more urgent peril, and periods of deeper gloom; there may have been eras of more misfortune, and times of greater distress; but never in the whole history of man was there an age of such vast importance, and of such manifest transitions, in which the controllers of popular destinies were more insignificant in their talents, and more unworthy of their charge. We look around us and

see elements at work of the most powerful nature, principles at work of the most cogent force, and passions aroused of the strongest description; but those who are doomed to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm" are partakers of little of the energy of the time, and are feeble instruments in feeble hands. It is indeed marvellous to behold, at a period when mighty interests are at stake and mighty minds are wanted to uphold them, the great intellectual lords of the creation, excluded by a faction from influence and authority, and excluded thus in order to keep in positions they are not qualified to fill the trembling puppets of a corrupt court. We much doubt if there be now a man in Britain of acknowledged mental superiority—if there be a single man whose name will float down the rushing stream of time, who possesses any direct influence on the national councils, or any weight in the management of public affairs.

* It will not do to say that man is capable of forming the notion expressed by the word "I," in consequence of the reason with which he has been endowed, and that the parrot and other animals are not thus capable of forming it in consequence of their inferior degree of intelligence. We have treated of this point at some length in the first part of our discussion. Let us now, however, make one remark on the subject. It is plain that an increase or a deficiency of reason can only cause the creature in which it operates to accomplish its ends with greater or less exactness and perfection. Reason in itself runs straight, however much its volume may be augmented. Is it said that this consciousness, this self-reference, this reflex fact denoted by the word "I," is merely a peculiar inflection which reason takes in man, and which it does not take in animals? True; but the smallest attention shows us that reason only takes this peculiar inflection in consequence of falling in with the fact of consciousness: so that instead of reason accounting for consciousness, instead of consciousness being the derivative of reason, we find that it is consciousness which meets reason, and gives it that peculiar turn we have spoken of, rendering it and all its works referable to ourselves. It is not, then, reason which gives rise to consciousness, but it is the prior existence of consciousness which makes reason *human* reason.

Strange! that when a Brougham and a Wellington, a Lyndhurst and a Stanley, a Graham and a Peel, adorn the age we live in, that a Melbourne and a Palmerston, a Rice, a Howick, a Russell, or a Glenelg, should be chief Ministers of this great country! These miserable mockeries of executive authority, these wretched playthings of wild theorists and ambitious religionists, are strutting their brief hour on the stage, to the exclusion of those whose parts are cast in the vast drama of the world, and whose actions are destined to be remembered and discussed throughout ages on ages to follow. Alas, alas, for England, whose Chathams and Hampdens, whose Pitts and Cannings, have fed the flame of imperial ambition in the breasts of a free and intelligent people, when those who are fitted, like flies, only to buzz in the sunshine, to flutter, disappear, and be forgotten, are raised up to an eminence which must bewilder, if it does not totally madden and destroy them. Oh! for the voice of the great men of old, or for their mighty spirits, to animate and to shame the people. We are living under rulers who, at the sacrifice of much they pretended to feel and to value, have gained their places, and have kept their pay, and who would sacrifice all—the small remnants of their characters, and all that remains of British institutions—to continue still longer in offices they fill only to disgrace.

But we pass from this subject as one requiring no diffusive comment; all men feel, and all honestly or silently acknowledge that the present governors of the country can stand no comparison whatever with their highly-gifted opponents, or with the most distinguished leaders of the more liberal party. We will proceed, then, to other points which render the present state of parties most remarkable; and in so doing, will endeavour calmly to show the exact position of the Conservatives and the Whigs. In this matter there is more than meets the eye of the common observer, there is much that deserves attention from all men who pretend to be candid in their judgment, and patriotic in their views.

In the first place, the Conservatives

are an *untried body*. We allude to the Conservatives as that great and rapidly-increasing body which consists of the great advocates and the great opponents (now for the first time in union) of all the great measures and of all the chief principles, men, and cabinets, of the present age. We see, for instance, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, with the Liberal politicians of Mr Canning's school, Lord Haddington and Lord Wharncliffe, united with Sir James Grahame and Lord Stanley, the chief supporters of the Reform Act; with the Duke of Portland and the old Whig party; with the Knight of Kerry and the Liberal Protestants of Ireland; with the great body of the Scotch Church; with the Presbyterians and Orangemen of Ulster; and with Sir Francis Burdett and the alarmists of the empire. All these men, hitherto much opposed and much disunited, have now found common ground for contest, and common principles as bonds of confederation; they have joined together gradually, adding continually to the Conservative party fresh weight of character, fresh elements of strength, and fresh talent and influence; they have not sought but rather avoided office; they have endured the frowns of a court without disrespect; and have gained power in the nation without seeking to abuse it. It is idle to deny that these men will retain in the union they have formed all the good that has ever distinguished either their minds or their principles, and will necessarily modify any evil that attached to them. Nothing more, then, can be wanted than the acquisition of national confidence; and this a very short examination will prove has not altogether been withholden. For, looking to the Conservative ranks, we find there the great mass of those by whom the opinions of others are principally guided; the great bulk of the hereditary nobility; the largest proportion of the gentry; the chief portion of the wealthy classes; the Universities, and the learning of the land; the professions; the religious part of the population; the agriculturists; and those in every village or city of the country distinguished for superior worth or superior independence.*

* We feel that it is better (in order to prevent interruption in the line of our argument) to enlarge on this subject in a note; and, therefore, we shall here proceed to address ourselves to the details of this subject.

In the House of Commons, elected under circumstances most disadvantageous to the Conservatives, we find a decided majority of the representatives of Great Britain, whose voice is neutralized, not overborne by the pledged phalanx of Popish nominees from the sister island. We find that each successive general election since the Reform Bill has increased materially the strength of Sir Robert Peel's supporters, and that even, on casual occasions, as when single elections occur, the tendency of things and the feelings of the constituency are generally shown to be favourable to the Conservative

views. On the other hand, the ranks of the Liberals are all disorder, and are thinning daily from defeats and desertions. They have, indeed, and will probably continue to have, such men as fled to Adullam,—all who are in debt and all who are discontented; they have the whole concentrated force of Popery, the strenuous aid of political dissenters, and the sympathies of men of any religion, and of men who boast of none. In the class of ten-pounders they may still find their great consolation and their reward. Having called that body into political existence, they may reasonably hope for

The strength of the Conservative party, we are told, consists principally in its wealth. Now, however important this item may be, it by no means should exclude the consideration of others. It is true that the great capitalists of England are Conservatives, as, for instance, the Arkwrights, Hopes, Drummonds, Mileses, Barings, Baileys, Hoares, Baillies, Peels, Glyns, &c. &c.; and it is equally true that while the Whigs can boast of about half a dozen great proprietors, like the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford and Lord Fitzwilliam, and among the commoners, like Mr Methven and Mr Byng, the vast majority of such persons—as, for instance, the Dukes of Buccleuch, Northumberland, Portland, Newcastle, Lords Ward, Lonsdale, Dartmouth, Rolle, Powis, Sir W. Wynn, Mr Egerton, and hundreds of others of great wealth, with four-fifths of the squirearchy—are stanchly Conservative. It is true also, as Lord Brougham acknowledged, that an immense proportion of men, possessing £500 a-year, are inclined the same way. But all this must not be regarded as the main feature of the Conservative party. In whatever respect, save in mere numbers (and even then the Liberals must go to the lowest grades for assistance), we compare the Conservatives and the Whigs, the former have decidedly the advantage. Let us take a few examples. In the House of Lords we find a majority of about two-thirds firmly in favour of Conservative principles, and these two-thirds comprising (notwithstanding all Whig boasting) a very large majority of those Peers whose families were ennobled prior to 1600; and, moreover, among them we recognise most of those whose family names shine in the brilliant records of national renown. The Devereux and Courtenays, the Herberts and O'Briens, the Stuarts and Montagus, the St Johns and Bruces, the Grams and Percies, the Nevilles, the O'Neills and the Gordons. Again, in the list of the commoners, we find that not only is nearly every single baronet of very early creation Conservative, but that all the principal gentry, baronets or not, are on the same side. It is thus with the Mordaunts, Egertons, Knatchbulls, Carews, Bacons, Burdets, Derings, Beaumonts, Wynns, Vaughans, Dugdales, Chetwoodes, Tremaynes, Harcourts, Haselrigges, Trollopes, Shelleys, Aclands, Musgraves, Vyvyanms, Constables, Traffords, Tyrells, Fitzherberts, Knightleys, Gresleys, Heskeths, Hoghtons, &c. &c. In like manner with the clergy; with the great heroes of the age, the Wellingtons, Combermeres, Beresfords, Hills, &c. &c.; with the great literary stars and heirs of fame, Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, Hallam, Buckland, Lockhart, Chalmers, Croly, and Faraday, are firm in their noble constitutional zeal, like their great friends who slumber in the tomb—Scott, Heber, Davy, and Coleridge.

If a similar examination to these were made, with reference either to Scotland or to Ireland singly, the strength and superiority of the Conservative party would be still more manifest. In the latter country, the proportion of wealth, respectability, industry, and intelligence is so decidedly in favour of the Conservatives, that, though they are a very small minority in numbers, and have the whole force of an unscrupulously abused executive to oppose, they make a good and not unsuccessful fight with the allied forces of the Whigs, Radicals, and Repealers. In Scotland, it is unnecessary to say how vast the preponderance is in favour of Conservatism, among all those whose names will be remembered after death, among the great ancient families of the land, and the possessors of hereditary or acquired property. Indeed we may repeat, that there is no point, save that of numbers, in which the Conservatives have not a supremacy undoubted and increasing.

gratitude and assistance. But, with these powerful auxiliaries, their force remains feeble for resistance, and too discordant to venture assaults; their ragged regiment of persons who have nothing to lose, and of many who struggle in politics for gain, their commissioners, and their masters, their servants and their dictators, all together find that their prospects are darkening day by day, and that the contempt of the people is gaining ground in every corner of the country. The Whig-Radicals, backed by the advocates of measures they themselves affect to disapprove, supported by Repealers and Voluntaries, by the friends of organic changes, and by the opponents of all these politicians, are tossed about at the mercy of parties they cannot control, or are driven forward to proceedings they consider flagitious. Nevertheless they retain their situations, and, to the best of their meagre ability, obey those who sustain their authority:

"For 'tis a duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom you eat and
drink."

Formerly, they had among them many of the influential and important persons of the land, but now their hopes at an election rest on towns they have enfranchised, on priest-ridden constituencies, and on Government boroughs. In the counties, at the last election, they were triumphantly beaten, even in those (West Norfolk, for instance) where some "pure old Whig" magnate, in the height of his liberalism, lorded it over all. No more do political unions assemble in thousands to laud the Whigs, or to read letters from Lord John Russell about "the whisper of a faction;" no more do the multitude lift aloud their voices to celebrate the praises of a no-patronage and a Reform Administration. *Tempora mutantur*. The Ministers, resting to-day on the support of one side, and to-morrow on the pity of the Opposition, plod hard through the dreary drudgery of a despised and useless official existence, "patted on the back" by a Hume, ridiculed by a Harvey, thwarted by a Molesworth, and dependent upon the smiles of a Wakley, for a continuance of his very flattering approval of them as

"squeezeable materials." They submit meekly to all this, joining with all who have denounced, cringing to all who despise them; biting the dust at the feet of an O'Connell, honouring heroes like Evans, promoting paragons like Turton, enriching patriots like Lord Durham, or, peradventure, playing still the same amusing game of politicians, praying their Conservative opponents to save them from their *friends*. "And all for quarter-day!" Every single election which casual circumstances produce creates shiver through their whole body; their hopes have faded; they trust solely to the precarious aids of patronage and the court. Even those who were formerly staunch adherents have grown cold in their love, and seem insincere in their professions. Where is Lord Spencer? Where is Lord Grey? Who hears now any Whiggism from the former oracles of Liberalism, the Denmans and Westerns, the Sebrights and Tankervilles? These, and others of their former leaders, have been gradually falling away, and no signs of conversions, no symptoms of change, appear in any other to recompense for the loss.

When such is the position of parties, there can be no great astonishment if the Whigs are losing ground in Parliament and in the country, while the Conservatives are conciliating as fast public confidence. That such is the fact is perfectly notorious; those who run may read. But it is not only thus food of hope and for glorious anticipations is supplied us. The people perceive the superiority not only of the Conservative party, but of the Conservative policy. Three years have passed, we should say have been idled away, since Lord Melbourne returned to power. There has been ample time for full consideration of all he has done, of all he has promised, and of all he has prevented or neglected. Let us try his administration by the tests we are enabled to apply, and then see how far practices and professions accord, how far expectations have been realized, and the country has been improved. The Whigs came in pledged to three principles—Retrenchment—Reform—and Peace. To each of these heads then we will address ourselves.

I. As to Retrenchment. Never was a promise so pompously published and vaunted, so ridiculously violated or forgotten. Here is the proof of Whig economy, uncontradicted, and undeniable, extracted from public documents, and publicly quoted in the House of Commons, to the astonishment of every member there, by Mr Hume:—

Expenditure of the country.

1835, . .	L.48,764,000
1836, . .	50,749,000
1837, . .	51,319,000

In 1838 it is to be about one million more, and that in spite of an absolute deficiency in the revenue of about L.700,000; and with every prospect (we regret to have to say it) of an increased deficiency in the next budget! Some of the items of increase are singular. The navy has increased in the above-mentioned three years about six hundred thousand pounds; and the increase is to be larger this year. The army has increased less in the three years in proportion, but it appears that the candle-end and cheese-paring economy adopted in this department had left it so unprepared for the Canadian war, that an increase must take place this year of about half a million. The ordnance estimates of the three years and of the present year partake of the same character. The sums expended in commissions this year will be about double the amount paid in 1835, which was L.92,613! The Scotch Church commission alone, up to the end of 1837, had expended, without doing any thing of the slightest importance, about L.30,000. The Malta commission, which, under the Duke of Wellington, cost nothing, has spent nearly two thousand pounds in a few months, under Lord Glenelg. Lord Gosford's mission to Canada (which was previous to, and separate from his period of chief governorship) cost about L.13,000; and Lord Durham's expenses are to be unlimited. The amount of secret service money for this year we have not yet heard, but as it has of late been gradually increasing, we presume we may calculate that in this item there will be at present no "retrenchment."

In truth, whatever else the Melbourne Whigs may have done, and

we are not insensible to the craft of their thimberlegs, or the absurdity of their exhibitions, we are at a loss to understand in what single point they have retrenched the public expenditure a single shilling. They have, it is true, granted a Pension-List Committee, but that was a gross juggle from the beginning, was intended as a delusion, and we may very safely predict will save the country nothing. No other attempt, either genuine or fraudulent, to lessen the public expenditure has been made. What places have been abolished? Behold Mr Shiels' snug sinecure at Greenwich; Captain Plumridge's at Falmouth; and Mr Fox's at Berlin: or consider the grand Patronage Scheme of giving Government the appointment of paid chairmen of quarter-sessions throughout the country! But this is not all. Other plans are afloat for a rural police, and then Ministers are to have the nomination of officers innumerable; and, in order to pave the way for this mighty project, a little farce of retrenchment has been got up for reducing the yeomanry a few hundreds, and their expense about as much. The only Whig specifics for retrenchment of which we ever heard, were sales of stores from the ordnance and the dock-yards; but now it appears that, for some time past, there has been nothing to sell, and a necessity has been created for buying anyhow, much which was improvidently and foolishly disposed of before. Numerous jobs of the greatest enormity have been openly perpetrated; the Commissions, it is well known, have been multiplied beyond precedent, and the kind gifts (it appears payment will not be sought) to the Queen of Spain, of arms, accoutrements, &c., have left the arsenals in a deplorable state of poverty and destitution. Let any reasonable man compare the accounts of the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1830 with the statements and estimates of Mr Spring Rice for 1838, and then judge of what nature Whig retrenchment has been. It is, at the present day when Sir Henry Parnell is Paymaster of the Forces, quite ludicrous to read his book on Financial Reform, and then compare his recommendations to other administrations, with the proceedings of that Government of which he is a member. Whence has sprung his sudden love for *official*

residences; whence his toleration of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and of all those other enormities his book was written to condemn? In those palmy days of Whig purity, the doctrine was taught, that the expenditure should be reduced to meet the income; but now, when the revenue is falling off, when heavy inevitable demands must be made for the coronation, and the new houses of Parliament, and the war with Canada, not one word is mentioned of retrenchment, save a valorous assault on a few stray troops of cheap yeomanry. So much, then, for the Whig-Radical professions respecting retrenchment. They came into office to abolish corruption and establish economy; they seem likely to go out, leaving behind them a diminished revenue, an increased expenditure, and consequently an insufficient income.

II. What then has been the measure to which they have acted up to their promises concerning reform? It seems as if the question itself was a mockery. During the existence of the Melbourne Ministry, Parliament has sat in all about twenty-four months, out of little more than three years, and during those twenty-four months Government has been allowed a greater number of the days in each week than any leader of the House ever before claimed. In order to save time, all discussions on the presentation of petitions have been abolished, and, in fact, every arrangement has been made to facilitate public business. There has been no factious opposition; on the contrary, the Conservatives have been oftentimes too lenient, and have never in any manner impeded important measures by useless but harassing motions, or by unnecessary and unjustifiable debates. What has been the result? What mighty measures have immortalized the Melbourne Ministry and the reformed Parliament?

Alas! Walpole's was not the only Whig Ministry which provoked the character of the satirist—

“Performing of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience, improving in blunders.”

Lord Melbourne and his friends have added a new Marriage Act to the Statute Book, and many snug situations to the list of places; they have appointed a Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal; they have abolished the Protestant bishopric of Quebec; they have sent three-and-twenty Roman Catholic priests to India, many to Canada, several, with a few Popish schoolmasters, to New South Wales; they have sent a legion to Spain;* they have passed a Municipal Bill, after having it well reformed in the Upper House; they have passed Sir Robert Peel's Tithe Bill, after delaying it a year; but nothing else, good, bad, or indifferent, has come from their industrious hands, or their prolific brains. They came into office to carry an Appropriation Clause, and now they have abandoned their own offspring. We hear no more of Church-Rates; the subject is painful, and is consigned to oblivion. Last Session they did not introduce a single measure of importance, till so late in the season that, when the King died, at the latter end of June, not one was ready for the House of Lords, and the Irish Tithe Bill had not even been discussed in the House of Commons. In this Session, nothing whatever was done till Easter, though the House met in November; and now, after five months' debating, the business of the country appears about to commence instead of ending. At the beginning of this Session, some important measures were promised, one relating to Irish education, another to English education; one to the Duchy of Cornwall,† and others relating to

* It appears that Government having neglected to obtain securities from the Spanish authorities for the payment of the Legion, find the men in a state of destitution, and themselves bound to pay them! What the amount of this “retrenchment” will be, has not yet appeared. As a matter of curious speculation, we should much like to know what this Spanish business, from first to last, has cost the country. We apprehend that when the stores, navy, marines, and the payment of the starving heroes of Irun, are fairly considered, two millions would not be too much to guess. Oh! the blessings of non-intervention.

† There is a curious point connected with this matter we cannot refrain from noti-

the Registration System, and various topics of interest. Where are they? Not one whisper or word has been heard of one of them. And thus it was in 1835, 1836, and last year. Thus it will be next Session, if the Ministers linger so long.

Lord Grey's Government did not so act. That Ministry, with many faults, contained much that was admirable, and effected much that was important. The Slave Question, the Poor-Law Question, the East India Charter, the Bank Charter, Reform in Parliament, were all settled permanently, not on the petty Melbourne plan of instalments. But that Government contained Lords Grey and Spencer, whom we have mentioned as having deserted the present Ministry, and Lords Brougham, Ripon, and Stanley, and Sir James Graham, who firmly oppose it. These men were the ornaments of the Grey Cabinet. When they retired, the body remained but the soul was gone. There can be no great cause for surprise, then, in the contrast presented by the present rulers to their predecessors. In like manner, the Duke of Wellington's Government, which undoubtedly was a very able one, effected great things, and undertook great measures, whether for good or evil, and that, too, at a time when the aspect of affairs abroad was dark and portentous. The Melbourne Ministry, of course, is a very different concern, and attempts things of a far different character. Reform is a very good motto, but to such Ministers it is nothing more—perhaps it operates as something less. If "the constitution" were their motto, the case would be the same—nothing would then be done to defend, just as nothing is now done to alter.

But then, forsooth, the House of

Lords will not pass "the good measures" of the Melbourne Ministry. If so, how, we would ask, were Lord Grey's reform measures carried in 1833 and 1834? And if it be true that the House of Lords presents an insuperable barrier to the reforms the Ministry promised, will it be said that that barrier was not foreseen, and if foreseen, why were promises made they knew could not be fulfilled? It is easy, indeed, to throw responsibility on others, but the trick is by this time somewhat stale, and fails of its effect. If Lord Melbourne cannot carry certain measures, and believes those measures to be essentially necessary, and thinks they are rejected, through party spirit, against himself in the House of Lords, why does he not retire and make way for men who *can* carry their views into effect? He declares he can do nothing while in office; why, then, not try to be as strong in Opposition as he seems to think the present Opposition to be? Such a course is precisely that one step the Whigs will not take; they meet difficulties, as Sir George Sinclair declared, with the display of every virtue save a becoming resignation. They are pledged to reform—they are powerless to effect it—and yet they cling to office without the respect of the country, without the means of usefulness, and to the exclusion of the greatest statesmen of the age. Perhaps, however, they may stand the test better in relation to their last profession—Peace—and to this point we will proceed.

III. Lord Palmerston has oftentimes prided himself on the fidelity with which he has fulfilled this pledge. This wonderful sage imagines humiliation is synonymous with peace. He

cing. The revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall are the property of the Crown, or more properly of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, and consequently the Whigs in the good old times used to protest against their being taken from the Treasury unless a Prince of Wales was living. The atmosphere of Court has now marvellously changed their sentiments. But this is not exactly all. It seems that these revenues are badly managed, and under a different and a better system might be made to produce nearly double as much as they now do, that is about L.50,000 a-year. Mr Spring Rice has promised to introduce a bill to effect this object, and where, think you, gentle reader, the money thus gained is to go? Not to the public, although, in the case of Church property, the Whigs lay down the doctrine, that all the increase they can gain for that property is to go to the House of Commons! When the Court is concerned, "they alter all that," and honestly improve property for the benefit of its possessor.

has succumbed to every insult,—at Cracow, at Algiers, in Turkey, and from the Americans at Buffalo and Navy Island. And after all what is the result?—The name of England stands lower than it did, and that, too, after three years' bucaniering war in Spain, and with a war establishment of army, navy, and ordnance that will cost this year little less than four-

teen millions! What sort of peace have the Whigs kept in Canada, where, after a serious rebellion, in which a war with the United States was jeopardized, a large force of military has been sent for future operations? What sort of peace have they kept in Ireland? Let the following Parliamentary returns answer:—

"The number of crimes reported in 1831 was	16,669, including 210 murders.
The number reported in 1836 was	23,891, including 620 ditto.
The number reported in 1837 was	27,398, including 722 ditto."

Again, the committals in Ireland are thus comparatively given in the *Standard* of May 2:—

"1823 (Tory mismanagement),	14,623.
1830 (Tory mismanagement),	15,749.
1837 (Mulgrave tranquillity),	27,396!

An increase upon the first period of . 1,162.

An increase upon the second period of 11,602.

An aggravation tenfold of the rate of progress in the respective cycles."

What renders this "tranquillity" the more remarkable, is the fact that Ministers point to their Irish policy as the one bright spot in their career, a kind of political oasis in the desert. On looking to the facts we have enumerated, it will be seen that Ireland is now very considerably worse in respect of demoralization than she was when the Whigs passed the Coercion Bill. At present they deem the best mode of preserving peace to be the promotion of the authors of agitation, which the Marquis of Wellesley has declared to stand in the same relation to crime as cause to effect!

What sort of peace is promised in India, where, if report speak truth, more than one outbreak is daily threatened, and that too while such a drivelling gentleman as Lord Auckland is Governor-General? What sort of peace has Lord Palmerston maintained with Holland? Sent a fleet to blockade the coast, issued orders in Council to prevent trade, and to seize all Dutch property. In Portugal, his Lordship and the Whigs have done their best to become parties to every quarrel; in Poland, where their help was really needed, it was entirely refused. At this present moment, through Lord Palmerston's policy and Whig folly in other departments, our establishments cost considerably more than they did under the Duke of Wellington; and the peace promised us as a blessing attendant on Whig government is of so fleeting and peculiar a

kind, that it can only be maintained by large naval forces in constant employment, and a full war establishment of military in constant readiness. Ever since the Whigs have been in, there has been one continual succession of interferences in matters with which this country has nothing to do; in the colonies, there has been a policy pursued calculated to create and foster civil war; in Ireland, all the fine measures which were to give peace, happiness, and tranquillity, have only increased irritation, and rendered the future prospects of the land more gloomy.

Well, then, how far do Whig practices in office accord with Whig professions in Opposition? The Ministers have been tried in the scales and found wanting. They have vacillated in temper, in spirit, and in their plans; their policy, so far as it can be understood, is the reverse of stable or statesmanlike, their deeds amount to nothing, their pledges are violated, their professions are futile, their promises are unfulfilled, they have perilled the most valuable colonies of the Empire, and allied themselves with the rebels in Canada and the embryo rebels in the sister island; they have laid down the Church at the mercy of its foes, and sent the dogs to lick the sores; they have displayed an imbecility the most contemptible, and a meanness the most low; they possess the confidence of no single class, and only the support of those who are interested in their

profligate proceedings. In Parliament, the divisions speak plainly and forcibly to the fact that they are kept in by a most miserable majority, and that vigorous motions respecting well-chosen subjects would speedily produce their dismissal. Thus, weak in their position, inefficient in their measures, and uncertain in their principles, there is nothing connected with them attractive of public confidence or of general respect. The tendency of events, therefore, is to diminish, in the constituency and in Parliament, the number and the influence of their adherents. Under these circumstances, the question arises how far the present state of parties justifies immediate energetic steps for the restoration of Conservatives to the Cabinet of the country? This is a subject only to be rightly determined when the true prospects of each party are considered, as well as their true strength. Hitherto this consideration has generally influenced the Conservative leaders with a desire to delay as long as was consistent with the national interests the ejection of the present Ministers. It has been argued, and we believe most justly, that the longer the Whigs remain in, the greater security will be afforded for the permanency of the power of the Conservatives, when at length the change takes place. Experience during the past two years seems amply to bear out this policy, for, undoubtedly, if Sir Robert Peel were to obtain office now, his prospects and position would be far more encouraging than they would have been if Lord Melbourne had resigned in 1836, or even last year. It must be remembered that all those causes of Whig unpopularity which are now so strongly appreciated, and to some of which we have alluded—their imbecility, their unfortunate Colonial administration, their foreign policy, their vacillation, corruption, and folly—are all now operating as strongly as ever; and, moreover, every single case which can now be brought to bear against them will certainly increase in force and magnitude. Let us examine this point with a little more minuteness, and all its importance will soon be seen.

Imagine the Whigs not only allowed to remain in, but *kept in* by the Conservatives, what is the consequence? The revenue, bad this year, will pro-

bably be worse in the year following, and the deficiency of income must increase through the great increase in the estimates of the present session. The wild spirit of speculation, so long operating, together with the almost total suspension of trade with the United States and Canada, must render the state of trade, especially in the manufacturing districts, worse than it has been for many years. The lawless and perilous system of combination among the workmen must necessarily, in the event of any stagnation of business, lead to results of a very dangerous and turbulent description. The state of Canada under Lord Durham will become worse, for his Lordship's character is adapted to nothing so little as situations of great trust, in which firmness, comprehensive views, and a wish to conciliate and settle must be combined. The foreign relations of the country, long in a very unsatisfactory state, are approaching a crisis which nothing but a very wise and powerful Administration can avoid. The various characteristics which at present contribute so forcibly to keep alive every feeling that ever existed against the Ministry, and to excite sentiments of distrust, and, perhaps, of contempt, where none existed before, continue now as marked as ever. All that system of Whig trickery and injudicious patronage; all that system of wavering ambiguity in both Houses of Parliament, which at present is observed by the country, in contrast with the straightforward and manly proceedings of the Opposition, still displays itself to all, to the regret of the friends, and to the triumph of the foes, of the Ministry. Besides, the discord and disunion so long threatening the Whig party, is silently but surely making progress, and preparing the way for such declarations of opposing views from the different sections of the Liberal party, as will necessitate such compromises prior to reunion, as must damage both, and place them in a position of very little advantage in their opposition to the next Conservative Administration. On the other hand, nothing in the conduct of the Conservatives which excites popular confidence is likely to cease or to be neglected. Consequently, while the Whigs are remaining in office, sinking lower and lower each year, provoking continually fresh

contempt, submitting perpetually to fresh humiliation, and adopting more and more a Conservative policy, and resting more and more on Conservative aid; while, in short, they are losing ground, and time is slipping away, and casual elections are making havoc in their ranks, the Conservatives, by their judicious proceedings, and by their constant support of Ministers when right, and exposure of them when wrong, are fast securing public confidence, and obtaining such popularity and respect as to render the next general election a certain victory. But then we are told of all the mischief the Whigs may be doing in the mean-time. This matter is much exaggerated. The Whigs can carry no mischievous measures against the Conservatives in the House of Commons, and if they could, "thank God, we have a House of Lords!" They can do no mischief extensively, only to themselves. At present, if they were turned out of office, we verily believe they are still sufficiently strong to do much, very much more mischief in Opposition than they can effect while in power. We are aware, however, that although as legislators they are powerless for evil, that they have unfortunately such disposition to abuse their trust to insure a maladministration of Church patronage, and to produce many dangerous appointments, both at home and abroad. Is it not, however, far better to permit this for a time, even if it can be at once prevented, than to seize authority prematurely, and so to give the Whigs, hereafter, a still longer enjoyment of its fruits? In this case a temporary sacrifice inevitably must lead to permanent good, while rashness must as surely and as certainly give the Whigs eventually a longer possession of that very power it is now a great object to destroy. Again, we are not disposed to underrate the evils attendant upon allowing the Whigs to establish a kind of *imperium in imperio* in Court, to establish a despicable backdoor influence, to cast their factious toils round a youthful and inexperienced Queen, and to obtain all the patronage and influence resulting from the Coronation. Yet, after all, what is the amount of evil here deplored? First, the possession of an influence at Court, which premature or factious attempts to banish them from office would only

increase and might perpetuate, and which, if properly dealt with, will not last any longer than the period of Whig authority. Secondly, the opportunity of creating a few baronets and peers, and of distributing other patronage. Now, we doubt very much if it would be wise, even if it were practicable, to expel the Whigs during this month, and thus to deprive them of that which seems the main object of their very lofty ambition. Suppose they create thirty peers. What then? *Is the House of Lords swamped?* Are the Conservatives demolished? Is their majority (amounting now, we believe, to little less than one hundred and fifty) materially lessened or affected? The effect of the Whig creation of peers, clearly, is only to diminish the number of their country gentlemen, and so leave North Wiltshire, and other places, without Whig candidates, and to create perhaps half a dozen vacancies in the House of Commons, which, in all probability, will be filled by Conservatives. When we consider these things, and when, in addition, we consider that the Ministers, by insisting on a shabby coronation, must injure themselves not only by hurrying the affair, and so stopping Parliament before any thing is done, but by their inattention to the interests of trade, we candidly own we do not see the force of the objections to the prospect of a batch of new Whig peers and baronets, bought at a price so dear. One point more remains, and that not the least important one. To be turned out now, or speedily instead of slowly, by the sure operation of public opinion, the Ministers must be assailed continually; measures something similar to those resulting from the Litchfield House compact must be applied, and that moderate but firm policy, which has obtained for Conservatism such favour in the country must be abandoned in favour of extreme proceedings and violent attacks. In other words, the Conservatives must display a folly about equal to that of their opponents. The whole time otherwise employed hitherto must be lost, its whole advantages must be abandoned; the Conservatives must reduce themselves to a level with their opponents, join with all who will help them, and shipwreck their hopes for the future, in order to attain a temporary party

purpose! The plan is ridiculous in the extreme, and we may rest assured nothing but an insanity not shared by the Conservatives could dictate it. Doubtless it is lamentable to see the interests of this great land intrusted to our present rulers, made the sport of factions, and not unfrequently the victims of knaves. Certainly it is grievous to witness a wild and reckless spirit in the national councils, an indifference to truth, and a greedy appetite for patronage and pay. Yet it must be acknowledged that too many, in the present day, are careless who rules, are indifferent to the character of the executive, and to the security of the great institutions now threatened and endangered. There is a strong body both in and out of Parliament, whose force it is idle to undervalue, and whose power it is folly to despise. When the time for action is ripe—when there is a prospect that the friends of the constitution can retain their office if they obtain it—when the sturdy common-sense of the British population is aroused and is working—then, and not till then, will it be prudent to hasten Ministerial changes, and to trample on those apologies for statesmen who now tinker at the Constitution and pilfer from the Church, as if a little petty larceny or a petty alteration constituted the whole duty of official station. The demand for wholesome legislation and for vigorous government will never be long drowned by popular clamour in this country; and therefore we are convinced that the day is not distant when public scorn will overwhelm the wretched and tottering faction which now trifles with all that our ancestors held dear, and with every principle which constitutes a bond or a guarantee of freedom and of social order.

We feel, therefore, at a loss to know on what grounds those who justly estimate the present state of parties, and the direction in which events and the feelings of the people are tending, would recommend or justify attempts to eject the Ministry. And we go still farther; we would recommend the Conservatives to keep the Whigs in by all means, to discourage their resignation, and to show a strong disinclination to overthrow them. We do not, of course, mean by sanctioning their evil deeds, or assisting in their revolutionary mea-

asures, but by backing them whenever their friends are pressing, by exposing, but not attacking them, by abstaining from offering them either occasion or opportunity to retire. By this course of proceeding the Whigs might be enabled to stay till next year, till after their next bad budget; or if they persisted in running away from the offices they were so eager to obtain, they would be compelled absolutely to resign from sheer inanition, and to assure their royal mistress of their own weakness and incompetence. Advice such as this we know can be addressed to the Conservatives, because they are not a body looking only to the present moment, grasping at shadows, yearning for office, and caring for little but their own interests. A Conservative Opposition has the power to be moderate, if prudence dictate a forbearing policy. It is not so with the Whigiotical party. They live only in stormy elements, their respect for the prerogatives of the Crown terminates when those prerogatives are so used as to displease them, and their intellectual and moral organization necessitates violent exertions and desperate resources. But the Conservatives are generally wholly independent of office, to many of them it is a burden, to few it has attractions unconnected with the power it supplies of benefiting or saving the country. There is then nothing absurd in the recommendation that they quietly "bide their time." We urge it as essential to the future welfare of the country,—we urge it as the policy which must contribute most largely and most certainly to the preservation of those things for which parties have so long been contending, and for which the Conservatives have so gallantly struggled. At this present moment, the Whigs themselves are living monuments of the folly of premature movements. They ejected Sir Robert Peel too soon; they are now at the mercy of those who support him. All experience, all that can be discerned of the future, speaks plainly and clearly to the propriety and the necessity of reserving strength till it can be most advantageously exerted and most beneficially displayed. We believe that one year's forbearance now will give five years' possession of office; but if, unhappily, desperate steps are taken, Sir Robert Peel must

come in before the Whigs are universally known, and before they can be ejected without the slightest regret; he must come in to struggle for his position, without the power to do good, and only to be ejected again, without having had time to test his principles to the satisfaction of the country, or to lay the foundation for public security or the maintenance either of the Church or the Constitution. "*Di talem avertite casum!*"

If, then, we recommend a determined avoidance of official power, at any rate till next year; and if that policy is likely to be pursued, the next subject of consideration is the line of proceeding to be adopted in the interim, with a view to affect the state of parties, to encourage the increasing tendency of the people towards Conservative feelings. First of all, as connected with Conservative duty, our thoughts are naturally directed to Ireland. There Lord Mulgrave "*rules the houseless wilds of Connemara*" with an assumption of the mock tragic, almost sublime. It appears, from the fiat of Mr Daniel O'Connell, that the stage-struck Lord is to be kept in office because there are ten old judges on the bench, and it is extremely desirable to secure their seats for Liberals. Such is the reason of the demagogue for supporting the Lord-Lieutenant. The Whigs give him their applause for the marvellous tranquillity he maintains, and to which we have already referred. The Conservatives, however, see no tranquillity, and are somewhat opposed to politics, and especially to Popery on the bench; they cannot fail to observe, that Lord Mulgrave's rule is adapted to foment discord, and to perpetuate strife, under pretence of healing both; that he is like the hero of Rotten Row,

"—— whose off heel insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper that it seems to chide."

With reference to Ireland, then, it is right that the Conservatives should expose the policy and the practices of the Government. It is necessary that the truth should at length be made to appear; that the English public should know on what class Lord Mulgrave rests for the support of the Union, for whose behoof he administers patronage, and by whom alone his praises are sung. It is not too much to say that if the demagogues who are con-

tinually threatening to raise the wacry of Repeal were to do so now, they would have, through Lord Mulgrave's proceedings—his tampering with the register, his enriching the Repealers, his uniform aid of the revolutionary party—at least double the strength they before possessed. There is not a single borough or county now returning an Irish Whig-Radical which might not be made to send a Repealer to the House of Commons. The Whigs have settled nothing for Ireland, any thing they have ever proposed has been intended and acknowledged only as an instalment,—they have not gained a single convert from repeal,—they have done their best to excite and to justify hatred to this country, and here their exploits end. We fear that the Conservatives have by no means effected all that was in their power in respect of the mal-administration of Irish affairs. Mr Colquhoun, and a few others, have thus done the state good service; but, generally speaking, the real position of Ireland, and the *harum-scarum* (we know no better epithet) proceedings of Lord Mulgrave are but very little known. Immense good, too, might be done to the Conservative cause by more Guerilla warfare, such as exposures of abused patronage, of futile commissions, of fresh vacillation, and of frequent boons to the Roman Catholics and the Political Dissenters. There can be no reason why the same course should not be pursued against the Whigs that was powerfully operative some few years ago against the Tories. Why is not the increased and increasing public expenditure published to the country? Why are the particulars of the Commissions we have mentioned not made known and exposed? Why are not the hundreds of new places created by the Whigs declared to the people? Never was there such a mass of corruption allowed to exist without notice, and to be augmented with impunity. If any active member would move for the returns of all the Catholic priests now in the pay of the Government, especially in the Colonies, or for an account of the sums expended in any other unpopular or suspicious branch of public service, incalculable good might be done. But if this be not done; if the Conservatives decline exposing their opponents, and hesitate

to publish and proclaim the growing profligacy and extravagance of the Government, what reason in the world can there be against measures being taken up by the Opposition of a popular and useful nature? It was thus the Duke of Wellington's Administration was turned out. The Whigs were standing before the country the advocates of measures many desired to see pass, as the opponents of every thing industry could find to oppose. The Conservatives should act in like manner. A few motions like the Marquis of Chandos's respecting Lord Durham's most extravagant outfit would help to shake the Ministry, to display their profligacy, and to secure for the Conservatives the benefit of any comparisons the public might make between the contending parties. By these means, by activity and constant exposures of every thing wrong, the Conservatives would injure the Ministry without in any degree forcing them to resignation; they would, in fact, be doing nothing but their plain and obvious duty in holding up to just odium those who were deserving of censure and too indifferent to its importance. The Conservative party at present possesses every advantage a political body can require; on its side is the most powerful portion of the press, both in the country and the metropolis; and this alone is an instrument of enormous power. The only other ingredient required is more activity and more business-like habits in most of the Conservative members of the House of Commons. There is an ample field for the exertions of all; there is the noblest cause to animate them that ever aroused the energy of man; the cause of the Protestant constitution, the cause for which Pitt with his gigantic mind lived and died; for which Wellington now struggles; and Wilberforce has often pleaded. Nor is the importance of this particular juncture to be overlooked. It is now that the foundation is being made for the future authority of the Conservative party. In proportion as the foundation is wide and deep, will the superstructure be strong and lasting. No effort then should be spared to recommend Conservatism to the nation, or to overthrow effectually the Babel of Liberalism. Every motive of prudence and every sentiment of patriotism is called into

action; the prospect amply repays exertion; the principles engaged are those which are connected with the prosperity of the people and the country's peace. Let the Whigs be kept in, but let them owe their retention of office to the Conservatives; let the country know whose instruments they are, and how far they abuse their power. We are advocates for a policy which may be emphatically denominated independent, which tends to raise the character of the great Conservative leaders, to humble the Melbourne Ministry, to triumph over Whigs and Radicals at once, and to conciliate, nay, to force, respect and confidence from the population. If the Conservatives at length gain office through pursuing this policy, they will be subjected to no compromises, and driven to no unworthy concessions; they will appear as the successors of an imbecile government, and be hailed as deliverers to the nation. Their measures then can be the results of calm unfettered deliberation, their strength in the country will be consolidated, and the time will have arrived for a dissolution, if that alternative be forced upon them. Then, too, the spirit of the country will be more calm, its expectation less extravagant, and the position of a respected and trusted government will be firm and strong; the Court, deceived rather than betrayed, will find that the rulers it deems the darlings of the people were despised by all, and that they possessed neither genius to originate, or resolution to effect the important measures necessary to the maintenance of permanent tranquillity, the dignity of the British flag, and the integrity of the empire.

If the sole object of all the energies and exertions now employed on the side of the Conservatives; if the only effect of that policy we have endeavoured to recommend were merely the triumph of a party—however great that triumph, and however respectable that party—we should feel certain of failure. But, at the present moment, the cause of Conservatives is the cause of the country, the issue between the opposing politicians is the utility of our existing institutions; the contest is not for the ascendancy of one set of men or the proscription of another, but for the preservation of the great machine of government, which for so

long has worked in this land, and so beneficially has effected all the great purposes for which it was originally designed. If one party have now banded themselves together for destruction, it is no fault of the Conservatives that the struggle must acquire a party character; and *they* are clearly not to be disturbed because they band themselves together also, on the principle that when bad men confederate good men must combine. Such being the case, parties being the embodied agencies of contending principles, the interests of the country are necessarily intimately and vitally connected with the position of the chief opposing candidates for public favour. On the one hand, are all who are desirous to destroy, supporting the present feeble Government, avowedly as the instrument most calculated with the greatest facility and the least suspicion to effect all that is required, or to prepare the way for its accomplishment. On the other hand, are all who see any thing in the institutions of the nation worthy of preservation, all who supported the Catholic bill in good faith as a final settlement, all who received the Reform Bill as in the same character, and all who now desire to see a steady and vigorous administration of public affairs. Day by day are the distinguishing characteristics of each party more plainly discerned; day after day does the excuse for irresolution or vacillation become weaker. Every man, even to the most humble, can do something; on all the responsibility rests to defend for the present generation the blessings they enjoy, and to hand them down unimpaired to myriads unborn. It is high time to awake from apathy, and to stand firm to those principles on which alone the security of the country is dependent. Once more we echo the advice of Sir Robert Peel—Register, register, register. If the Conservatives do their duty, every county at the next election will rally round the standard which is lifted up and guarded by the noblest spirits of the land; and there will be no lack of candidates to maintain the cause of the people. Little

as there is now done in comparison with what duty demands, we cannot despond. Symptoms have appeared of returning right feeling in the public mind; and though as yet the speck in the horizon is no larger than a man's hand, it shall grow and dilate till the whole dark vault of heaven is covered with its power and its promise. We repeat, that it is idle to speak of party contests at the present time, as if they were separated from national struggles. As well might the people of Rome have prated about parties, and remained inactive and torpid, while Cicero was encountering Catiline, and crushing the germ of tremendous rebellion. As well might Falkland or Hyde have refused to leave the Liberals at an earlier period, under pretence that nothing was at issue but party interests. It may be, indeed, that danger will be averted, and then, when all peril is past, it may seem as if it never had impended. But we cannot thus dive into the future, or disregard the lessons of the past. "*Heu, nescia mens hominum futuri!*" It is more probable that the licentious and daring spirit of the age will continue at least for a time to flourish and to proselyte in England, and perhaps to spread its reacting contagion in America and the Continent of Europe. The prospect then will be the demolition of all bulwarks of society, an atheistical education, and the lawless dominion of passion disenthralled, and of anarchy made powerful and free. This, and this alone, is the contingency on which the nation can justly calculate, if its destinies are to continue intrusted to the imbecile, and intrusted thus with a full knowledge that a higher and more dangerous sway overbears the Government. No secret is made of ultimate plans; no concealment is attempted of necessary results; the path is made clear and the consequences are plainly developed; the road to national ruin, and the ascendancy of principles which, in France as well as in this country, have never secured supremacy without bathing the land in blood and triumphing in the miseries of desolation.

MR COLQUHOUN'S MOTION RESPECTING OUTRAGES UPON THE PERSONS AND PROPERTY OF THE PROTESTANT CLERGY OF IRELAND.

THE public are under great obligations to the member for Kilmarnock. Ireland should be peculiarly grateful for exertions by which the dealings of a wicked Government with the members and ministers of the Established Church have been brought to light in such a way as to afford a reasonable hope that the O'Connell-Melbourne Ministry cannot much longer pursue their system of Protestant persecution.

The sacrifice of the Established Church in Ireland, and the gratification to the top of their bent of a malevolent priesthood, and an ignorant and bigoted population, by the plunder of its temporalities, and the murder and proscription of its ministers, would seem to us part of the tacit compact formed at Litchfield House, when the support of "the Tail" was found indispensable to the existence of a feeble, a tottering, and an unprincipled Administration. Nor has O'Connell any reason to complain that their part of the agreement has not been strictly complied with. His duty would seem to have been very strictly prescribed to the individual sent to govern Ireland; namely, to lend a ready ear to Mr O'Connell's representations, and to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of his power, in carrying into effect his leading objects; and the better to disguise their common designs, the demagogue consented to forego, for a season, all agitation respecting a Repeal of the Union.

The clergy were accordingly abandoned to the "tender mercies" of an infuriated population. Tithe property was all but extinguished. The danger and the difficulty of collecting it became, in many parts of Ireland, so great, that few were found rash enough to provoke the vengeance which would be excited by any attempt to recover their dues. The consequences were, the most deplorable distress, by which families who had been in the enjoyment of every comfort, were suddenly plunged into poverty, and found, moreover, that not only were their present means of subsistence cut off, but that prospective provision, by which future contingencies were provided for by

means of an insurance upon their lives, must be relinquished. Even in those cases where the present means of the clergy were left untouched, this most natural mode of providing for their families after their decease was rendered impracticable, by a precaution now adopted by almost all insurance offices of introducing a clause into the policies, which exempted the insurers from any pecuniary responsibility in cases of death by popular violence.

And this, be it observed, was not because of the oppression of the tithe system; for not only was it not oppression, but no modification of it which could be proposed would satisfy those by whom it was resisted; and it may also be truly said that every modification of it which was effected, and which lightened its pressure upon the humbler tenantry, only seemed to have the effect of exasperating their rage, and manifesting that their hostility was as unmitigable as it was groundless. Now how is this to be accounted for? Manifestly in one way alone. By supposing that their hatred of tithes arises out of their hatred of a heretical church, not their hatred of a heretical church out of their hatred of tithes. And yet the latter is the supposition most generally received in England and most current within the walls of Parliament. How many do we hear say—"Oh! the Church of Ireland has not fair play because of the oppression of the tithe system. The poor people are ground to the earth by an odious impost, and they vent against the Establishment and its ministers the feelings of resentment which they naturally feel against tithe-proctors and their retainers. But let the tithe question be once equitably settled and all will again be well. The Church will be no more disturbed, and the clergy may pursue without molestation their peaceful avocations." Such is the language of the Liberals and the Semi-Liberals, and such, if not the language, are the secret thoughts of many who would be deemed Conservatives, and who in other respects exhibit a worth and a wisdom which render them most useful members of Parliament. But how are such notions to be re-

conciled with the actual state of things, which evinces that, in proportion as every plausible objection against the tithe system has been removed, the hostility against it has become more flagrant and more uncontrollable; as if in point of fact its evils, or its so-called evils, had been aggravated rather than mitigated by recent enactments? By Mr Goulburne's act an equitable composition was provided, by which for a term of years all uncertainty respecting the payment to the clergy would be removed, while, by taking in the pasture-lands, *the same amount of contribution was made to spread over a larger surface.* This surely was a reason, against which if some of the opulent gentry might reclaim, the great body of the people should have regarded as a special favour. And yet the outcry against the tithe system was only increased by a measure which insured an almost perfect remedy for every one of its alleged evils. How is this to be accounted for except by supposing that the hatred of a heretical religion had generated a hatred of the means by which it was supported?

Again, by Lord Stanley's Act, the ostensible tithe burden was thrown, as far as it was practicable to do so, upon the head landlord, so that the people should be altogether exempted from any contact with those by whom it would be levied, and thus relieved even from the imaginary grievance of paying the ministers of another religion. But how has that act been received by those for whose benefit it was chiefly passed? By reclamation and resistance; by outrage and violence; by intimidation, by proscription, and by death. Such have been the effects of the *healing measures* by which the enormities of the tithe system were to be redressed, and the prejudice and hostility removed which had so grievously obstructed the usefulness of the Established clergy. Can any thing further be necessary to demonstrate the unsoundness of the hypothesis upon which they proceeded, and show to any one possessing the least degree of candour that the very opposite representation is that which is the true one, and that *the tithes have been hated because of the Church, not the Church because of tithes*? It is surely impossible, upon any other supposition, to account for a virulence and a resistance

which increases exactly as tithes cease to be a grievance, and arrives at its highest point when, to all practical purposes, they were in a fair way of being totally extinguished.

But if, after what has been said, any doubt remains in the mind of any one upon this subject, we refer confidently to the speech of the honourable member for Kilmarnock as a document by which it must be completely removed.

Thrice had the honourable member sought for an opportunity of moving for a return of all outrages and assaults committed on the person, property, and places of worship, of Protestant ministers of all denominations in Ireland; and thrice had Ministers contrived, by counting out the House, that he should be disappointed. We do not, on those occasions, acquit the Conservatives of all blame. They should have attended in sufficient numbers to defeat the measure which was practised against them; and these have not been the only occasions upon which they have been wanting to their duty. But Ministers felt that they stood on slippery ground when subjects like that contained in Mr Colquhoun's notice were brought into discussion; and, moreover, that they now had an antagonist to deal with, who was not to be baffled, or bullied, or deceived; and they wisely, in our judgment, endeavoured to postpone the evil day, which was to reveal the atrocities of their misgovernment in Ireland.

But the 1st of May arrived, and Mr Colquhoun's motion came on. We cannot act more fairly, either by that gentleman or by Ministers, than by giving a few of the statements upon which he relied, and stating substantially their answer; and we mistake if the reader does not collect, even from their defence, a more deplorable view of the condition of Ireland than any that has been suggested by the representations of their enemies.

"It had been said, he repeated, that hitherto tithes had been the cause of exciting all those feelings of animosity which prevailed in Ireland, and that by settling that question peace and tranquillity would be established. A few facts would serve to show that this was certainly a very questionable assertion. What had been the case of an individual wholly unconnected with tithes? He alluded to that of the Rev. Mr Hogg, a curate in the

county of Leitrim. That gentleman drew nothing from tithes, was wholly unconnected with tithes, but had distinguished himself by his extraordinary pastoral exertions, particularly in the erection of Scriptural schools for the religious and moral instruction of his parishioners. He was universally respected by his neighbours of all classes, but there came a denunciation against him from a quarter to which he (Mr Colquhoun) would presently allude, and in the month of October, 1836, his school was set fire to; in the November following, his outhouses were fired; and this unfortunate curate, when escaping from the flames of his own dwelling, was fired at and nearly wounded by assassins. This was not a mere assertion, for the fact was proved by proclamations in the *Dublin Gazette*, the rewards offered for the apprehension of the offenders, and the establishment of a police force in his house for the protection of himself and his family (hear, hear). To this rev. gentleman the hostility was not therefore on account of tithes, but because he had discharged the philanthropic duty of endeavouring to educate his Roman Catholic parishioners (hear). Then followed the case of the Rev. Mr Benson, a curate in the King's County, who had established evening service on the Wednesday in each week. That was an offence (and not from his connexion with tithes) for which he was to be visited with the penalty of death. The rev. gentleman was fired at on the 18th of May, 1836, and only escaped in consequence of the badness of the fire-arms used by the assassin (hear). To show a continuance of this state of things, he would mention a case in the month of July, 1837; he would withhold the day from the public for reasons he had, but was ready to communicate it in private to the noble Lord the Secretary for Ireland. This case was also one of a curate unconnected with tithes, but who had also set up schools, and preached and instructed in the houses of the Roman Catholic portion of his parishioners. He was denounced by the same quarter as in the former instances—he was warned that his house would be burnt—he despised the warning, and persevered. His house was set on fire, and another warning followed that he himself would be attacked. That second warning also he despised, and still persevered in his course with an intrepidity worthy of his cause; and not until the poor Roman Catholics who frequented his lectures were attacked and molested, did he desist from his labours (hear, hear, hear). He gave these three specimens, and was content with them, though he might easily multiply them, to

meet the assertions of a very high authority—no less than the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He (Mr Colquhoun) was not at liberty to say where the noble Lord made those statements—he was not at liberty to allude to those publications which might have reported the noble Lord incorrectly, but he was at liberty to allude to a report which the noble Lord had published to the country as his declared opinions on the state of Ireland. He (Mr Colquhoun) found in that speech, as well as in the sources from which it had been derived, that the noble Lord, in answer to a statement of a noble Duke, was made to say that since he (Lord Mulgrave) had been appointed to the office of Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, no clergyman had been murdered in Ireland, and that there had been no murderous attacks on account of religion. That statement was most satisfactory, if correct; but would the House believe that, one month after the appointment of the noble Earl to the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, the Rev. Mr Dawson, a clergyman in the county of Limerick, was murdered in broad day-light? (hear). The Earl of Mulgrave sought by his statement to communicate to the other House and to the country, that the lives of Protestant clergymen were safe in Ireland. Would the House, however, believe that, when he (Mr Colquhoun) referred to the returns moved for and obtained by his hon. and learned friend the member for Bandon, he found that in two years no less than twelve violent assaults upon clergymen were proclaimed in the *Gazette*, for which rewards were offered? and doubtless there had been many more of which the *Gazette* had taken no notice (hear). Of these cases so proclaimed he would take a few, and the first one which occurred was in the diocese of Cashel and Emly, which embraced the county of Tipperary—a county which the House and the country had recently been informed by a learned judge was in a state of profound tranquillity (hear.) He would take a few facts connected with that diocese. In September, 1836, the Rev. Mr Cooke [we believe] was fired at, and narrowly escaped with his life—and in that case a reward of L.50 had been offered. The next was the Rev. Mr Herbert of New Inn, who was attacked and wounded. The next the Rev. Mr Galwey of Clonbeg; then the Rev. Mr Banner, who was attacked and nearly murdered in his own yard; and, lastly, he would instance the case of the Rev. Mr Scott of Pallas Green, who was three times attacked, and three times escaped, because information had been sent to him by an individual who had an insurance upon his life (hear).

These, with the case of the Rev. Mr Bag-nal of Ballintemple, made six instances within the period of Lord Mulgrave's Government where clergymen had been made the special objects of attack, and had narrowly escaped with their lives (hear, hear.) How, then, was it possible that the House or the country could receive the assertion that the lives of the clergymen were safe in Ireland, when it appeared that matters stood thus? What did the noble Lord mean? Did the noble Lord mean to say that clergymen were safe because the assassins were bad marksmen? (hear, hear.) He owned it was with unmingled surprise he heard that a nobleman should have the courage to make such a statement as that to which he (Mr Colquhoun) had alluded. But these cases which he had mentioned were those of Protestant curates, who had nothing whatever to do with tithes. Still, it had been said, that the curates were tainted with tithes. He would, therefore, take the case of persons who were not even curates, and who derived no emolument from tithes—he meant that of the missionaries in the islands in the west of Ireland (hear, hear). With respect to them he would say, that they were just like the Independent or Wesleyan missionaries to the Pacific and Western Islands; and all he asked was, that the lives of the missionaries in Ireland should be as safe as the missionaries to Otaheite; and that they should be as secure under the impartial and vigilant (as it was termed) Government of Lord Mulgrave, as their fellow-labourers were under that of the barbarous chieftains of those savage islands (hear, hear). In the year 1834, it appeared that the Rev. Mr Nangle went as a missionary to Achill, an island on the coast of Ireland, and that he was welcomed there warmly by the inhabitants, upon whom the denunciations of the priests had no effect, and in a short time the influence of the missionary became very considerable. At that time the Roman Catholic priest of the island was a Rev. Mr O'Meara, who was not thought to be sufficiently strong in his denunciations; he was removed, and his place supplied by the Rev. Mr Connor, who was supposed to be of fitter temperament for that object. That reverend gentleman denounced Mr Nangle in unmeasured terms, but even all his efforts failed to persuade the inhabitants of Achill to turn their hands against the missionary, who had gained their veneration and esteem; and, accordingly, in the autumn of 1835, a period signalized by the processions of Lord Mulgrave through Ireland, no less a personage than a Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr M'Hale, visited Achill with

twelve priests. That he (Mr Colquhoun) might not underrate the character of Dr M'Hale, he would show the manner in which it was spoken of by the hon. and learned member for Dublin. The hon. and learned gentleman thus described him:—'He is a man of gigantic talents, of the greatest accomplishments, the most profound theologian of his Church—a man whom he was proud to call his venerable friend' (hear, hear, hear). At a meeting of the Anti-Tory Association, in December, 1834, this was recorded of Dr M'Hale by the honourable and learned member for Dublin. However, Dr M'Hale went to the island of Achill, and the accuracy of the facts he (Mr Colquhoun) was about to state could not be doubted by the House, inasmuch as they had been proved in courts of justice and before a committee of the other House of Parliament. In the first place, what had been proved to be the language used by some of those twelve Priests in the chapel of Achill to their poor illiterate followers? He had a portion of a sermon preached by one of them, in which the people were thus exhorted—'Hold no communication with those missionaries; neither borrow nor lend, buy nor sell to them; show them no kindness; withhold from them common courtesy; they are accursed of God and his church, and should be abhorred' (hear, hear, hear). Another of these priests, named Conolly, had been proved to have said, 'If any one of them (the missionaries) comes up to you in the field, knock him down with your spade, or stab him with your pitchfork' (hear, hear, hear). By others women had been directed, if the missionaries came to their house, to be prepared with scalding water, and their husbands with sharpened pitchforks, and to direct them against the missionaries. Such had been the language delivered in the presence of Dr M'Hale, in the presence of one or other of his twelve priests, and the effect was immediate; the men were attacked, the women were assaulted; even children did not pass unhurt, and the missionaries themselves had scarcely escaped with their lives (hear, hear). Now, in order to show how entirely the feelings of the people themselves differed from those of the priests, he begged to bring forward one fact. After all this violent language, and all the outrageous attacks, so lately as last spring the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Clare island requested one of the missionaries (the Rev. Mr Vane) to come and live amongst them, and give them the comfort of his pastoral assistance. He went, was most gratefully received and welcomed, and all went on well until July

last, at the period of the general election. The House would not fail to have observed that in Achill all had been peace and tranquillity until Dr M'Hale and his priests visited it. In Clare island the same was the case from March until July, 1837, when Dr M'Hale and his apostolical missionaries of peace (hear, hear) landed at Clare island. On a former evening the noble Lord at the head of the Home Department had said that he strongly condemned all political harangues on the part of the bishops of the Established Church, and he (Mr Colquhoun) trusted the noble Lord would equally condemn such language as a Roman Catholic archbishop in Ireland had adopted. In July last the elections came on, and Dr M'Hale had sent an excuse for not being present at the hustings of a particular county in Ireland. What would be said if any of the archbishops or bishops of the Established Church presented himself at the hustings of Middlesex or Surrey? (hear, hear.) What a shout of indignation would be heard from the benches opposite (hear, hear); and yet Dr M'Hale, in a letter published in the newspapers, regretted that he could not be present at the hustings of the county of Mayo; and why? Because he said his presence was required to put out the venomous fanatics who had invaded Achill (hear). Now, what was the consequence of Dr M'Hale's crusade against the missionary of Achill? He was obliged to fly for his life and take refuge under the protection of the coast-guard, and the islanders told the coast-guard that they had the archbishop's orders to take his life. Such were the provocations to bloodshed addressed to the Roman Catholic laity by their bishops and archbishops. He could multiply instances of their interference for this purpose. There was the case of Mr Storey, who was guilty of holding a controversy with the Roman Catholic priest, and for this offence was attacked on the highway. He did not say any thing of the soundness of Mr Storey's controversial doctrines; possibly he might not like them much; but what he did say was, that a man ought not to have his head broken for an argument (hear, hear). There were lectures given in Dublin by Roman Catholic priests on points of doctrine respecting which the Church of England and the Church of Rome were at issue, and Dr Wiseman some time ago gave lectures in London on the same subject. All this was very fair and very proper; but was it to be endured, under the benignant and vigorous Administration of Lord Mulgrave, that Mr Storey should not have a controversy with priest Hughes without being attacked on the highway?

(hear, hear). He had a still more pungent illustration of the kind of influence which the Catholic priesthood exercised. It was the case of a simple steward, who had spoken to his neighbours, who were in the habit of drinking a little too much, and of indulging in other vices, and advised them to read their Bibles, and leave off their intemperate habits. Now, one would have thought that this was no very grievous offence, but it seemed that in the eye of the Roman Catholic priests it was an offence for which the man ought to be punished with death (hear). The parish priest denounced him from the altar on the 16th of September, 1836, and on the very same day, two hours afterwards, four ruffians repaired to the house of this Presbyterian steward, and, not finding him at home, beat his servant nearly to death, of which offence they were convicted at the Quarter Sessions (hear, hear). There were numerous other cases in which Roman Catholics who had ventured to read the Scriptures had been deemed to be guilty of an offence that ought to be visited with death. The Scripture readers were denounced by the priests, and they declared that no man should read the Scriptures to a Roman Catholic. They pronounced most dreadful curses against all who should venture to disobey their injunctions; and the following was a specimen of the style of their anathemas—'one hundred thousand curses against any man who would take a Bible from a Protestant.' He must say, then, that reading the Scriptures, or even controverting doctrines held to be essential by persons belonging to the Roman Catholic communion, ought not to bring peril of life and person with it; and that if these denunciations, made by the priests from the altar, led to assaults upon the parties against whom these denunciations were directed, it became the law of England to step in, and to give them protection for their lives and property (hear, hear). He had it on most respectable authority, that whole families, teachers and scholars, had been most inhumanly abused, and that his informant had seen them covered with wounds and bruises, their faces disfigured, and their eyes closed (hear, hear). He would not weary the house by entering into the details of many more cases of this kind, but there were two cases to which he would venture to advert, as they afforded a vivid illustration of the manner in which the life of a Roman Catholic was placed in jeopardy if he dared to think for himself. A Roman Catholic schoolmaster had the audacity to go to a Protestant Church: on the same Sabbath, in open day, on the high-road, that man was murdered, and

the parish priest took out of the murdered man's pocket some Protestant books, and said to the assembled people, who were looking at the bleeding victim, that his death was a judgment of God (hear, hear, hear). Again, in the parish of Ballinrobe, an old woman at the point of death sent for the Protestant clergyman of the place, and when he asked her how it was that she, a Roman Catholic, had sent for him to attend her in her last moments, her reply was, 'I have been a Protestant these ten years, but I never dared to acknowledge it, because I knew that if I did, every member of my family would be obliged to leave the parish, or would be exposed to the most constant and the most unwearying persecution.' Thus that woman, with such deep conviction of the truth of the Protestant religion that she would not leave the world without receiving spiritual consolation from a clergyman of the Established Church, had been obliged to suppress her own convictions for ten long miserable years, because she dreaded what the consequences would be to her family. And let the House mark what the consequence was. It became known that the woman had died a Protestant, and her family was obliged to quit the parish. These were the proofs of impartial justice, of vigorous administration, and of the unbounded and halcyon tranquillity that was to be found under the Government of Lord Mulgrave. But this was not all. Attempts had been made, by assaults upon Protestant clergymen, to put down free worship in Ireland. He had met with twenty-three cases of this kind in the course of his own limited experience of Ireland (ironical cheers from the Ministerial benches). He had met with these twenty-three cases within the last few months, and if he had possessed that more extended acquaintance and that larger connexion with Ireland which the gentlemen who sneered enjoyed, he doubted not that those cases would have increased a hundredfold (cheers from the Conservative side of the House). He would, however, give a specimen of those which had come within his own knowledge. In Waterford, in 1837, as the noble Lord (Morpeth) perfectly knew, the service was violently interrupted, and the Protestant clergyman was obliged to leave the room in which it was performed. In Limerick, in 1836, a clergyman, not of the Church of England, but of the Presbyterian persuasion, was treated in a similar manner. He need not mention the disturbances which had taken place in Carlow; but an occurrence which showed that not merely the Church of England, but Protestantism, was to be extirpated if possible, took place in Ballyshannon, in November, 1837, when a Pres-

byterian clergyman was violently interrupted in performing the burial service. On the 8th of August, 1837, the Dean of Cashel was attacked in the churchyard with similar violence, and he was obliged to desist from reading the service to the dead (hear, hear). He knew what would be the defence which would be set up in answer to his charge—provocation by controversy; but he would then repeat his former question—were we in a free country, and had we a right to enjoy liberty of opinion? Mr Emerson and Dr Adams, however, could not be charged with exciting the ill-will of the Roman Catholics by controversy, for when they were interrupted they were performing the last services over the dead (hear, hear, hear). Such were the facts of which he had given specimens. He asserted, then, that, in the first place, curates, possessing no connexion with tithes, were attacked, and that missionaries were hunted as if they were wild beasts, and that these consequences flowed from the denunciations of the priests, and not from the bad feeling of the Roman Catholic population. Such were the facts; what then was the conduct of the Government? The noble Lord (Mulgrave, we believe) had told the country that there unhappily did exist in Ireland combination for the purpose of obtaining land, and that as to any combination of a bigotted kind existing, no such thing was to be found. Now, with such facts staring him in the face, how could the noble Lord have dismissed them from his mind when he delivered that sentence? The noble Lord then boasted of his vigorous administration of justice. What were the facts? The noble Lord proclaimed in his *Gazette* certain rewards for the discovery of criminals. The sum of L.13,000, was offered for detection, and how much did the House think was paid? It appeared from the noble Lord's own returns that L.320 was paid (loud cries of hear, hear)—so that out of every forty-one offences, so gross, so flagrant, that the Government of Ireland considered it necessary to offer a reward for the apprehension of the offenders, forty were unpunished (hear, hear). Out of every forty-one rewards, forty were unclaimed, and one claimed. Next, the noble Lord attacked the landlords of Ireland, and attributed to their conduct the heartburnings by which the country was distracted. He (Mr Colquhoun) was not there to defend the landlords of Ireland. It would be very unbecoming in him to attempt to do so when they were ready and able to defend themselves; but this he would say, that in one of the two cases to which the noble Lord referred in proof

of what he had advanced, he attacked a noble friend of his (Mr Colquhoun's), who instantly rose in his place, and extracted from the noble Lord a confession that the only authority which he had for the statement was derived from the miserable pages of a country newspaper. He knew that the noble Lord would say, that since that time fresh information had transpired. But that circumstance did not affect the correctness of his allegation—that when the noble Lord made the charge his only information was derived from newspaper authority. But suppose that the landlords of Ireland were guilty of all that the noble Lord had laid to their charge, how was it that the noble Lord did not tell the country of Dr M'Hale's itinerant visit to Achill, and of the mild and benignant influence which flowed from his instructions? If that were the only accusation which he had to bring against the Government, he would say that he considered the Government was deeply responsible for the suppression of facts with which they must have been acquainted. This, then, was one charge; but he had another to prefer. Not only had they not interfered to protect the Protestants, but they had themselves abetted the policy of the Catholic priests. In 1835 the priests of Connaught, with Dr M'Hale at their head, addressed Lord Mulgrave in a strain declaratory of their anxiety to see harmony and tranquillity maintained in Ireland. The reply of Lord Mulgrave contained a passage in which he said he could see no reason why he should not expect to see them distinguished by the brotherly love which so well fitted their station. One short month after this amiable interchange of blandishments, the priests in Connaught were doing all in their power to excite the people against their Protestant brethren. The noble Lord, as the House knew by the case of Captain Vignolles, was in the habit of writing homilies of advice. Did he send, he would ask, a letter to these agitators, and say, 'I thought you were ministers of peace, but I find you ministers of war?' He should like to know whether the noble Lord had addressed to Dr M'Hale any exhortation of that kind. At any rate, all that the noble Lord did was to encourage his right reverend correspondent to go on in the course which he had begun. When the magistrates at Tuam refused to interfere to put a stop to the outrage which occurred there, they were not dismissed, as was the case with his hon. and gallant friend the member for Armagh (hear, hear). Again, when a constable laid hold of a Protestant clergyman, and put him in prison, so far was he from being punished, that he was promoted to be a stipendiary magistrate.

Again, when the constable at Waterford declined to interfere in order to preserve the peace on the occasion of the riots in the cathedral, and desired the clergy to keep the peace themselves, the Lord-lieutenant certainly told him that he had done very wrong, but he was not punished for his misconduct. But he had not done yet. When the Government of Ireland was in fear of Protestant processions, nearly all the troops in the country were marched down to Ulster in order to keep the peace: was any force sent to preserve tranquillity among the islanders of Achill? A churchyard was desecrated in Carlow, but no reward was offered for the detection of the offenders; and although a reward was offered for the apprehension of the parties concerned in the outrage of Derry, it was only after many representations had been made to the Government on the subject (hear, hear). Again, a Protestant clergyman was murdered, and what was the reward offered by the Irish Government for the detection of the murderer? (hear, hear, hear). The sum of L.50. Nearly at the same time, and in the same district, the dairy of a notorious agitator was broken, and the reward offered by the Lord-lieutenant for the apprehension of the parties concerned in this most nefarious and unparalleled outrage was—how much did they think? L.75! He should have ventured to suppose that the life of any man, much more that of a Protestant clergyman, was of more value than the contents of any dairy; but this was the manner in which the Irish Government had exerted itself to maintain the independence of Protestant worship and the security of the Protestant ministers of Ireland. The honourable gentleman concluded by moving for the return as previously specified."

Such was in substance Mr Colquhoun's statement. Is it any wonder that Ministers were desirous of evading it when they had no valid defence to make? Is it any wonder that even their audacity shrunk from the indignation and the scorn which such an exposure was calculated to provoke? But let us not anticipate; they made a defence. We will estimate its value.

The member for Kilmarnock was charged with writing to the different individuals, whose cases he detailed, for an exact account of the transactions to which he referred. A grave crime this, to take the best, indeed the only, means of arriving at authentic information! But have his statements been disproved? Not at all. Or attempted to be disproved? No such thing.

We have Lord Morpeth confessing the facts. "*Habemus confitentem reum.*" But he qualifies them, *proh pudor!* upon the ground of retaliation.

Now, in the first place, supposing the justification perfect, what a picture does it give us of the state of Ireland! The Protestant clergy hunted like wild beasts by Roman Catholics; and the Roman Catholic clergy hunted like wild beasts by the Protestants! The community were in a state of civil war, while the Government are standing by idle and suffering the laws to remain in abeyance, and even proclaiming to the empire at large that the country never was so prosperous or peaceful! Is not that an irresistible inference, if the statement of the noble Secretary be true, and that the terrible facts which were narrated by Mr Colquhoun were indeed justified by retaliation? Take the case of Mr Hogg, a blameless curate of the Established Church, only distinguished by an earnest desire to spread the light of instruction amongst his benighted Roman Catholic parishioners; and for this persecuted by fire and sword; driven, in the dead of night, by his persecutors, to escape in his shirt across a river, to which he was lighted by the flames of his blazing habitation. Are we to suppose that any Roman Catholic clergyman, of a like transcendent and evangelical spirit, was assailed by Protestants whom he endeavoured to instruct, with a like savage violence, and that the atrocity perpetrated against Mr Hogg was but a reprisal for the barbarity with which he was treated? If this be true, in what a frightful state must Ireland be! How far surpassing the worst representations that have been made of it of late years! And does not the Government which confesses to such a state of things register its own condemnation? If it be false, what becomes of Lord Morpeth's defence? *Of his veracity?* We wish to deal gently with that noble Lord. There is blood in his veins which we respect. Would that he respected it more than he does! If he did, the honoured name of Howard would not be compromised by the part which he has consented to act in Ireland.

But we must hold him to his statement. Either it is true or it is false. The first alternative infers a condemnation of the Government; the second

a condemnation of himself. He may choose whichever he likes best, and take his position either as an incompetent Minister or as a dishonest politician.

But if the Protestant community were guilty of outrages against the Roman Catholic clergy, similar to those which Mr Colquhoun detailed as perpetrated by Roman Catholics against the Protestants, why did not the noble lord conclude with a list of these outrages corresponding to that which had been moved for by the member of Kilmarnock? That would have been the fair way to defeat the object of that honourable member if it could be *fairly* defeated; although it would by no means acquit the Government for producing such a state of things, or remaining supine and indifferent while the country was in a civil war. But no such returns were moved for, and that for the best of all possible reasons, because no such returns were in existence. Will it be said that instances were frequent in which such outrages were perpetrated, but that they were not noted down; that they did not draw upon the perpetrators from the Government any animadversions? Lord Mulgrave and Mr O'Connell looked with too much partiality upon the Protestants to be extreme in marking what they had done amiss; and hence, and hence alone, the difficulty of finding any tangible causes which might serve as a set-off against the outrages and the cruelties detailed by Mr Colquhoun, and which are so calculated to provoke indignation! We really wonder at the modesty which prevented the organs of the Government from putting forward a statement like this; for we can scarcely give them credit for even so much common-sense as would tell them that it could not answer their purpose. For still the question would recur, "Why has the Government acted thus?" and the answer must inevitably lead to their condemnation.

Come on, however, to some of the tangible cases which Lord Morpeth did condescend to specify in making out his case of retaliatory justification. On one occasion, a calf's head was placed upon a Roman Catholic altar. This is said to have happened at Ardee, some time about the year 1825, just ten years before the period contemplated by Mr Colquhoun's re-

turns! So that the grudge for the calf's head had been bearing heavy interest; and if any one of the atrocities detailed by Mr Colquhoun might be recognised as a suitable requital for the insult, how deep and inextinguishable must be that spirit of vindictive ire which is kept smouldering in the bosoms of the Roman Catholic population! A calf's head upon a chapel altar! And this in 1825! Such is the case which is gravely put forward against the appalling cases of Protestant persecution which have occurred since thirty-five! Thus it is, that by counter-statements the member for Kilmarnock is to be confounded!

But this case of the calf's head was brought home to some Protestants, after a fair trial in open court? No such thing. By probable evidence? No such thing. Some circumstances of strong suspicion, then, attached to some individual Protestants? Not that we or the public have ever heard of. All that is known upon the subject is, that, on one fine morning, a calf's head was found upon an altar in the Chapel of Ardee. How it came there never transpired; whether it was placed there in a frolic by some drunken profligates, who might have belonged to any or to no persuasion, or from motives of sectarian malignity by some envenomed fanatics, or with a view to get up an accusation against the Protestants by the Roman Catholics themselves! Will this latter supposition be deemed incredible? If it be, it can only be so by those who are ignorant of the conduct of some of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland. If it be, it can only be by those who have never heard of the miscreant Priest Burke or the miscreant Priest Sheridan; or of the heart-rending case of Archibald Sly. Why, the crime of destruction by false accusation has now obtained such an unhappy notoriety in Ireland that it is designated by a particular name. It is called *Priest-burking*!—the wretched man who is now expiating his offences in the jail of Cork for seeking, by subornation of perjury, the destruction of a fellow-creature being of the same name with the malefactor who was hanged in Edinburgh for wholesale murder. Is it, then, to be taken for granted that this calf's-head case is one that necessarily infers intentional

insult on the part of some Protestant or Protestants unknown; and that it may not be susceptible of an explanation which would show that it is a sample of one of the grievances of which Protestants have to complain, instead of one of the offences that may be alleged against them?

Well might Lord Morpeth disparage the scrupulous accuracy of the member for Kilmarnock in the selection of his facts. That gentleman is remarkable for nothing more than the truth-loving industry which leads him to make the fullest enquiry into every case before he ventures to lay any stress upon it. Thus in his statement he mentioned no case which he was not prepared to verify by credible evidence upon oath, or of which there was not a record in a court of justice. The labour was almost incredible which was necessary thus to fortify him in the course which he has pursued; in which, he well knew that a single false step would expose him to a torrent of abuse that might defeat his purpose. He was, accordingly, guarded and circumspect in no ordinary degree, and kept so much within the bounds of proved or proveable truth, that no possible exception could be taken to his statements. But, strange to say, for the very scrupulosity by which they were authenticated he was most unscrupulously abused! Unquestionably his conduct in that particular presented a contrast to that of the noble Lord his accuser. He cannot be charged with taking any particular pains to sift or examine the evidence respecting the outrages with which he charged the Protestants. He would seem, so far as they are concerned, desirous to reverse the maxim of British law; and while in all cases Roman Catholics are to be deemed innocent until they are proved to be guilty, he would have Protestants deemed guilty until they are proved to be innocent. How otherwise could he have brought forward his charge against the Protestants of Loughall? They are said to have threatened violence against a Roman Catholic place of worship, because of a bell which had been erected, as they conceived, in defiance of the law. And to avert the consequences of this terrible threat the priest, we are told, meek and gentle man, consented to take down the bell. Upon

what evidence is this given? The evidence of the priest! confronted with the Protestants whom he accused? No such thing, they never had an opportunity afforded them of meeting him face to face, or of making any reply to his statement. So that, for ought we know, it may be a sly fabrication—another of those instances in which falsehood is found more convenient than truth, and the credulous secretary has been duped by unfounded representations.

But in making any statement respecting bells in the Roman Catholic chapels in Ireland, the noble Secretary should have remembered that there are instances in which they have been fearfully abused; that they have in some cases been the tocsin of faction, if they have in others been the summons to prayer; that the wholesale massacre at Carrickshack was perpetrated by miscreants who were duly summoned to the work of murder by the sound of the chapel bells; and that the Sicilian vespers have scarcely obtained a more infamous notoriety from transactions in a former age than chapel bells, amongst all those who know the purposes to which Irish Roman Catholics have applied them; and therefore, without prejudging the case in one way or the other, and even suffering it to pass for the most that it is worth, it would not have misbecome the noble Lord to have held this truth in view, in gravely alleging the heinous delinquencies of hostility to a bell which has been imputed by a Roman Catholic priest to some persons unknown, as a set-off to the systematic atrocities which are daily and hourly being committed against the persons and the property of the Protestants of Ireland.

But there is a little personage who may conceive that he is unfairly overlooked in thus confining ourselves to the noble Lord, and whose claims as an Irishman, as well as his official position, entitle him to some attention. We allude, of course, to the pompous Chancellor of the Exchequer—the bull-frog of the Whig-Radical Administration. Mr Rice was jocular upon the absurdity of Scotchmen interfering either with the politics or the polemics of Ireland; and seemed to think it so much a matter of course that any importers of heretical novelties should be disposed of summarily

by a species of Lynch law, that the wonder ought to be that so few atrocities have been perpetrated against the persons or the property of Protestants, considering the zeal for the conversion of the Roman Catholics which has of late years actuated persons of that communion. To Messrs Noel and Gordon, who, some twelve or fourteen years ago, undertook, with great earnestness, the labour of Protestant missionaries in Ireland, the Right Honourable gentleman ascribes most of the strife and contention which at present prevails; and the appalling instances which Mr Colquhoun presented of a bigotry the most brutalized and infuriate, he would fain have the House to regard as nothing more than the natural consequences of unduly interfering with the religious opinions of the people!

Good God! To what a pass have things come in unfortunate Ireland! Murder, attempts to murder, robbery, proscription, hunt and persecute the Protestant clergy—the mild pastors of a merciful creed—themselves, even in their capacity as landlords and gentlemen, the greatest benefactors to the Irish poor—and a Minister of the Crown has the audacity to come forward, and to state, almost in so many words, that all this is no more than might have been expected, from some well-meant attempts (we will not stop to enquire at present whether judicious or injudicious) which were made some fifteen years ago for the conversion of the people! Why, if Messrs Noel and Gordon had employed bloodhounds to hunt them down it would not have justified such reprisals against individuals who had never so offended. But to proscribe and persecute the Established Clergy—to seek, by means of blood and fire, by midnight intimidation, and the assassin's dagger, their destruction or extirpation—and oh! most appalling iniquity, to press the holy evangelists themselves, by means of systematic perjury, into a league against cruelly abandoned and defenceless men; and to plead as an apology for all this, that a few benevolent Scotch and English gentlemen, some fifteen years ago, made an unpalatable attack upon the Romish superstition! We call upon every lover of truth, and every friend of humanity, to say what must the

condition be to which Ireland has been reduced under Earl Mulgrave's Government, when such an excuse can be offered in Parliament for such hitherto unheard of abominations!

And yet this speech of his will be set forth as one of the merits of Mr Spring Rice which entitle him to a peerage, at the very same time when it is being read to thousands, in those conclaves of miscreancy in which crime is concocted in Ireland, as an encouragement to the valiant Ribbonmen to proceed undismayed in their guilty courses, and an undeniable proof that, no matter how they may be assailed by the Member for Kilmarnock, and the few like him who take up the cause of the persecuted Protestants, the Government are secretly in favour of their proceedings, and they are all but openly countenanced by a Minister of the Crown. Yes;—this is the man whom Lord Melbourne will by and by recommend to Queen Victoria for a peerage! as if Ribbonism could afford to dispense with some of its superfluous support in the House of Commons, and required an additional representative in the House of Lords.

Alas! for Melbourne's fame, that we should be compelled to write these things! We once knew him under circumstances which have endeared him to our hearts; when, had it been told us that he would at one time be a party to the cruel persecution of the Irish Protestants, as it has been detailed by Mr Colquhoun, we would have deemed it a libel upon human nature. Who could have supposed that he saw in the witty, amiable, accomplished, and generous-hearted William Lamb, the lover of peace, the friend of order, of literature the open-handed patron, and of oppression of every species the determined foe—who could imagine that he saw in him the embryo Minister whose resentments clouded his judgment and blunted his conscience, so as to make

him a mere tool in the hands of little mean, and unprincipled men; whose love of place banded him with a faction who took advantage of the weakness of one sovereign to pass a measure which has endangered the foundation of the throne; and whom even less worthy motives hold in connexion with his present associates, and cause him to play upon the inexperience of another, even at the risk of overturning the altar? Such conduct, my Lord, is unworthy of you. Enough, and more than enough, has already been given to political hate. Let your better nature at length prevail. Low as the depths are to which you have descended, your good angel has not as yet altogether abandoned you; as yet your soul has not been thrilled by the final, the irrevocable "farewell." Your whole life hitherto has been one of contradiction and perplexity. Might it not, we appeal to yourself, be suitably described in the following sentence:—"Video meliora, proboque--deteriora sequor?" And for whom is it that you thus consent to sacrifice your fair fame, to mislead a confiding sovereign, to endanger the weal of England, and to countenance the persecution of Protestantism by fire and sword, and make Ireland the field of blood which it is at this day? For such creatures as Lord John Russell, Spring Rice, Earl Mulgrave, and Daniel O'Connell! Oh, my good Lord, they are unworthy of you.

Alas! we fear there is no one true friend to address the Premier; and, unless the indignant spirit of the Protestant feeling of England and Scotland should interfere to prevent it, the Litchfield House compact will be fulfilled to the letter, and O'Connell and his myrmidons, and M'Hale and his inquisitors, will enrich themselves with the spoils, and revel in the miseries of the afflicted and persecuted clergy of the Church of Ireland.

SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

No. III.

THE PHANARIOTES.

THE *fonstanella* may be considered the distinguishing form of costume in which the inhabitants of Continental Greece and the Peloponesus differ from the Hydriotes and other islanders who wear the wide trowsers. Thus the different *castes* of Greeks are immediately recognised, and the sailors easily distinguished from the population of Roumelia and the Morea by their peculiar dress. In Athens of late the Greek dress has been laid aside by a great proportion of the inhabitants, and a wretched imitation of the coat of Western Europe has been adopted indiscriminately by many of the Athenians, Naupliotes, Sciotes, and others. There is a distinct class in the higher ranks of Greek society, besides the Moreates, Roumeliotes, and islanders, which, although not so numerous, has exercised a greater influence on the fortunes of Greece than any other. These are the Phanariotes, or Greeks of Constantinople, who, having never worn either the *fonstanella* or the wide trowsers, have generally assumed the dress of civilized Europe; as their habitual costume had been Turkish, they wisely put it aside on coming to Greece. The gentlemen of Greece may, therefore, be divided into four classes, of which the Moreates, or Peloponesians, are the most numerous and most intriguing—the Roumeliotes, or inhabitants of Continental Greece, the most warlike—the Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and, in general, the people of the Cyclades, the most honest and industrious, being chiefly devoted to commerce—and the Phanariotes the most civilized and best educated, although they are generally accused of being addicted to diplomatic chicane. There are also Greeks of Smyrna, Corfu, and other countries not included in liberated Hellas, who have played prominent parts in the politics of the new kingdom, but they are in such limited numbers that they cannot be said to form a class of society. The Phanariotes are entitled to the first consideration from their superior learning and talents, and also from the valua-

ble services they have rendered to their adopted country.

They are the descendants of the Byzantines of the Lower Empire. Having remained in a part of Constantinople allotted for their occupation by their Turkish conquerors, they acquired the designation of Phanariotes, from the Phanar, or lighthouse, which stood at the extremity of their *quartier*, and which distinctive appellation extended to all the streets inhabited by the Greeks. The patriarch and the archbishops of the Eastern Church also retired to the Phanar, and, surrounded by the remnants of the Imperial families and the most distinguished of the Greeks, they formed a community which, if not totally independent, enjoyed at least an undisturbed exercise of the Christian religion, and a peaceful life of study, to which they universally devoted themselves.

The Turks being prohibited by the Mahomedan laws from learning any languages but those in use among the followers of the Prophet, soon found the impossibility of carrying on the public business with European states, which their domiciliation at Constantinople entailed on them, without the assistance of interpreters, and also of agents better versed in diplomacy than any Turk could be. A want of integrity on the part of some of the Christian ambassadors, in presenting to the Sublime Porte translations of despatches wilfully distorted to meet their own interests, proved how little the services of the interpreters of the embassies could be depended upon, and the Sultan soon acknowledged the necessity of employing infidels in all transactions with the representatives of the European courts. A total ignorance of the principles of civilized administration also led the Turks into frequent embarrassments, which their new position rendered dangerous to their success in permanently retaining possession of their brilliant conquest. The necessity of organizing and supporting a naval force especially, placed them in a dilemma from which their

inadequate knowledge and skill in nautical affairs was incapable of extricating them. Another disadvantage which tended to weaken the unstable and tottering fabric of the Ottoman power was the incompatible difference of character and habits which existed between the conquered people and their Moslem rulers, and the consequent difficulty of amalgamating the two nations, and adopting the legislation to the peculiarities of both. The Greeks, active, subtle, and remarkable for the keen perspicacity which enables them to penetrate the character and discover the weak points of others, were more than a match for the dull and phlegmatic Turk. The craft and cunning of the former not only eluded the weight of the superior strength with which they had to combat, but found the means of overreaching their oppressors in the many exactions demanded of them.

The Turks were therefore induced to conciliate the Phanariotes, who were generally esteemed for their learning and talents, and who were the only subjects of the Ottoman Empire combining the necessary qualifications. Accustomed to hold the sway over the volatile and unsteady inhabitants of European Turkey, they proved most valuable counsellors, while their knowledge of Christian languages facilitated all diplomatic relations existing between the Porte and foreign ambassadors.

The first nomination of a Greek to the important office of dragoman or interpreter was in the latter end of the seventeenth century, and was soon followed by that of Secretary of the Navy. In these situations the Phanariotes acquired the favour of the Turks, and were successively elevated in dignities and privileges until the year 1730, when the sovereignty of the tributary provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia was conferred on them. They retained the absolute monarchy of these countries for nearly a century, and only lost or resigned it when the Greek Revolution drew their attention to a more appropriate object, that of the reorganization of liberated Greece. The Administration of the Phanariote Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia was of the most tyrannical and self-interested nature, extorting from the peasants and *boyars*, or nobles, a taxation totally out of proportion with the

resources of the country; thus enriching themselves at the expense of their subjects, whom they treated with the same despotie injustice which they themselves experienced at the hands of the Turks. The appointment to these productive governments was obtained by dint of intrigue and flattery, and the reigning prince was only enabled to retain his crown on his head, and consequently the latter on his shoulders, by the vigilance of a diplomatic agent in Constantinople, who was intrusted with the dangerous task of watching the motions of the Divan, and opposing countermines to the constantly attempted mines and manœuvres of his patron's rivals. The princes provided for their numerous relations by appointing them to the highest and most lucrative offices in the provinces, which formed the principal source of their riches. At the fall of a hospodar or prince the Phanariote functionaries returned to the Phanar with the spoils of the boyars, and being comparatively civilized, they indulged in a life of the most splendid luxury, which was only checked by the dread of attracting too much notice from the Sultan, as the inevitable consequence was a prison, whose doors were never thrown open but by an exorbitant ransom.

The Greeks of the Phanar were well educated, having generally the advantage of knowing four or five different languages, and being in possession of consummate skill and address in the art of diplomatic intrigue. They wore the Turkish dress and long beards, while in their manners and habits they formed a strange compound of Asiatic indolence and European acuteness, the solemn dignity of the East and the more refined and learned conversation of civilized nations. The Greek ladies of Constantinople were remarkable for their beauty, and although they were almost totally uneducated before the Revolution, they are now universally allowed to excel their countrywomen of Modern Greece in the accomplishments and attractions of their sex. They possess the straight forehead and nose of the ancient Greeks, a delicate complexion, fair hair, and large dark blue eyes, with black eyelashes; the latter is considered their most characteristic feature, and as denoting a pure descent from the Byzantines.

There are, however, few of the Phanariote families whose genealogy can be satisfactorily traced to the Greeks of the Lower Empire. The most distinguished names are Ypsilanti, Mavrocordato, Soutzo, Caradja, Mourousi, Kalimachi, Lapithi, Palaeologo, Rangavi, Argyropoulo, and Comnene; of these the four last are the only families supposed to be descended from the Emperors. The *soi-disant* Princes Cautacuzene claim the honour of being the representatives of the Imperial family of that name, but their right to this is considered in Greece as more than problematical. They have been long known in Moldavia, where they possess hereditary estates, under the name of *Cauta*, to which the present generation have thought fit to annex the two syllables *cuzene*, and to assume the title of prince. Whether they really are descended from the Emperors or not cannot be proved, as they possess no documents, except an acknowledgment on the part of the Russian court of their being princes; but the facility of obtaining so equivocal a patent is well known in the country; and even supposing it to be authentic, their assumption of the title in Greece can only expose them to ridicule. The Greeks boast of possessing no aristocracy, and do not allow that a *Greek* title of any description can exist; if, then, the *Cautas* or *Cautacuzenes* would merely call themselves Russian princes, they would probably not be interfered with; but they insisted on being received as Greeks, and bearing a Greek title. The consequence of this was an outcry against them, which had the final effect of inducing all the members of this family to leave Athens. The Greeks who reigned in Wallachia and Moldavia enjoyed the title of prince, and were addressed by the sovereigns of Europe as "most serene highness," but their sons and near relations now in Greece, although their positive right to the title is undisputed, have, with one accord, renounced any such distinction. They consider themselves as subjects of the new kingdom of Greece, and have most sensibly sunk all pretensions to a title granted by the Turks. Two of the hospodars or reigning princes are still alive, and they universally receive their title out of courtesy, but their descendants cannot expect to retain

it if they remain in the Greek service. These are the old Prince Caradja, and his son-in-law Prince Michel Soutzo, who reigned in Moldavia when the Revolution broke out. He was more fortunate than his distinguished relative Alexander Soutzo, the last reigning Prince of Wallachia, who was poisoned, for he succeeded in escaping with his life. He has since been Greek ambassador at the courts of St Petersburg and the Tuileries, and he now holds that important situation in London.

There was another attempt at the assumption of the title of Greek Prince made at Athens two years ago by a Frenchman, whose claims and pretensions were received with derision by the Hellenes. This person bore the name of Geouffre, and undertook to prove that he was representative of the ancient imperial family of Comnene. As such he announced that he did not propose interfering with King Otho's tranquil possession of the Greek crown, but that he would waive his rights on condition that an extensive grant of national land should be conferred on him. It is needless to add that the disappointed *Prince* left Athens after a very short visit, threatening to denounce to the people of Europe the ingratitude of the modern Greeks in neglecting the scion of so distinguished a stock; but it is amusing to investigate the grounds of his claim.

M. Geouffre was the nephew of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, the wife of Junot, and was adopted by her maternal uncle, M. de Comnene, who attempted to trace his descent from David II., the last Emperor of Trebisonde. He proved to the satisfaction of the French Government in the latter end of the last century that, on the death of David Comnene by order of Mahomet II., one of his sons had escaped to the Peloponesus, where the family remained about two hundred years; and that in the end of the seventeenth century the representative of the family had led about three thousand Greek emigrants, who were unwilling to submit to the Turkish yoke, from the country surrounding the ancient Sparta, which they occupied, to the island of Corsica. M. de Comnene found little difficulty in tracing his descent from the founder of the Greek colony in Corsica, but it

is not universally allowed that Stephanopoulos, by which name the chief was known, had any connexion with the family of Comnene, as the latter name was only assumed by the more recent generations. But even admitting that he was the lineal descendant of the Emperor David, the mother of the Duchesse d'Abrantes would be the last of the family, and M. Geouffre would have no greater claim than the children of the Marshal Junot.

The Emperor Napoleon would also have enjoyed the honour of the same illustrious origin, and the surviving members of his family would have a stronger claim than any of those who have merely a female representation, the family of Bonaparte being the direct male descendants of a son of the same Stephanopoulos. The name of this son was Kalomeros, which signifies *good side*, and as he had crossed from Corsica to Italy, where several generations of this branch remain, the name would become, in the language of that country, *Buona parte*. The Medicis also derive their name in the same way from other Greek colonists, among whom there existed a family of the name of *iatroi*, or *doctors*.

The Argyropouloi and Palæologoi cannot prove their genealogy, but they are supposed to be the remnants of the ancient families of the same name; the descent of the Rangavis from the Emperor Michel Rangavi is, however, better authenticated, by means of an author of that name, who distinctly identifies himself with the Byzantine race, and to whom the existing family can trace their lineage.

When the Revolution broke out in the year 1821, and Alexander Ypsilanti entered Wallachia at the head of an army, misled by the hope of assistance from the Emperor of Russia, the thrones of the two provinces were occupied by the Princes Alexander and Michael Soutzo. The sudden death of the former was generally supposed to be the effect of poison, administered by the Hetaeria, or Secret Society, whose missionary, Aristides, had been executed by order of the old Sovereign of Wallachia; the consequent dismay and confusion which pervaded his court had scarcely subsided before the arrival of the rebel army placed the embarrassed Phanariotes in a dilemma from which they could only extricate themselves by the most precipitate

flight. On the one hand they beheld their countrymen advancing in arms, with the open intention of overthrowing the Ottoman sway in the provinces, and thus striking the first blow of the meditated mutilation of the Turkish power by the liberation of Greece, and hoping, by means of this diversion, to draw away the Sultan's troops from the future point of contention; while, on the other hand, the diminutive force of the patriots, and the non-appearance of any aid from their powerful ally in the north, alarmed the clear-sighted Phanariotes with regard to the probable issue of the contest. They well knew the overwhelming power of the Moslem cavalry, and the prompt decapitation which would follow the arrest of any of the conspirators, or the capture of the defeated revolutionists. These considerations were totally disregarded by many of the younger and more daring of the Greeks in office, who did not hesitate to join the "sacred band," as they styled themselves; but those who had the safety of wives and children to provide for thought that their duty could only be fulfilled by following the dictates of prudence, and immediately crossing the frontiers of Austria or Russia. These refugees had, with few exceptions, abandoned the greatest part of their property to the plunder of the Greek and Turkish soldiery, who successively occupied Bucharest, and had contented themselves with saving their jewels. The Phanariotes employed at Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, also took counsel from the instinct of self-preservation and the example of their Prince, Michel Soutzo; they followed him in his flight from the seat of war, with but one or two exceptions of young enthusiasts, who joined the army of the Prince Ypsilanti. After the melancholy termination of the Revolution in Wallachia by the flight of the leader and the dispersion of his army, many of the Phanariotes returned to the provinces, then under the protection of the Russians, in the hope of being able to recover the remnants of their riches. In this they partly succeeded, as their capital had been chiefly invested in the hands of bankers and merchants; but their stay was made as short as possible, for the dangerous vicinity of the Turks, who were daily becoming more exasperated by their losses and ill suc-

cess in quelling the general rebellion of Greece, rendered it advisable for them speedily to return to Russia. The Emperor Alexander had received the Greek refugees with great kindness, bestowing pensions on the most destitute, and conferring the highest distinctions on those whose rank was pre-eminent. Several of the sons of the noble families were admitted into the Imperial Guard, or received high situations at the Court of St Petersburg, while the Empress undertook the education of many of the young Greek ladies, whom she afterwards retained as maids of honour, or provided with advantageous marriages. These refugees repaired to the new kingdom of Greece, which they had ever regarded as their future home, as soon as tranquillity had been sufficiently restored to enable them to establish themselves in safety, and have become citizens of Athens. By their superior talents and education they have exercised the most beneficial influence on the manners and politics of the Modern Greeks, and now form a connecting link between the polished learning of the foreigners resident at Athens and the unlettered and uncivilized simplicity of the inhabitants of Roumelia and the Morea. Those who had saved some portion of their wealth from the general wreck of Greek property of every description have purchased estates in Attica and Eubœa, while the less fortunate have entered the civil or military services of King Otho.

Several of the Phanariotes took active parts in the liberation of Greece, and lent their powerful assistance to the efforts of the oppressed people; but their services have been of greater benefit to Greece in the important work of regeneration than in the physical struggle for freedom. The names of the Prince Demetrius Ypsilanti and Alexander Mavrocordato will ever be mentioned with the most devotional respect by the Greeks, as having contributed, more than any other of the patriots, to the good of their country. The former died of consumption at Napoli a short time before the arrival of King Otho, and was mourned by every friend of Greece. He had fought during the whole of the war, and had been exposed to the greatest perils and hardships; he had displayed the courage of a lion, the abilities of a gallant

general, and was ever cited as one of the greatest heroes of Hellas; he only lived to see the successful result of the desperate struggle for liberty, and died in the flower of his age. Mavrocordato is alive, and has proved as able a statesman as a warrior. He is now Greek ambassador at the Bavarian Court, and is respected by all parties.

The Phanariotes are accused of a want of principle and of a spirit of intrigue, but whether this be true or not there is little doubt of their holding the first rank in Greek society, and of their actually forming the aristocracy of education and talent in the capital of Modern Greece.

RECENT AUTHORS ON GREECE.

King Otho has now been five years in Greece. Peace and tranquillity have reigned for the whole of this period, with the exception of the easily subdued and partial revolts of Messenia, Maina, and Roumilia. Statesmen have been, or ought to have been busy at the great work of regeneration, and two-thirds of the loan guaranteed by the three protesting powers have been spent. The restless and turbulent spirit of the contending factions had disturbed the peace and repose longed for by the majority of the Greek nation, from the termination of their successful struggle for independence until the arrival of their King and his Regency; but since that auspicious event every possible advantage has been enjoyed by the Government, and it is natural to suppose that some progress has been made in the re-organization which would entitle Modern Hellas to take her place in the great family of European nations. The legislators to whom the task has been intrusted have had ample means to carry on their important operations, and it is not unreasonable to expect, from a period of five years spent in peace, under a Government supposed to be active and enlightened, a great and happy change in every feature of the social position of this long oppressed and distracted people; although it may justly be considered difficult or even impossible to legislate for a nation whose wants and resources, and whose language and habits are utterly unknown to their foreign administrators, however learned they may be in

the science of government and the practice of their own country; yet they might easily have supplied this deficiency of local experience by the formation of a Council of State, consisting of the most able and talented of the Greeks. There are many of the natives who, notwithstanding their having proved themselves incapable of holding the reins, might still be invaluable as channels through which the most authentic information regarding the state of the country might be obtained, and whose suggestions might be useful when controlled by the superior knowledge of the general principles of administration possessed by the German statesmen. Their influence over the people might also have proved an important aid in the execution of some of the bolder measures necessary for the tranquillity and improvement of the country. It is evident that the establishment of Greece as a civilized country, and the remodelling of her institutions, already ill commenced by the first Government, after her independence was undertaken by the Regency, under peculiarly favourable auspices, and the administration, both before and after the King's majority, has ever been attended by the most advantageous circumstances. It is, then, warrantable to ask what has been done during these five years, and to what stage in the career of improvement Greece has been brought by her rulers?

Several hundred travellers annually have visited Greece, yet it is remarkable that the result of the measures taken by the three powers to insure her progressive civilization is but little known out of the country. It is true that a casual tour cannot afford a sufficient insight into her actual position to enable a traveller to satisfy the demand for information, and the difficulty of coming at the truth with regard to the state of that country is greater than in any other, from the habit of unscrupulous falsehood which pervades the people, and leads them to answer all questions as it suits themselves individually, and to colour every subject as their own private interest dictates.

Several works on Greece have appeared lately, but notwithstanding the decided excellence of some of them, there is still much to be wished for. It is not here intended to consider their merits as literary productions,

but merely to point out a few errors that have crept into these works, probably from the incorrect information their authors have obtained on some subjects, and from the short and cursory view they have taken of the country. Two journals of short tours have been published by Mr Wordsworth and Mr Giffard, and two others of longer residences in Greece by Mr Hervé and Mr Cochrane. Of these Mr Giffard's book is decidedly the most useful to those who intend visiting the country, and considering the short stay he made, it seems wonderful that he should have seen so much, while the agreeable, and, generally speaking, correct description he gives of what he has seen renders it a most interesting and valuable little work. The high classical acquirements of both Mr Giffard and Mr Wordsworth also enable them to throw some new lights on the many disputed localities of ancient Greece which add a powerful attraction to antiquaries and scholars, but which prove of little interest to general readers. The public curiosity is not at present more roused on the subject of Greek antiquities than it was before the eventful change that has taken place in the existence of the Greeks as a nation, but information is generally desired on the exact nature and extent of this change. Mr Wordsworth and Mr Giffard have then confined themselves almost entirely to the antiquities; and although Mr Hervé and Mr Cochrane profess to enter into the details of the manners and customs of the Greeks, there exist inaccuracies and imperfections in their descriptions which cannot fail to give a wrong impression. These may have arisen from the marked dislike shown by the people to admit foreigners as spectators of the scenes of their private life, and the consequent difficulty of procuring opportunities of judging of the exact state of society in all its ranks. This exclusiveness, for it cannot be called shyness, is produced by a consciousness of inferiority in the knowledge of the forms and fashions of modern society, which, however, they never would avow; and as the Greeks are most keenly alive to the humiliation of being laughed at, their pride is roused by the dread of appearing ridiculous. Thus, a foreign traveller may live for months in a Greek town with the sole object of portraying the manners of

its inhabitants, and yet never have the means of surveying them. The total ignorance, or, as in Mr Cochrane's case, the merely partial knowledge of the language, must also lead all those writers, and consequently their readers, into frequent errors, which are, however, more excusable than the wilful misrepresentation of facts in the work of Mr Hervé, a miniature-painter, who resided some months in Napoli before the court was transferred to Athens.

There are some amusing mistakes of this nature in all these works; Mr Cochrane, for instance, describes with poetic enthusiasm, probably derived from and supported by his version of the name, the "Angelos Koipos," "or Angelic Garden." It is certainly a very pretty place, but it never aspired to the enjoyment of so sublime a denomination, being generally known by the name of "Ampelokoipoi," or vine gardens, from the words, ἀμπέλι, a vineyard, and κοίπος, a garden.

When going to Keratia, which, by the way, he says is Government property, while it is one of the largest and most flourishing villages belonging to the peasantry of Attica, and its inhabitants being the sole possessors of the country round it, this author mentions his having passed a small village called "Kalybia;" his knowledge of modern Greek has been here again at fault, for the word καλύβια means a kind of hut covered with branches, which the labourers erect in situations where their fields are too far distant from their village to enable them to return home every evening after their work, and as they only till the land in winter, they then sleep in these huts, which they abandon in spring. Thus Mr Cochrane had probably asked the name of the place, and was told that these were the huts, but not understanding the meaning of the word, he had inserted it in his journal as a name.

Mr Wordsworth also relates the circumstance of his having asked a shepherd the names of the ruins of two Hellenic cities on the neighbouring hills, which he answered were "κρύπα" and "ἀνιφορῆτο" (the steep). Now every one that has travelled much in Greece must have remarked that the peasants never know the names of any remains of antiquity, but when interrogated they always call the ruins of a temple, ταῖς κολόναις (the columns), and every less definite remains, παλαιή

πράγματα (ancient things); therefore it seems probable that this shepherd had supposed Mr Wordsworth was asking whether he was on the right road to the next town, and had answered, "κρύπα εἰς τοῦ ἀνιφορον," or "go along up the hill," a common expression of the Greek peasants. It is likewise possible that the shepherd having mentioned the existence of ruins, had placed the accent on the second syllable of the first word, and the phrase would then mean, in the *patois* of the peasantry, "it lies on the hill," and that the two words had thus been entered in the learned traveller's notes as the names of the ruins. It is difficult to say which of these interpretations is the correct one, but it is not the less certain that no shepherd could ever tell the names of ruins in Greece, the more so as they are seldom Greeks, being generally natives of Thrace or Macedonia, and of Slavonian origin. These emigrants from the Turkish empire are called "blachoi," in Greece, as they are supposed sometimes to bring their flocks from so far north as Wallachia, finding it more profitable to sell the produce in Greece, and therefore migrating annually. They are of the Greek Church, and most of them have learnt to speak a little Greek, their own language being more like the Russian.

Mr Hervé, too, whose trivial descriptions and conceited repetitions of his own *soi-disant* wit can hardly entitle his work to the same consideration as those of the other three authors, describes the admiration of the beauty of Mademoiselle Sophie Armsperg on the part of the young Greeks as breaking out in the wretched pun of "*philo sophie*," but this unfortunately does not mean "I love Sophie," but "I kiss Sophie;" thus expressing an active and not a passive admiration, and implying also some little reciprocity, which, considering the alleged frequency of this voluntary confidence, might perhaps not appear so witty to the young lady herself as to the facetious recorder, or more probably author of the pun. Most of his anecdotes are of the same nature as this brilliant specimen, and when they are innocent of the graver charge of misstating facts, they are too absurd to merit so much attention as even the expression of censure would require. When he ignorantly accounts for the small number of vessels which form

the Greek navy by asserting that their whole fleet had been burnt by Miaoulis, it is necessary to correct so great an exaggeration by stating that the gallant old Navarch only blew up his own frigate the *Hellas* when he was deserted by his crew and found it impossible in any other way to prevent the Russians from taking possession of her; but his illustrations of the supposed extraordinary ugliness of the members of King Otho's Court, by comparing them to different animals, such as bears, poodles, kangaroos, and monkeys, require no comment. Mr Giffard and Mr Cochrane give an agreeable picture of the state of the higher classes of society in Greece, but Mr Hervé, if he ever had an opportunity of judging of them at all, seems to have measured them by a standard equally opposed to impartiality and good breeding. Amongst other gratuitous specimens of scholarship given by the latter writer, he mentions the discovery of a piece of sculpture, found "under the foundations of some part of the Acropolis," and gravely adds that it must be of "immense antiquity," an assertion not easy to refute, as the position in which this wonderful work of art is said to have been found would certainly indicate that it is coeval with the creation of the world. Its existence, therefore, is not less difficult to account for than the circumstance of his making, in so matter-of-fact a description, a metaphorical allusion to the foundations of the Acropolis, by which he compares that stupendous mass of rock to a piece of mason-work. The cause of this blunder probably is, that Mr Hervé regards *Acropolis* and *Parthenon* as synonymous terms.

Mr Giffard does not profess to understand modern Greek, but he gives an explanation of the difference between the ancient and modern languages, in which there are some mistakes, arising, doubtless, from the incorrect information he had obtained on the subject. He says, for instance, that the ancient future $\gamma\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\phi\omega$ is lost, and that the modern Greek uses the form $\theta\acute{\iota}\lambda\omega\ \gamma\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\phi\eta$, literally, "I will write," thus making no distinction between a simple expression of futurity and that of a definite wish. This is not the case, as the Greek *means* to express a wish when he says $\theta\acute{\iota}\lambda\omega\ \gamma\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\phi\eta$, and the simple and most common future is $\theta\acute{\alpha}\ \gamma\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\phi\omega$, merely adding the

monosyllable $\theta\acute{\alpha}$ in the same way as the infinitive is formed by prefixing α to the ancient future. His friend Mr Johnstone has also shown the want of a better knowledge of the language when he translates $\kappa\upsilon\kappa\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, the modern name of Platea, as "the Place of Blood;" $\kappa\upsilon\kappa\lambda\omicron\varsigma$ means simply a circle.

Such mistakes are, however, comparatively innocent when weighed in the same scale with the many inaccurate descriptions of the manners and customs of a people almost unknown to the generality of readers, who care little about the correct translation of a Greek word, but who would warmly resent any attempt at imposing on their credulity by giving a false colouring or an imperfect view of the peculiarities which interest them. There are two ways of giving an imperfect view of a subject, and they are both strongly exemplified in the works of Mr Hervé and Mr Cochrane; the former finding nothing more remarkable to describe in the marriage ceremonies of the Greek peasantry than their parading the wardrobe and furniture of the bride about the streets all day; and the latter giving an interesting account of his finding a bride on her marriage-day all life and spirits, with her lover at her elbow urging her to finish the toilette of her long and beautiful hair which she was then arranging before the glass. The first description is defective from the author's seeing too little, and the second from his seeing too much. It must of course be true, as it is asserted by Mr Cochrane, but it is at least a very rare occurrence, and as such should not be held up as a specimen of the manners of Greek peasants on such occasions. The bride on her marriage-day is expected to appear quite the contrary of "all life and spirits;" she must neither raise her eyes, nor cease weeping and sobbing, and it would be considered exceedingly indecorous if the bridegroom caught the most distant glimpse of her before going to church. In fact, they are supposed to meet for the first time before the altar.

Mr Cochrane's ideas on the best mode of colonizing Greece are decidedly somewhat chimerical; he thinks it possible for 200,000 emigrants from Western Europe to settle there annually, when it is notorious that the few colonists who have already made the attempt have almost

been driven out of the country by the jealousy and aversion of the natives to all foreigners. He upholds the superior knowledge of agriculture and the arts in general possessed by the western nations, which must certainly be allowed, but with the restriction of their system being only applicable to their own climate, for it is doubtful whether the best Norfolk or East Lothian farmer would succeed in getting so much out of the land as the Greeks do. The number of years which would therefore pass before any foreign colonists could acquire the local experience necessary to enable them to have any success, would consequently entail on them a series of disappointments and hardships, if not positive want, which few emigrants have the means of providing against, and would probably prove so discouraging as to induce them to abandon the undertaking. But why seek for foreigners at all, when five millions of their own countrymen only require a little encouragement to exchange a state of slavery for the comparatively happy condition of colonists in Greece? Asia Minor and the islands, still under the Turkish dynasty, possess a numerous population accustomed to the climate, speaking the same language, of the same religion and habits, and whose many advantages would more than counterbalance the superiority of knowledge and civilization of emigrants from the West.

It is fortunate for Mr Cochrane that he does not put in practice his other project, that of buying land in Greece, and commencing his operations by establishing a priory on his property; for many examples have proved that this would only be securing all the profits and pilferings to one person, instead of allowing them to be divided among the cultivators, but would certainly not tend to conduct them to the pocket of the proprietor. It is the more so for him, as he would appear disposed to purchase a property in Negropont, which is considered a most unhealthy island; and the few spots where the *malaria* is less malignant have already been sold by the Turks, although they are seldom so fertile as the lower and less healthy plains. In Greece it has generally been found that where there is wood and water, and consequently more valuable land, the climate is bad; and in the higher and more open situ-

ations, where those two important accessories are wanting, agues and fevers are less prevalent, but in such positions it is difficult to get any thing to grow. His advice to settlers is, however, generally speaking, judicious; and although there are some errors in his *data*, such as recommending the plain between Pentelicus and the village of Chalandri, which is the property of the monastery, and therefore not to be bought, his suggestions may prove of use to those intending to become Greek landholders. The manner of calculating the amount of population which the kingdom of Greece could support, by drawing a parallel between that country and Ireland, is rather dogmatical, and the result is much at variance with the supposed population contained within the frontiers of liberated Hellas, including the Cyclades, in the most brilliant era of ancient Greek history; the latter being two millions and a half, while Mr Cochrane imagines seven millions could be supported. He is also very much mistaken in supposing it possible that one-half of the national lands could ever be planted with vines, for the Greeks are very particular in their choice of a piece of land for a vineyard, and justly so, as it cannot succeed in every situation. Such errors must render all his calculations incorrect; and his scheme of colonization, and the brilliant revenue which he anticipates from the national lands, are entirely visionary. Mr Hervé asserts that the Government property is in a state of total unproductiveness, which is not the case, as many of the most fertile plains are carefully cultivated by the peasants, who pay one-fifth of the produce to the Treasury. In order to obtain the exact truth on this subject, as on many others, it will, therefore, be necessary to take a medium between the glowing colouring of Mr Cochrane's picture and the gloomy forebodings of Mr Hervé.

The latter writer gives a most incorrect account of the financial state of the Greek kingdom, which he represents as utterly hopeless without the aid of a series of loans, which must end in placing the country in a most embarrassing position. Such would, undoubtedly, be the consequences of so ruinous a system; but it would be far from impossible, or even difficult, to avoid it, although the very statesman whom Mr Hervé so

warmly enlogizes has been in the habit of drawing a deficit of nearly half the expenditure from the loan so imprudently intrusted to his sole care by the three protecting powers. The army alone costs about as much as the budgets of all the other departments put together; and the great proportion of it being German, the pay of all the Greeks in its ranks cannot be more than that of the Bavarians in the other branches of the service; an immense saving will, therefore, be accomplished by their departure from Greece, which seems inevitable. It may be said that their places will be filled by natives, and so they may; but the exorbitant rate of pay, from that of the Arch-chancellor to the lowest ranks of Germans in the Greek service, may easily be discontinued. It is true that until the expenditure can be established on a more economical footing the revenues of the country will be insufficient, and that it appears difficult for the Greeks to procure the payment of another series of the loan when England and Russia both require security that two directly opposite lines of conduct will be followed before they sanction its delivery; yet a settled and more national line of conduct on the part of the Greek Government cannot fail to satisfy the one and silence the other, as a continued refusal of the Autocrat would be an avowal of his real but secret views with regard to Greece. In the mean-time considerable progress is making towards the institution and practice of a more prudent principle; and since the removal of the Count Armandsparg from the administration many advantageous changes have been made. The revenues are gradually increasing by the more extended cultivation of the national lands; many hundreds of acres of vineyards and currant grounds have been planted—the latter being one of the most valuable articles of exportation—and in general a better system of farming the Government property has been introduced, which cannot fail to be productive of considerable profit to the Treasury, without calculating the less advantageous augmentation of custom-house duties by the increased importation of foreign goods. In one instance a contract has been concluded with a company of Liverpool, which agrees to pay the sum of two thousand pounds sterling a-year

for the cement of the island of Santorin, which had never before paid two hundred to the nation. Many similar cases prove the adoption of a more active system in the revenue department. If, then, the establishment were placed on a more economical scale, which would not be difficult, the two ends might be made to meet. Some steps have already been taken towards the attainment of this important object, such as the abolition of the office of Arch-chancellor, the making one ambassador serve for the two courts of the Tuileries and St James's, and one person do the duties of the two offices of Grand Chamberlain and Marshal of the Palace, which were formerly performed by a Bavarian Count and a Baron, but now confided to a Greek. Several other such reductions have taken place, which augur a more prudent system. The number of Bavarians supported by Greece is diminishing daily; and when their dead weight shall have totally ceased to overwhelm the Greek budgets, it will not be found difficult to make the revenues meet the expenditure.—Therefore Mr Hervé's condolences and lamentations over the future financial embarrassments of Greece are altogether superfluous.

Among other misrepresentations in his work there is a new and most flattering view of the conduct of the hospodar of Wallachia, now residing in Greece, who, it is well known, appropriated the revenues of his province and fled with them across the Austrian frontier. This flight Mr Hervé states to have taken place after the breaking out of the Revolution, which, he says, the hospodar deprecated from policy, but secretly encouraged until he had matured his scheme of carrying off the spoils of the Wallachian Treasury, while history proves that he crossed the frontier three years before the rebellion commenced. His champion attributes this equivocal step to a laudable wish to assist the revolt of the Greeks, and asserts that he positively supplied large sums of money to carry on the war. This is utterly without foundation, for the Prince lived quietly in Italy and France until the Revolution was over, without troubling his head about it, far less transferring to the Greeks any part of his ill-gotten wealth; and the old gentleman's Philhellenism is as doubtful as the real motives of his flight are noto-

rious, being the fear of the intrigues of a near relative who was his rival in Turkish favour. In fact his successor reigned in peace for some years before the standard of revolt was raised by Alexander Ypsilanti. On this, again, he shows his ignorance of the subject on which he writes, by placing at the head of the Revolution in Wallachia, which caused, he says, his lingering death in an Austrian prison, the gallant Demetrius Ypsilanti, who fought in Greece and died of consumption ten years afterwards at the Napoléon Romanian. And all this jumble of nonsense happened, according to this accurate historian, some years before the flight of the ex-hospodar, while Alexander Ypsilanti, whom it is to be supposed he means, and a very different person from his brother Demetrius, passed the Austrian frontier more than three years after it. This ex-hospodar is probably the same whom Mr Giffard saw in a ball-room at Athens, and confounded with the Spartan Prince Mavromichalis; but his short stay in the country will easily excuse such slight mistakes, and the very modest and gentlemanlike style of his work will more than counterbalance them.

Mr Hervé and Mr Cochrane both dwell on the popularity of the Count Armandsparg in Greece, and if they were not themselves deceived in this respect, which is hardly possible, considering the notoriety of the feelings of the Greeks towards him, this is the most glaring piece of false colouring that ever existed; for the expression of detestation, inspired by his despotic measures, and contempt, when his want of ability and energy became conspicuous, was loudly repeated by the people. It seems therefore strange that these two writers should have remained in ignorance of a feeling so publicly manifested, and still more so that they should go so far as to suppose that the Countess and her daughters were liked, or even tolerated in Greece. It is the opinion of many who had the best means of judging of the public feeling at that time, that the catastrophe of the Arch-Chancellor was, if not solely caused, at least considerably accelerated, by the overbearing and repulsive manners of his wife and daughters. This was what was most galling to the Greeks, and they bitterly resented the humiliating treatment experienced by their wives at the hands of a person who was sup-

ported by their funds, and who employed the exorbitant pay received by her husband in every way she thought was calculated to hurt their pride. A thousand instances might be cited in which the Countess Armandsparg behaved with the most insulting haughtiness and want of feeling towards the most respected ladies in Greece; and with the sole exception of her eldest daughter, the unfortunate Madame Louise Cantacuzene, whose death caused universal regret, the whole family was regarded by the Greeks with feelings of the most bitter hatred. This misrepresentation is the more extraordinary on the part of Mr Hervé, as there are so few persons in Greece whom he favours with his approbation; and his whole book, from beginning to end, is filled with the most ill-natured pieces of scandal, many of them concerning the most generally esteemed characters in Greece.

The causes of the recall of Maurer and Abel, the two members of the Regency who were opposed to their President, and of the consequent triumph of the latter, are strangely distorted in this work, being represented as having been produced by a petty jealousy supposed to exist between the wives of the Regents and the Bavarian chargé-d'affaires, while it is well known that the Count Armandsparg feared that the more judicious and enlightened suggestions of his colleagues might interfere with his projected monopoly of power when the King's majority would dissolve the Regency. The warm and active support he received from the British Minister resident at the Court of King Otho encouraged him to attempt to have his opponents removed from Greece, and replaced by a person who only rivalled him in insignificance. His success was also secured by the same powerful influence. The conduct of the British Secretary of Legation during this struggle for supremacy is likewise unfairly stated, for the embarrassing dilemma in which he was involuntarily placed explains it satisfactorily, although it cannot account for his being suddenly deprived of his situation.

A member of the Regency had informed him that he would disclose to him a secret of great importance to the joint interests of Greece and England, provided he would pledge his word of honour not to reveal it to the British Minister in Greece, or the

Ambassador at Constantinople, thus leaving him no channel through which he might communicate it to his Government. He was, therefore, obliged either to refuse to listen to a disclosure which was said to be so important, and which might injure the interests of his country if it were not made known, or, having received the information, to convey it directly to the Secretary of State, without the knowledge of his immediate superiors, and thus be guilty of a breach of form, contrary to all established rules of diplomacy. The Secretary of Legation preferred the latter alternative, and having intimated his determination, and bound himself to conceal the whole affair, he received the promised communication from the member of the Regency, and forwarded it directly to his Government. It consisted of a statement of the impolitic conduct of the British Minister in giving his unqualified support to the Count Armandsparg, and of its probably fatale effects on the welfare of Greece and the popularity and influence of England. This was done in the hope that the Minister would be recalled, and that the loss to the President of his most powerful partisan would insure his fall; but the Count and his friend the British Minister were not idle, and their well-known and well-tried abilities for intrigue and chicane ultimately prevailed. Maurer and Abel were recalled, and their innocent victim, Mr Parish, was removed from his situation.

King Otho was carefully kept in the dark with regard to this keen competition; and indeed, both before and after he attained his majority, his Majesty played a most pitiful part in the politics of his kingdom. It may have been the result of the unjust and illegal attempts of those who surrounded him to keep him at a distance from the Administration; but certainly the general opinion was that his talents were far from being brilliant or conspicuous. On one occasion, when a triumphal arch was raised for his Majesty to pass under, on which a large crown of laurel branches was placed above his initial letter O, a voice was heard from the crowd which surrounded it, asking, "Qu'est ce que signifie ce zéro, qui porte la couronne?"

This *bon mot* was attributed to a celebrated young Irish peer who was

then visiting Greece in his yacht; but whoever said it the truth of the insinuation was felt by all who heard it, and some were bold enough to laugh aloud, in spite of the presence of several of the officers of the palace.

If not remarkably clever, the King is, at least, as well disposed towards his subjects as it is possible for him to be, and his uniform kindness has rendered him one of the most popular sovereigns of Europe. The Greeks were prepared to bestow on him the most devoted attachment even before they had seen him, and during the five years he has been in Greece he has done nothing which would tend to diminish their loyalty; they therefore still feel for him the warmest affection and respect, although they are perfectly aware that he does not possess the highest talents. They are flattered by seeing on their throne a member of one of the long established royal families of Europe, and they are the more confident in his good intentions towards them when they recollect that he is the son of so distinguished a Philhellene as King Louis of Bavaria, who assisted their efforts for freedom in every way, and was one of the first to acknowledge them as an independent people. Otho's education was perhaps not the best calculated to fit him for the sceptre of a nation so difficult to rule, having been intended to wear the cassock of the priests of the Romish Church; and although his royal father is said to have entertained hopes of seeing him fill the papal chair, yet his studies were restricted to purely ecclesiastical subjects. Thus it may easily be understood how great the change of sphere must have appeared to the young monarch, and how unfitted he must have felt for the responsible duties of his unexpected position. He has even retained in his outward appearance and manners some resemblance to the *séminaristes* or young men brought up for his former destination, but though not decidedly handsome, he has an agreeable expression of countenance which prepossesses strangers in his favour. Mr Hervé gives a most ungracious description of King Otho's person, comparing him to a grocer's apprentice, and thus offering a double proof of his bad taste; first, in his judgment of his Majesty's appearance, and secondly, in his choice of a simile.

THE PORTFOLIO. BY X. M. P.

No. I.

I.—THE PEEL DINNER.

THE banquet given to Sir Robert Peel, by 313 members of the House of Commons, in testimony of their full approbation of his conduct and firm reliance on his character, is indisputably, as he has himself expressed it, "unparalleled in the political annals of the country."

As a tribute of respect and confidence to a public man, it is an honour without precedent, and of the highest kind. To receive this meed of praise from so many that are themselves most praiseworthy, to be called to this high distinction by so many that are themselves most distinguished, is in itself gratifying and valuable in no common degree. But on this occasion Sir Robert Peel was the guest, not merely of private individuals, but of those who have been deputed to express the political opinions of millions of their fellow-countrymen. The hosts who entertained him at this feast were those who have been intrusted with the Parliamentary interests of the Conservative constituencies of Great Britain, the most flourishing, enlightened, and loyal portions of the community. Within that banquet-hall, it may be said, there were assembled to do him honour, through their representatives, a majority of the English nation, united with the Protestants of Ireland and the Presbyterian Churchmen of Scotland. A vast preponderance of the various great interests of the country were there virtually met to proclaim and point out this man as their guardian and guide, whose wisdom and energy are to protect them from threatened danger, and to lead them back to peace and prosperity. In this light, the honour bestowed acquires an inestimable value, above all that the favouritism of princes or the caprice of the populace can bestow. Next, indeed, to that self-approving hour, which outweighs all other praise, but which receives its best confirmation from the sanction of the enlightened and reflecting, this unexampled and most significant expression of public admi-

ration and applause must have brought with it the highest reward and the most delightful gratification that a statesman can earn or enjoy.

As a manifestation of party strength the display is equally unrivalled. At no previous time in the history of this country could there have been collected a body of Parliamentary men opposed to the existing Government so strong in numbers, in talents, and in influence, possessing so large a share of national sympathy and respect, so firmly united in sentiment on the vital questions of the age, so calmly resolute in their purpose, and so unexceptionably honourable in their conduct. Never, indeed, before was there seen an Opposition by whose ascendancy in skill and strength the country was governed and the constitution preserved, in defiance of enemies in the very camp of the Government itself. Never was there an Opposition so formidable, from the power it possessed, or so commendable, from the manner in which its power was wielded; so well able to crush their adversaries by factious measures, and yet so free from a factious spirit; so strongly tempted to abuse their position, and yet so scrupulously careful to repudiate every mischievous end, and every dishonest means.

If we could find a man divested of prejudice who would consider the array of moral and intellectual strength presented at this banquet, and compare it with the utmost that his imagination could picture as possible on the other side, can there be a doubt as to his determination on the question which of these two parties is the better fitted to rule a great nation? If we could for a moment place our most inveterate opponents in the Palace of Truth, and compel them to reveal their secret convictions, might we not with equal security await their verdict? Try the competitors by what standard you will, by their possession of external advantages or personal qualifications, by the measure of rank, wealth, and pro-

perity, or of learning, talent, and virtue, is there room for hesitation as to the immeasurable superiority of the Conservative party over their opponents? Weigh and sift them in every possible manner, test them by every touchstone of merit, examine them man with man, and mind with mind, and is there a soul so senseless, an eye so blind as not to perceive that the one party as far excels the other as things fair, honourable, and exalted excel those that are vile, sordid, and contemptible. What lover of moral excellence can fail to see on the one side the congenial companions of his principles and sentiments; and on the other the inveterate antagonists of all that he cherishes and reveres? What man of taste or erudition does not perceive that the choice lies between the ascendancy of refinement, cultivation, and solid acquirements, on the one hand, and that of superficial petulance, ignorance, and barbarism on the other? What man of judgment and prudence, looking to the stake of the respective parties in the country, or to their skill and sagacity in business, can doubt to which of them the management of affairs may be intrusted with the stronger assurance of patriotic intentions and practical success? What cool and experienced observer who contemplates the wide basis on which this great Conservative party is constructed, the firm cement by which its parts are held together, the hands that are helping on the work, and the progress with which it is advancing, can hesitate to foretell that it is destined soon to overtop its ephemeral rival, and to rear its head in unshaken stability, when the other is laid in ruins and trampled in the dust.

Let us imagine for a little that the situation of matters were reversed; that the Whigs had held a festival such as that which has been given to Peel, and that the Conservatives were retained in power by such slender majorities, composed of such shameful or shabby materials as the present Ministers have to boast of. Is any body ignorant what, in such a case, would have been said by them? What puffings and blowings, what trumpetings and tirades would have been heard from that party in every quarter and on every occasion? What laudation of themselves, what scorn of

their opponents; what disparagement of the triumphs of place and power; what exultation in the moral superiority of an enlightened Opposition; what lamentations of popular delusion; what denunciations of official influences and corrupt compromises! If any one has a faint idea of the endless iteration and ceaseless pertinacity with which these topics would have been urged by the Ministerial Whigs, he must be ignorant or have forgotten what these men were in other times, and how extravagantly they magnified that share of cleverness and character which had not then departed from them.

Even now we venture to divine that, with all their self-complacency and love of place, they view with rankling envy the position of their opponents. We are greatly mistaken if Lord John himself would not gladly dash down the seals, which are put in mockery in his hands, and relinquish all the pride and patronage of the Home Office, with his literary reputation to boot, if he could exchange them for the cordial esteem and ungrudging admiration which have been bestowed by honourable, sincere, and enlightened men on the great statesman of whom he presumes to consider himself the rival. With what mortification must he turn his glance to his own ranks, and see who they are that compose them; see that he owes his place to the fomenters of sedition at home and rebellion abroad; to those whose lives have been spent in breaking the laws they are allowed to make; to men without the feelings, the education, or the manners of gentlemen; to social outcasts, whose support is disgrace, and whose touch is contagion: and to think that even by these persons he is only tolerated for a time, in the hope that they can work with him as a tool, or squeeze him as a sponge.

We have, however, pursued unnecessarily a discussion which admits of no dispute. We have been expatiating on a proposition which to be adopted needs only to be announced. We proceed to the more fitting task which we had proposed to ourselves, of embodying in our pages some extracts from the admirable speeches delivered on this occasion, interspersed with such observations as we are impelled to make by our feelings of cordial concurrence in the tribute thus paid to

one whom we love and honour, and of high satisfaction at so strong a muster of that Conservative force which is destined to save the constitution of our country from revolution, and her prosperity from decline.

Three hundred and three members, we believe, attended the dinner, the remaining ten being detained by illness, domestic affliction, or similar causes. The chair was filled by the Marquis of Chandos, a man deservedly dear to all who are interested in the welfare of England, and appropriately put forward at this time as representing that great interest on which the national character and prosperity so essentially depend, and which for that reason seems peculiarly obnoxious to the revolutionary faction. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed the health of Sir Robert Peel in a strain of warm and friendly eloquence.

"In the whole of his public career he was sure his right honourable friend never experienced so much pride, pleasure, and gratification as he did at this moment, the guest of 313 Conservative members of the House of Commons (cheers). A body of gentlemen, perhaps the most influential in the country, united heart and hand in support of his right honourable friend, and anxious to evince their cordial approval of his public conduct (loud cheers), had invited him to-day as their guest, to receive publicly at their hands the *full, unanimous, and enthusiastic approbation of his conduct in Parliament and elsewhere* (loud cheers). His right honourable friend held the high and distinguished position of being at the head of a party more powerful than ever was known in the British House of Commons as an Opposition to the existing Administration (cheers)—powerful, indeed, inasmuch as it enabled him to keep in check the Administration, and prove to them, that although not the Minister of the Crown, they could only pass such measures as he thought conducive to the liberties of the people and the interests of the country at large (cheers)."

Adverting to Sir Robert Peel's recent tenure and resignation of office, Lord Chandos observed, that "in their opinion, *and he believed in the opinion of the country, no man ever resigned the helm of power with greater honour or enjoying more the confidence of*

the nation than his right honourable friend (loud cheers).—It could not be long before, with the extraordinary power and confidence which had been reposed in him by the country, he would again be placed in the proud situation of Prime Minister of England (loud cheers). *Then the liberal statesmanlike measures which he had prepared as Minister of the late King would be carried into effect, and render him one of the most popular, as he was the most honest and best of Ministers, that ever ruled over this country* (loud cheers). But he would not longer stand between them and his right honourable friend; at the same time he must, as their organ, again express *the united and unanimous feeling of confidence which the Conservatives of the House of Commons reposed in his right honourable friend to further his views and objects* (cheers). In supporting him, he was confident they would be led to victory (cheers), *consulting on all occasions what was best fitted to maintain the security of the throne and promote the real interests of the country*. For his own part, with the most fervent feelings, and he was sure he spoke their sentiments also, of regard for the individual publicly and privately, personally and politically, he begged to give 'the health of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, and may he long enjoy life and happiness, *and rule over this country as a Minister*.'—(The toast was drunk with nine distinct and most hearty rounds of cheers, the ladies in the galleries joining in the compliment by waving their handkerchiefs)."

The first part of Sir Robert Peel's reply expresses the feelings of gratification which must have been experienced by any one prizing the marked and deliberate approbation of his fellow-men, and capable of estimating its character and worth in the present instance.

"Sir R. Peel, on presenting himself, was received with renewed shouts of applause, loud and long-continued. When the cheering had subsided, the right honourable Baronet said,—I am deeply grateful for the motives which have influenced you in paying to me this mark of respect, unparalleled in the political annals of this country (cheers), and for the corresponding feelings with which you have just received the proposition of my noble

friend. I wish I had any command over language, at least over appropriate and befitting language, to convey to you the sensations which, as you must perceive, almost overpower me (loud cheers). But I feel it infinitely better to appeal to your own feelings to form an estimate of the state of my mind—to the consciousness of each of you, that were you placed in my present situation you would rather remain perfectly silent, than try to express your gratitude in any of the trite and exhausted forms of complimentary acknowledgment (cheers). You have conferred upon me the highest reward which can be conferred upon a public man who does aspire to distinction, *but to that distinction alone which is founded upon the esteem and confidence of intelligent and enlightened men* (loud cheers), who is ambitious of power, *but of that power which, having its roots in such esteem and confidence, adds life and vigour to the authority which is derived from office, and does not wither and decay when official authority is extinct* (loud cheers). You have also proved to me and to others that there are other bonds of connexion—that there are other sympathies which unite us, besides the cold concurrence in political sentiments (loud cheers); you have proved that those who are treading the rugged and laborious path that leads to political eminence may have their way cheered by the cordial voice of friendship, and by the approvals of personal attachment and opinion (cheers)."

Dismissing these more private and personal points, he then proceeds, in a manner that will be most interesting to all lovers of their country, to avow the satisfaction which the meeting afforded him, as indicating the achievement of a great and patriotic object, to which his mind has been directed since the passing of the Reform Bill, and in which he perceived the only means of doing justice to the supporters of that measure as well as to its opponents, and of securing at once its legitimate objects and averting its evil consequences.

"By this meeting you have done much more to my satisfaction—you have given a public demonstration that *the great object to which for some years past my exertions have been mainly directed has been completely accom-*

plished. My object for some years past—that for which I have chiefly laboured, has been to lay the foundations of a GREAT PARTY (cheers), *which, existing in the House of Commons, and deriving its strength from the popular will, should diminish the risk and deaden the shock of collisions between the two deliberative branches of the legislature* (loud cheers), which should be enabled to check the too impatient eagerness of the well-intentioned for hasty and precipitate changes in the constitution and laws of this country (cheers), and say with a voice of authority to the restless spirit of revolutionary encroachment, 'Here are the bounds by which thy vibrations shall be stayed' (loud cheers). I was deeply impressed with the importance of forming that party from the period that the great change was made in the representative system of this country; and I am confident that those who were the most convinced of the abstract merits of that change, who saw the absolute necessity for it in the progress of events and the state of public opinion—I am confident they would now admit, because I heard them admit at the time, that though a necessary, still it was a fearful experiment—(cheers)—that there was danger lest the great shock which was necessarily given to prescriptive authority might precipitate us into irrational courses (loud cheers). I knew that those who, with perfectly good intentions, supported that measure, too sanguine in the hope of attaining perfection, which is unattainable, might be urged on too hastily; there was risk that those who had lately become possessed of new power might think that power was useless if it were permitted to remain dormant, and not brought into constant and daily display (cheers); *and that conviction led me to feel that it was necessary, by moderation, by patience, by assuming a defensive attitude, by the rejection of the old tactics of party—suited to other times, and justifiable in other circumstances—that it was desirable at that time to attempt to form a party whose bond of connexion should be the maintenance of that measure of reform* (cheers), *but the determination to resist further constitutional changes having a tendency to disturb the balance of a mixed government."*

This declaration of Sir Robert Peel's

purposes and plans carries with it a grave but gentle rebuke to the views and anticipations of some of ourselves, the humbler members of his party. While dismay was spread among our ranks, while many said and more believed that the stability of the constitution was irreparably destroyed, it is his praise *non desperasse de republica*. Even in the moment of disaster and defeat, it was already the subject of his thoughts how the Conservative forces might be re-assembled and recruited, and the battle once more fought on the most favourable field that was left to them. While others were exclusively looking to the House of Lords as the only bulwark that remained against the flood of democracy, it is his merit to have adopted the scheme of re-constructing, upon new ground and on a wider foundation, a great Conservative party in the House of Commons, which if not sufficient of itself to repel the inundation, might at least break its force and weaken its pressure on the inner embankments. The spirit of faith and foresight in which this plan was formed, is only equalled by the skill and perseverance with which it has been prosecuted, to a degree of success already conclusive for the immediate preservation of the Constitution, and leading, as we trust, to the speedy triumph of Conservative opinions, not merely as a barrier against revolution, but as an active and ascendent principle of government. Hear how nobly the prospects and progress of this design are developed by its wise and eloquent author.

“ *I did not disguise from myself the difficulties that attended the formation of such a party.* Our own party had been reduced by the Reform Bill to little more than 100 members; at least, I believe, that in the session which followed the passing of that act not more than 100 members voted with me upon any occasion. *But I did not despair* (loud cheers). How COULD I DESPAIR? *I was acting in intimate concert and union with that illustrious man the Duke of Wellington* (loud cheers), whose name does not shed lustre merely on a party, or on the country which he has defended, but sheds a lustre on the age in which he lives (continued cheering). I was acting in intimate union with that man, who has exhibited through life ‘qualities that are rare,’ as one has

somewhere said, ‘in their separate excellence, but wonderful in their combination’ (great cheering)—that man who is not without ambition, but without its alloys (cheers)—who has shown at different periods of his life, both in military and civil affairs, a combination of the rarest fortitude and valour with the greatest circumspection and prudence (cheers)—who has, I need not speak of his military life, but who has in civil life at one time stood forward to assume upon his own undivided responsibility the whole charge and functions of a Government (loud cheers), for the purpose of exhibiting an instance of self-denial without precedent (cheers); and who at other times, when the sense of public duty prompted him, has had the real courage to assume and to maintain a defensive attitude (cheers), and, if I may so speak, *retire within the moral lines which are fortified by circumspection, prudence, and resolution* (loud cheers). It was aided by his authority and with his co-operation that *I did look forward ultimately to the formation of such a party as that of which I speak.* I DID BELIEVE THAT THE GOOD SENSE OF THIS COUNTRY WOULD ULTIMATELY RALLY ROUND A PARTY THAT DID NOT PROFFER HOSTILITY TO IMPROVEMENT (LOUD CHEERS), BUT MANIFESTED A DETERMINATION TO ABIDE BY THE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION (LOUD CHEERS).”

Is it too much to say, that the progress of British perseverance in its struggles and rewards, during the Continental warfare that terminated at Waterloo, is a type of that civil contest in which the lovers of law and liberty have now been engaged at home? We may at least, we think, call the one the parallel of the other, and boast that the same great man has been alike distinguished in both, and equally strong to save his country by the virtues of the gown as by the vigour of the sword. Neither he nor we will grudge in this present matter if he must divide the praise with a most worthy associate, more intimately and formally initiated in civil politics. But whether as a leader or a companion in arms, wherever courage, honour, and prudence are required, what name can be more inspiring or of better omen than that of Wellington?

From explaining the support and

encouragement which he derived from the Duke of Wellington's co-operation, Sir Robert Peel passes on to speak of the assistance for which he looked, and which he ultimately gained from those able and honest statesmen who were then his opponents. Never were the honourable and manly feelings of patriotic statesmen in so peculiar a position more strongly evinced, or more nobly represented, than in the admirable sentences which we are now to quote.

"Ay, but allow me also to say, *that I did look forward with confidence to the ultimate formation of that happy union that now subsists between us and many to whom we had been formerly opposed* (loud cheers). I looked forward to it with confidence, because *I relied upon their adherence to the principles which they professed* (cheers)—because I heard them say, and *I believed them when they said, they desired that reform should be according to the acknowledged principles of the constitution—because I heard them declare that in their opinion it would add new stability to the settled institutions of the country in Church and State—*(cheers)—because I heard them declare that they would not give their assent to it if they believed it to be incompatible with the maintenance of the prerogatives of the Crown and the privileges of the other House of Parliament (loud cheers). I did think, *without having then any personal acquaintance with them, that union must ultimately be formed—not the result of conferences—NOT THE OFFSPRING OF NEGOTIATIONS* (cheers), *but originally brought about by the force of circumstances* (cheers), *by the sense of a common danger* (cheers), and which should afterwards be cemented by *mutual co-operation, BY RECIPROCAL CONFIDENCE AND RESPECT* (loud cheers). I saw them the chief pride, ornament, and mainstays of the party with which they were then associated (cheers).

"*Experto credite, quantus In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam—*(loud cheers).

I knew the sacrifices they would be called upon to make. I was the man who could well judge how painful is the separation from old party recollections—what a sacrifice it is to forego adherence to party engagements, from

an overpowering sense of public duty (loud cheers.) I knew well it was not the loss of power, or the clouded prospects of official life; *but I knew how painful was the averted eye and the alienated aspect of personal friends whom they had sincerely loved and respected* (cheers)—I knew this sacrifice they would be called on to make without the prospect of that generous construction which I myself had experienced (loud cheers); *but I had such confidence in their acuteness that it would enable them to discriminate between the path which leads to improvement and that which leads to revolution, and I had such confidence in their integrity and moral courage, that convinced me, when that discrimination had been made, office, friendships, party connexions—all would be sacrificed rather than they would be parties to any attempt to undermine the PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENTS of this country* (loud cheers), *or disturb THE MIXED GOVERNMENT OF A TEMPERATE MONARCHY* (continued cheering.) As I said before, without conference, *without any other negotiation than that which led to the rejection of office, when removed from office that union has been formed* (cheers); and I think I may say that the anticipations, the fond hopes I entertained, *that once formed it must gain strength from reciprocal esteem and confidence, have also been realized* (cheers)."

This is indeed a different picture from that of the Litchfield House compact or compact alliance. But we fear not to say that the solidity and endurance of the union in the two cases will be in the inverse ratio of the velocity with which it was formed. We were angry at the time with Lord Stanley and Sir James Grahame for not joining Sir Robert Peel's Ministry in 1834, but we were wrong in that feeling, and now believe that things are better as they are. The transition would have been too sudden to be natural or successful—old differences and prejudices had not been worn down by the amalgamating influence of new circumstances—and the designs of the revolutionary party were not yet sufficiently revealed. Confidence is a plant of slow growth where it is to have deep root or firm fibre. Among parties who have been long nominally opposed, the essential requisite of a coalition, the *idem sentire de republica* can

only be proved by repeated trials and lasting experience. The affair is much more easily settled where nothing more is needed than the *idem sentire de lucro suo*.

The progressive increase of the Conservative strength is next adverted to, but the statement made seems to us rather to estimate below than above the mark, the actual addition which the Conservative party have gained on a dissolution which took place under an adverse Government and in most unfavourable circumstances.

We shall quote the sentences that follow next, in vindication of the forbearing nature of Sir Robert Peel's policy, with no other remark than to express our very humble approbation of its propriety and wisdom.

"My noble friend has justly said, that in the whole course of my public life no event has been so gratifying and satisfactory to my mind as the meeting of this day; but there is connected with it one feeling of a more serious and anxious character, which chastens and subdues the disposition to triumph and self-gratulation. I don't disguise from myself the power I possess in consequence of your esteem and confidence; and when I see the numbers that surround me—when I recollect the great interests you represent—when I recollect that by the clergy, by the magistrates, by the yeomen, by the gentry, by the great proportion also of the trading community of this country we are supported (loud cheers), it would be vain to disguise from ourselves the influence we possess in the national councils (loud cheers). But the feeling which, as I said before, subdued in some degree those which vanity or personal gratulation might inspire, is one of anxiety, that as I possess your confidence, I may exercise the power which it confers upon me in such a manner as may contribute to the permanent interests of this party (cheers), and that by no act, by no advice of mine your interests and honour may be compromised (loud cheers). The possession of strength, the demonstration of power, naturally brings with it some slight inconvenience. There is impatience in some quarters, that seeing the strength we possess, it is not called into more frequent action (cheers). Allow me to observe, that if I have a well-grounded title to your confidence, it is because

I have always ventured respectfully but explicitly to state my opinion, and give the best advice I could, even though sometimes it should not be in precise conformity with the prevailing sentiment (cheers); but the reception I have uniformly met with has always emboldened me to take that course, fully confident you would put a proper construction on my motives (loud cheers). It is said, and justly said, that the Opposition is now conducted on different principles from those on which Opposition would be conducted to us if we were in power (cheers). Nothing can be more perfectly true than that (cheers). But we must bear in mind, that the particular course which an Opposition should take must partly depend on the principles they maintain (cheers). Our more impatient friends in the country must recollect that *our very name almost implies a contradiction; we are a Conservative Opposition*; we adopt the principles which used to be said to prevail in an Administration; we not only adopt the principles of a Government, *but we perform many of its functions* (loud cheers); and it must be borne in mind that we cannot, in conformity with our principles, take that latitude of action which might befit an Opposition acting on precisely contrary principles (cheers). An Opposition which professes to think the ancient institutions of this country a grievance, which considers English society a mass of abuse, has a double ground of opposition against a Government: it has, first, the ground of personal dissatisfaction with the course taken by Government, censuring and disapproving of the acts of Government, *together with no indisposition to inflame popular discontent against the institutions of the country* (cheers). But we must bear in mind that our duty, prescribed to us by our principles, *is to maintain the ancient institutions of this country* (loud cheers). We have no desire to exalt the authority of the House of Commons above the prerogative of the Crown (cheers); we have no desire to undermine the privileges of the House of Lords (loud cheers); on the contrary, it is our duty to defend them (cheers). The field of Opposition occupied by those who seek to reduce and cripple our establishments is denied to us, because we wish to see the naval and military

establishments of the country maintained in proper vigour and efficiency (cheers). It is not for us to inflame popular discontent by the exaggeration of public abuses (cheers). Nor can we lend the crown our arm to shake or curtail the liberties of the people (cheers). And therefore, in estimating the course we have adopted, those who feel some impatience with our apparent indifference and passiveness should always recollect that the principles maintained by an Opposition do impose some practical restraint on the conduct they must pursue (loud cheers). I said, and I said with perfect truth, that we maintain the principles and perform some of the functions of a Government (cheers). I will prove this to be the case; that the position of the Administration and Government is inverted—that we hold the principles generally said to belong to Government, repudiating those which are powerful instruments when wielded by Opposition.”

In the first example which Sir Robert Peel gives of this proposition he happily exposes to indignant ridicule a shallow and short-sighted declaration of the present Home Secretary.

“I heard it laid down some few months since as the principle on which a Government must be conducted, *that there should be a constant concession to popular demands*. That is an excellent and most convenient doctrine for an Opposition, but a dangerous and hazardous one for a Government (cheers). It was possible for Mr Fox to hold in Opposition language of this kind. In 1797, speaking of Ireland, he said, ‘I would therefore concede, and if I found I had not conceded enough, I would concede more. I know no way of governing mankind but by conciliating them, and according to the forcible way which the Irish have of expressing their meaning, I know of no mode of governing the people but by letting them have their own way’ (a laugh). The leader of the House of Commons, Lord J. Russell, *being in office*, said he adopted that principle of Mr Fox as the best for conducting the Government of the country (cheers); and, of course, nothing could equal the satisfaction created among the popular party, or the compliments which were paid to the wise and liberal Minister who avowed such a canon of Government (cheers). *A few months*

elapsed, and the people of Lower Canada resolved to put this favourite principle to the test (cheers). It was fairly put to the test, and then it was discovered that there must be other modes of governing the people than by letting them have their own way (cheers); it was found that the principle, however convenient for an irresponsible Opposition, was a dangerous principle for a Minister to apply to the Government of a great empire, or a portion of it, that when he found he had not conceded enough, he should go on always conceding more; and it became absolutely necessary practically to convince the people of Lower Canada, that, however enlightened and liberal the principle might be in theory, they must form the first exception to the rule (loud cheers). So much for the principle of the Government.”

He then adduces instances of the Conservative party having exercised the practical functions of a Government, so far as the legislature is concerned, and concludes this portion of his observations in these words:—

“My firm belief is, that by steadily performing our legislative functions, by attending to our duty, by censuring Ministers, or attempting to censure them, when censure may be required, on all occasions by enforcing our principles, by amending their measures when they require amendment, though at the same time we should rescue them from temporary embarrassments, yet we shall thereby be establishing new claims on the public approbation (cheers).”

It is in this spirit, we doubt not, that the ultimate confidence of the vast majority of the whole empire is to be successfully sought.

Messrs Pusey, Lemon, Slaney, and others will often, we presume, find improvement and delight in the witty truths which are embodied in our next extract, and which we could have wished had been confined in its application to the Humes and Wakleys, whom it would have best suited.

“It is not our fault if our efforts have sometimes been unsuccessful. On several occasions, when we might have relied on the assertion of principles maintained when in Opposition by many now sitting on the Ministerial side of the House, we found that as soon as the question threatened the existence of the Government, ancient prin-

ciples were forgotten, and the only consideration was, how Ministers could be maintained (cheers). It is not, to be sure, a very satisfactory mode of justification and escape to be told, as the Government constantly are by their friends, 'You are decidedly in the wrong—you deserve censure; but rather than inflict it on you, I will vote in your favour, in order that you may have space for repentance' (cheers). This reminds me of a proposition made upwards of a hundred years ago by Mr Addison, who, lamenting the violence of party feeling, the heats and resentments which appeared to him to obstruct the execution of the public service, suggested that some bond of union, some form of association might be produced, which should combine neutral men in defence of their common rights. He thought it might be possible to frame some covenant which all moderate men might subscribe, and co-operate only for the public good. But he found the greatest difficulty in drawing up the terms of this association; however, after much reflection, he thought he had hit on the form of covenant which all moderate men might subscribe. I will read to you the form of the association which Mr Addison proposed; certainly his expectations that men might be found to subscribe the covenant do not appear at first sight unreasonable; but I want to know if even this moderate form of subscription would embrace all in these times. Mr Addison, in 1711, proposed this as the form of an association—'We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare, that we do in our conscience believe that two and two make four, and that we shall adjudge any man to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, at the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and places. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black and white white; and we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons as upon any day of the year shall vote black to be white, or white to be black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes' (cheers, and a laugh). Now, if Mr Addison were alive, we could prove to him that his form of association would not be applicable to the present times, but that he must so

model it as that it should run thus—'That we will on all occasions, upon any day of the year, vote black to be white, or white to be black, whenever her Majesty's Government may be in danger' (loud cheers and laughter). That form of Government will insure more signatures than the test Mr Addison proposed—namely, consenting that two and two make four, and that on every day in the year black shall be considered black and white white (continued cheers and laughter)."

Sir Robert Peel, in drawing his speech to a conclusion, presents the following vivid, but surely not overcharged, picture of our national position.

"We feel deeply and intimately, that in the union of the Conservative party of this country is one of the best guarantees for internal tranquillity and the maintenance of our ancient institutions. It is impossible, I think, to look around upon the condition of affairs without some feelings of anxiety and apprehension; I wish not to exaggerate them in the slightest degree, but still it cannot be denied that *there are causes for anxiety and distrust*. If we look at the financial condition of the country, we find a *defalcation of revenue, with a fair prospect of increased expenditure* (hear, hear); if we look to our colonial possessions, we find in the chief of them heart-burnings that follow a recently-suppressed insurrection, and *the dying embers of revolt ready to be fanned into flame by an external spirit which appears to defy all control* (cheers); if we look to our foreign relations, we find civil discord still prevailing in the most important parts of the Peninsula—civil discord fomented, I must always think, by our presumptuous and unnecessary interference (loud cheers); if we look to those countries of Europe which, from local situation, and the relations nature has established, have been considered the intimate and natural allies of England—if we look to Portugal and Holland, we shall find in the one a Government established at once the child and champion of anarchy, and in both the name of England and Englishmen contemplated with very different feelings from those with which we were accustomed to be regarded in days gone by (cheers). We are indeed in the enjoyment of peace, but we

have not that confidence—we do not see prevailing throughout Europe that confidence which ought to be its attendant (loud cheers). We do not find, in contemplating our foreign relations, that any one of the questions which most materially involve the maintenance and continuance of peace approaches nearer to a settlement than it did several years since (cheers). Whether we look at the relations of Holland or Belgium, to the state of the controversy relative to the American boundary on the north-east of the United States, I think I am warranted in saying that the great questions, by which peace may be disturbed, and without the solution of which there can be little guarantee for its continuance, *still remain unsettled* (loud cheers). *These are reasons not for despondence nor unmanly fear, but for continued exertion and union among the members of the Conservative Party* (loud cheers). By that union we shall best be enabled to maintain the mild predominance of the Protestant faith in every part of the United Kingdom (cheers); by that union, and by it alone, we shall be enabled to promote what we call *Conservative principles* (loud cheers)."

These last words are the introduction to a glowing delineation of Conservative opinions, forming a fit peroration to this noble speech, of which it is difficult to over-estimate either the wisdom, the eloquence, or the probable effect on the national mind.

"If asked, 'What do you mean by Conservative principles?' as we are sometimes taunted with giving a vague and unsatisfactory description of them, I would, in conclusion, briefly state the meaning I attach to them. By Conservative principles, then, I mean, and I believe you mean, *the maintenance of the prerogative of the Monarch, the maintenance of the just powers and attributes of Queen, Lords, and Commons of the country* (cheers), and the determination to resist every encroachment which can curtail the just rights and settled privileges of one or other of those three branches of the constitution (cheers). By Conservative principles, we mean, that, *co-existent with the equality of civil rights and privileges, there shall be an established religion, paid and encouraged by the State* (cheers); and

that this established religion shall maintain the doctrines of the Protestant Reformed Faith (loud cheers). By Conservative principles we mean a steady resistance to every project for the *alienation of Church property from strictly spiritual purposes* (cheers). We do not mean to raise an unnecessary cry to serve a political end, that the Church is in danger; but we do put it to every reasonable man to say whether those proposals do not endanger the Church, which if carried into effect would, in Ireland, alienate from that Establishment a certain proportion of her property, in violation of binding compacts and the most solemn assurances, and devote it to the purposes of education, expressly excluding instruction in the main principles and precepts of the Protestant religion (cheers); we do put it to every reasonable man to say whether, although their property be improved, if concurrently the Bishops in England should be made stipendiaries of the State, the Church could be free from danger, its own revenues being applied to relieve property from a burden to which it has been immemorially subject (cheers)—if those two measures, the unlimited alienation of Church property in Ireland to secular purposes, and the application of the ecclesiastical revenues in England *to the relief of property from charges to which it has always been liable*, thereby threatening the dissolution of that connexion between Church and State implied in the contribution of property to the maintenance of the fabric of the Church, and which Lord Althorp regarded as essential to the integrity of the Establishment (cheers)—we do ask, if those two measures were passed, *whether they would not greatly endanger the maintenance of the Establishment in both countries?* (cheers). By Conservative principles we mean *the rescuing from threatened danger our Protestant establishments* (cheers). Nay more, we mean the infliction, if we can, of *'a heavy blow and a great discouragement'* upon those principles which are antagonists to the Establishment of the Protestant faith in these realms (loud cheers). By Conservative principles we mean the maintenance of our settled institutions in Church and State (cheers), and we mean also the preservation and defence of that combination of law, of

institutions, of usages, of habits, and manners, which have contributed to mould and form the character of Englishmen, and which have enabled this country, in the contentions and fearful rivalry of war, to extort the admiration of her enemies (cheers), and in the equally glorious career of peaceful industry, of commercial enterprise, of mechanical skill, of social improvement, have endeared the name of England and of Englishmen in every country of the world, to those who seek for the establishment of liberty without license, and look to the maintenance of that pure form of religion which is at once the consolation of the virtuous man, and the best guarantee which human institutions can afford, of civil and religious liberty. The Right Honourable Baronet sat down amidst loud and protracted cheering."

We can now do little more than turn to the speech of Lord Stanley, which we shall insert at some length, from a wish to brighten our pages with so splendid a reflection of the powerful and generous mind of this distinguished man, whose alliance with the Conservative party is alike creditable to them and to himself. The remarks which we might have been induced to make upon this address, have in the main been anticipated by what we have already said as to the formation of that honourable, and, we doubt not, indissoluble union from which the country expects ere long to derive the long desired advantages of secure government and wise legislation:

Lord Stanley, on his health being drunk, rose to return thanks, but it was some time before the cheering subsided and permitted him to proceed. The noble Lord said, that to be received in such a manner by any body of his countrymen must be a source of the deepest gratification to any man; and they might more easily conceive than he (Lord Stanley) find words to express, the overpowering feelings under which he rose to acknowledge the reception which he had met with from a body of men such as that which he now addressed, and which, considering their numbers, their public importance, and their union of sentiment, constituted the most important public body that he had ever met on any great public occasion. He felt the reception which

they had given him the more sensibly, because to many of those whom he now addressed—perhaps, he might say, to the majority—he had been, by the conscientious discharge of his duty at a previous period of his public life, compelled to stand in Opposition (hear, hear). And why did he say that this circumstance gave him greater pleasure than if he were receiving the same mark of respect from those with whom he had always acted? *Because he felt, with honest pride felt, that they sunk the difference of opinion which had existed, in their conviction of the honesty of the principle which had brought about the change (loud cheers).* It was because he knew that had he been so degraded or so base as to join their ranks from any unworthy personal motive, from any consideration of private interest at the sacrifice or suppression of any public principle, he would not have been received as he had been that day (cheers). It was because he knew, that *though as politicians they might have rejoiced in the accession of a recruit, yet, as gentlemen, they would have spurned an insincere ally* (cheers). Yes, gentlemen, his right honourable friend had truly said that their union was founded on higher and more enduring motives; it was founded on the strongest motives which could act on private feeling or influence public conduct (hear, hear). It was founded on the sense of common danger (cheers)—on the conviction of a common interest; not that sordid, base, and personal interest which might gratify and profit them as individuals, but *on their conviction, and on their united opinion as to the quarter from which danger was threatened to our institutions, and as to the means by which that danger was to be warded off, and our institutions preserved* (loud cheers). So far, therefore, from it requiring any explanation or apology, it would, indeed, have been most extraordinary if, after a great change had been made in the three component portions which formed the balance of the empire, giving an additional, and as it might appear to some an alarming power to the democratical branch of the Constitution—it would, he said, *have been most strange if there had not been many men who, previously apprehending danger from the too great influence of the monarchical or aristocratic*

cal branches, should not, when a great change was made, diminishing the power of those two branches, have had the honesty to throw their weight, however small, into that balance which seemed the lightest (cheers). This, then, without disguise or concealment, the offspring of no intrigue, negotiation, or compromise—this was, he would not say the secret, but the reason, the ground and foundation, the solid and enduring foundation of their union (loud cheers).

He then proceeds to express how high a gratification he felt at having, in such society, been selected as the organ to bring before their notice that which was in truth the keystone and bond of their union, that which was the mainspring of all their strength, that which they were prepared to uphold, strengthen, and confirm, that which was the very essence of all their Conservative feelings, *the British Constitution in Church and State* (rapturous cheering). It had been truly observed by one who well knew what he spoke of, that there was a vast difference between the Whigs of 1835 and the Whigs of 1832 (hear, hear); but if gentlemen would refer to history, he thought they would find, when they compared the Whigs of 1838 with the Whigs of 1688 (cheers), that there was indeed a wide difference between the political principles which actuated the great men of the former period, and the principles which were professed by those who called themselves the Whigs of the present day (cheers). If he read history right, he found that the great men of the former period considered as indispensably connected and interwoven with our mixed constitution, and as giving strength and stability to all its parts, and forming the strongest bulwark of our civil liberty—the maintenance of a national and Protestant Establishment (cheers). It was true, indeed, that those who called themselves the Whigs of the present day also appeared to regard these great elements as combined; but in their mind they seemed combined only for the purpose of being made one and each the object of uniform and constant aggression (cheers). The Radical party, wise in its generation, knew, and knowing, steadily and perseveringly acted on the knowledge, that no one of those great elements could feel a blow, without the

blow being felt by all the rest (hear, hear). They looked out for the feeble place whereon to make the first assault, and when they could not succeed by violence, they sought to undermine by fraud (hear, hear). To meet their endeavours required not only much coolness, but as much perseverance and industry, in a better cause, as were displayed by their opponents (cheers). Not many years since the favourite object of attack was the independent exercise of the powers of the House of Lords; and the exercise of those powers was not opposed alone by the low and insignificant, but by some among the learned of the land and occupying high places (hear, hear). It was true that the chorus raised against that body had sunk into a snarling whimper; but the party only waited for another occasion to renew its attacks. How had those attacks been met? By concession? by yielding to any of the demands made by those who attacked the Peerage? No. They had been met by a forbearing, but unflinching exercise, on the part of the House of Lords, of their constitutional powers; they had been met by an appeal to the good sense, prudence, and judgment of the British people (cheers). What was now the favourite object of attack? Scarcely any one of the institutions of the country could be pointed to with respect to which a desire was not manifested to depreciate and injure them. He saw a systematic desire to degrade the magistracy (cheers)—to weaken the bonds which bound, in legitimate union, the gentlemen of the country with the population of their neighbourhoods, and to draw seldom on them for the discharge of those duties which they conscientiously and unpaid performed (cheers). He saw a systematic desire to overthrow every thing which appeared not to forward the democratic will; but above all, a determination, supported by all the malignity of bitter hostility, and favoured by indifference and lukewarmness on the part of those who ought to oppose it—a determination, he said, to destroy, to weaken, and undermine the foundations of our Established Church (loud cheers). They were sometimes taunted with raising, without cause, the cry of 'The Church in danger;' but when he saw how many gentlemen were

then present, who would go forth into their respective neighbourhoods and scatter and disseminate over the whole country, among their neighbours, dependents, and connexions, the principle of attachment to the sister Churches of England and Scotland—when he knew how strong a hold those Churches had on the affections of the people—how the attacks made on them had called forth increased energy in their defence and maintenance, he began to hope that the ‘Church was not in danger’ (cheers).

Having then in a voice of warning and counsel exhorted them not for one moment to relax in their exertions from a too confident or overweening estimation of their own strength, he thus continues:—“He was told that no less than 313 members of Parliament had joined in the present magnificent public tribute of respect, regard, and affection to his right hon. friend. How many of these men would flinch from the expression of the same devoted attachment within the next forty-eight hours? (a burst of cheers, which lasted for several moments). If the energy and zeal which were manifested that night was not a mere hasty and evanescent feeling which might evaporate in a short time, but if, on the contrary, it had its origin in the strong and mature conviction of this mighty party, then the Church and the institutions of this country were indeed safe (cheers). Let them remember it was not zeal alone, it was not the hasty expression of excited feeling which must win the battle; it was patient struggling against toil and fatigue, against manœuvres, against, perhaps, defeat—it was untiring industry, it was unrelaxed energy, it was indomitable confidence in their leader (loud applause). It was that confidence which sustained the British soldier in apparent apathy behind the lines of Torres Vedras; it was the same confidence with which the troops of Waterloo lay couched in inaction until the time when their great chief-tain gave the word to charge (cheers). It was the determination to hazard the great cause by no trifling proceeding, the offspring of personal caprice; it was the determination not to flinch from the great cause from too nice an estimation of some expression which might chance to be used; *it was the determination never to affirm a princi-*

ple which they did not believe in, and never, under any circumstances, to shrink from the affirmation of the principle which they did believe in (loud applause). If in this laborious and wearisome course they should at any time feel inclined to falter in their endeavours and relax from the struggle, let them reflect what it was they were about to sacrifice, and then he was sure that no personal interest, no light or trifling consideration, would deter them from the course they had adopted, and their conduct would, under the blessing of Providence, be the means of maintaining and preserving that which was the object of their respect and love, that which he now gave them as a toast, ‘Our constitution in Church and State.’”

We shall now conclude our extracts with a pointed observation made by Lord Francis Egerton, in proposing the health of the noble Chairman, to whom the origin of the meeting was principally to be ascribed, ‘that though it might please her Majesty’s Government to cast ridicule on it, *certain it was that they could not collect around them without contrivance, negotiation, and previous consultation, 300 members of the House of Commons* (cheers). There was not any topic connected with the policy of the country that had not been touched upon; and supposing a meeting of the *adherents of the Ministers to take place, would it not be necessary to settle beforehand what subjects should be spoken of, and what left alone?*”

If there are any simple or prejudiced persons who have hitherto been deluded into an idea that the Conservative party are held together by no bonds but those of corruption, selfishness, and illiberality, let them study the records of this celebration and renounce their errors. If there are any opponents of that cause who have counted for a continuance of Whig ascendancy on the rumoured prevalence of vacillation, disunion, and mutual distrust in the Conservative ranks, let them read these speeches, and tremble to see the truth. Let the friends of the Constitution derive from this source additional confidence and conviction, that while their principles have even now attained such an influence as to protect our institutions from injury, they have not yet reached their destined elevation, but

are daily rising to a more powerful ascendancy over the public mind. It cannot be that the unequalled union of talent, wisdom, experience, and principle, of which we can boast, is enlisted on the side of error, or

doomed to be exerted without success. It cannot be that the combination of imbecility, folly, blundering, and debasement which is opposed to us is associated in the cause of truth, or will enjoy more than a short-lived triumph.

2.—THE APPROPRIATION CLAUSE.

WHAT has become of the Appropriation Clause? It has gone, we suppose, to that great depot of things lost on earth, the Moon, and may be found there along with the other

"Vani disegni che non han mai loco,"

when a second Astolpho shall take the trouble of visiting that planet for the purpose of recovering the lost project.

Certainly, strange as have been the changes of opinions on the part of the Whig party within the last few years, their conduct with regard to this question of Appropriation affords, from first to last, the completest proof of the mean spirit of party and desperate attachment to place by which, amidst all their pretended zeal for popular rights, they have ever been steadily actuated. We venture to say such a spectacle was never exhibited—certainly never in the annals of Great Britain—as that of a Ministry and a party who had forced upon the House of Commons the celebrated resolutions of 1835, declaring the principle of Appropriation to be a vital ingredient in every scheme for the arrangement of tithes, resting their resistance to Sir Thomas Acland's amendment, on the ground, and actually taunting their political opponents with their blindness in not at once perceiving the fact, *that the plan now submitted to the House by Lord John Russell, in 1838, does not embody the principle of Appropriation.*

We look, in fact, upon the conduct of the Whigs in regard to this question as so completely an epitome of their whole policy, that we think it right, now that the measure is in all probability practically consigned to the tomb, to recall to the recollection of our readers a few of the leading points connected with its rise, progress, decline, and fall.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the close of the debate, in answer to the charge which the whole House of Commons knew to be well founded, viz. that their famous resolutions had

been brought forward with the view of turning out the Administration of Sir Robert Peel, stated that "he was prepared to show on evidence entirely incontrovertible, *that the assertion that the Appropriation resolutions were got up for the purpose of effecting a change of Government was not only not true, but that it was the reverse of the fact.*" This was "lofty," as Bottom says; but how stands the fact? The evidence that the resolutions of 1835 were not got up or brought forward to overturn the Administration consists in this:—that in 1834, Sir E. Wilmot wrote to his constituents that the present Ministers, who were then in power, "were preparing steps to appropriate the surplus, if any, of the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland." We are delighted with the reference to the proceedings of Ministers in 1834, for in fact it forms an additional feature of meanness and inconsistency in their case.

In that year, it will be recollected, Mr Ward brought forward his motion—the first in which the Appropriation principle makes its appearance—for the application of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the purposes of the State. The Ministry *opposed the motion*, and up to the time when Sir Robert Peel came into office this was the only occasion on which they had an opportunity of giving a vote upon the subject.

True, with that evasive policy which has always distinguished their Administration, they appointed a commission to enquire into the amount of the revenue of the Irish Church, with the view of showing how far the alleged excess of revenue existed. They were perfectly aware that the result of that examination would be to demonstrate that no excess existed; but at least this much is plain, that the appointment of a committee distinctly implied that upon the result of its enquiries would depend the question whether any measure in regard to the revenues of the

Irish Church was called for or justifiable.

So stood matters when the Whig Ministry were dismissed and Sir Robert Peel came into power. The Committee had not reported. The question stood precisely where it did when the Whig Government opposed Mr Ward's motion. But, instigated by disappointment, love of power, and hatred of that great party before which they had so long quailed, and which now appeared to be again in the ascendant, the famous or infamous compact of Litchfield House between the Whig and Radical party was formed, in which this question of Appropriation was agreed on as the most favourable upon which the new Government could be assailed. The grievances attending the existing state of tithes, be it observed, had been on all hands admitted: Sir Robert Peel had indicated his intention of applying himself immediately to their remedy, by the introduction of a Tithe Composition Bill, by which the clergy were to waive their right to a certain portion of their income, in order to secure payment of the rest without those scenes of irritation, hostility, and even bloodshed, which, thanks to the incendiary measures and speeches of the Whigs, had too often attended the collection of tithes under the former system. But this measure, so pressingly called for, the Whigs determined to frustrate by linking with it another with which it had no connexion whatever; namely, that any surplus of revenue beyond the wants of the Church should be devoted to purposes of education, *without distinction* of religious persuasion. Without waiting for the report of the Committee, or ascertaining even the probability of a surplus, the Whigs, assisted by their Radical allies, succeeded, by a majority of 27, in carrying the two following resolutions:—

“That any surplus revenue of the present Church Establishment in Ireland, not required for the spiritual care of its members, be applied to the moral and religious education of all classes of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion, providing for the resumption of such surplus, or of any such part of it as may be required, by an increase in the number of the members of the Established Church.

“That it is the opinion of this House that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment which does not embody the principle contained in the foregoing resolution.”

It is a fine example of political justice that these resolutions, the offspring of the basest party spirit, and brought forward with no other view than that of displacing a political opponent, have proved a source of torment to their authors ever since. They have hung like a millstone round their necks, fettering themselves just as much as they have obstructed the settlement of the question which they were originally intended to embarrass and confound. Deeply, we doubt not, do the present Ministry regret their existence on the Journals of the House, and gladly would they have consented to their erasure if such consent would not have stamped the original introduction of these resolutions with its true character of mingled folly and fraud. They were warned at the time by Sir Robert Peel of the consequences of thus committing themselves and the House to an abstract resolution which would have a tendency to bind Parliament, and yet could produce no practical effect.

In despite of this warning they persisted; the resolutions were carried, and Sir Robert Peel resigned. The Whig Administration who succeeded brought forward a Tithe Bill in consistency with the resolutions, embodying the principle of Appropriation. Sir Robert Peel moved the separation of the bill into two, in order that the House might consider that part which related to tithes apart from the other with which it had been so unnaturally connected, the Appropriation of Church Revenues to purposes of general education. How was that proposition met? The Chancellor of the Exchequer observed,

“The honourable Baronet calls on the House to sever the two propositions, either for no purpose at all, or for the purpose of passing that portion of the bill relating to the concession of the million, and the settlement of the tithe question, and of throwing out the other part of the measure relating to Appropriation. Would it not, then, have been better for the honourable Baronet to have candidly called on the House to rescind its former resolution? The more straightforward course would have been for the House to have

been called on to rescind its former resolution; and if any honourable gentleman thinks he can vote for this resolution without rescinding the former vote, let him recollect the cheers with which the announcement was received, that it was intended to negative one part of this bill and to carry the other part."

We have quoted this passage from the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer because it affords a complete answer, by anticipation, to the plea so much insisted on in the course of the debate, that the amendment of Sir T. Ackland was totally unnecessary, inasmuch as the resolutions interposed no bar to the settlement of the question. When, instead of a proposition to rescind the resolutions, which we readily admit must be a most unpalatable one for their authors, the Conservative party adopted the course of proposing a practical measure, by which the evils of Tithe might in the first instance be got rid of, and the question of Appropriation left for subsequent discussion on its own merits, they were met by the objection that their course is not candid or straightforward; that they ought at once to have moved the rescinding of the resolutions; and that without rescinding that former vote no Member of Parliament can vote for any Tithe measure in which provision is not made for the appropriation of the surplus revenue. Now, again, when as a preliminary to the discussion of the new Tithe Resolutions, they adopt the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and move that the former resolutions, which stand in the way of all adjustment, be rescinded, they are accused of a mere factious desire to degrade the Ministry by compelling them unnecessarily to recant, and erase resolutions which have no practical operation, instead of entering fairly on the consideration of the new measure!

The Bill of Lord John Russell was, of course, materially altered by the Lords. They gave effect to that part of it which converted the Tithe composition into a rent charge, deducting 25 per cent from the income of the clergy, but rejected that portion which embodied the principle of Appropriation. The Bill returned thus modified to the Commons. It was in vain that Sir Robert Peel urged on Ministers the necessity of taking the amend-

ments into consideration. The answer was, *the resolutions stood in the way*. To adopt the amendments, to enter on their consideration at all would be a recantation of the resolutions; these were unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the Ministry could not, and would not give way.

Thus the Bill of 1835-6 fell to the ground.

The observations then made by Lord John Russell were merely the echo of the resolutions expressed by Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords. For, on 19th April 1835, in giving a (reluctant) answer to a question from the Duke of Buckingham, the Prime Minister felt it necessary to make this distinct and unequivocal statement: "I have no hesitation in declaring, that I hold myself bound, and *pledge myself to act on the resolution of the House of Commons*." And in 1836, he again declared that he could "not give up that principle without a *breach of honour*. (Vide Mr E. McDonnell's letter.)"

So then—"Honour pricks us on!" But straightway following out the reasoning of Falstaff, the Ministry began to doubt whether honour was of much consequence when weighed against interest. "What is that word Honour. Air! A trim reckoning. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism!" Such was exactly the Ministerial conclusion also.

After endeavouring to postpone to the last moment the bringing forward of the Tithe question in the present Session, Lord John Russell was at last under the necessity of intimating that he intended to submit to the House certain resolutions on the subject. The former resolutions, which had been pleaded in bar of every proposition not embodying the Appropriation principle, were in full force, as valid at least as they were when Sir Robert Peel's amendment was rejected, and those of the House of Lords indignantly thrown aside. While these existed there could be no hope of an amicable and final settlement of the question, for even if it should turn out that the new resolutions did not distinctly embody the principle, what security could there be for the Protestant Church, what permanent and satisfactory adjustment for all parties could be looked for, while it still remained the record-

ed opinion of the House of Commons, an opinion upon which they had *attempted* practically to act,—that if a surplus should arise it should be appropriated equally to Catholic and Protestant education? To these resolutions the Movement party could always appeal as the basis of a future measure, for the present no doubt delayed—because the Whigs doubt their power of carrying such a measure even through the House of Commons, but suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the heads of the Conservative party, and dependent on that frailest of all threads, the good faith and consistency of the party in power.

This would have been the case even if the new resolutions of Lord John Russell had plainly abandoned the principle of Appropriation. But how much more obvious the necessity of rescinding the resolutions of 1835, when the nature of these resolutions, their extraordinary and studied confusion of language, the different senses in which they were understood, and the utter absence of all explanation as to their intent or practical effect, from the noble personage by whom they were introduced, are kept in view.

First, let us mark the strangely suspicious coincidence between the resolutions of Lord John Russell and the scheme of that friend of the Irish Church, Mr O'Connell. This has been most distinctly pointed out by Mr Eneas Macdonell, in an able and elaborate letter to the *Times*.^{*} On the 22d of December last, as reported in a Ministerial Journal, the Dublin Evening Post, in addressing a meeting of his constituents, he declared that he now “laughed to scorn” the principle of Appropriation, and was determined for total abolition. In a subsequent letter, addressed to his own official journal, the *Pilot* (16th January, 1836), he proceeded to account for his not having sought for this total abolition the year before, by stating that the position of the Ministry with the present Sovereign presented facilities for effecting that change of policy to which his late Majesty was opposed. He added emphatically, “What I propose to do is to *abolish Tithes altogether*. I propose to *give the clergy 70*

per cent. That sum I propose shall be paid by the Treasury. These advantages my plan certainly has, and I can inform you it is now under the consideration of her Majesty's Government.—It is, I have good reason to believe, the object of their serious attention, and I would not say that unless my reason was a strong one.” No doubt of it, and so the result proves.

“On the 9th of last November Mr O'Connell announced his plan in the form of a Public Address to the Clergy of the Established Church in Ireland. He said to them; ‘I propose to deduct 30 per cent off the Tithes.’ This was Mr O'Connell's plan in November, and we find Lord John Russell, in humble obedience thereto, proposing his resolutions in March following, the very first of which resolutions is, ‘That Tithe composition in Ireland should be commuted into a rent charge at the rate of seven-tenths of their amount.’ Mr O'Connell estimates the seven-tenths at L.420,000 per annum, and then proceeds, ‘My proposal is to have these L.420,000 per annum paid out of the Consolidated Fund.’ Lord John Russell's fourth resolution, accordingly, provides, that for an indefinite period ‘the amount of ecclesiastical rent charge and minister's money should be paid to the incumbents from the Consolidated Fund.’ Again, and most particularly, Mr O'Connell, in last November, distinctly stated his proposition in these terms,—‘I propose that the lands of Ireland, being discharged of the tithes, shall be charged with the entire of the expenses of the constabulary.’ Lord John Russell, as in duty bound, embodies this proposal of Mr O'Connell in his own sixth resolution, ‘That the rent charges for ecclesiastical Tithe should be appropriated by law to certain local charges, now defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund and to education, the surplus to form part of the Consolidated Fund.’ Thus we see, that although Lord John Russell professes to originate these resolutions, he is, in point of fact, the mere Ministerial mouth-piece of the ruler of himself and his colleagues, who is in truth, the framer of these propositions. Verily, the voice is the voice of John, but the hand is the hand of Daniel!’[†]

The resolutions then emanate in truth from O'Connell. And we have seen with what views they are brought forward. The total abolition of Tithes,

^{*} Friday, May 18.

[†] Letter Mr E. M'Donell to the *Times*, May 18, 1838.

not their composition by a rent charge, is his object. "My plan is to send the parsons to the Treasury, and if the English wish that we should have more parsons than we wish, *let them pay them.*" Is it to be wondered at if resolutions flowing from such a source, and from which such results are anticipated, should be viewed with suspicion, and that as a preliminary to entering upon them, the Conservative party should insist on removing from the records the obnoxious resolutions, the existence of which was incompatible with any security to the Protestant Church?

But farther, the resolutions are worded with such a studied complexity and ambiguity, that it is scarcely possible to say whether they contain the principle of Appropriation or not. Mr Ward "had thought *the germ* of the Appropriation Clause was contained in the resolutions." Mr Bennett must admit "they were not very clear;" he had in fact "devoted days" to their consideration in vain; it was only after the commentary of Lord J. Russell and Lord Morpeth that he had come to perceive that they did not contain the famous principle. Sir Robert Peel professes his inability to understand whether they do or do not. In the statement of Lord John Russell, which was plainly modelled on the principle that speech was given to man for the purpose of enabling him to conceal his thoughts, there was an avowal that *he* adhered to the principle of Appropriation, but he eschewed all explanation whether his *resolutions* did so or not. "It is matter of justice," said he magniloquently, "to the people of Ireland, and neither by my *speech* nor my *vote* will I deny it." Precisely. He merely throws it overboard in his resolutions. Well might Sir R. Peel observe—"He must say that he never before knew an instance of a man holding the situation of Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons discuss a great question upon what he meant to be the foundation of its settlement, *and never to state what he meant.* Here is another instance of the utter want of straightforwardness which distinguishes all the measures of the Whig Government. Having made up their minds, as it now appears, to sacrifice, for the present at least, the principle

to which they had recorded their interference,—they dare not say so in plain terms: but purposely frame their resolutions in such a way as shall allow the Radicals to construe them according to their own wishes, while it shall be open to themselves, when pressed by the Conservatives, to explain them as not containing the obnoxious clause.

Keeping in view, then, the quarter in which these resolutions originated, their own ambidextrous and equivocal character, and the speech of the Secretary of State on their introduction, we ask whether there could be a doubt that the Conservative party were justified, nay called upon to meet that motion by an amendment which compelled the Ministry at last to speak out, and to admit that the Appropriation principle *did not* form part of the proposed arrangements? To say, as Lord J. Russell attempted to do, that he had been betrayed and deceived by the Conservatives, that he had been led to suppose that a compromise on the subject was to take place, is ludicrous. The pretext had not plausibility enough to deceive those who were most willing to be deceived. The Duke of Wellington, doubtless, intimated his readiness to meet any reasonable proposal of settlement in a corresponding spirit. So did Sir Robert Peel. What then? Did that imply the slightest abandonment of the principle which they had all along maintained to be a vital one, that ecclesiastical property should be exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical purposes? Or could it amount to an engagement to enter upon the discussion of new resolutions, while the old stood unrecalled,—and declaratory of principles which they believed to be utterly subversive of a Protestant Establishment?

But, farther, how could the House of Commons entertain the consideration of the new resolutions until the second, at least, of the former was rescinded? For let it be recollected, that, in addition to affirming the propriety of devoting any surplus of revenue to education, the House of Commons had further resolved,—"*That no measure on the subject of Tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment which does not embody the principle contained in the foregoing*

resolution." The dilemma in which this fatal resolution placed Ministers was admirably put by Lord Stanley.

"The more that the noble Lord proves that, in his present resolutions, there is no principle of Appropriation of the surplus, the more necessary is it that the resolution of my hon. friend the hon. Baronet be agreed to, and the resolution rescinded, which denies the possibility of a settlement of the Tithe question without embodying in it the Appropriation principle. The noble Lord and the hon. Gentlemen opposite are placed in this dilemma, and I defy them to get out of it. Either the resolutions now proposed include the objectionable principle of applying to secular purposes the revenues of the Church, or they do not. If they do, then it is a principle which the noble Lord is perfectly aware that Gentlemen sitting upon this side of the House never will give their assent to. He knows that no proposition founded upon such a principle can lead to a settlement of the Tithe question. If, then, the resolutions do not include that Appropriation principle, and the noble Lord has declared that they do not, he has avowed, then, that this is a settlement which does not contain a principle, without which, he has already avowed, that it can be neither satisfactory nor final—(cheers). Is it, then, too much to ask of the noble Lord, when he invites us to an amicable settlement, to beg of him at once not to stultify himself as well as us? He has laid down in a resolution that there can be no satisfactory settlement without a certain principle being agreed to. We ask of him to rescind a resolution which declares that the settlement he is now proposing cannot be final."

So much then for the merits of the question at issue. Ministers had made up their minds to abandon the Appropriation Clause; and in order that the new measure, which did not embody that principle, should be entertained at all, it was necessary that the previous resolution should be rescinded, which declared that any such measure must be a mockery and delusion.

But the great point in the speeches of the Ministerial party was the complaint of the harshness of insisting on their recanting in plain terms their own resolutions. Lord John Russell, in particular, was furious at the thought of being obliged to play the part of Medea against his own political offspring. We are willing to give up our principle, it was said, but how

cruel to insist upon our eating our own words! That was a degradation to which they never would submit. We admit that it is degrading. It would be hypocrisy, as Sir Robert Peel says, to deny that the task of open recantation is an odious and revolting one. But it is surely little less so to be compelled to a practical recantation; if the thing is to be done in act, it makes little difference whether it is also to be confessed in words. Above all, how can the present Ministers affect to feel deeply upon this subject, who, "forced by hunger and desire of friends," upon the question of the Pension List, actually borrowed from Mr Harvey, and brought in as their own, the very measure which they had stigmatized the year before as odious, disgusting, and revolting to every mind of ordinary delicacy or feeling!

There are two features connected with this debate to which we must advert before concluding. The one is the unfeeling and miserable attempt of Lord John Russell to throw discredit upon the clergymen of the Irish Church by a total misrepresentation of their conduct in regard to this question of Tithe adjustment. Having the legal right to the full extent of their Tithes—an estate which, but for the unceasing efforts at agitation which the Whigs have either sanctioned or created, could have been as secure as any other property. The clergy had intimated their readiness to abate 15 per cent upon their claims with a view to an amicable settlement. We do not enquire at present whether the 15 per cent offered by the clergy, or the 30 per cent proposed to be taken from them by Lord John Russell, be the fairer measure of abatement. But we can scarcely express the surprise and pain with which, in the speech of a Minister of the Crown, we find the proposal of the Irish Clergy thus misrepresented. "Singular this, that they should give such an *exact measure* of the blessings of peace. Singular, indeed, that these *Christian* clergymen should exactly decide that peace in Ireland is worth 15 per cent of their income."—"The other House of Parliament, representing the clergy and acting on behalf of the clergy, sent down a bill to us in which a diminution of 25 per cent was made on the income of the clergy; yet there are

now men in Ireland, Christian clergymen, who say that the utmost that they will do for the sake of peace is a diminution of 15 per cent and no more on the amount of their income." This miserable sneer, thus repeated and harped upon, was thus nobly and feelingly replied to by Sir Robert Peel.

"I heard the speech of the noble Lord; I heard the temper of it with deep regret (loud cheers from the Opposition). It is in vain for the noble Lord to say that we will not concur in a satisfactory settlement of this question, when at the same time he is opposing insuperable obstacles to its settlement by rousing every feeling of pride—by telling men like the Irish clergy, men who have been deprived of their Tithes for the last four or five years, men who have submitted to poverty and oppression, and who now say they are ready to make further concessions for the sake of peace, provided you maintain the integrity of the Establishment; that such men, after such privation and suffering, should be told by a Minister of the Crown, that they set a price upon the value of peace—these men who offer to give up 15 per cent for the purpose of insuring peace in Ireland—these men, who have in many cases abandoned their just right, who have been deprived of their Tithes—these men, who have lived upon funds doled out by charity—that they should be told that they are insensible to the peace of Ireland—that their constant anxiety and deep interest for the Establishment arise from mere mercenary motives—that they think more of their pockets than of the tranquillity and peace of the country—I say, Sir, such charges open difficulties in the way of a settlement of this question so full, that any authority or counsel of mine—if authority I have—must fail to produce a satisfactory settlement (loud cheers).

'Of all the ills that harass the distressed,
Sure, the most bitter is a scornful jest,'"

We rather suspect that after this lesson the Secretary of State will be more cautious how he indulges his satirical vein against the Irish Clergy, should he proceed farther with his new resolutions, which, from the postponement of the question till after the discussion on the Municipal Corporation Bill, seems to be doubtful.

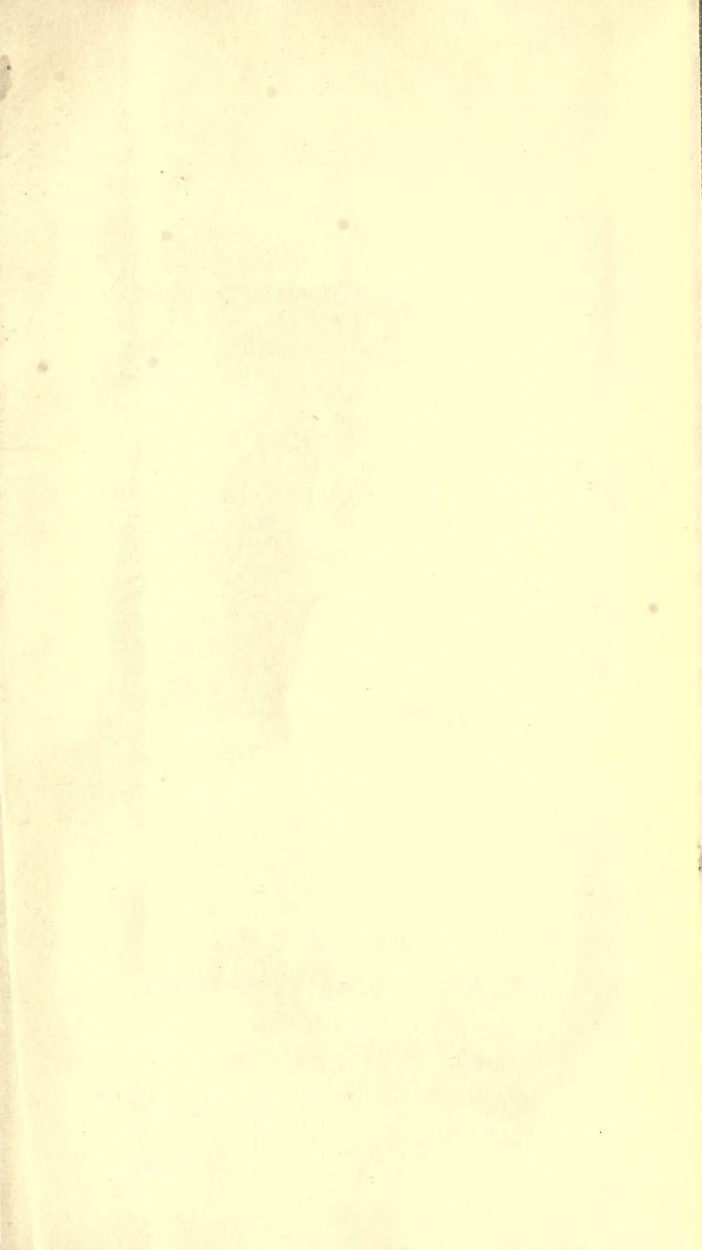
The other matter to which we allude is the conduct (we do not choose to apply an epithet to it) of those members, who, having voted against the resolutions in 1835, now voted against rescinding them in 1838. Had Mr Bennett, Sir C. Lemon, Sir Charles Grey, Mr Townley, Sir Robert Ferguson, Mr Goring, Mr Pusey, Mr Slaney, and Mr Fleetwood voted in consistency with their former vote, or their former professions, the Ministerial majority of 19 would have been annihilated. We find it difficult to conceive any position more humiliating than these gentlemen, pretending to principle, have been placed by their conduct on Sir T. Ackland's amendment. The House received with loud laughter Mr Slaney's remark, that "he had not changed sides" though he would have opposed the original resolutions, and now opposed their being rescinded. We trust the conduct of these gentlemen will satisfy such of the Conservative party as may have had doubts upon the subject, what faith is to be given to the professions of trimmers, who, affecting a zeal for the Church, are yet ready, on any question which threatens the dismissal of Ministers, to vote in opposition to all their recorded opinions.

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